1845 1847 1853

LAWRENCE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
ESTABLISHED 1872
LAWRENCE, MASS.

The Sunday Magazine;

EDITED BY THE

REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH

With Illustrations by

GIACOMELLI, MORROW, BARRAUD, DORÉ,
TAYLOR, FENN, O'BRIEN,
AND OTHERS

LAWRENCE
Public Library
LAWRENCE, MASS.

LONDON
ISBISTER AND COMPANY
LIMITED
56 LUDGATE HILL

1886

Reg No. 35,197
Shelf N 50
1886

INDEX.

PAGE

After the Rain. By Sarah Doudney 256
Agate Windows. By Clara Thwaites 761
Ashapoora. A Missionary Chapter. By A. Macleod Symington, D.D. 531
Athlete, The. By Horace G. Groser 334
Autumn in the Woods. A Lay Sermon. By Theodore Wood 726

Benares, A Peep at. By Mrs. Rigg 791
Between the Lights. By Clara Thwaites 192
Bible Distribution, A Century of. By G. Holden Pike . 733
Blue-Eyed Ben. A Sketch in Willow Lane. By Charlotte French 554
Bright Stars in East London. By Anne Beale . . . 253
Brother and Sister. By Clara Thwaites 48
Buried Summers. By B. W. 15

Childhood of the Year, The. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. 241
Children's Home, The. A Scotch Story. By May Kinloch 341, 394
Christmas Festival, The. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. . 787
Church Bell, The. By S. N. 488
Conquering and to Conquer. Triumphs of the Moral Sense. By Ellice Hopkins 594, 689
Consequences. A Parable. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo . 725
Crescent to the Full, From the. By E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S. 50, 194
Crusader's Tomb, At the 753

Dart, The Little River. By Mary Harrison 382
Davenport's, Mr., Dream. By Edward Garrett . . . 32
David's Early Life. Chapters for Young Men. By J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. :—
I. The Future King 28
II. David at Saul's Court 107
III. The Champion of Israel 258
IV. Growing Enmity of the King 402
V. Prince Jonathan 515
Death and Love. By E. R. Chapman 304
Departed Glory. By Geneviève Irons 808
Dinah Mite. A Story for To-day. In Eleven Chapters. By "Brenda" 61, 125, 197, 266
Dinant-sur-Meuse, The Story of. By Mrs. E. S. Armitage 525
Drunkenness and Crime. By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A. 754

Eshcol Clusters. By Clara Thwaites 449
Etna, Ascent of Mount. By Benjamin Clarke 622
Evangelical Churchman, An Old. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. 803
Evening Worship. By Walter Morison, D.D. . . . 89
"Even as I had Pity on Thee." A New Year's Sermon. By the Bishop of Ripon 18
Exhibitions of 1886, The Great. By Professor W. G. Blaikie, D.D. 460

Factory Girl's Life fifty years ago, A. By M. S. S. . . 562
Farmers and Wild Birds. By Theodore Wood . . . 407
Feathers. By B. W. 327
Fisherman's Home, The. By Clara Thwaites . . . 176
"For Auld Lang Syne." By Clara Thwaites . . . 819
Formless Shell-Builders. By A City Naturalist . . 97
Fox, George, and the Inward Light. By Henry C. Ewart 662
From Prison Walls. By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A. . 170

Galilee, The Sea of. By H. W. Just 591
Garrison, William Lloyd. By Mrs. Charles Garnett . 21
Gems She Wore, The. A Story in Seventy-seven Chapters. By L. T. Meade. 1, 73, 145, 217, 289, 361, 433, 505, 577, 641, 713, 777
Gough, John B. By J. Ewing Ritchie 230
Girls' Evening Homes. By C. M. Paton 418
Girls' Movement, A. By Ellice Hopkins 176
Greeley Expedition, The. By Ellice Hopkins 450
Grey Hairs of the Year, The. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. 118
Growth. By Mrs. Hinton Dothie 475

PAGE

Half-past Twelve to One at Lisson Grove. By Anne Beale 388
Home for Little Cripples, A. By William C. Preston . 112

Ideal, An. By B. Bell 536
Impotent Woman, The. By Samuel Cox, D.D. . . 306
Ingratitude. By Geneviève Irons 411
In Great Waters. By Geneviève Irons 464
In the Winter Rime. By Geneviève Irons 277
In Pain and Sickness. By George MacDonald, LL.D. . 493

January. By Jennette Fothergill 32
Jesus' Anger. By the Rev. B. Waugh 246
Jesus at Supper. By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder . . 565
Jesus, Where is? 111
June. By Jennette Fothergill 377

Langleys, The Living of. A Story of Country Life, in Eighteen Chapters. By Mary B. Whiting . 465, 537, 605, 675, 741, 810
Leper Hospital at Bergen, The. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 335
Life's Path, Light on. By H. 118
Life's Seventy Times Seven. A Farmer's Daughter's Story. By Emilie Searchfield 762, 826
London Thieves and their Reclaimers. By G. Holden Pike 262
Lottie, More About. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney . . . 274
Love and Love's Reward. By Samuel Cox, D.D. . . 234
Love, A Babe's and a Woman's. By B. W. 824
Love, The Lingering Look of. By Alexander Lamont . 799

Manchester Waifs. By Ruth Lamb 521
May Flowers. By E. T. Fowler 320
Melchizedek and True Priesthood. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. 84
Messengers. By Walter Morison, D.D. 552
Missionary's Grave, A. By Arthur Clive 553
Monthly Survey, Our . 69, 141, 213, 285, 357, 429, 501, 573, 637, 709, 773, 841
Mooniatta. A Story of Mission Life. By Mrs. Milne-Rae 246, 317
Mörkadal Fjeld, How we Crossed. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 693

Navvy Missionary of the Soudan, A. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 182
Nazareth Market Place, In 68
Nelly's Poem. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, M.A. . 820
New Year's Eve. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, M.A. 15
Nurse in East London, A Morning with a. By Anne Beale 330

Orphan Homes, Miss Sharman's. By Benjamin Clarke . 800
Orphan Working School, A Morning at the. By F. W. S. 490
"O that I had Wings like a Dove." By Henry Burton . 340

Parables. By Clara Thwaites 401
Penn, William. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. . . 614
Pilgrims, The Bliss of. By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder . 413
Pilgrim's Progress, The Author of the. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. 158
Praises of God, The. By the Rev. B. Waugh . . . 169
Prison Notes, A Month's. By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A. 321
Prisons, Why are they Failures? By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M. A. 485
Purple Emperor, The. By Darley Dale 391

Queen's Jubilee, The. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. . 587

Raphael and his Bible Cartoons. By Mary Harrison. 100, 310
Repentance. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, M.A. . 701
Restored. By Sarah Doudney 519
"Return unto Thy Rest." By Clara Thwaites . . . 272
River, by the. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. . . 601, 668
Roses in July. By E. T. Fowler 479

PAGE
Sacred Ash Tree, The. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D. 685
Sanctuary, A. By E. G. 416
Scandinavian Capital, Sunday in the. By the Rev. Fred. Hastings 751
Scotland's Peasant Poetess. By Alexander Lamont . 737
Services of the Despised, The. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. 164
Shadow from the Heat, A. By the late Alexander Raleigh, D.D. 476
Shadow of the Cross, The. By Clara Thwaites . . . 106
Shakers of Mount Lebanon, The. By Herrick Kenyon . 90
Shirt, A New Song of the 820
Silent Voice, The. By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder . . 757
Singers, A Portion for the. By Clara Thwaites . . 696
Sponges. By A City Naturalist 173
Staircase, The Ruined. By Clara Thwaites . . . 621
Summer Lesson, A. By Geneviève Irons 560
Summer Time of 1665, The. By Robert Woburn . . 189
Sunday at Sea. By Benjamin Clarke 694
Sunday Evenings with the Children. By—
Alexander Macleod, D.D. 53
The Rev. Benjamin Waugh 134
Lady Alicia Blackwood 208
The Rev. Benjamin Waugh 278
Mrs. G. S. Reaney 351
The Rev. Benjamin Waugh 421
The Rev. P. T. Forsyth, M.A. 494

PAGE
Sunday Evenings (*continued*) :—
Lady Alicia Blackwood 568
The Rev. Benjamin Waugh 630
Mrs. G. S. Reaney 703
Mrs. L. Hinton Dothie 769
The Rev. Benjamin Waugh 833
Sunday Storm, A. By John T. Beer 303

Talk with St. Peter, A. By George MacDonald, LL.D . 689
Teachers of Mankind, The. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D.:—
Art 444
History 547
Thrush, The. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, M.A. . 381
Torch-Bearers of Christendom. By Mrs. E. S. Armitage—
I. Clement of Rome 122
II. Ignatius 238
III. Polycarp 378
IV. Blandina 627
Tower of London, The. By Mary Harrison . . . 40

Waiting by the Stream. By Sarah Doudney . . . 656
"Westward Ho," A Modern. By Anne Beale . . . 482
What the God Man reveals of God and Man. By the Rev. S. Cox, D.D. 658
What to Think About. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. . 373
"Who Did Sin?" By Walter Morison, D.D. . . . 265

CLASSIFIED INDEX.

SERIAL STORIES.

Dinah Mite. A Story for To-day. In Eleven Chapters. By "Brenda" 61, 125, 197, 266
Gems she Wore, The. A Story in Seventy-seven Chapters. By L. T. Meade . 1, 73, 145, 217, 289, 361, 433, 505, 577, 641, 713, 777
Langleys, The Living of. A Story of Country Life, in Eighteen Chapters. By Mary B. Whiting . 465, 537, 605, 675, 741, 810

SHORT STORIES.

Blue-Eyed Ben. A Sketch in Willow Lane. By Charlotte French 554
Children's Home, The. A Scotch Story. By May Kinloch 341, 394
Davenport's Dream, Mr. By Edward Garrett . . . 32
Life's Seventy Times Seven. The Story of a Farmer's Daughter. By Emilie Searchfield . . . 762, 826

BIBLICAL PAPERS—CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL.

Christmas Festival, The. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. . 787
David's Early Life. Chapters for Young Men. By J. Oswald Dykes, D.D.:—
I. The Future King 28
II. David at Saul's Court 107
III. The Champion of Israel 258
IV. Growing Enmity of the King . . . 402
V. Prince Jonathan 515
"Even as I had Pity on Thee." A New Year Sermon. By the Bishop of Ripon 18
Impotent Woman, The. By Samuel Cox, D.D. . . 306
Jesus at Supper. By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder . . 565
Love and Love's Reward. By Samuel Cox, D.D. . . 234
Melchizedek and True Priesthood. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. 84
Pilgrims, The Bliss of. By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder . 413
Queen's Jubilee, The. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. . 587
Repentance. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, M.A. . 701
Sacred Ash Tree, The. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D. 685
Services of the Despised, The. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. 164
Shadow from the Heat, A. By the late Alexander Raleigh, D.D. 476
Silent Voice, The. By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder . . 757
Teachers of Mankind, The. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D.
Art 444
History 547
What the God Man Reveals of God and Man. By Samuel Cox, D.D. 658
What to think about. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. . 373

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL PAPERS.

Evangelical Churchman, An Old. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. 803
Fox, George, and the Inward Light. By Henry C. Ewart 662
Garrison, William Lloyd. By Mrs. Charles Garnett . 21
Gough, John B. By J. Ewing Ritchie 230
Penn, William. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. . . 614
Pilgrim's Progress, The Author of the. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. 158
Raphael and his Bible Cartoons. By Mary Harrison 100, 310
Scotland's Peasant Poetess. By Alexander Lamont . 737
Summer Time of 1665, The. By Robert Woburn . . 189
Torchbearers of Christendom. By Mrs. E. S. Armitage—
I. Clement of Rome 122
II. Ignatius 238
III. Polycarp 378
IV. Blandina 627
Tower of London, The. By Mary Harrison . . . 40

PAPERS ON NATURE.

Autumn in the Woods. A Lay Sermon. By Theodore Wood 726
Childhood of the Year, The. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. 241
Crescent to the Full, From the. By E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S. 50, 194
Farmers and Wild Birds. By Theodore Wood . . . 407
Feathers. By B. W. 327
Formless Shell-Builders. By A City Naturalist . . 97
Grey Hairs of the Year, The. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. 118
Purple Emperor, The. By Darley Dale 391
River, By the. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. . . 601, 668
Sponges. By A City Naturalist 173

PHILANTHROPICAL, MISSIONARY, AND TRAVEL PAPERS.

Ashapoora. A Missionary Chapter. By A. Macleod Symington, D.D. 531
Benares, A Peep at. By Mrs. Rigg 79
Bible Distribution, A Century of. By G. Holden Pike . 733
Bright Stars in East London. By Anne Beale . . 253
Conquering and to Conquer. Triumphs of the Moral Sense. By Ellice Hopkins 594, 689
Dart, The Little River. By Mary Harrison . . . 382

PAGE
Dinant-sur-Meuse, The Story of. By Mrs. E. S. Armitage 525
Drunkenness and Crime. By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A. 754
Etna, Ascent of Mount. By Benjamin Clarke . . . 622
Exhibitions of 1886, The Great. By Professor W. G. Blaikie, D.D. 460
Factory Girl's Life Fifty Years Ago, A. My M. S. S. . 562
From Prison Walls. By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A. . 170
Girls' Evening Homes. By C. M. Paton 418
Girls' Movement, A. By Ellice Hopkins . . . 176
Greeley Expedition, The. By Ellice Hopkins . . . 450
Half-past Twelve to One at Lisson Grove. By Anne Beale 388
Home for Little Cripples, A. By William C. Preston . 112
Leper Hospital at Bergen, The. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 335
London Thieves and their Reclaimers. By G. Holden Pike 262
Lottie, More About. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney . . . 274
Manchester Waifs. By Ruth Lamb 521
Mooniatta. A Story of Mission Life. By Mrs. Milne Rae 246, 317
Mörkadal Fjeld, How we Crossed the. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 696
Navvy Missionary of the Soudan, A. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 182
Nurse in East London, A Morning with a. By Anne Beale 330
Orphan Homes, Miss Sharman's. By Benjamin Clarke . 800
Orphan Working School, A Morning at the. By F. W. S. 490
Prison Notes, A Month's. By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A. 321
Prisons—Why are they Failures? By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A. 485
Scandinavian Capital, Sunday in the. By the Rev. Fred. Hastings 751
Shakers of Mount Lebanon, The. By Herrick Kenyon . 90
Shirt, A New Song of the 820
Sunday at Sea. By Benjamin Clarke 694
"Westward Ho," A Modern. By Anne Beale . . . 482

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By Alexander Macleod, D.D. 53
By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh 134
By Lady Alicia Blackwood 208
By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh 278
By Mrs. G. S. Reaney 351
By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh 421
By the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, M.A. 494
By Lady Alicia Blackwood 568
By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh 630
By Mrs. G. S. Reaney 703
By Mrs. L. Hinton Dothie 769
By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh 833

MISCELLANEOUS.

PAGE
Monthly Survey, Our . 69, 141, 213, 285, 357, 429, 501, 573, 637, 709, 773, 841

POETRY.

After the Rain. By Sarah Doudney 255
Agate Windows. By Clara Thwaites 761
Athlete, The. By Horace G. Groser 334
Between the Lights. By Clara Thwaites 192
Brother and Sister. By Clara Thwaites 48
Buried Summers. By B. W. 15
Consequences: A Parable. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo . 725
Church Bell, The. By S. N. 488
Crusader's Tomb, At the 753
Departed Glory. By Geneviève Irons 808
Death and Love. By E. R. Chapman 304
Eshcol Clusters. By Clara Thwaites 449
Evening Worship. By Walter Morison 89
Fisherman's Home, The. By Clara Thwaites . . . 176
"For Auld Lang Syne." By Clara Thwaites . . . 819
Galilee, The Sea of. By H. W. Just 591
Growth. By Mrs. Hinton Dothie 475
Ideal, An. By B. Bell 536
Ingratitude. By Geneviève Irons 411
In Great Waters. By Geneviève Irons 464
In the Winter Rime. By Geneviève Irons . . . 277
In Pain and Sickness. By George Macdonald, LL.D. . 493
January. By Jennette Fothergill 32
Jesus' Anger. By Benjamin Waugh 246
Jesus, Where is? 111
June. By Jennette Fothergill 377
Life's Path, Light on. By H. 118
Love, A Babe's and a Woman's. By B. W. . . . 824
Love, The Lingering Look of. By Alexander Lamont . 799
May Flowers. By E. T. Fowler 320
Messengers. By Walter Morison, D.D. 552
Missionary's Grave, A. By Arthur Clive 553
Nazareth Market Place, In 68
Nelly's Poem. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, M.A. . 820
New Year's Eve. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, M.A. 15
"O that I had Wings like a Dove." By Henry Burton . 340
Parables. By Clara Thwaites 401
Praises of God, The. By the Rev. B. Waugh 169
Restored. By Sarah Doudney 519
Return unto thy Rest. By Clara Thwaites . . . 272
Roses in July. By E. T. Fowler 479
Sanctuary, A. By E. G. 416
Shadow of the Cross, The. By Clara Thwaites . . . 106
Singers, A Portion for the. By Clara Thwaites . . 696
Staircase, The Ruined. By Clara Thwaites . . . 621
Summer Lesson, A. By Geneviève Irons 560
Sunday Storm, A. By John T. Beer 303
Talk with St. Peter, A. By George MacDonald, LL.D. . 689
Thrush, The. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, M.A. . 381
Waiting by the Stream. By Sarah Doudney . . . 656
Who Did Sin? By Walter Morison, D.D. . . . 265

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"O Happy Band of Pilgrims" — *A. Morrow* . . . *Frontispiece*
The Gems She Wore. Eleven Illustrations — *A. Morrow* 10, 79, 158, 220, 297, 369, 442, 511, 585, 643, 719
Buried Summers. Two Illustrations — *L. R. O'Brien* . . . 16, 17
William Lloyd Garrison. Two Illustrations — 22, 25
January 32
The Tower of London. Seven Illustrations — . . . . . 40—43, 45, 46
Brother and Sister. Two Illustrations — *F. W. Lawson, &c.* . . 48, 49
From the Crescent to the Full. Nine Illustrations — *From Photographs* 50, 52, 194—196
Sunday Evenings with the Children. Six Illustrations — *Doré, H. S. Marks, &c.* 53, 57, 59, 137, 281, 833
Dinah-Mite. Five Illustrations — *T. Pym* . . . 61, 63, 66, 68, 125
Evening Worship . — *G. Clausen* 89
Formless Shell-Builders — *Giacomelli* 97
Raphael and his Bible Cartoons. Two Illustrations — *Raphael* 104, 313
A Home for Little Cripples. Six Illustrations — *T. Pym* . . . . . 112—117
Grey Hairs of the Year. *A. Barraud* 121
The Author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Six Illustrations — *F. Barnard and E. Whymper* . . 158, 160—163
The Praises of God 169
The Fisherman's Home *Schell* and *Hogen* 176
A Navvy Missionary in the Soudan. Three Illustrations — *Riou, &c.* . . . 184, 185, 187
Between the Lights 193
John B. Gough 233
The Childhood of the Year. Five Illustrations — *Giacomelli, &c.* . . 241, 243—245
After the Rain 256, 257
"Who did Sin?" . . *E. Matthis* 265
Return unto Thy Rest 273
A Sunday Storm . . *A. Barraud* 302
Death and Love. Two Illustrations — *Giacomelli, &c.* . . . 304, 305
May Flowers . . *Giacomelli* 320
Feathers. Four Illustrations — *C. Whymper* . . . . 327—330

		PAGE
A Visit to the Leper Hospital at Bergen. Four Illustrations	*R. T. Pritchett, &c.*	335—337, 339
June	*Giacomelli*	377
The Little River Dart. Six Illustrations	*A. Barraud, &c.*	382—387
The Purple Emperor	*Giacomelli*	392
Parables	*H. Fenn*	401
Farmers and Wild Birds. Two Illustrations	*Giacomelli, &c.*	408, 409
Ingratitude. Two Illustrations	*A. Henley, &c.*	411, 412
A Sanctuary		417
Eschol Clusters		449
The Greeley Expedition. Five Illustrations		453, 455, 457, 459, 460
In Great Waters	*L. R. O'Brien*	464
A Shadow from the Heat	*Giacomelli*	476
Roses in July. Two Illustrations	*Giacomelli*	480, 481
The Church Bell	*Piltz*	489
Restored	*L. R. O'Brien*	520
The Story of Dinant-sur-Meuse. Five Illustrations	*Taylor*	526, 528—531
An Ideal		536
Messengers		552
A Missionary's Grave	*T. Weber*	553
A Summer Lesson		561
The Sea of Galilee. Two Illustrations		592, 593
By the River. Twelve Illustrations	*Giacomelli*	601—603, 668—674
William Penn. Eight Illustrations		615—620
Ascent of Mount Etna. Two Illustrations	*Taylor*	623, 625
Waiting by the Stream. Three Illustrations	*Giacomelli, &c.*	656, 657
George Fox and the Inward Light. Three Illustrations		662, 664, 665
A Portion for the Singers	*Megson*	697
Autumn in the Woods. Nine Illustrations	*Giacomelli, &c.*	726—732
Scotland's Peasant Poetess		737
At the Crusader's Tomb		753
Agate Windows		761
A Peep at Benares. Four Illustrations	*Taylor, &c.*	793, 795, 797, 799
Miss Sharman's Orphan Homes. Three Illustrations		800, 801
Departed Glory		809
Nelly's Poem	*Giacomelli*	820
A Babe's and a Woman's Love		825

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

A City Naturalist . . . 97, 173
Armitage, Mrs. E. S. . . . 122, 238, 378, 525, 627
Beale, Anne . . . 253, 330, 388, 482
Beer, John T. . . . 303
Bell, B. . . . 536
Blackwood, Lady Alicia . . . 208, 568
Blaikie, Prof. W. G., D.D., LL.D. . . . 460
"Brenda" . . . 61, 125, 197, 266
Burton, Rev. Henry . . . 340
Chapman, E. R. . . . 304
Charlesworth, Rev. E. G., M.A. . . . 15, 381, 701, 820
Clarke, Benjamin . . . 622, 694, 800
Clive, Arthur . . . 553
Cox, Samuel, D.D. . . . 234, 306, 658
Dale, Darley . . . 391
Dothie, Mrs. L. Hinton . . . 475, 769
Doudney, Sarah . . . 256, 519, 656
Dykes, J. Oswald, D.D. . . . 28, 107, 258, 402, 515
Ewart, Henry C. . . . 662
Farrar, Archdeacon, D.D. . . . 84, 164, 373, 444, 547, 587, 787
Forsyth, Rev. P. T., M.A. . . . 494
Fothergill, Jennette . . . 32, 377
Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft . . . 320, 479
French, Charlotte . . . 554
Garnett, Mrs. Charles . . . 21, 182, 335, 696
Garrett, Edward . . . 32
Groser, Horace G. . . . 334
Harrison, Mary . . . 40, 100, 310, 382
Hastings, Rev. F. . . . 751
Hopkins, Ellice . . . 176, 450, 594, 689
Horder, Rev. W. Garrett . . . 413, 565, 757
Horsley, Rev. J. W., M.A. . . . 170, 321, 485, 754
Irons, Genevieve . . . 277, 411, 464, 560, 808
Japp, Alexander H., LL.D. . . . 158, 614, 803
Just, H. W. . . . 591
Kenyon, Herbrick . . . 90
Kinloch, May . . . 341, 394
Lamb, Ruth . . . 521
Lamont, Alexander . . . 737, 799
MacDonald, George, LL.D. . . . 493, 689
Macleod, Alexander, D.D. . . . 53
Macmillan, Hugh, D.D. . . . 685
Maunder, E. W., F.R.A.S. . . . 50, 194
Mayo, Isabella Fyvie . . . 725
Meade, L. T. 1, 73, 145, 217, 289, 361, 433, 505, 577, 641, 713, 777
Milne-Rae, Mrs. . . . 246, 317
Morison, Walter, D.D. . . . 89, 265, 552
Paton, C. M. . . . 418
Pike, G. Holden . . . 262, 733
Preston, William C. . . . 112
Raleigh, Late Alexander, D.D. . . . 476
Reaney, Mrs. G. S. . . . 274, 351, 703
Rigg, Mrs. . . . 791
Ripon, The Bishop of . . . 18
Ritchie, J. Ewing . . . 230
Searchfield, Emilie . . . 762, 826
Symington, A. Macleod, D.D. . . . 531
Thwaites, Clara 48, 106, 192, 176, 272, 401, 449, 621, 696, 761, 819
Waugh, Rev. Benjamin . 134, 163, 246, 278, 421, 630, 833
Whiting, Mary B. . . . 465, 537, 605, 675, 741, 810
Woburn, Robert . . . 189
Wood, Rev. J. G., M.A. . . . 118, 241, 601, 668
Wood, Theodore . . . 407, 726

"What dreadful thing has happened?"

Page 10.

Lexington Public Library, Lexington, Mass.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE. 1886

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

PROLOGUE.

"But if all loved, as the few can love,
This world would seldom be well;
And who need wish, if he dwells above,
For a deep, a long death-knell.

"There are four or five, who passing this place,
While they live will name me yet;
And when I am gone will think on my face,
And feel a kind of regret."

Jean Ingelow.

THERE was once a gardener who discovered, in a remote and apparently neglected part of his garden, some wild flowers.

It matters little how they came there, or what special names they bore, suffice it to say that they were white and starry and capable of cultivation.

One flower in particular attracted the gardener's attention, he bent over the plant which bore it with interest, he marked its characteristics and resolved to train it into greater loveliness.

Already it was beautiful—its blossoms were pure white and wore a golden crown in their midst.

"This flower shall be my own!" he exclaimed, "I will cherish it and bring forth its hidden strength and add grace to its rare sweetness. It shall reign over its fellow-flowers by reason of its beauty, and they shall love it, because it is so worthy of their love."

The gardener kept his word, he dug about the roots of the little plant, he supplied it with the necessary soil, he clipped away its useless tendrils, and the result was all that his fondest dreams anticipated. The white blossoms grew larger and their starry crowns were like gems.

The wild flowers around looked up in wonder at their beautiful sister-flower, they loved it, they bowed to it as their queen, and as summer after summer its richer and finer growth increased, they themselves grew better and stronger under its influence.

The gardener had not laboured in vain—the white flower was a queen amongst her kind.

This little parable, for its meaning is obvious enough, forms a fitting prelude to the story of a girl's life in Ireland.

There came a day in the history of Ellen O'Donnell when, like the white flower, she also was a queen. Little by little, through sorrow and trial — perhaps also through the discipline which some joy brings—there had been woven round her brow a crown set with jewels. Love and Mercy and Patience were the names of those rare and precious gems. In God's treasury they shine brighter than any of the rubies and diamonds of earth. The men and women who wear them are always God's kings and queens. To such as they the lonely and the sad turn for refuge, the weak long to clasp their

strong hands, the sorrowful try to read the sympathy in their kind eyes. Just as the fabled wild flowers turned to their sister-flower and acknowledged her as their queen, so the hearts of men, women, and children turned to Ellen O'Donnell and felt themselves better for the life she lived.

CHAPTER I.—THE IRISH SALLY-TREE.

On a certain foggy evening in the month of November, 1877, a good-humoured and jolly-looking Irishman might have been seen driving a jaunting-car along a winding road.

The night was dark, and only an occasional glimpse of moonlight came through the sea-fog, which lay soft and cold on everything. The silence of the fog, too, was around, and even the waves of the Atlantic seemed to break on the shore close by in a muffled and subdued manner.

The man, however, and his horse, were no way affected by the cold, the darkness, and the silence—the horse stepped along briskly, quite sure of his footing and his ground; the man chirruped and sang, spoke cheerily to his beast to help him along, and clapped his own arms together many times to aid circulation.

At a gate which showed white through the mist he stopped short, jumped off the car, and fastening his horse to one of the pillars, as indifferently as if he had left him in a warm stable, opened a small postern-door, and went inside the white gate.

There was an avenue, well-gravelled and comparatively dry, even on this wet night, but the man avoided the gravel path, and walked quickly, with lengthy strides, on some grass which grew at the edge of the pathway. He had now ceased whistling, and as he went along very rapidly, his footfall did not make the slightest sound.

After walking for about seven minutes, during which time he skirted a pond, and passed under a second avenue of fine old trees, he came in view of a long, low house, in which many lights were burning cheerily, and the wide hall door standing open revealed a great turf fire on a low hearth.

The man came up to the door, and was just about to raise his hand to give one single ponderous knock with the large iron knocker, when a door leading out of a sitting-room was thrown suddenly open, and a girl in a white dress came into the turf-lit hall.

She had one of those faces peculiar to her countrywomen—radiant one moment, grave, anxious, and even troubled the next. Her complexion was fair, the colour on her cheeks and lips brilliant, and her thick soft black hair was coiled tightly round her head.

She was about to run up the shallow stairs which led to another part of the house, when she caught sight of the figure in the open doorway. Instantly she uttered an exclamation of delight, and running forward, drew the man in out of the mist and cold to the light of the fire.

"Oh, Tom! I *am* glad to see you. I am all alone to-night, for Aunt Bridget is still away; and isn't it cold? and wouldn't you like something hot to drink?"

"Oh, whist! Miss Ellen. Don't spake of it, or maybe you'll get the boys into trouble. And you know I never touches a drop of the crathur. Tell me, miss, is the masther likely to be in soon?"

"Not at all to-night; he has gone to Derry, Tom. And when he's at home now he always seems so troubled and worried. I thought I could make things up to him, but since mother died he is never merry and jolly like he used to be. Geoffrey says home is very dull, and sometimes he says he won't stand it. He says he will run away; but he won't, will he, Tom?"

"No, no, miss, darlin'. Don't you take for to fret, and spoil your purty blue eyes. Master Geoffrey's a young man, and he may have his worries; and I don't deny as the times is dark and anxious; but 'tisn't about *him* I'd fret if I was you, Miss Ellen, honey."

"Oh, then you *are* troubled about my father!—you know why he sighs so heavily; and why he's quite different from what he was when mamma was alive. Do tell me, Tom—do, dear, dear Tom! I've known you all my life long, and you might trust me, and not treat me as if I was a baby!"

Tom Doherty was blessed with as round and rubicund and smiling a face as ever an Irishman could boast of. He now looked straight into Ellen O'Donnell's eyes and told her a deliberate lie with a perfect appearance of candour and sincerity.

"As sure as I'm alive this blessed minute, Miss Ellen, there's no more ails the masther than may be a trifle of low spirits. You don't notice it, miss, and 'twill pass away all in good time, mark my words for it. If you go worrying and fretting, miss, you'll get into a decline, just like your mamma did, and then what'll the poor masther do without you, as is

> 'The cream of the crock
> And the flower of the flock'

to him? 'Tis no lie, but gospel truth I'm telling you, miss; and if I was to make my

sowl by it I could tell you nothing better. There's nothing wrong with either the masther or Mister Geoffrey."

Ellen knew perfectly that she was being deceived. She stood silent for a moment, then stooping down, began to feed the turf fire from a roughly made basket that stood by the hearth. After she had supplied the large grate with sufficient fuel to send sparks flying gaily up the chimney she turned her young, grave face full upon the man who stood by her side, and spoke in a slow and pained voice.

"A person came up here to-day and asked for papa, and when papa was out he asked for Aunt Bridget, and when he heard Aunt Bridget was away he inquired for me. He gave me a piece of paper, and he called it a writ. I don't exactly know what a writ means, but he said some very ugly words about the rent being due for two years now, and then he went away. What did he mean by rent being due? We pay none. Tom, you are telling me a lie, and my father *has* a great trouble on him. I am seventeen now, and it is very silly of people to go on treating me as if I were a baby."

"I am sorry to my heart about the writ," said Doherty, his good-humoured face clouding over. "Tell me, Miss Ellen, did you show it to the masther yet, miss; did you make bould to give him the bit of blue paper, avick?"

"Of course I did, Tom. He thrust it into his pocket, and did not say a word, but he scarcely ate any dinner, only afterwards he ordered Mike to put Timber-topper to the car, and he said he was going to drive over to Derry, and he would sleep at Judson's Hotel and not be back to-night. I wish I knew what it all meant; and I wish Geoffrey would come in. He is not half the boy he was since he went to that horrid English school."

"The mistress was partly English," said Doherty, "and it stands to rason, that she liked their foreign ways. *I* don't hould by them. Look here, Miss Ellen, did I tell you as the Sally-tree is down again?"

Ellen clasped her hands, and a look of consternation came over her face.

I hope my readers won't blame her for being superstitious and for believing in omens and warnings. She was an Irish girl, and superstition mingled with the air she breathed, and was mixed up with her religion, even with her life. Ellen could never remember a time when she had not been told that Friday was an unlucky day—when she had not been desired to count up to ten as fast as possible, and say softly, under her breath, "Good morning, Mrs. Mag," at sight of *one* magpie, and to be told to rejoice and to expect something lucky to happen when *two* crossed her vision.

"We have a banshee of our own," she would say in an awestruck voice, "I have heard her myself, and she cried more sadly than any lonely child," and Ellen would look at you with such a world of belief in her sweet eyes that you could not but feel that for her the unlucky Fridays, and the offending magpies, and the despairing banshees were true and real enough; but you would also feel something else when you looked into Ellen O'Donnell's dark-blue eyes, namely, that love and sisterly kindness and earnest sympathy for all human hearts grew side by side with her superstition, and you would know then that link by link Ellen would drop these fetters (which indeed belonged but to her birth and birthplace) as surely as light must swallow up darkness.

Now, however, she gazed with unfeigned alarm at Doherty.

"Oh, Tom, you don't really mean it! All the people say it brings misfortune. When last it fell I was too young to notice much about it, only Aunt Bridget never likes to pass the tree even in the daytime. She says it is an evil tree, and bodes bad tidings. And does it really fall every seven years, Tom?"

"As sure as I'm here, Miss Ellen. It's called the Waterloo Priest's Tree, for it grew on a strip of his land, and on the night he died it fell down. Nobody seen it fall, and it lay on its side two days, and then it riz up again, and nobody seen it rise, though scores and scores seen it on its side, with a lot of earth riz up at its roots. Every seventh year, at the date of the priest's death, the tree falls, Miss Ellen, and it's on its side now; I seen it as I come along.* They certain do say as it bodes misfortune, and I, for one, never took it kindly, the masther tacking on that bit of land to Inchfawn."

CHAPTER II.—THE O'DONNELLS AND THEIR WAYS.

SOME years ago, Fergus O'Donnell had made a grand mistake in the opinion of his neighbours and friends.

He had brought into the wild highlands of Donegal a foreign bride. The Dohertys and the Macnaughtens of his native place

* This legend of the Irish Sally-tree was told to the author by a native of Inishowen, who pointed out the tree and fully believed the story.

surrounded him, and many fair daughters of these ancient houses smiled upon the handsome young master of Inchfawn, but he had been proof against their bright Irish eyes and rich western brogue, and had brought to reign over his old home a very fair young lady whom the people gave no welcome to, because she was, as they expressed it, a foreigner. In no other place would Ellen Grey have been called by this appellation, she came from no farther off than the brave old town of Derry, and although of undoubted English extraction, her people had lived on Irish soil since before the days of the famous siege. But between the wild people of the mountainous country of Donegal and the civilised inhabitants of the Protestant town of Derry there was a great gulf fixed, though perhaps no wider nor more difficult to pass over than the gulf which separates you, my reader, from your neighbour in the next street.

Ellen Grey was a Protestant, and she came of a Protestant race, and the proud Macnaughtens said she would bring no good to Inchfawn. She was a very gentle girl, and whether she discovered that her husband's people did not care for her, or whether she found the extreme wildness and loneliness of this western point of the peninsula of Inishowen too depressing, it is certain that from the date of her marriage she drooped and faded.

It never occurred to the husband, who loved her very footsteps, to try to discover what really ailed her. When she asked him to let her spend the winter in Derry, when she shuddered as she watched the great waves of the Atlantic breaking on the wild headlands, he only patted her faded cheeks, and told her to go out more, and get up her nerve, and he suggested that she should ride with Kate Macnaughten, a daring Donegal lass, who feared neither man nor beast.

Mrs. O'Donnell had never sufficient courage to ride well, and the people were right, when in many ways they called her "a poor thing." After the birth of her son Geoffrey, she ceased to go out in the winter, and when little Ellen was three years old, that slight cough commenced which was by-and-by to lay her in an early grave. When the master of Inchfawn discovered that his wife was in truth so great an invalid, that she could neither go out nor receive his friends, he made the second mistake of his life, he sent for his elder sister Bridget to live with them.

Bridget O'Donnell was a typical Irishwoman, large-hearted, generous, careless, and wasteful. Mrs. O'Donnell had kept the household expenses within a certain margin. She was a firm little woman in her own quiet way, and the people who thronged into the Inchfawn kitchen had to keep their extravagance within a certain limit. They could not boldly walk off with all the butter, nor hide every new-laid egg within the recesses of basket or cloak. The flitches of bacon were not too closely watched, but they had to last a certain time, and the great stacks of turf were required to perform a moderate share of duty. But with the reign of Bridget, the little barriers which Mrs. O'Donnell had put up between her husband and absolute ruin were ruthlessly pulled down. Bridget was immensely popular, she was flattered up to the top of her bent by every retainer, and the retainers at Inchfawn numbered many score, consequently the pigs had to be killed without number, the fowls either laid no eggs, or they were stolen away. Feasting and high living went on from morning to night in the roomy old kitchen, and after a few years of this kind of thing Squire O'Donnell, without in the least troubling himself to ascertain why, became grievously short of money.

Mrs. O'Donnell, a confirmed invalid now, spent all her time in her own bedroom, which faced south, or in her children's nurseries which lay just beyond her room.

Neither Geoffrey nor Ellen in the least resembled their mother. They were both Irish to the backbone, and they both possessed the kindly, brilliant, evanescent natures of their western home. Geoffrey was a very handsome lad, tall, upright and manly; his blue eyes were dark, as the darkest blue of the broad Atlantic, on which they so often loved to gaze, his hair was also dark and curly, he had the fresh and brilliant complexion of his countrymen, and but for a slight weakness about the sweet lines of his mouth, his face would have been almost perfect. He was a lad without a scrap of fear, the most daring rider, the most intrepid sailor, and from the time he was twelve years old he could handle a gun with any gentleman around.

Ellen was her brother's counterpart, with a few subtle differences. Her blue eyes were a trifle more deeply set in her head; her raven black hair was straight, whereas his was crisp and curly; and around the beautiful curves of her dimpled mouth might have been discerned latent firmness and strength, where, alas! Geoffrey only showed weakness.

This young pair grew up as best they could in a world full of medley. Mingled lessons came to them from all sides. From the mountains and the sea, from the exquisite feathering slopes which came down to the edge of Lough Swilly, they drank in beauty with every breath.

Ellen and Geoffrey, riding side by side on the wild mountain paths of Inishowen, felt themselves as free as the birds overhead, and were certainly as happy. These were nature's lessons, but other influences were brought strongly to bear on them.

By the people all around Inchfawn, the brother and sister were treated as a little king and queen; their slightest word was law; no one passed them without invoking the blessing of the Virgin and all the saints on their young heads.

Aunt Bridget spoiled the boy and girl; told them by every word, and look, and action, there was no sin at all equal to the sin of thrift; that the Englishman was the Irishman's sworn enemy and oppressor; and then she steeped them up to their lips in old folk lore and superstitions.

By their kindly, generous-hearted father, they were taught to be brave, to consider hunting a most desirable thing, to protect against the excise officers those of their poorer brethren who possessed *stills* for the making of that illicit but most potent beverage known as potheen. The revenue officers were, in Squire O'Donnell's opinion, and in the opinion of every retainer at Inchfawn, the curse of the country; and this idea Geoffrey and Ellen shared at an early age.

Brought up in this wild, free fashion, they would have learnt little of real good but for their mother. Mrs. O'Donnell had very weak health; she was a martyr to neuralgia, and the soft damp western air soon produced the seeds of consumption, but in that frail little body reigned a spirit quiet and firm. Where her children were concerned Mrs. O'Donnell was very firm indeed. No weakness, no amount of suffering prevented her having Geoffrey and Ellen for many hours of every day in her room. She herself taught them to read and write, and when Geoffrey was twelve years old, she boldly told her husband that she wished the boy to go to an English school. "Rugby or Harrow I should wish him to go to, Fergus," she said, in her low-pitched and quiet voice.

The Squire stood perfectly still in astonishment. "Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed; "isn't what's good enough for me good enough for him? *I* never went to an English school. I had a tutor for a year or two, and afterwards I took a turn at old Trinity. I don't see, my dear Ellen, but that I turned out very well, and why should not the boy do likewise?"

"The times are different, Fergus, and what did for your generation won't do for Geoffrey's. I wish him to be put on the books for Rugby directly, and to go to a preparatory school at Christmas."

Then, as was the Squire's way when opposed, he stormed and raved, and asked where the money was to come from. Mrs. O'Donnell assured him that in her marriage settlements there was a clause which allowed her to use a certain portion for her children's education. This money she now wished to devote to Geoffrey. She carried out her determination, although every member of the household, including Geoffrey himself, tried to oppose her.

She wrote that very afternoon to inquire about a preparatory school; and after Christmas Geoffrey went away, vowing with bitter, proud tears that he would never love any place but Inishowen, and that he would hate the English and their stuck-up ways.

His mother, however, on the eve of their first parting, said one thing to him which stuck in his memory through all his after days. She said it with her arms round his neck, when he came to say good-bye.

"My boy must remember that he is not all Irish. From your mother's side you can claim English descent, Geoffrey. And, Geoffrey," she added, flashing up her bright blue eyes at her tall lad, with a gesture of almost defiance, "you may be proud of that descent, which allies you to a race of Heroes, for your great-great-grandfather, my boy, was one of those brave 'prentice lads who first shut the gates of Derry on the oppressor."

Geoffrey went away, and for a week Ellen's eyes were dim, and she refused to go out with her dogs, and would not even look at her pony. The Squire, too, felt very sulky; and Aunt Bridget revenged herself by an extra dose of extravagance, and by supplying an unlimited quantity of food to every individual who set foot in the Inchfawn kitchen. She gave it, she said, to secure universal good-will for her boy, for goodness only knew to what trials and dangers he might be exposed in that land of foreigners, to which his mother had banished him.

The poor Squire would have been bewildered by the exposition of a theory of the way in which little troubles are overcome by

others not quite so little, and great ones are made to seem small and nothing by the side of greater, yet just now he was bitterly experiencing its truth; for he had troubles which drove the grievances of Geoffrey's school-life altogether out of his head. The old estate of Inchfawn had belonged to his family for many generations. It was a wild place, not very far from Dunree Head, an extreme western promontory of the small peninsula of Inishowen. The land was poor, and never, even with the most skilful management, could have been very productive.

The rent-roll it brought in was anything but considerable, for the Squire let it out in small holdings, and was never known to be particular in the matter of rent. He was an easy-going man, and as long as the old place held together somehow, he would never press a poor person. He would let the rents run on from year to year, or take in lieu of money, bags of potatoes or stacks of turf. This state of things could not go on for ever. There came a succession of bad harvests, and what with Aunt Bridget's extravagance, and the nonpayment of rent, there also came a day when the Squire had no balance at his bankers. Then he was in a state of despair, for how were the horses to be kept up? how were the grooms and many retainers to be paid? how was the food to be secured?

At this juncture there came to the Squire a most unexpected and unlooked-for relief. One day, his wife's brother, a well-to-do solicitor in Derry, came to see him, and told him that an Englishman, of the name of Brownlow, who had lately settled in Derry, and who had heaps of money, had set covetous eyes on the old picturesque estate of Inchfawn.

"There is no entail," said Mr. Grey, the attorney, "and you can sell the place if you will."

The Squire roared with a cry which resembled that of a wounded animal. "Bless my heart, sir, if you were not related to my wife I could fell you to the ground this minute for even suggesting the thing."

"Softly, my good friend," replied the bland lawyer; and then he made a proposal, plain enough in its meaning to any one else, but which fairly took in the poor Squire. Mr. Brownlow would pay into the Squire's bank the sum of fifteen thousand pounds; the Squire would live on just the same at Inchfawn, paying Mr. Brownlow a yearly rent, which would represent a fair and moderate interest on the money. At the end of eight years the Squire might pay back the fifteen thousand pounds in full to Mr. Brownlow, or retain the old place under a considerably increased rent. At the end of eight years, if he could neither pay the increased rent nor restore the money, he must give up the old place to the Englishman!

"Bless my heart, sir," said the Squire, "it's not such a bad idea, and, though I know you're all rogues and mean to cheat me, I believe I can be even with you yet. Fifteen thousand pounds will set me on my feet fine, and eight years is a good long time to run. Long before then old Shemus O'Donnell, my father's brother, who lives in Dublin, and is as great an old screw as walks the earth, is safe to drop off. He's good for a tidy bit of money, Grey, and I'm the only heir he has."

The Squire grew positively cheerful, when he remembered old Shemus O'Donnell. He even became facetious, and ordered in refreshments for the lawyer, and pressed him to partake of the good cheer of the Inchfawn kitchen.

"Shemus is the boy," he said, as he mixed himself a steaming tumbler and patted Ellen's dark head, while she knelt in her favourite attitude, by his side.

"Shemus would beat even you, Lawyer Grey, in making one penny do the work of two. Did I ever tell you that story about old Shemus and his maid Sally."

"Oh! don't, father," here interrupted Ellen, "I think it's such a horrid, cruel tale."

"Never mind, my pretty one, the lawyer will appreciate it, if we don't. Here it is, Grey. One morning about Christmas time Shemus sent his household drudge out to buy him a hap'orth of milk. His tea was cooling on the table, and Sally never came back. After a time he grew impatient and ran down stairs and opened his hall door. He was met by a crowd of folks all rushing up the street to meet him, with their mouths open and their eyes staring.

"'Oh! Mr. O'Donnell, sir,' said they one and all, 'you'll be mortal grieved to hear as poor Sally fell down in the snow and she's broke her leg,' said they, 'and she's took to the hospital,' said they.

"'Then for goodness' sake,' said old Shemus, his face quite purple with rage and fright, and clutching the nearest of them by the shoulder, 'Tell me, *has she lost my halfpenny?*'"

Here the Squire laughed loud and long. "That's a man after your sort, eh, Lawyer Grey?"

CHAPTER III.—THE O'DONNELLS AND THEIR WAYS—(*continued*).

THE Englishman who had settled in Derry bought the old estate of Inchfawn for fifteen thousand pounds. That sum was paid into the Squire's bank, and the Squire went his way cheerily, relieved from all present anxieties, and quite easy in his mind with regard to the future.

Long before the eight years had expired old Shemus O'Donnell would drop off, old Shemus who was worth fifty—sixty thousand, if he was worth a penny.

One stipulation, however, the master of Inchfawn made, the thing must be kept a secret. About most matters O'Donnell was the most confiding man in the world. He was often heard to say—"For the life of you don't tell me a secret, for I simply *can't* keep it," but in this matter he was close, as the closest-natured person could desire. He did not know exactly what he had done, he only knew that in some way or other he had got money out of old Inchfawn—he was rather ashamed of the whole transaction, and he bound over Mr. Grey and Mr. Brownlow to secresy in the matter.

Not for worlds would he breathe a word of what he had done to his wife, or to his children, or to his sister Bridget. He argued that it was more than unnecessary to trouble them in the matter, for long before the eight years had expired he would have paid back the loan. Year after year went by quickly enough. Geoffrey came home at Midsummer and at Christmas, a tall boy who no longer spoke against England. He brought a breath of the outer world with him into the old place, and when he talked so big and vaunted about all he could do and all he had seen, Ellen looked at him with a certain fearful admiration; the Squire, too, took a vast pride in the lad, although he pretended to pooh-pooh his tales and to laugh at the fine gentleman airs he put on. Ellen's education was left more absolutely to nature, her father forbade school for her, nor would he hear of an English governess coming to Inchfawn. Ellen got her education principally from the mountains and the lake, but a good deal also from her mother. That gentle little woman, fading every year, was permitted to teach her young daughter some lessons not only by her words but also by her example.

Ellen learned tolerance from her mother, who coming from the extremely Protestant town of Derry, found herself planted in the midst of an altogether Roman Catholic population. And yet Mrs. O'Donnell might well have been bigoted, for she came of a race who fought for their religion with tears and blood. She was sprung from those brave people who thought liberty worth starvation and whose heroism is world-famed. Nothing did Ellen like better than to sit by her mother's knee and listen to the traditions orally handed down of the great siege.

"I could have acted like that, mother," she would exclaim, with her blue eyes shining brightly, when Mrs. O'Donnell related how the starving and dying women knelt behind their lords and masters on the wall and loaded their guns for them, rather than allow them to cry surrender. "I would have gone into the cathedral and listened to Parson Walker," exclaimed Ellen O'Donnell, "and oh, I think I could have shot that wretch, that traitor Lundy through the heart."

Ellen adored her father, perhaps she cared for him rather more than she did for her mother, but her mother's lessons dwelt with her, and stood her in good stead in the hours of trial which were to come.

Mrs. O'Donnell living year after year in her bedroom and sitting-room which adjoined it, saw plainly enough the dark days which were coming, and in a certain degree she prepared Ellen for them. Not for worlds would she breathe a word against her impulsive and warm-hearted husband—not for worlds would she find fault with poor reckless Aunt Bridget, but there were things she did not approve of, and these things she spoke about very plainly to her daughter.

"Believe me, Ellen child, the Protestant Government of England is wise and right on the whole; there is no use in encouraging our poor people to oppose its just restraints."

During the last year of her life she said more than this.

"There are dark days ahead, my darling—yes, I know it, I feel it, there are very dark days ahead. Ellen, promise me one thing."

"Anything, mother dear."

"When Geoffrey comes home, he will soon come home for good now, you will be with him a great deal. You will ride with him and walk with him, and try and persuade your father to allow nice girls to come and stay here; and go into Derry as often as you can, Ellen, and get to know my people, they are quiet and steady-going. They have sterling stuff in them, although they are not such an old race. Somehow, Ellen, the people about here frighten me, they are so, so—"

"What, mother?"

"Lawless, darling."

"Oh, mammy dear, I love them so, they have *such* warm hearts."

"Ellen, there are two sides to this Irish character which you so admire. There is the side of revenge. Ellen, come here, kneel down, let me whisper to you. As you value your life and happiness, as you love me, Ellen, promise never to join any of their secret societies, and keep Geoffrey from doing so if you can."

Ellen promised, promised tearfully, with passionate, impulsive words, for her mother, usually so quiet, became quite broken-down and agitated.

Not long after this, to the consternation of the whole household, and to the agony of her affectionate husband and children, Mrs. O'Donnell died. She passed away peacefully and with smiles, saying much about the power of faith, and about meeting her darlings again. The poor Squire's grief was tempestuous and terrible to witness, neither child nor sister could comfort him, and finally after the funeral, he packed a few clothes into a portmanteau, and went away for a week without allowing a soul to know where he had hidden himself. He came back at the end of that time, very red in the face and irritable in manner. When Ellen spoke of her mother, he checked her with almost abuse, then he caught her in his arms, pressed her to his breast, shed tears over her, and called her his only jewel, and his mavourneen. The poor Squire had a double cause for grief and anxiety just then, for the eight years of the supposed loan had nearly passed away. They had nearly gone into the annals of the past, and Shemus O'Donnell had also said good-bye to his wretched home and his miserly surroundings. The old miser had made a will, leaving every penny of the savings of his worthless lifetime to the hospital which had taken in Sally when she broke her leg.

CHAPTER IV.—AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GAP OF MAMORE.

"GEOFFREY," said Ellen, "can you tell me what a writ is?"

The brother and sister were breakfasting together, in a long, low, oak wainscoted room, which went by the name of the parlour. It was an untidy enough room, with a threadbare carpet, and with sofa and chairs covered with much worn horse-hair, but from the three large French windows might have been seen a glorious view, which showed the picturesque promontory of Dunree, with its famous fort, built on the solid rock. Beyond the fort lay the bold Atlantic, as it narrowed into the entrance of Lough Swilly, and in the background, at the other side of the lake, were the soft, changeful tints of the mountains. It was a November day, but the sun was shining fitfully, and some of its gleams had struggled into the old room, and were touching Ellen's dark hair with a shade of bronze. An Irish staghound lay at her feet, and two small smooth English terriers were yelping and barking in an excited manner round Geoffrey, as he helped himself to some ham.

"Be quiet, Yap and Dandy. I beg your pardon, Ellen, what did you say?"

"I asked you, Geoffrey, what a writ was."

"A writ—oh! it sounds like a law term. Yes, I believe I remember. Doherty told me something about a writ the other day. Some poor people on the other side of the gap of Mamore have just been served with one. They could not pay their rent, and the sheriff's officers are coming in a day or two to turn them out. Perhaps they have done so."

"To turn them out of their home, Geoffrey?"

"Yes; how wide you open your eyes! you look positively frightened. A writ is some unpleasant machination of the lawyers; it's a disagreeable subject, don't let's talk about it, Ellen."

"But the poor people at the other side of the Gap, are they on my father's land, Geoffrey?"

"I don't know. I believe not."

"And what will they do, with the winter coming on?"

"I can't say; come here, I suppose. Most beggars find their way to Inchfawn." Geoffrey began whistling carelessly to his dogs, and tried to entice the staghound Oscar from Ellen's side. The great dog, however, laid his head in her lap, licked her hand, and looked up with his pathetic eyes at her face. He read a story in the blanched young face, and he knew that the small hand was trembling. "I can't make out why my father has gone to Derry," said Geoffrey, rising and standing by the hearth. Geoffrey had always promised to be very tall, he was also graceful, and his still smooth and boyish face looked as if no cloud had ever yet visited it.

"Geoffrey dear, you love Inchfawn," said Ellen, not answering his last question.

"Love Inchfawn!" echoed Geoffrey, his blue eyes sparkling with a sudden enthu-

siasm. "I suppose most fellows love the place where they were born, and where their people have been before them for untold generations. But I tell you what, Ellen, I'd like to do a good bit to the old place, it has run awfully to seed. You see I have been in England." (Ellen always felt very submissive, when Geoffrey spoke of England.) "People in England wouldn't keep an old tumble-down place like this. But talk about loving it, I love every stone of the house, and every blade of grass that grows on the estate. If an Englishman had it, well, he would make it perfect."

"He would *ruin* it," said Ellen, walking suddenly to the window, a rich colour in her face. "He would make it artificial, and neat, and prim. Who can improve on our mountains and our Lough Swilly? God made them. I don't see what the English have to say to Inchfawn; they will never have it."

"My dear little sister, what a termagant you can be when you please! but you can't be expected to understand—I used to think just like you before I went to Rugby. By the way, Ellen, I do wish Aunt Bridget would tidy up the place a bit before Arundel comes. He's not particular, and he knows what we Irish are, but still——"

"Geoffrey, when you talk like that, I almost hate you. Mr. Arundel must find us as we are. If we are savages he won't stay long, that's all."

"I had a letter from him this morning, and he is coming next week," answered Geoffrey in his coolest tones. "You've a hot little tongue in your head, but you'll do what you can yourself, Eileen. Now good-bye; I'm going to hunt with Macnaughten this morning—you would not care to come, would you, Ellen?"

"Not to-day, thanks," said Ellen; her back was still to her brother, and her eyes were fixed on the blue mountains opposite.

Geoffrey, calling Yap and Dandy, left the room in his noisy young fashion. Ellen waited until the rickety door slammed behind him, then she drew the bolts of the French window at which she had been standing, opened it, and went out. There was a stone balcony running round this part of the house. She stepped on to it, and, leaning her arms on the rail which protected it, some tears which had been gathering in her eyes splashed down heavily on her hands.

What a fearful meaning Geoffrey had given to those little words—a writ! The man who had called at Inchfawn yesterday had looked stern, grave, and dignified. He was not the least like the Inishowen peasant who would have poured out a torrent of words, and blessed her, or cursed her, as the case might be.

This man used no unnecessary words; he simply said that the rent was a long time overdue, and that he was obliged to serve the master with a writ. *The* master! the great man of all the country round. What did it all mean? What rent was overdue? They paid no rent for Inchfawn; it was their own. Oh! surely it was a grand mistake.

Still Ellen could not feel comfortable. Her father's face had worn a very strange expression when she had given him that piece of paper, and he had said nothing at all about its being a mistake. Did a man similarly grave, similarly dignified and unnatural, come to those poor people Geoffrey had spoken about at Mamore, and serve them with a writ, and were they obliged to leave the little home that had sheltered them all their lives, just as the O'Donnells would have to go? Oh no! It was impossible that the O'Donnells would ever leave Inchfawn. It was their own place, and no one in the whole country-side would dare to turn them away.

Ellen began to laugh at her fears. She wiped her eyes, and, whistling to her dog, went round to the kitchen premises. In the large yard which ran at the back of the old house at Inchfawn she was beset by a perfect bevy of followers.

"Miss Ellen asthore, me mother sent me up for a little bit of jam,"—here an urchin of ten held up a cracked cup without a handle; "she's mortal bad with a sore throat, Miss Ellen."

"Run round to the kitchen, and ask old Mary for something then, Dan. Well, Pat, and what do you want?"

Pat had small twinkling grey eyes and a freckled face; he raised the said eyes now roguishly.

"I thought maybe ye'd have some lavings of pratie-skins as 'ud help to feed the little pigeen, poor crathur."

"Oh, Pat! and what are you hiding away in that bag? You know Mary has given you a great deal more than potato-skins. There, run home, you bad boy!"

Ellen entered the kitchen, where old Mary, a typical good-humoured-looking Irishwoman, was pottering about, assisted by two uncouth-looking satellites.

"What have you got cold in the house, Mary?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, glory be to heaven! Miss Ellen, there's never a bit, at all, at all, unless maybe the cold pie, and the bit o' roast beef as the master took scarcely a bite out of last night, and a new bakin' of bread, and the ham as I sent up fresh and juicy for breakfast."

"All right, Mary," interrupted Ellen, "you put some ham, and some beef, and a loaf of bread, and a small bottle of whiskey into a basket for me. I'm going out."

"And what'll the master say when he finds you gone, acushla?"

"Tell him I've gone for a ride, Mary, and I will be with him about dinner-time."

"But, oh, glory! you won't go by yourself, alanna?"

"Yes, it is all right; you get the basket ready," replied the young mistress a little impatiently. She ran up to her room and hastily changed her morning dress for a dark-blue riding-habit; and a few moments later she was cantering gaily away in the direction of Mamore, accompanied by no other companion than the staghound, Oscar.

An unconquerable desire had seized her to visit the poor people, who were, she felt, her companions in misfortune. It was quite impossible that their cases could be really similar, but yet they had both been undoubtedly served with that same terrible instrument of the law which is called a writ.

The gap of Mamore lies in the wildest and most uncultivated part of the peninsula; it is simply a depression between the mountains, and is entered by a very sharp ascent.

Ellen's surefooted and spirited little mare, Shela, did her work well, however, and Ellen herself knew every step of the road, having often come to the gap to visit the famous St. Agnes Well, supposed to cure all diseases.

She rode along now, the day growing brighter as it advanced, and the fresh breezes from the Atlantic sending a rich glow of health into her face.

At the other side of the gap was the worst ground possible, being simply rock, covered with the scantiest and most unproductive soil. Here, however, were several hovels, and ragged and half-clothed children peeped up from the ground in all directions, as Ellen galloped past on her pony.

These hovels were of the most typical Irish description, mud floors, mud-built walls, broken windows, without even a pretence of glass in them, bits of canvas nailed on, or wisps of straw thrust in, to keep out the cold and damp. Each of these wretched hovels contained but one room, where the family, be it large or small, herded together.

The pig, the supposed lord and master of such abodes, was painfully conspicuous by its absence, the people being far too poor to afford such a luxury. Ellen drew up her pony short, and addressed a bright-eyed girl—

"Can you show me the cottage, Mary, where the poor people have just been served with a writ?"

Mary's eyes danced when her name was spoken, showing that Ellen had guessed it right, but the rest of the sentence was darkness to her. Ellen repeated her words in Irish.

Instantly the little face broke into smiles, and like an arrow from a bow, the child darted on in front of the young lady. She led her for about a quarter of a mile, then pointing with her finger, disappeared without even waiting for the customary halfpenny. Just in front of Ellen, directly in her path, lay what yesterday had been the semblance of a home. Now it was roofless, windowless, doorless. Nothing remained but the four walls of the wretched habitation. A little smoke, however, was struggling into the air, and Ellen rode up to this wreck of a human dwelling. Seated by a few pieces of peat, which were damp and could scarcely burn, was a woman holding a starved-looking baby to her breast. Two other children crouched up to her side, and a man lay fast asleep on the wet mud floor of the hovel.

Ellen dismounted from her pony and went into the skeleton house; she laid her hands softly on the woman's shoulder.

"What dreadful thing has happened to you? why are you like this?" she asked.

Two lack-lustre and dim eyes were raised to the young girl's sweet face. The woman spoke in English and expressed herself not badly.

"We couldn't pay the bit o' rint, lady dear, we couldn't *live* off the ground, far less pay the ten shilling, and we were served with a writ, and yesterday the sheriff's officers come, and they took off the roof and broke in the windys, as Dan had set up with a bit o' glass, and they took the door away in a cart, they couldn't do nothing more, may the Vargin forgive them."

"May they burn in the fires o' purgatory for ever and ever," said the man, suddenly raising his head with a bitter scowl.

"Oh! whisht, Dan, whisht. He's quite distraught like in his mind, miss, and you

must forgive him, for we had made the place so snug for the winter, and not a drop o' rain come through the roof, and Dan had taken a sight o' pains, fitting the windys up with broken glass. We thought may be, miss, as they'd lave us in the place, seeing as it was so poor, and the harvest that bad entoirely, and Dan had hopes as he could make up the rint come spring. But there, there; there's no use spakin' agin 'em, their hearts is made of iron; but Dan, poor boy, he's that distraught in his mind 'cause of little Mary."

"Which is little Mary?" asked Ellen.

The woman drew forward a golden-haired, bright-eyed child, who was only half-clothed, and who was clinging close to her skirts.

"This one, miss; she was the jewel of his eyes, and she was took with a bit of a cough, and she began to waste like. It was mostly for little Mary that father made the place so snug and dry, and now the rain has been beating on her the whole night through."

Ellen stooped down and laid her hand on the child's bright head, the hair was damp; she touched the little ragged skirt which covered her, the skirt was soaking.

"Let her be," said the man again, more hoarsely and less savagely, "she's done for now, little Mary is, let her be."

Ellen ran quickly out of the cottage, to where she had fastened her pony, Shela; she took from the saddle a small woollen shawl, which she sometimes used in returning from long rides, she seized the basket of provisions which she had slung in front of her as she rode. In an instant she was kneeling by the child.

"Take off that wet skirt and wrap her in this," she said to the woman; "and now, whether little Mary is to live or die, you are all starving and you must eat."

She burst open the basket with energetic and trembling hands, and pulled out the ham, the beef, the bread.

"Have you a cup anywhere here?" she asked. "Oh! yes, I see one, and this broken pitcher is full of rain water."

Ellen took the cork out of the small bottle, and pouring some of its contents into the cup, and adding water, she gave some of the necessary cordial to the poor perishing creatures.

"This will do you good," she said. "I have brought it from Inchfawn."

When Ellen said the word Inchfawn, the man ceased to scowl. He looked at her with a kind of broken-hearted smile, and said—

"The Lord in heaven be praised, lady! You come from the old place?"

"Yes, I come from Inchfawn," answered Ellen. "Now eat, do; eat all of you."

The poor creatures did not require any pressing: they tore the bread in fragments, and devoured the ham and beef as though they had not tasted food for days.

"Now," said Ellen, when they were strengthened and refreshed, and the man no longer lay prone upon the ground, "you have all of you got to listen to me. I rode over here to-day on purpose to see you. I heard that a writ had been served on you—I do not know whether it was right or wrong to serve it, but I do know that you are in dreadful, dreadful want, and that you must be helped. Now, Dan—is your name Dan?"

The man nodded.

"Dan, it is a good step from here to Inchfawn—the nearest way it is quite ten miles. Can you possibly walk ten miles? Can you, Mary? and can you carry the children?"

"Oh, yes, miss," answered the mother in quite a new and cheerful tone. "We feels nicely now, miss, thank you kindly."

"And do you know your way?" asked Ellen.

"Do I know my way?" echoed the man with a laugh. "Hasn't my father served there? and wasn't it a bitter day for me when I worked under any other master? The like of the O'Donnells ain't to be found in the country round; and be you related to Inchfawn, miss, if I may make bould to ask?"

"I am Inchfawn's daughter," said Ellen. "You are right when you speak of my father; his heart is too true and too warm to allow any tenants to suffer as you are suffering now. You must come to my home. Start off at once, and take the remainder of the food with you, and whenever you arrive there shall be a good meal and a warm fire ready. And you shall sleep in one of my father's barns to-night, on good dry straw, where not a drop of rain can touch you. Now good-bye; don't lose a moment in coming, and you will get to Inchfawn to-night. What are your names—oh, Dan and Mary Donovan. Well, I shall look out for you myself to-night."

She stooped down and kissed the sick child, and left the wretched cabin, followed by the poor people's broken prayers, and tears, and blessings.

CHAPTER V.—NOT OLD INCHFAWN.

THE Squire of Inchfawn, the master of all that wild and picturesque and rather worthless estate, which comprised bad ground, lovely scenery, and a vast retinue of warm-hearted retainers, was as puzzled and as utterly perplexed at this moment how to get himself out of an appalling dilemma as was poor Donovan when the sheriff's officers raised the roof from his head.

It had seemed so easy ten years ago to listen to lawyer Grey's suggestion, to listen to and to act upon it. It had seemed nothing to the Squire to sell the land of his forefathers for fifteen thousand pounds. That money set him right for the time being, and of course long before the eight years were out Shemus O'Donnell would die, and he would be able to pay back the money, and Inchfawn would be his own again. The eight years passed away, and Shemus was gathered to his fathers, but his money had not come to Fergus O'Donnell; the eight years had passed, and, according to the terms of the agreement made between himself and the Englishman, Brownlow, he must either give up Inchfawn or remain in the place as a tenant under what was to him a very heavy rent. A thousand a year was the sum he was required to pay, and it was as impossible for poor Fergus O'Donnell to raise this sum out of his wretched land and out of his struggling tenants as it would have been to find ten times the amount. For two years he had gone on dreaming of the hated Englishman by night, and thinking of him all day long, afraid to confide his great trouble to mortal, and taking no comfort out of anything, not even out of the old place, and now—now at last the blow had fallen.

Brownlow had been very patient, even the Squire had to admit that, but at last he had resorted to decisive measures, and these measures would assuredly take Inchfawn from the O'Donnells.

"But it shall not go," said the old man savagely. "Lawyer Grey must find a way to get me out of this hole. What on the face of the earth are lawyers for except to get people out of holes? Yes; lawyer Grey's the man. I hate him, but he's the man for all that."

So the Squire had the best horse in his stables put to the rickety tumble-down outside car. He bade Ellen good-bye with outward cheerfulness, and left a joking message for that young rascal Geoffrey, and then set off to drive the seventeen or eighteen miles, Irish miles, too, which lay between him and the good and loyal and comfortable town of Derry. During all the long drive he sat silent, deigning no reply to his affectionate and loquacious driver, Pat. All the time he kept repeating to himself in a dreary and monotonous aside—

"Lawyer Grey's the man—he's bound to see me out of this scrape. It's perfectly monstrous, perfectly, horribly monstrous, Inchfawn being served with a writ. Bless me if it doesn't seem to me to be a kind of practical joke—and Ellen to give me the bit of paper. Ellen, bless her, why she'd die anywhere except at Inchfawn. Geoffrey's different, but Ellen, my sweet colleen, she'd die anywhere, away from the blue mountains and the lake. Lawyer Grey's bound to get me out of this, and if the worst comes to the worst, there are the wife's marriage settlements. Bless my soul, I never thought of the settlements."

The Squire ordered a bed for himself at Judson's well-known hotel, and the next morning, at a comparatively early hour, was sounding a loud and imperative rat-tat on Lawyer Grey's modest green-painted door. It was a small house, exquisitely neat, with green venetian blinds to every window, with snug carpets fitting tight, and with the cleanest and brightest chintz covering sofas and chairs. There were window boxes with late autumn flowers in them in the windows, the polished glass of which shone again. It was just the sort of place to exasperate the poor Squire in his present mood.

While he waited for the lawyer, he paced up and down the small room into which he had been shown, and felt something like a caged lion. To live long in such intense primness and neatness, would, he felt sure, suffocate him.

Presently the lawyer, a bland, smooth-faced man, came in.

"Ah! Grey, how do, how do? Close morning, horribly close. Don't know how you folks contrive to live in town, no air about the place. Well, yes, I want to see you on urgent business. 'Pon my word, Grey, you got me into this—you must get me out," and the Squire threw the writ across the table at the lawyer.

Mr. Grey opened the blue paper, then he fumbled in his pocket for his glasses, which he wiped carefully and placed deliberately on his nose. One glance he gave at the writ, the meaning and significance of which he knew but too well. Then he looked up over the top of his glasses at the Squire, who

was impatiently pacing up and down on the hearth-rug.

"Well, you see, Inchfawn, I don't know what else you're to expect. Brownlow has been very patient."

"I don't care if he has been twenty times as patient," answered the irate old man. "He is not going to have my property."

"Well, well, sit down, Squire; do sit down. Let us talk the matter over quietly. As good fortune would have it, I have quite half an hour to devote to your service this morning."

"Look you here, Grey," said old O'Donnell, pushing the proffered chair away with an angry gesture and towering up to his full height on the hearth-rug, "there's no sitting down and taking things quietly with me in this matter; and as to your half-hours, you've got to give *hours* to the thing if necessary. You don't suppose, man, that I came in all the way to Derry just to put up with one of your stray half-hours! Things have come to a pretty pass when O'Donnell of Inchfawn has got to cringe to a lawyer's time—so you had better drop that tone, Grey, and the sooner the better, for out of this parlour—or what do you call it, room?—we two don't stir until that writ is made so much waste paper—so there."

The Squire was working himself into a passion, and Mr. Grey was provokingly cool.

"You are my sister's husband," he said in a low, quiet voice, "and of course for her sake I put up with a great deal, and, besides, I pity you, from my heart I do."

"Oh! you pity me! Then get me out of this abominable mess, prove your lawyer-like acuteness—lawyers are made for nothing under the sun but to get men out of holes. Come, now, Gray, prove the stuff you're made of."

Mr. Grey had been standing hitherto, now he seated himself. "You know, O'Donnell, the nature of the transaction which took place between you and John Brownlow, of this town, ten years ago, or are you quite aware of its nature?"

"Thank you, Grey, for the compliment. I believe I am possessed of the ordinary amount of brains; it was never hinted to me before that I was deficient. Brownlow lent me fifteen thousand pounds, for which I paid him good interest. At the end of eight years I was to return the loan, or to stay on at Inchfawn under a heavy rent. I could not return the loan, worse luck, because Shemus O'Donnell—but we won't go into that. Well, well, I own being remiss with the rent—the fact is, I could not press the poor folks round me."

"You must admit, O'Donnell, that Brownlow has been very patient. You owe him two years' rent besides the interest on his money, and, as Inchfawn is his own property, he naturally wishes to take possession of it; in other words, he serves you with a writ or notice to leave. I do not see how you can blame him, and, I grieve to tell you, I see no other course whatever open to you, but to submit. You sold Inchfawn ten years ago, and, as you cannot pay the rent, you must go."

"Sold Inchfawn," echoed the poor Squire in a sadly different tone from his former bluster, while he began to tremble and to hold the back of the chair which he had despised. "Sold Inchfawn, Grey!" he repeated; "I took that money as a loan."

"So it would have been had you paid it back at the end of the time specified. You did not do so, and the property is now Brownlow's."

The Squire pulled a chair towards him, and slowly dropped into it. "'Pon my word, Grey, this is awful. You must get me out of it; you really must somehow. Leave Inchfawn! give up Inchfawn to an Englishman; to an upstart; to a new-made fellow! Why the very dead in the graveyard would rise up if any one but an O'Donnell lived at old Inchfawn. And I tell you what it is, Grey, 'twill kill Ellen, and she's your sister's child—and Geoffrey too, poor lad! poor lad! Look you here, lawyer Grey, we've got to circumvent that rascally Englishman—we've got to do it, you and me. D'ye hear me?"

"I hear you, Squire. I am willing to help you all I can; but it is my duty to inform you that your case is a bad one. I should never for an instant have advised what happened ten years ago but for your expectations from your uncle in Dublin. You can, of course, stay at Inchfawn as a tenant—as you have in fact done for the last ten years—if you can pay up the two thousand now owing and can pay one thousand a year in the future."

"Oh, the future! the future! I'll manage the future. I'll put down the horses, all except Ellen's mare, Shela—*she* shan't go; and I'll grind it out of my poor people. I'll become a hard landlord, heaven help them! heaven help them! I'll manage the future, lawyer Grey."

"But what about the present, Squire?"

"We must borrow the money—we must borrow the two thousand."

"Borrow it on what?"

"Why, on Inchfawn, of course."

"You forget, Fergus, my poor fellow—Inchfawn is not yours."

"Yes, I keep forgetting," answered the Squire, in a dreary tone. "The old place; and that row of fine trees in the sheltered bit of the avenue; and the old house, where Ellen and Geoffrey were born, and where their mother died; and the fishing on the Lake of Shadows; and that bit of hunting-ground, which Macnaughten always grudged to me—not mine! I forgot—I feel a bit stoopid over it. Well, Grey, we must borrow the money elsewhere."

"On what, Squire?"

"There's the wife's marriage settlements; we could borrow something on them, come now."

"I fear you cannot; I greatly fear you cannot. I will look through the deed of settlement. I am, as perhaps you are aware, the only living trustee. I think the money is tied up, so that no one can touch the capital. My sister's fortune was ten thousand pounds, and that money is strictly settled on her daughter."

"On Ellen!" said the Squire; "why bless her! she'd give it to me, every bit. If the money is Ellen's we're right enough. We'll take two thousand pounds, and settle that Englishman."

"I fear it is impossible. Ellen has only a life interest. She cannot touch the capital."

"What do you mean?"

"It descends to her children."

"Why, bless my life, she mayn't have any."

"Then it reverts to Geoffrey and his children."

"And he mayn't have any."

"In that case, Squire, the money goes back to my family."

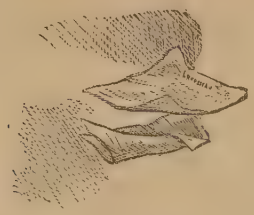
The Squire was silent, staring helplessly at the lawyer.

"Look here, O'Donnell, I will see Brownlow, and get him to hold the matter over, for the space of a month, say; and in the meantime I will look through my sister's marriage settlement, and see if there is any loophole by which it can assist you. I frankly tell you, I fear there is not any, and I cannot stir in the matter without counsel's opinion. The case is a bad one; but your want is extreme; I will do my best. Will you give me a call, say this day week?"

The Squire promised in a meek voice, and went out of the house with his shoulders a good deal bent and his head bowed. "Gone! no, no, impossible! not old Inchfawn!"

The Squire knew little of schools and schoolmasters, and had not the most remote idea that at this terrible moment he was being raised into a higher form in the great Master's school. This, however, was the case. A difficult task was set for him to accomplish, and he neither recognised the Schoolmaster nor the meaning of the lesson. Squire O'Donnell thought at this moment that all was lost in his life; he did not know that the life itself was to be ennobled; and when he spoke of Ellen and thought of the blow which must crush her, he little guessed that for her, too—

> ". . . these severe afflictions,
> Not from the ground arise,
> But oftentimes celestial benedictions
> Assume this dark disguise."



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THIS solemn hour, when twelve is near,
Whilst bells are welcoming another year,
Dear Christ, on memory's leaves I see
The first-born love I had for Thee.

A post in that which slowly dies
Brought me these lines—"She passed away."
('Twas she who oft with me had watched
The birth-hour of a New Year's Day.)

"She passed away." Then came a blot.
(Tear on fresh ink had made to swell
Word written next.) And, at the last,
Whilst slowly whispering—"Farewell!"

Slid from her wasted finger nigh
Him—next to Thee, loved most of all—
The wedding-ring, first circling it
Twenty years back come next leaf-fall.

Of her was born my love to Thee.
Up but two steps its feet had moved
That youth-tide now which seems so near:
She lovèd Thee, so I Thee loved.

Trust was the parent of my love;
Trust argued, "All she loved was good;"
Trust said, "Her beauty mirrored Thine;"
Trust's verdict since hath always stood.

E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

BURIED SUMMERS.

A Winter Reverie.

Low beneath this crystal pavement
Lie the sunny days of yore;
Lone in memory are their voices,
There are too the robes they wore.

But the future has its summers,
Buried song and life and love;
Coming flowers await the quickening
Of the spirit from above:

Summers where the parted lovers,
To each other are restored,
Grasping hands and speaking welcomes
In a garden of the Lord.

One shall quicken into beauty
Memories, treasures from their grave;
He is coming, who—like sunshine,
Shall all buried summers save.

B. W.

"EVEN AS I HAD PITY ON THEE."

A New Year's Sermon.

By the Right Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon.

THERE is a sentence in "John Inglesant" which must cleave to the memory of all who read it. "Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life." It is true that the pathos of life does seem to demand pity. All who have thought, or better, all who have felt, have admitted this. The infinite pathos cries to us from the ancient sage, who thought over the littleness and passingness of life and wrote as its motto—"Vanity of vanities: all is vanity!" —down to the modern Italian who sings,

> "Pero che eterna è la natura e nebbia
> Vanitosa l'umane ire e gli amori,"

which we may venture to render,

> "For nature holds eternal state,
> But empty clouds are love and hate."

And the same feeling of the pathos breaks out everywhere along the line of human history—how sadly, as when the bard sings of the one night which waits for all and the way of forgetfulness once for all to be trodden by all; and how grimly, when the satirist delights to point out how the brightest prospects are dashed by some paltry and contemptible inconvenience which robs life, even while it lasts, of its dignity:—

> "So, to sum up, the sage is half divine,
> Rich, free, great, handsome, king of kings in fine,
> A miracle of health from toe to crown,
> Mind, heart, and head, save when his nose runs down."

It is the thought of the pathos of life in its various aspects which gives the minor tone to so much of our poetry. Our complaint is, that we are slaves to the passing hour, to our own unrealised hopes, to the all too realised regrets, to the invincible laws which bind us fast, and to the hateful death which hides our dear ones from us and but waits to snatch us away. In this sad and vain life we are all slaves of time, fortune, and death; we are fellow-servants in this lot of varied pain and perplexity.

> "All mournful things are friends of mine,
> (That weary sound of falling leaves).
> Ah! there is not a kindred soul
> For me on earth but mourns and grieves."

And thus as fellow-slaves to the same sad lot we mingle our sorrows. Life, we say to one another, is compounded of tears; and the poet tells us we are right. We are, in the well-known lines—

> "Common clay taken from the common earth,
> Moulded by God and tempered with the tears
> Of angels to the perfect shape of man."

And still more sadly and less divinely sings Swinburne—

> "Before the beginning of years
> There came by the making of man,
> Time with a gift of tears,
> Grief with a glass that ran."

All this is but a variation of the same complaint—all is vanity. Life is short and sad while it lasts. In odd self-contradiction, which is the sure sign of despair, men murmur at the shortness of life, and then, thinking of its sadness, declare that its only merit is that it is so short. It is short, too short for anything great to be done. It is sad, infinitely sad; but no matter, it is short. He came from the silence and the darkness, and he goes to the silence and the darkness, and his voice between the dark past and the dark future is a sorrowful voice. He is, as Whittier says, "a cry between the silences." "Let him moan and die," says Aldrich, "for he is dust that shall be laid again."

Infinite pathos there is here. It cries for infinite pity, and among those who are common sufferers in this life of sadness and perplexity we might expect everywhere compassion and sympathy. Bound by a common lot of pain and disappointment under the same stern necessity, surely deep and true pity will abound. We all owe the same debt to nature—as we say, the debt of suffering, vexation, death. Shouldest thou not have compassion on thy fellow-servant?

Everywhere there is pathos, but not everywhere is there pity. It is to the pitilessness of mankind that Christ calls our attention, in the story of the servant, freed from the heavy and crushing weight of debt, who goes out, and plays a part, pitiless and impatiently merciless, towards his fellow-servant. It is not a mere question of debt; of course, the debt in the story is but an illustration. The use of the story by the half-fraudulent debtor, who, having risked credit in the mad wish to grow quickly rich, then pleads for a pity which his own avaricious speculations displayed no symptom of, is a false and mis-

taken application of the story. Christ does not teach men not to pay their debts, still less does He teach them to enter upon enterprises which must jeopardize their honesty. His teaching is that man ought not to crush his brother-man, that he ought in all his undertakings to carry a brotherly sympathy with him. Christ's warning is against the pitiless spirit which men often show to their brother-men, and women to their sister-women, not in a mere question of some actual debt owed by the one to the other, but in all their dealings with each other. It is the pitilessness in the midst of the pathos of life which He lays his finger on.

And was not Christ right? Is not life made infinitely harder to bear by reason of the pitilessness which men and women show every day? Who does not feel how far sweeter and easier life would be were it not for the consciousness that he is being judged harshly, criticised pitilessly by those upon whom he has, at least, some claim for sympathy. The actor is more likely to rise to his best when he has a sympathetic audience. How many a poor actor has come upon the stage of life, friendless, nervous, diffident, and has retired defeated, humiliated, with hope and the power of effort crushed out of him by some noisy ruffian among the gods shouting down some fault of manner! How many a lad whose shyness has been mistaken—cruelly mistaken for conceit—has fallen into despair, because pitilessness, misnaming itself propriety, has frowned down his first efforts!

How pitiless we are in our judgments of men! How little allowance we make for the difficulties of their position, the circumstances which pressed upon them with painful and perplexing strength! How little effort we make to ascertain what they really were in character! How indolent in trying to realise the times in which they lived! Strange and surprising it would be, if all the great men, for example, could rise up before us such as they really were! We have formed our ideas and notions of them. We have labelled them and classified them as good or bad, as brave or cowardly. We have probably shown little sense or penetration, and much prejudice, in the pictures we have made of them.

To see them as they were would be like a new revelation; much of the bad might look less bad; wickedness which seemed to us terrible and unforgivable might appear less dark when all was understood and known. Good, too, would look perhaps less good. Saintship might appear more accidental and less heroic, and our old favourites might be deprived of their crowns. It is, then, because we will judge and condemn when we do not and cannot know all about our fellow-men that we grow so pitiless. Pitilessness is often the want of a considerate heart. We become merciless because we do not cultivate the habit of dealing charitably in matters where our ignorance is great. From our secure and untempted height we criticise and condemn the men who have been obliged to fight for dear life against the great waves of a troublesome and tumultuous time.

"O ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides, where life
Gives battle to the elements—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster dim seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops; ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great;
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and, by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life,
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memories hideous!"

Perhaps what makes this pitilessness appear most startling is the way in which it often appears in the habit and conduct of people otherwise benevolent and kindly. Looking at the widespread kindliness on the one side, and at this want of sympathy on the other, we may be tempted to ask whether we ought to wonder that there is not more compassionateness in the world, or that there is so much?

When we go about our big cities and see the great hospitals, infirmaries, homes for the sick and needy, we congratulate ourselves: the world is not so bad after all: pity is not dead: she is alive, and she is munificent. But the same afternoon we are perhaps in a drawing-room where characters are dissected with pitiless severity, and reputations torn to shreds without the slightest symptom of remorse or misgiving. Then we say pity is dead, or at least, she has spread her white wings and flown back to heaven. Yet the hospitals remain and they will be supported as liberally as before, and kindly men and women will take deep and real interest in their management, and will put themselves to real trouble to carry brightness and comfort into the wards where pain and anxiety are gathered.

It is all a mystery we then say. Human hatred is a contradiction, a paradox. This will seem to some an easy explanation. But this is not an explanation; it is only a truism. The contradiction is plain enough; it is certainly startling that out of the same fountain should go forth sweet water and bitter; and that the briar should yield figs. It is a puzzling thing that people who seem to feel, and do feel keenly and tenderly, for the suffering bodies of their fellow-creatures, should be so ruthless over their characters, and should let some rash or wicked word blast a brother's fair fame. It is a paradox, and if we are cynical we can explain it by saying that the gossip of the tea-room reveals the real human nature, and the hospital charity is only a kind of studied hypocrisy. It is a paradox, and if we are good-natured we can explain it by saying that a deep and large benevolence is witnessed by the philanthropic efforts of mankind, and that we must believe, notwithstanding frailties and faults, that there is a green spot in human nature after all.

We need not take the cynic's explanation; but we are still left to wonder that where there is so much kindness there should be so little pity. It is the same sort of inconsistency which we see in the parable. Christ bids us see that where there had been terrible consciousness of his own need, there was little sympathy towards a fellow-servant's need. It is the contradiction between what ought to be, and what is, which makes this pitilessness seem so dark and bad.

Now mere community of suffering or of fear will not banish this strain of pitilessness from among us. We are weak and dull if we imagine that circumstances of themselves can work this miracle. Men, indeed, who have suffered together may learn to understand one another better, and so be led to kindlier judgments; but this is mostly because some other sense and feeling of community has been realised. It is the community of purpose which makes community of suffering and of danger a real bond. We must realise the underlying bond of nature or principle before the bond of circumstances can link us together. There may be brotherhood in peril and in achievement without brotherhood of heart. There are links of time and circumstance, which may have an educating power where there is an original germ of affection and sympathy beforehand; but of themselves these are powerless to create pity or compassion. We must have kindly and loving hearts if we are to use the grace of sympathy always and at all times. It is not enough that the heart should have a partial kindliness; it must have a predominant and prevailing lovingness. The possession of this will do what mere circumstances can never do, and as it grows to be a real and conscious possession, it will slowly eradicate the pitilessness which hangs in some form or another about most of us.

The possession of this heart of tenderness is what we should seek. It would make life happier to ourselves; it would make life easier to all. It is a gift which comes only to a softened nature. It does not dwell with pride, or eager selfishness, or idle conceit. It comes to that dwelling-place where God Himself delights to come—to the humble and contrite spirit. This is what Christ teaches—"Even as I had pity on thee!" This pitiless man brought no softened and touched spirit away from his Lord's presence. The inner temple of his being had no sovereign love and grateful devotion dwelling in it, and therefore, though blessed, he went forth a hard man, ready to deal hardly by his fellow-servant. Love enthroned in our being makes pitilessness impossible; and love alone has power to drive the ill spirit of mercilessness away. Therefore Christ speaks of the Heavenly Father who forgives us, His erring children; for it is in returning from our selfish, wayward, proud, and wasteful life to Him who is our Father still—in finding how His rich love receives, and forgives, and welcomes us, that the coldness and pride may be banished from our hearts, and love like to His be begotten there.

Here, as elsewhere, it is true that the nearer we draw to God the nearer we shall be to one another. Christ, when He bade mankind to come to Him, took the simplest and sweetest way to create a brotherhood among men. His infinite pity for all awakened us to the infinite nature of human life; and in His love He revived compassion, and rebuked for ever the spirit of the merciless. Glad would the picture be if the new year brought to all mankind the new heart which loves mercy and walks humbly with God.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

"IN short, I did what I could for the redemption of the human race," so, late in life, wrote William Lloyd Garrison, giving in those brief words a summary of a long and desperate struggle which he maintained (at one period all but single-handed) against the wickedness of a great nation. He dared to lift his voice and force his fellow-countrymen to hear it, while he told them of their sin. He threw the light of truth into the dark and hidden-away corners of a national pollution, and obliged even those whose vile interest it was to be blind to see. In doing this he had to endure persecution of every kind—rich and poor, the Churches and the State were against him—and all was done that could be done by American law to crush him. He suffered imprisonment, calumny, and faced even death itself, and through it all he rested in calm assurance on the power of "God who is with us," and came off "more than conqueror."

W. L. Garrison was the son of poor parents in Newburyport, Massachusetts. His mother, a noble and beautiful woman, with much Puritan blood in her veins, was deserted by her husband when this, his younger son, was but five years old, and Mrs. Garrison had a hard struggle to obtain daily bread for her three children. Each one had to work: William sold candy in the streets, and was sent to a large house near for broken meat, and the poor small lad had to quiver and shrink under the taunts of the mischievous boys he met on his way. His mother was only able to give him very little schooling. He was first sent to regular work with a shoemaker, then a cabinet-maker, and finally found his vocation when apprenticed to Mr. Allen, the printer of the *Herald* in his native town.

At the close of his apprenticeship, Garrison established at Newburyport a paper called *The Free Press*, but the venture did not succeed, and he sold it and proceeded as a workman to Boston. Here after a time he became again the editor of a newspaper, and here it was that he made the acquaintance of Benjamin Lundy, the first of the anti-slavery pioneers. Garrison was now twenty-two years old. No one bade Lundy God-speed in his merciful endeavours to deliver his enslaved countrymen, but the iron had entered into his soul, and he was inflexible to persevere, even unto the end. His passion, his self-sacrifice, his noble devotion fired the same qualities in Garrison; the two became firm friends, and from this time may be dated Garrison's consecration to the cause of freedom. Lundy had given up his home and all he possessed, and perambulated the country, trying to arouse the indignation of Christians against this vile traffic. He had managed, at great peril, to establish upwards of one hundred and thirty anti-slavery societies, most of them in *Slave* States, and supported by the Friends.

To Garrison he wrote: "You have now girded on a holy warfare. The God of hosts is on your side. Steadiness and faithfulness will most assuredly overcome every obstacle." And so they did. Garrison now removed to Vermont, and became editor to the *Journal of the Times* there, and actively pushed on the anti-slavery question both in that paper and in circulating petitions; but the report of the Congress Committee, to whom the petitions were referred, showed at once that the South would allow no interference with their "peculiar institution." "*All agitation on the subject was deprecated as mischievous* and tending to insubordination and restlessness on the part of the slaves who otherwise would be *comparatively happy*." Garrison had hitherto followed the doctrine of his friend, "that no sane man could hope for speedy or complete emancipation," but the more he faced the subject the more he felt he was standing on sand. So long as he granted that human beings could be justly held in bondage for one hour, then they also could for days, years—yes, even for generations.

In August, 1829, he joined Lundy, at Baltimore, as associate-editor of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*. Slave auctions were of constant occurrence in the town, and the shipment of slaves to the New Orleans market was frequent. Garrison had not been a month in the place when one Sunday afternoon a black man called; he had just been severely whipped; he showed the partners his bleeding back, and from his neck to his hips they could count thirty-seven terrible gashes. This man had been thus beaten by his overseer for not loading a waggon to please him. His master was dead, and under his will this man was to be emancipated. The partners sheltered and nursed him and sought the heirs of the estate, only to be received with abuse and contempt.

It was impossible for a God-fearing man to live and see such things and to remain

The Old Grammar School, Newburyport.

Garrison's birthplace.

indifferent. Garrison's whole soul was on fire. He urged on the renewed circulation of petitions against slavery in Columbia; but he sadly owned nothing was to be hoped for where the administrators of the law were on the side of wrong. Six out of the eight members, *i.e.* the President, Vice-President, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, Attorney-General, and Postmaster-General, were from slave-holding States.

Garrison advocated under his own signature in the *Genius* the doctrine of immediate emancipation, but so little did even the anti-slavery supporters of the paper agree with him, that it caused a ruinous decline in the number of subscribers, and they wrote to him letters of remonstrance and reproach. Neither did Lundy agree with him; the only ray of light was the act of the President-Governor of Mexico, who proclaimed immediate freedom to ten thousand slaves in his country.

The laws which crippled slavery in the United States were quietly set on one side. For instance, the law required the forfeiture to the Government of all slaves illegally imported into America after the year 1807; yet the Registrar of the Treasury was obliged to confess, in 1819, that of more than a hundred thousand thus introduced up to that time not one had been forfeited, and the *Genius* frequently reported the capture by our English vessels of slavers on their way from Africa to America. But the law which could be powerless to check in any degree this abominable traffic could quickly find out a way to crush Garrison, and, if possible (which, thank God, it was not), to silence him. A ship, the *Francis*, sailed from Baltimore with seventy-five slaves—so Garrison reported in the *Genius*—on board for the New Orleans market. The owner was Francis Todd, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and the captain—Brown, a Yankee. Another vessel sailed the same day with one hundred and fifteen negroes. Garrison, in reference to the *Francis*, added, "I do not repeat the fact because it is a rare instance of domestic piracy, for the horrible traffic is briskly carried on . . . I merely wish to illustrate New England humanity and morality. I am resolved to cover with thick infamy all who are concerned in this nefarious business." This record bears date Nov. 20th, 1829.

In the following January Todd commenced an action against the editor of the *Genius* for libel. Mr. Todd was not left to conduct his attack single-handed; on the 19th of February, the Public Prosecutor (!) filed an action against the editors for "intending to deprive him (Todd) of his good name, fame, and reputation, and to bring him into great contempt, scandal, infamy, and disgrace, to the evil example of all others in like manner offending, and against the peace, safety, and government of the State." The case came on on the 1st of March. The counsel for the prosecution finding the extracts from the libellous article in their indictment too weak to rest their case upon, desired to incorporate the whole article, and, in spite of the objection of the defendant's counsel that this course was utterly without precedent, the Judge (Brice) overruled the objection, and it was done.

The witnesses were Todd's agent, the pilot, Customs officers, and the printers of the *Genius*; these last proved printing the article, but *no* evidence was offered to show that the defendant had printed, or published, or written, or caused the obnoxious article to be written. The pilot swore that eighty-eight slaves (thirteen more than had been named in the *Genius*), men, women, and children, *had* been received on board the *Francis;* the agent, that while he had contracted for the transportation of slaves before consulting Mr. Todd he had immediately afterwards written to him stating the conditions of the contract. "Mr. Todd, in reply, said he would have preferred another kind of freight, but as freights were dull, and times hard, and money scarce, he was satisfied with the bargain."

The slaves were purchased by a planter in New Orleans named Millighan, of whom the agent and Judge also spoke in warm terms. Judge Brice likewise testified that "Captain Brown was a humane man, by whom the slaves were doubtless kindly treated on the passage."

The truth was these poor creatures had such a horror of going south, they escaped to the woods, where they were hunted down and driven on board the *Francis* in a half-naked condition.

Garrison was most ably defended by Mr. Mitchell, who addressed the jury for two hours in a torrent of burning eloquence, proved there had been no libel on Todd, he owning the vessel was his, that it was taking an unjust advantage of the defendant, giving him no notice to prepare his evidence for the truth of those parts of the article omitted. But all in vain. The jury took only a quarter of an hour to declare Garrison guilty of libel. He could not meet the fine and costs—100 dollars—for both he and Lundy were very poor, and he, therefore, was committed, on 17th April, 1830, to prison. The *Genius* in the indictment was squashed. For seven weeks Garrison remained in gaol, but no man ever went to prison with a lighter heart or clearer conscience than he did.

Many of the slave-traders came to the gaol to buy slaves, the poor creatures being constantly brought in bound and gagged in a frightful manner for attempting to escape; and Garrison at least was not silent when he saw their misery. In prison, Garrison wrote a pamphlet on the trial, in which he deplored having done "so little" for the cause of freedom, and vowed before God he would yet "open the eyes of this nation and show the tyranny of our laws." He ended with these words: "An American citizen lies incarcerated in prison for having denounced slavery and its abettors in his own country."

His fine was paid by a gentleman then unknown to him, but who from this day became his friend and espoused the anti-slavery cause, Arthur Tappan. Leaving Baltimore, he journeyed down to Boston, lecturing on abolition on the way. He very much wished to start an anti-slavery journal at Washington, the capital of the nation, but at length became convinced that the North needed conversion first. He had no money, type, press, or office, and only one assistant, Isaac Knapp, as poor and destitute as himself, but, also like himself, a practical printer.

On January 1st, 1831, in Boston was published the first number of that noble paper, *The Liberator*, under the motto, "Our country is the world, our countrymen are mankind." Now Garrison had the chance of speaking out, and he *did it.* He looked to God and faced an enraged country.

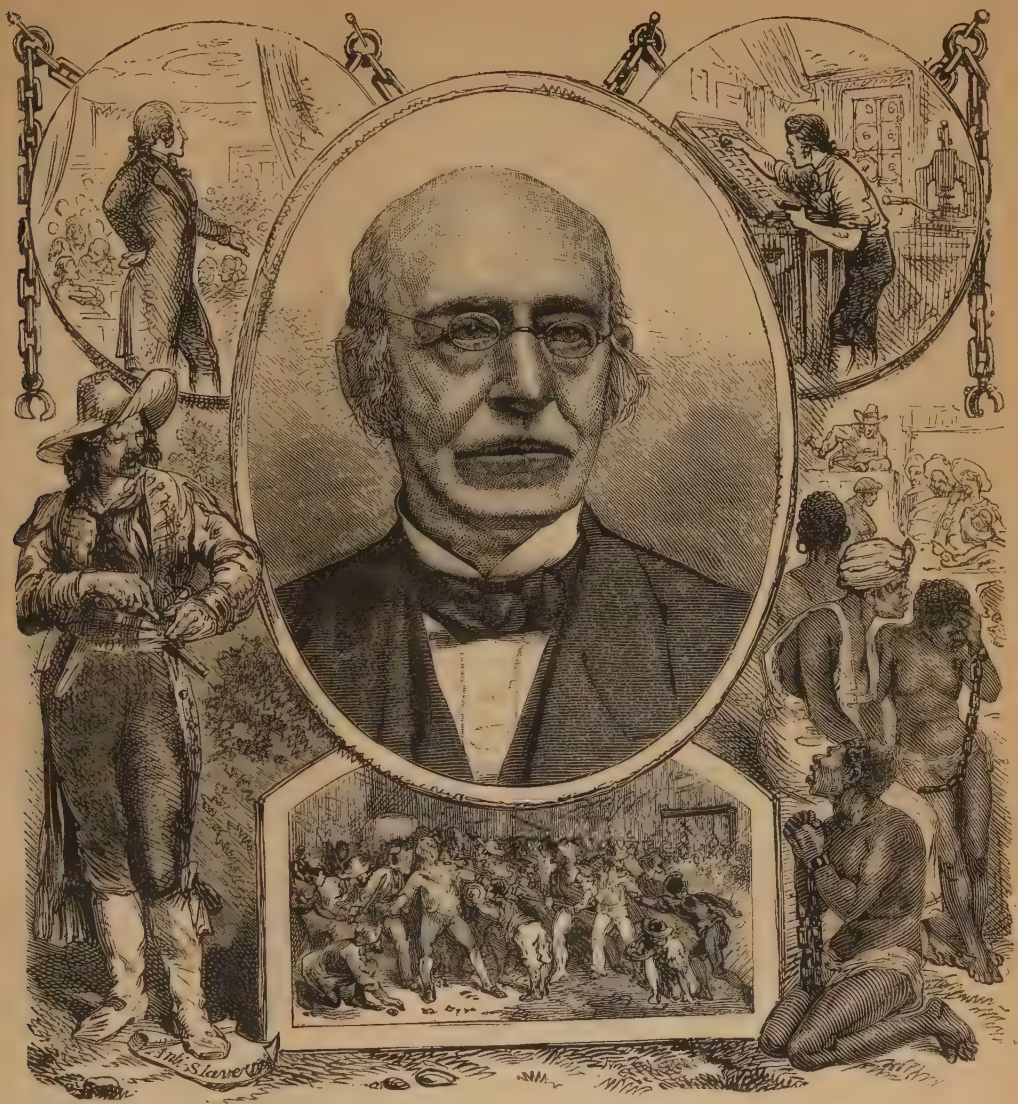
Nat Turner, a slave, driven desperate about this time, rose in Virginia; other slaves joined him. Fifty whites were killed; the rising was quickly suppressed, and twice the number of negroes were *tortured* to death in reprisal. Immediately public and private menaces poured in on Garrison, though he had nothing whatever to do with it, and Nat Turner had never seen the *Liberator.* He was promised assassination in many forms if he continued the paper a month longer. All the leading journals spoke of him in insulting terms. Penal enactments were in vogue to

prevent persons taking The Liberator. In October, the Corporation of Georgetown passed a law prohibiting any *free* person of colour from taking the *Liberator* for the post-office under pain of 20 dols. fine or thirty days' imprisonment, and if fine and gaol fees were not paid directly such person to be sold as a slave for four months! Appeals for its suppression were made to the city authorities of Boston, the extradition of Garrison was attempted by means of Southern indictments, and, lastly, it was "resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia in General Assembly met," that the sum of 5,000 dols. should be offered as a reward to any one who would bring Garrison or any person receiving or circulating the *Liberator* to trial within that State. This legal (?) document bears date Dec. 26th, 1831, and is signed by the President, the Speaker, and the Government. But they had gone a little too far. Garrison called public attention to the fact in an article beginning, "A price set on the head of a citizen of Massachusetts—for what? For daring to give his opinions of the moral aspects of slavery! Where is the liberty of the press and of speech? Where the spirit of our fathers? Where the immunities secured to us by our Bill of Rights? Are we the slaves of Southern taskmasters?" The general press noticed the kidnapping reward with indignation, and what the Georgians liked less—humour.

Garrison not only had now to face slavery, he had to convert the friends of the anti-slavery cause to his doctrine of immediate and entire emancipation. They were perfectly willing to follow Lundy in his programme of colonisation and emigration if carefully and slowly done; but to set the slaves free in America seemed to them far too hazardous an experiment. Let this dangerous class be drafted off to Canada, Africa, anywhere you please, but not receive freedom in a country where they had laboured, and where most of them had been born. With difficulty Garrison gathered together a Total Emancipation Association in Boston, and after a lecturing tour in New England he made a destructive attack on the American Colonisation Society in a pamphlet called "Thoughts on African Colonisation." In a village called Canterbury, Connecticut, a schoolmistress of the name of Prudence Crandall had dared to admit as a pupil a free coloured girl. The white parents rose in indignation, and demanded her expulsion; and when Miss Crandall, whose convictions were Abolitionist, refused, they withdrew their own children from her care. She wrote to Garrison, and he advised her to open a school for *free* coloured girls. This she did. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood endeavoured to force her to leave the village. Garrison could not but notice this struggle in the *Liberator*; it lasted two years. After persecuting her and the girls for some time an Act was obtained from the Legislature for closing the school, and Miss Crandall was arrested and imprisoned temporally in the county gaol, tried twice, and convicted. The whole establishment was boycotted, the house smeared with filth, and finally set on fire. All this time the editor of the *Liberator* stood her friend, incurring thereby fresh libel suits.

The *Liberator* had, however, made its way to England, and Wilberforce, Clarkson, and the great leaders of liberty had given it a warm encouragement. Garrison was therefore chosen by the New England Anti-Slavery Society to go to England to collect funds for the Manual Labour School for Coloured Youths, and to stop the course of a man called Cresson, who was here collecting money for the Colonisation Society, a society in a large degree supported by slave-owners who so far joined the Abolitionists, and made the idea of emigration a sop to their consciences. It was no easy matter for Garrison to get off, for he was pursued through Connecticut by the sheriff armed with *five writs.* This danger escaped, he nearly fell into the hands of some Southern emissaries who had come to kidnap him, but by waiting down the river he managed to slip them and get on board the ship, arriving in England in May, 1833. Here he was heartily welcomed by Buxton and others. He was able to expose the designs and lies of Cresson, and to win the approval of Macaulay, Wilberforce, and Buxton to the principle of total and immediate emancipation. He returned home after attending the funeral of Wilberforce in Westminster Abbey, and arrived in New York to find himself more hated than ever.

The city was placarded with bills which were little less than incentives to murder him. Garrison found shelter in a church. The mob which the Southerners had collected included many of the lowest ruffians in the place. There is no doubt he would have been murdered had he not managed to get away secretly and pursue his journey to Boston, where a similar welcome awaited him. The walls were covered by bills headed "Bostonians, awake!" and ended with the words: "He is now in your power; do not



W. Lloyd Garrison.

let him escape you, but go this evening armed with plenty of *tar and feathers* and administer him justice at his abode, No. 9, Merchants' Hall, Congress Street." A mob did gather, but, not knowing Garrison personally, after a time dispersed. Soon after this he visited Miss Crandall's school, and was immediately served with the five delayed writs, but these suits were afterwards permitted by their promoters to drop to the ground.

Garrison had some time previously fallen in love with a sweet girl, Helen Benson; she loved him and his cause too, and when he told her how poor he was, she replied, "Bread and water suit my constitution." So they were married, and he had now a home and a wife as a background for his noble life. When in England our great Abolitionists had asked him how they could best help him in the fierce struggle he was carrying on in America, and he had replied, "Send us George

Thompson," a very eloquent and powerful anti-slavery lecturer, and now in the September of 1834 Thompson arrived, much to Garrison's joy. But his welcome in America was very unlike Garrison's in England. The pro-slavery people were roused to frenzy by what they were pleased to consider "foreign interference" with their peculiar institution, and Thompson was mobbed at different places in New England, but when he could obtain a hearing produced a powerful impression. Garrison was proved right, and before Thompson returned home he had most materially aided the anti-slavery cause.

The elections were coming on, and Garrison in the *Liberator* gave the warning that, so much had anti-slavery principles spread, "the immediate emancipation of the slaves in Columbia and the Territories is to be made a test at the ballot-boxes in the choice of representatives in Congress."

A new phase of persecution now arose. The ministers of all the "respectable" sects came to the fore in the guise of friendship, and established a society they named the "American Union," its object really being to draw off emancipation support from Garrison. Meetings of furious Southerners in New York and Richmond denounced the Abolitionists. Anti-negro riots were got up at Philadelphia, and the reports of supposed slave insurrections flew about the country, and made Garrison and Thompson still more a mark for vengeance. In private life, the dishonesty of his agents and the cost of the withdrawn suits had reduced him to the last penny; and he went home one evening in despair of longer sustaining the *Liberator*. However, God aided him, for some of the Abolitionists gathered round him and helped him to continue its publication. "To stop it would be," he said, "as if I was cutting off my right arm or plucking out my right eye." In it Garrison continued to hold up to execration the "man-stealers," whether Congressmen or pastors. He called slavery "A sin against God, which exposes us to His tremendous judgments, and which ought to be immediately repented of and forsaken."

On July 24th, 1835, the leading citizens in Charleston broke into the post-office, seized the anti-slavery newspapers, &c., rifling the mails, and in the presence of three thousand persons burnt them; and this was done with the connivance of the Postmaster-General!

Through all this turmoil the Anti-Slavery Society held on its way, and Garrison never was idle. The lecturing of Thompson, the earnestness thrown into the cause by many noble men and women who, daring all for the right, had joined and were daily joining the ranks, and the writings of Garrison were telling everywhere on the conscience of the North and the fears of the South—whose lawlessness came to a head in the Boston riots of 1835.

On October 21st, the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society met. Thompson, who had been mobbed and insulted at Concord, &c., and on whose head, as well as his friend's, a price was set, was desired by the ladies not to come to the meeting to give his address, as it might afford excuse for violence, and he therefore left the city. The *Gazette* and other papers had been inflaming the public mind against the society, and foretold that this would be "no rabble mob," but composed of respectable citizens with property at stake, who were determined at any cost to be the masters. Rewards for tarring and feathering Thompson and broad hints to wreck the *Liberator* office were offered. *The magistrates took no means to prevent an uproar*, and when Garrison and the ladies assembled to quietly conduct the business of their Association in their own rooms in Washington Street, it and all the neighbouring streets were quickly filled by an infuriated but well-dressed mob. The cry was for "Thompson! Thompson!" The Abolitionists locked their doors, and the ladies desired Garrison to leave them and retire to another room, which he did, while they went on with their business calmly. Presently the Mayor arrived on the scene. He assured the mob that Thompson had left the city. A roar of execration from thousands of lips greeted the news. To please them the Mayor ordered the sign to be taken down, and it was dashed to pieces. Then the foremost members of the crowd broke open the door. They found the president reading the Bible, and stood still while she prayed the opening prayer. The Mayor then obliged the ladies to leave. "Garrison" now became the cry. He wished to remain and face the death which was so near, but the friend (Mr. Burleigh) who was with him would not hear of his doing so, and the two escaped from the window to a near-by carpenter's shop. Here they were quickly discovered; but two or three powerful men seized Garrison, and leading him through the crowd cried, "He sha'n't be hurt; he is an American." This drew the sympathy of others about him, who repeated the cry, "Don't hurt him." So Garrison was led to the City Hall, but before he could enter the Mayor was

hustled on one side, and a rush made to prevent him entering the building. His clothes were torn off, and to save the Town Hall from destruction the Mayor and two other gentlemen entered a carriage with him and ordered the driver to take them to the city prison. The crowd rushed at the carriage, hung on the wheels, seized the horses' heads, and tried to upset the vehicle. After many hairbreadth escapes the party arrived at the gaol, and the editor was locked up for a second time in a prison-cell. The next day he left Boston, and very soon afterwards Thompson returned to England.

It is no wonder that his terrible anxieties at length affected William Garrison's health. Not only did the whole chief organization of the anti-slavery movement rest on his shoulders, but he had, besides, a struggle to keep the *Liberator* afloat; he was poor and had himself no regular income. So poor was he that he rode in the open railway cars to "save fifty cents," "no trifle in those days of penury and persecution." He was ill for the greater part of the year, but still wrote constantly for the cause which was dearer to him than life. In this short paper we have not space to notice the work of the next four years, in which large numbers of women as well as men took up the cause with fervour and devotion, appealing as it did at once to the strongest instincts of their nature, their sense of justice, and their compassion; and Garrison, who could be true to every chord in the harmony of liberty, did not shrink from insisting that they should no longer be classed as "negroes, women, and idiots," and so excluded from the elections or from becoming full members with the men in the anti-slavery councils. He made, however, many enemies by his uprightness. Numbers of his friends wished the negro to be emancipated and to enjoy the full privileges of American citizenship, who yet could not — strange as it may seem to us—submit to the same consideration being shown to high-minded and educated women who had with themselves borne their full share of the anti-slavery struggle.

Some of his Quaker opinions, also, caused the "orthodox" to fight shy of him, and, to their shame be it spoken, the ministers of religion rose up in a body and condemned him, just because he did not see with their eyes. Like the Scribes and Pharisees of old, they could not see the Christ for their unbelief. As *they* called our Master Beelzebub, so *these* could find no abuse too great to heap upon the head of His follower, a man whose private opinions clashed with their own, but who, nevertheless, was to be the liberator of two millions of miserable slaves! Their stupidity preceded him to the World's Convention, which was held in London in 1840. All the female delegates from America were forbidden, though duly appointed and sent, to take their places in the body of the hall. When Garrison arrived he, too, retired to the gallery, avowing, if the ladies had no right of membership, neither had he; and there he stayed, in spite of all pressure, "to the great scandal even of the majority of the delegates, for what sort of a World's Conference was it in which the founder of the greatest anti-slavery movement of the age—or any age—was debarred from taking his seat?"

Mr. Garrison made, before his return to his own land, a tour in Scotland and Ireland, and with an extract from his speech at the meeting of the Glasgow Emancipation Society we will close this brief sketch of his early days. A man had handed to him a bill, "signed, most inaccurately and improperly, 'A White Slave.' The placard was headed, 'Have we no white slaves?' I said, in reply, 'No; broad as is the empire, and extensive as are the possessions of Great Britain, not a single *white slave* can be found in them all.' And then I went on to show the wide difference that exists between the condition of human beings who are held and treated as chattels personal, and that of those who are only suffering from certain forms of political injustice or governmental oppression. 'But,' I said, 'although it is not true that England has any white slaves, either at home or abroad, *is it not true* that there are thousands of her population, both at home and abroad, who are deprived of their just rights, who are grievously oppressed, who are dying even in the midst of abundance of actual starvation? Yes!' And I expressly called upon British abolitionists to prove themselves the true friends of suffering humanity abroad, *by showing they are the best friends of suffering humanity at home.*"

Garrison, the story of whose early life is well told in the two volumes just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, lived to see every negro in America a free man. He, the advocate of peace; he, the opponent even of resistance, had to stand by and behold his country inundated with blood and desolated by civil war before that day of freedom dawned; but "*in terrible things wilt Thou answer us, O God of our salvation!*"

DAVID'S EARLY LIFE.

Chapters for Young Men.

By J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D.

I.—THE FUTURE KING.

THE first selection of a king for Israel had been, from the religious point of view, a failure. In respect of natural qualities, indeed, and even of his success as a military leader, Saul proved himself fit to be the captain of a young nation in its revolt against foreign oppression. But as a ruler over God's chosen people Israel, he wanted one essential quality. He would not tutor either his self-will or his self-confidence into the becoming attitude of dependence upon Jehovah. This was to fail at the most crucial point. What made Israel to be Jehovah's people at all, and a model among states of that spiritual kingdom which we call the Christian Church, was just this, that in Israel Jehovah's revealed will was law. By it, as a paramount guide in national affairs, every political step had to be determined. He was no fit king for Israel, therefore, who had not learned to wait on God, subordinating his private preferences to the pleasure of the real though invisible Monarch, so soon as that was made known through the constitutional channels. But if it was the first requirement in a theocratic sovereign that he should act as Jehovah's vicegerent, then the king must be a truly pious man. His personal relationship to God must be such as the relationship of the nation ought to be—a relationship, that is, of child-like confidence and submission. In proportion as any king attained to this did he realise Israel's ideal, and in the same proportion did he foreshadow the future, the only perfect King over all God's faithful people.

It is in this peculiar character of the regal office in Israel that we shall find the key to the whole history of that nation under its long line of kings. But the contrast betwixt Saul and David is by far the most express and striking illustration of it which the history affords. In Saul's person was the experiment first made, and it was made unsuccessfully. With many advantages, his reign broke down at this single point. He refused to obey. He "rejected the word of Jehovah," and would not "keep His commandment." Self-will, obstinacy, and disobedience were his faults—serious ones in a private Israelite, fatal in an Israelitish king. The deposition of his house was decreed as a punishment for his failure to accept the fundamental conditions of the monarchy; and when it pleased the Almighty to select a successor, the determining consideration was, that the man chosen must show himself strong precisely where Saul had been weak. Whatever his other failings might be, the new king must be one who would accept and loyally carry out this fundamental idea, that if he was to be a shepherd to Israel, Jehovah was his Shepherd, that God was King, and he a trustful and obedient instrument for carrying out God's will. It is in this sense, as I conceive, that David is described as a man "after Jehovah's own heart," one whose heart was "perfect" with his God. A "perfect" man David was far from being; but as a theocratic king, example of what kings ought to be in Israel, and type to that extent of our Prince Messiah, Head of the everlasting kingdom, David was probably as nearly perfect as any man could be.

Although the election of David to be Saul's successor turned, in the first instance, on the loyalty of his obedience to God, there was no lack of other recommendations. The long annals of revelation (like the whole of God's providence) display the admirable wisdom with which the Most High has chosen and prepared His instruments for noble tasks. In reading the story of Bible characters we are more apt to overlook this than when we study profane history. The human agent is overshadowed in the scriptural narrative by that awful Being who, from age to age, is seen to carry forward the wondrous unfolding of His will, raising up one and putting down another, but ever making the mightiest and best of men mere organs through whom His own far-reaching and majestic ends are served. Impressed as we are meant to be by this insignificance of man in the hands of God, the mind fails to perceive how great in themselves are those men through whom, at its leading epochs, the solemn drama of revelation is being worked out. David takes his place in a series of figures, whose natural eminence would have struck us more had their work in the world been less sacred and superhuman than it was. Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David—on those four names the inspired story may be said to swing as from its fixed pivots, and each of these four possessed a combination of qualities so eminent and rare, that had we known them simply as founders or reformers

of a faith, as legislators, sages, or poets, the verdict of the world would have enrolled them among its greatest. God has not commonly employed petty men to do noble or enduring work for Him.

Of these four the last is also the nearest to us. I do not mean in date merely, but in his likeness to average human nature, in the absence of the miraculous from his career, and in the minuteness with which we can read his character. About the personal qualities of Abraham or Moses, or even Samuel, there hangs the undefined mystery of remoteness—like the mist-veil which conceals the details of a distant mountain, and withdraws it almost into cloudland. But this poet-king's life lies open to us in its picturesque vicissitudes from boyhood to old age. Its triumphs and its infirmities are alike told in minute detail. The men of his family and of his reign are grouped around him, life-like and familiar, till we seem to know the very "body and fashion" of that far-off age. That we may be privy even to his secret thoughts, we possess the inestimable treasure of his prayers and songs, in which the life-blood of a true poet's heart lies warm for ever. And when we do succeed in growing familiar with this servant of God, what manner of man does he turn out to be? No dim legendary hero, or unworldly saint, or half-divine seer, chill and archaic, at whom one can only wonder from a distance. Not even a prophet whose messages are enforced with portents of superhuman power, as in the case of Moses. He is simply a *man*, who leads a natural life, and through all his romantic career carries as much human nature about with him as any man we know in the whole range of the past. The David of the story and of the Psalter is a most warm-blooded personage, possessing a strongly-marked physiognomy, and a heart filled with such strong and weak passions as we are conscious of in our own. I do not think there is any other among the prominent characters of Scripture who gives one in an equal degree the impression of modernness; nor do I know how to account for this modernness, save by the unconventional and broad humanity of the man. His was a nature of wide compass, specially strong in such features as are of no age in particular; therefore our common human heart has answered back to his across all changes from that day till this. Is not this another of the points about him which make David so good a type of his divine Son, the universal Son of man?

With what splendid qualifications for kingship was this man endowed, when at God's command the sacred oil first fell upon his head! Good old Samuel's disappointment at the breakdown of his anticipations from Saul had been extreme. It is not given to any one to read beforehand the possibilities of a coming generation. Even Samuel, wise and far-sighted and trustful as his great heart was, took in his later years too despondent a view of the prospects of the commonwealth. Already Israel's divine Head had been laying the foundation of a magnificent future, by secretly preparing a lad among the hills who was to lift His people out of oppression, to give Israel a foremost position in Western Asia, to found a permanent dynasty of kings, to leave his name a word of magic, stirring the hopes of after generations, and to add richer stores to the religious literature of mankind than all who had gone before him. Of Samuel's own reform David was the best outcome. Could the old kingmaker have foreseen the course of fifty years to follow, and how, after all, his own work was to usher in a generation such as the land had not known since Joshua died, his heart, like Simeon's, might have exulted with grateful anticipations.

It is true the training of Jesse's son for his great office was as yet far from complete. It had only begun. Still, even then, to any eye able to look deep enough, the lad was marked out for distinction. To begin with, he came of a line not less than princely. God has been pleased to own the great law of hereditary development, which He has graven so deep in organized nature, by carefully preserving the genealogical tree of His Son Jesus; and the line of which our Lord was to be born was at no time a common or undistinguished stock. One of David's ancestors had been prince of the great tribe of Judah when Moses mustered the clans in the wilderness, and, next to Aaron, who was his brother-in-law, was probably the foremost man in the infant state. Another married Rahab, on the conquest of the land, and received his inheritance at Bethlehem, where his son Boaz (David's great grandfather) was a "mighty man of wealth." Evidently the family remained a leading one in the town. David's father, already elderly when this youngest of his children was born, was at least a patriarch in the little commune, and in after days, when David was king, his brother had succeeded to the chieftainship of the ruling tribe as "Prince of Judah." Some foreign blood mingled in the

youth's veins, as became one whose divine Son was to be the Lord of all men; but the founder of Israel's royal house came of the best and noblest in Israel.

To princely lineage he added what in those early ages of men always counted for much, a splendid physique. His personal beauty was of a kind rare among Jews, and correspondingly prized, for he was of fair complexion, with ruddy or auburn hair. But to the beauty of a clear skin and eyes of unusual brilliance, he joined qualities of greater consequence for a leader of rough men—exceptional strength and agility. Throughout his career he remained the first among a band of remarkable warriors, and he himself has told us, with characteristic frankness as well as piety, how he owed to God his swift foot, which rivalled the wild deer, his muscular arm that could bend till it snapped a bow of bronze, his firm footing on the giddy crag, and the nimble leap with which he cleared the entrenchments of the enemy. These were indispensable advantages for the work he had to do; and his robust frame, hardened in youth and inured to manly toil, served his sensitive, eager soul to an advanced age.

It is not often that the best qualities of the fighter are combined with the soul of the poet; but this conjunction singled out David as an exceptional man. Certainly the man of action predominated in him over the man of thought. Hence his chief intellectual quality was a certain practical sagacity or readiness of resource which was probably the result of training. But of sensibility and passion he had his full share. He possessed an open eye for nature, with an organization which answered to every outward influence, being quick to tears and laughter, keen alike in joy and sorrow; in a word, the artistic temperament in its purest form. It is a temperament which, during the trials of so chequered a life as his, will expose its possessor to acute suffering, and even to moral dangers, greater than beset men of cooler blood. Neither of those penalties did this great man escape. At times he suffered frightfully, and he sinned deeply. But the source of a man's weakness is commonly also the seat of his strength. That vivid, passionate, susceptible nature of his was just what made him the poet of the human soul. Like his own harp, his nature was played upon by God's hand and by man's; to every touch it gave out music, but it might be the wail of a broken heart or the cry of wounded affection, as well as the shout of martial triumph or the hymn of praise or the low sob and plaint of prayer.

For a man dowered from birth with gifts like these, David's early training was the finest possible. Of his domestic upbringing, to be sure, we know little, except that, as the youngest of ten, he bore a name meaning "the Darling," which seems to tell of a mother's partiality. But of his mother herself we know nothing, save that she lived on into his middle life. From any risk there was of being spoiled by parents, who were already ageing, the boy was saved, like Joseph, by the half-contemptuous neglect which he encountered from his big brothers. They were already men of affairs and citizens of importance, while he was growing up in obscurity. His real contemporaries—perhaps comrades—who were destined to play a large part in his later life were his nephews, sons of his two married sisters. The chances are, however, that from an early age the lad was left very much to himself and to nature. No school could be fitter for a poetic youth. One sees well enough that the shepherd calling had not yet become the indolent, idyllic thing we picture it in our pastorals. A broken hill country surrounds the vale where the farmers of Bethlehem grew their wheat; wild beasts still infested the caves; and in that rugged, half-peopled district, full of savage glens and rocks, the young shepherd found practice in every manly or athletic exercise. The simple fare and hardships of such an out-door life, full of adventure, served to mature him for an outlaw's and a soldier's career.

Had David been no more than a bold and active boy, this sort of education might have roughened him into a mere animal fighter, like the men over whom, by-and-by, he came to wield so strange a fascination. But the finer elements in this lad were likewise quickened into life. Contact with the simple face of nature fed the poetry in his soul. Long sunny days spent far from the dwellings of men; cool, moonlit nights, through which he lay stretched on the bare ground; the walk at early morn to some dewy hollow, where a spring-fed runnel kept the grass sweet; sultry afternoons, when he watched with boyish excitement the thunder-cloud gather over the western sea, and shuddered at Jehovah's voice as the storm rolled in wrath across his native mountains, leaving everything fresh and peaceful behind it—all these have left their traces in his verse, and the poetry of them must have sunk into his

spirit during those lonely days of youth when the soul is most receptive.

It was not poetry alone which David acquired from his surroundings at Bethlehem. His was a deeply religious nature, and the ancestral home was one which had preserved, even through the "iron age" that preceded Samuel, memories of Israel's great founders, with much of the simple piety of earlier and better days. A house the forefathers of which had been closely related to Aaron, to Joshua, and to Caleb, which had taken a prominent share in the events of the exodus and the conquest, which even under the Judges could number such a man as Boaz, or women like Naomi and Ruth—such a family could not possibly remain unmoved through that great awakening of religious earnestness which had been wrought by the first of the prophets during his long ministry. The revival under Samuel kindled afresh the old piety wherever it lingered among the tribes. The foremost family in Judah must have caught the flame. By the time David was a boy this movement was old enough to be the controlling factor in his early spiritual education.

It is still, and is likely to remain, a moot point whether David acquired his gift of sacred music and improvisation at the colleges set on foot by Samuel, where such accomplishments were certainly cultivated; but whether he ever attended any of these schools or not, he breathed at least through his whole youth the new atmosphere of enthusiastic piety and revived faith in Jehovah which Samuel's labours had diffused. All the while the war of freedom against the Philistine league was going forward with varying success. It was a war which Samuel himself had begun, and it was his devout spirit which sustained it. David's home lay near enough to the frontier of the "uncircumcised" for the lad to have witnessed their ravages or suffered from them, as well as to have listened to the tale of vengeance, and joined in the rejoicings after victory. At such a stirring time everything tended to make each generous youth a patriot. Every Hebrew lad would learn his weapons early, that he might join the national levy. The spirit which was breathed into all this movement for liberation was the ancient faith that Jehovah had chosen Israel to be a people unto Himself, to declare His glory among the nations, and to work out His salvation on the earth. That spirit entered supremely into David's young soul. Especially must the sacred fire of a piety that was also patriotism have glowed in so ardent a bosom after that memorable day when he was hurriedly sent for to leave his sheep, that the aged hand of the man most venerated in Israel might pour on his fresh young head the oil of God. No doubt it is extremely questionable how far the full import of that act was disclosed at the time either to David or to his family. Any public recognition at that stage of a destined claimant to the crown might have brought danger on the whole house of Jesse. But whatever else David understood or suspected at the moment, this much must have become clear to him, as he went back, astonished and awed in spirit, to his sheepfolds, that there lay before him some great career for God, and upon his soul the solemnity of a divine call. Of all things one can think of there is nothing sobers and deepens a noble young heart like this. It stirs great longings that are better than vulgar ambition. It overshadows and humbles, while it stimulates. As the youth broods over it in his solitary musings he grows serious and inward, conscious of himself. More and more he learns to look up both for consecration and for strength. He comes to discover where his fitness for high service must be sought—even in Him who calls to service, and whose supreme right to claim the best and worthiest of us for His grand ends it is the beginning and end of all religion to recognise. There, in the wilderness, lifting his young heart more and more to Jehovah, his Shepherd, in whom can be no want, we leave this choicest of Israel's sons. As we part from him, do not our thoughts glance forward to another Son of Israel, more choice even than he, on whom, at the age of twelve, the overwhelming thought dawned that for Him, too, His Father in heaven had work to do, and who went back to quiet, lonely hills to brood over that opening call, till His soul grew filled with God, and ripe for the mission for which God was training Him? Souls of the young, the Shepherd of David and the Father of Jesus, is your God to-day, and for each of you He has a work—His work—in store, and to all of us, if we will listen, there comes His call—"Son, come now, and work with Me to-day in this vineyard of Mine!" "Called to be My people, carry forward the kingdom! Make known My salvation to the ends of the earth." Have ye not heard it? Arise, and brace your loins, that to the Supreme Lord and Friend of your life you may dedicate your youthful ardour and your manly strength!

JANUARY, 1886.

By JENNETTE FOTHERGILL.

A GLAD new year has dawned again on earth,
All hopefully we turn another page,
And give the greeting known in every age,
While happy homes resound with children's mirth,
And joyous night atones for sunless day.
Earth lies in frost-bound beauty, still and sad,
The leafless trees with purest white are clad,
The streams are silent, save where skaters gay
Are gliding fearless o'er the glassy wave,
With glowing cheeks, and jest, and laughter light,
Making the short-lived winter day as bright
As when the spring its flow'rs and sunshine gave.
Though all around be dark, and cold, and drear,
Blithe hearts give joyous welcome to the year.

MR. DAVENPORT'S DREAM.

A Story told to

EDWARD GARRETT.

AT the risk of telling a very simple tale, I shall adhere to the literal facts of my story as they were made known to me. I shall resist every temptation to add colour or heighten sensation. Is not the story-teller's gift but the faculty of really seeing what goes on around us? And I sometimes think that if it were more carefully employed in this direction, it might easily give help towards a philosophy of life and a *science of mind.*

"My narrative must begin at a point seven years before its close (said my friend Mrs. Townsend, as she began her recital). I was Esther Rowland then, and was one of many guests in a great mansion in a midland county. That was a very pleasant time in my life. I had fought out the struggles of my earliest youth and had bright prospects before me. A happy wedding-day was not far off. I and my betrothed were parted for the time, but that was only for a few weeks, and even the separation had its charm in the daily letters it involved. I was surrounded by kindly people, who were all, especially the elder ones, most indulgent and genial towards the young thing rejoicing in the sunshine, which they knew well enough must surely have its clouds and its crosses as time went on.

My more especial friends in the circle were a Miss Lucas and an Esther Dewe. Miss Lucas was a spinster in early middle age, slightly invalided, but very bright, sparkling, and attractive. We two were constant companions.

Esther Dewe joined us whenever she could. But she had other claims, inasmuch as she was accompanied by a recently widowed mother, who held somewhat aloof from our sprightly circle. Esther was rather younger than myself, and quite my opposite in most things. A fair girl, with a quiet manner, through which at times gleamed a something which assured you of the presence of persistent, indomitable strength of character. Another of the guests, an old gentleman, Mr. Card, knew the Dewes in their own home, and from him, though he revealed nothing, we gathered an impression of some ever-existing family trial. All we did hear was, that Esther was the only daughter, and that she had three or four brothers. The Dewes lived in the same city as I did, though we had never met till we foregathered in that pleasant house among the peaks and dales. Through our foregathering, and our having the same rather uncommon Christian name, we were generally known as "the two Esthers from —— port."

Every day visitors came and went, but we three were already so satisfied in each other's society that we did not heed them very much, and I have quite forgotten the names and the appearance of nearly all of them.

Then I remember it was a Saturday evening. It was quite late. Mrs. Dewe and Esther had already retired, but the long

"Earth lies in frost-bound beauty, still and sad,
The leafless trees with purest white are clad."

drawing-room was still full of people. Miss Lucas and I sat together on a settee in the middle of the room, talking apart in a low voice. I was radiant with happiness. That day's post had brought me a most precious letter from my betrothed, and I was wearing a dainty gift which he had enclosed. Suddenly the door opened. Miss Lucas and I both looked up. A tall fair young man, of rather distinguished appearance, advanced slowly down the long apartment. Probably he had seen his hosts already—they were not then in the room, and so he was introduced to nobody. He walked down the whole length of the salon, and took a seat at the end.

Straight as an arrow, his first glance fell on us. I felt a peculiar sensation which I have known both before and since, but which I scarcely know how to define. It is a sort of discovery of relatedness, a consciousness that the two lives have had, or are to have, something in common. It is not always what is generally known as "attraction." Nay, in most instances, the first feeling it evokes is of dread and rebellion. It has often seemed to me that these sudden and inexplicable recognitions might be a very strong argument in behalf of a transmigration of souls.

"This is somebody who is quite different from anybody else who is here," whispered Miss Lucas, bending over her work.

We were not introduced to him till the next day, when we learned that he was a Mr. Patrick Oliver. Somebody brought him up to us three ladies—for Esther Dewe was with us, and seemed to think he would probably remain at our side, but he merely bowed, said a few civil words and went away. Esther Dewe, who had not herself seen him before, could yet tell us something about him, as her old friend, Mr. Card, had made his acquaintance before breakfast, and had afterwards spoken of him to her mother. He was the son of a manufacturer in the southwest of Scotland, but Mr. Card, who was a great genealogist, believed that he had in his veins some of the best blood in the British Islands.

When we returned from church, we found Mr. Oliver seated, reading, near the sofa on which we had been seated when he was introduced. Presently we all entered into conversation.

Yes, he was certainly quite different from any of the other people there. We had not talked long with him before we all three—three women about as different in their lives and in their natures as could be—felt a strong interest in him. Each of us said so to the others the moment he left us. What was the reason for this? Now if there is any question of falling in love, it is needless and ridiculous to seek for reasons. But this was quite different. Miss Lucas was old enough to be, if not his mother, at least a very respectable aunt! My own heart was happily and entirely engrossed. To be sure, there was Esther Dewe. She said least of any of us, but it was never her way to say much.

What was the spell that hung about him? He was not even really handsome. His features were in the grand style, but they seemed somehow left in the rough, like the first sketchy modelling of a noble statue. His complexion must have been originally delicate, for his hair was bright and soft, and he had clear, kind grey eyes. When in repose there was an air of weary lassitude about him, strangely at variance with the sudden, vivid energy he displayed when aroused and interested. He did not make one think him clever, and yet one wanted to hear what he had to say on any subject.

Miss Lucas and I discussed him apart. Somehow, we did not care to say all we thought about him before Esther Dewe.

"He is real," said she. "I think that's what we feel. I think he has a history, and I'm not sure that it is one we should care to hear. But he is real, and that is so much in such a world as this is. I think he likes us, and he shows it at once, simply and candidly, and that draws us to him in our turn."

Certainly something did. Henceforth it was Miss Lucas, the two Esthers and Mr. Patrick Oliver. He and Miss Lucas had many a bout of bright badinage. I think he was friendliest with me, but I, at that time, deep in mysteries of the heart, noticed that his gentlest manner and his most watchful glance were reserved for Esther Dewe. Between them there was a reserve there was not between us. It was quite natural. True, he did not know of my engagement, but I did, and it gave me a frank and free unselfconsciousness very favourable to unsentimental friendship. Then, too, I was a few months his senior, at an age when between the sexes every month tells as a year. But it all amounts to just this, that we liked each other so well that we might easily have fallen in love—if my betrothed had not been in existence—and if Esther Dewe had not been there.

He told me about his home; he told me about sundry troubles which had fallen on

his family through the vagaries of a much loved but prodigal elder brother; he got me to give my opinions and thoughts on many things, listening to them in a strange silence, which made me often fear that I was boring him, till some quiet remark or question let me know that he had followed every word I uttered. He asked my help in two or three trifling matters where the skill of a woman's hand can be of service. He even talked to me (only twice or thrice, and very shyly) of Esther Dewe.

But all holidays wear to an end. Miss Lucas's visit was to be prolonged for a few weeks, and she was vehement in her regrets that Esther, I, and Mr. Oliver were all to take our departure within a few hours of each other, leaving her in desolation. I was the first to start, and possibly mine seemed to my friends to be rather a heartless going away, for he who was soon to be my husband was also returning to his home, and so my journey would end with a lover's meeting! Esther and I, natives of the same town, promised each other speedy reunion. We were not to let our pleasant acquaintanceship fade away. Mr. Oliver was standing by, and heard those friendly vows.

He and Miss Lucas accompanied me to the railway station. To the rest of my friends I said good-bye at the house door, and from Esther Dewe I parted in her mother's room. I had a very modest amount of luggage (I always prided myself on that), and I thought I had given the servants sufficiently explicit directions concerning it. We three walked down the hill together. The boxes were to follow in a little dog-cart. When it was driven up, what was my vexation to find that a portmanteau was left behind! There was no time to think of sending back for it, and the servant who had hitherto been most attentive and intelligent, seemed suddenly stolid and imperturbable. Mr. Oliver instantly volunteered to take charge of the whole matter. Another train would follow mine in about three hours, and he would take care that my box went with it. I might expect to receive it at home very soon after my own arrival there.

It did not strike me till long afterwards that this obliged me to give Mr. Oliver my precise address, and that if I did not open a correspondence by civilly acknowledging the receipt of the portmanteau, he would be entitled to inquire concerning it. Whether all this happened by accident or design, I cannot tell, and shall never know. Accordingly one or two trivial notes of thanks and inquiry about little things passed between us, and then there came from Mr. Oliver a most extraordinary letter. He wrote this from his own home. He said, in well-managed but quite unmistakeable terms, that his life hitherto had been a wild, bad one. He did not spare himself one jot. He went on to say that a new vision of life had risen before his mind during the pleasant days we had all spent together in that beautiful country place. He had got an insight into ways and thoughts which made him heartily sick of his own. Among other things, a little boy, who, in the crowded condition of the country house had been permitted to share his bedroom, had stirred him strangely by simply kneeling down for morning and evening prayers; he remembered too a few chance words quietly uttered by Esther Dewe. But was it not too late for him to start from a new standpoint and seek another goal? He was in absolute despair. He wrote of a long night walk he had taken, almost maddened by the void he felt in his soul, but in the course of which a light had seemed to dawn upon his spirit assuring him there was still hope. Would I write to him? Clearly he felt that I might have some diffidence in doing so, lest such a course should lead to any misunderstanding. For in alluding to the day or two he had passed among our friends after my departure, he said that Miss Lucas had casually mentioned my engagement and that he begged to offer me his congratulations and good wishes.

Also, though he said that he had mentioned his distress and despair to nobody but me, he expressed no wish for secrecy on my part, of which I was glad, since it enabled me to seek the advice and sympathy of him with whom I was then so happy as to share every fact and feeling of my existence.

I wrote back at once, with all the counsel and cheer I could give. I recommended the perusal of the works of certain great fathers of the Church who could go deeper into the mysteries of the soul than I could venture myself. I urged the immediate adoption of active and wholesome habits of exercise and study. I did my very best—it seemed to me miserably little. It evoked a warmth of gratitude and appreciation, which made me but the more heartily ashamed of it.

The light that had dawned on the despairing soul gradually brightened into daylight. The new life which had begun was to be every bit as real as the old. Christianity had come to him as fresh as it must have done to the pagans of ancient Rome or Corinth. He

took off former habits and put on fresh ones, above all throwing himself with great zeal, and yet profound humility, into labours of philanthropy and service.

A gift from Patrick Oliver was among my wedding presents. Before my marriage I saw Esther Dewe once, but beyond an inquiry and an answer, Mr. Oliver's name was not mentioned between us. It was not for me to betray his confidence in that quarter. I watched her face when she named him: it was absolutely quiet, almost sad, but I fancied the colour rose a little. I wonder, now, whether in those days I was too much given to romance weaving?

After our marriage we were out of England for a long while. On our return, Patrick Oliver came south and paid us a short visit. That gave me full assurance of the entire change which had been wrought in him. "All things were made new." It convinced me, too, that I was not wrong in believing that he cherished a secret love for Esther Dewe. From time to time her name had come up in our letters; when it came into our conversasation, the signs of his deep, though repressed interest were manifold. During his visit, which was unpremeditated, it unfortunately happened that she was away from home, so the little secret could make no progress. But after we had seen each other again, her name came more often into our letters. At last, one summer afternoon, when Esther was paying me a visit, I ventured to throw out a hint of what I felt sure were the hopes, or at least the dreams, of our mutual acquaintance.

She flushed slightly, and her lip trembled.

"Oh! no, no," she said; "that must never be. I never imagined this could happen, but, anyhow, it must never be; I can hardly tell you why, but anything of that sort is quite impossible. Absolutely impossible. Put those dreams out of his head if you think they are there."

I could not say a word: her sincerity was so clear, and the distress it caused her was so manifest. She and I only met once or twice afterwards, as she removed from our town to some distance, and though we exchanged a few letters, we presently lost hold of each other. I let Mr. Oliver know this in a casual kind of way. After that he never mentioned her; of course I could not tell him what had gone before. I often wondered whether he believed I had been blind, or only indifferent, or even perverse. Not the latter, I think. I always feel that if anybody has ever had faith in me and my good intentions, it was certainly Patrick Oliver.

I think he and I exchanged letters about once a month. Remember that when that goes on for seven years it means a great deal of faithfulness and regard. Looking over those letters, I find them full of interest, a very honest reflex of the outward and inward changes which came over us. He and my husband wrote to each other sometimes, but my husband was a very busy man, and I was correspondent-in-ordinary for our household. He visited us more than once. We paid him one visit in his father's house, where we were received as specially-to-be-welcomed guests.

In time he felt strongly drawn to leave the business life in which he had been hitherto engaged, and in which his immediate prospects were growing brilliant. He longed to put himself under the mental discipline of a university course, with a view to become a clergyman or a doctor. He did nothing rashly. He set about all arrangements in the most rational and unselfish manner, so as to shield his father from worry, and the rest of the family from any possible loss.

He went to —— University, and became much beloved among his fellow-students. He had not been there long before his health failed slightly. It was like the first cloud in a rising storm.

Then business disasters overtook his father. Something very like ruin stared the proud old man in the face. His nerve broke, and he who had been the household stay became the household scourge—a madman in all but the terrible method of his madness. Day and night he tormented himself and all about him by his unceasing assertion and exaggeration of fears which yet nobody could say were quite groundless.

To such a home the son returned when he went to recruit in the holidays. He saw his mother die. He saw the younger members of the family alienated and discordant. Patrick Oliver himself stood gallantly by his old father.

It is no use to dwell on those dark days. When he dared leave home he tried the benefits of foreign travel, but all in vain. Each time, before he started, we saw him, and each visit was sadder than the last.

His own studies were suspended with little hope of renewal. The doctors made a dismal prognosis of his case. His one chance was prolonged residence in a milder climate than ours, and that was almost incompatible with either duty or happiness. Fearful fits of despondency used to seize him, but his

awful patience under these was something wonderful to see. As far as I know, and I think I should have known, he never uttered or wrote one rebellious word. The great sorrows and trials were surrounded, as they nearly always are, by a hundred petty stinging bitternesses, yet even these he bore with unflinching sweetness.

I shall never forget his last visit to us. It was utterly sad. He was too ill for much conversation, and was so weak that he could scarcely mount the stairs. He was going abroad again, but I could see he was quite hopeless about himself, and with such good reason that one could not dare to cheer him.

When he took leave, it so happened that I was the only one of the household who could go with him to the railway station. I had felt all the time that he had something to say to me, something which he held back, though it came into his mind every time he met my eyes. As he walked up and down the dreary London railway platform, he seemed to feel that the last opportunity had come.

"I wonder if things would have been different if there had been something different in my life," he said rather vaguely, and then went on hurriedly, like one who wishes to be candid at any cost. "And now, just as this life is fading away, I cannot see anything beyond it. I used to have such a strong faith, now I have none. If that was a real faith, why should it fail me when I need it? May it not have been nothing more than a confidence in my own vitality, a confidence doomed to perish as that fades? I don't want to think so. I want to believe that all I used to feel is true, though I can't feel it so now."

I tried to say that if this was so, then all was well; for that doubt can no more destroy God than blindness can put out the sun. It was a terrible moment for me. I knew this was my last parting from my old friend, as assuredly as if the glaze was already darkening his eyes. His train came into the station.

"I could not speak thus to any one else, but I wanted you to know the whole truth, to understand exactly how it is with me," he said, with his accustomed simplicity and directness. "Good-bye," and he repeated "good-bye" after he had entered the carriage. Then he was whirled out of sight, and I went back alone.

All that winter letters came to us from him abroad. In them he never directly alluded to those last words; but now that I knew, they clearly revealed the attitude of his mind, resolutely holding on in the dark.

He wrote me a few lines the day before he died—just before he wrote his last letter to those he had left at home. Those two letters travelled to England by the same mail which brought word of his death.

Mine was put into my hand when my own life was in deep waters. For nearly a week I had been watching by what I dreaded was to be the death-bed of my husband. The slightest excitement would have imperilled his life, and so I had to bear alone the sorrow of our friend's death. I did not even tell the fact to any of my household, lest it should reach my invalid's ears at some inopportune moment. But he was spared for that season, though it was nearly a month before I dared seek his sympathy in our grief.

And so Patrick Oliver had a friendless funeral in the foreign churchyard. And my own enforced silence about his death, and my sense that my sorrow for his loss was almost effaced in my own terrible anxiety, and overwhelmed in my thankfulness for our own mercies, seemed almost like another shade of gloom and neglect cast upon the life whose bright promise had gone down in such grey mist. A thought of Patrick Oliver would rise upon me as I sat by my husband's side in the sweet sunny glades where he was renewing his strength, and the remembrance of those sad last words would send a shudder over my own trembling happiness. For what if faith was but a dream? One who had gone farther on than I had, when standing on the very verge of the visible, in sheer despairing truthfulness, had waved back that he felt no more solid ground for the sole of his foot, and then had sunk away from sight. It was not I who was likely to follow next. I only wished it might be, that I might see and know the truth of those who had gone before, and for those who were to follow after. In a way I did not lose my own faith. But I began to wonder if it would hold out in the day of need, which I foresaw was so likely to come to me, not in death, but first in a lonely life. I could never think of Patrick Oliver without recalling that last terrible doubt. I did not say one word of the chill nightmare which lay on my soul. Its suffering was too sore.

* * * * *

In our wanderings, we went to stay in a quaint, old-world, ivy-grown farmhouse, filled with furniture bearing ancient dates, and tenanted by kindly people, gentle in the true sense of the word, working their land and waiting on their guests with their own hands, without one mercenary thought or grudged

service. The scene could be, indeed, best described in the poet's beautiful phrase—

"A haunt of ancient peace."

And poets and painters both had found it out, and came, at times, to spend idyllic days in the wide old rooms, and to wander at will beside the still waters and over the broad moors which lay around it.

When we first arrived, there were no guests there but ourselves.

We were told that a young artist had just gone away, and was likely to return in a few days. But there was plenty of room for us all. He would keep his own chambers, and would not disturb us. Our hostess called him "Young Mr. Davenport," and smiled a little sadly, and with a deprecating shake of the head when she chanced to mention him.

He came back by-and-by, and we passed him occasionally on the old staircase, with the big oak chests standing in its landings, or chatted with him under the low hanging trees of the quaint garden, crowded with old-fashioned flowers. Beyond this our acquaintance did not go, until one morning, when, in consequence of some household catastrophe—I forget what—our hostess asked, with many apologies, if we would mind letting Mr. Davenport share our parlour for that day. Of course we did not object. I was glad that my very vivacious invalid should get a chance of a little more inspiriting society than I feared could be rendered by a soul so burdened as mine was. For I believe a sad influence comes from a heavy heart, let it enact cheerfulness as dramatically as it may.

Mr. Davenport came in—a young, healthy-looking man, with an air of well-satisfied laziness. He had artistic tastes, which might have become powers had they felt the stimulus either of necessity or of moral purpose. By this time I understood my hostess's manner concerning him. I had noticed her anxiety when "Mr. Davenport" had paid an evening visit to the county town, and on one occasion I had heard a rather unsteady step on the stairs at midnight; but as my hostess said, "Nobody had a kinder heart for others, and whenever she tried to speak a good word to him he always took it in excellent part."

He came in with exclamations of praise for some wild flowers I had grouped in a pot on the table. As soon as a conversation was well started, I went away to my own room. I had had a severe strain on my strength and nerves for some months past, and whenever I was legitimately relieved from my duties as nurse and companion I was glad to seek absolute repose for myself. I lay down on a couch, and I think I went to sleep. Every now and again a bough waving in the summer breeze tapped one of the latticed windows and half aroused me to hear a murmur of voices coming up from below, interrupted by peals of merry laughter. So I remained till the bell rang for our early dinner. When I went downstairs I found Mr. Davenport recounting some of his travelling experiences as an artist. Just as I entered he was saying—

"So when I returned to X——."

Now X—— was that town in south-western Scotland where Patrick Oliver had lived. I think I should have let the remark pass without notice; in my depressed state I could not bear to speak to a mere stranger of one who seemed so utterly lost. But my husband's mood was different.

"X——!" he echoed. "Why, is that your home? We had a friend there till quite lately, but he died abroad this spring."

X—— is not a very large place, and probably few of its inhabitants wander far, for Mr. Davenport instantly exclaimed—

"What! was that poor Patrick Oliver? I knew him quite well, not exactly as a friend, but as an old neighbour."

It is one of those experiences in life, whose triteness never robs it of its strangeness, that we can scarcely come across any fresh person, place, or incident without instantly discovering it is linked to something in the past. My husband made some remark to this effect:

"It was a very sad story, was it not?" said Mr. Davenport. "The family had always been so much respected that much sympathy was felt for them in their losses and trials. Of late years our townsfolk have thought a great deal of Patrick Oliver. Before that he had been rather wild, and nobody could help admiring the resolute way in which he turned right round. It is not easy for some people to realise how hard that is," he added with a half-suppressed sigh.

There was a short silence; then Mr. Davenport seemed to rally his spirits, and said in a changed tone—

"But I think he carried things too far. I believe he got too religious."

"I don't see how anybody can be too religious," rejoined my husband; "but it is quite easy not to be religious enough in the right way."

"Well, I don't know much about these things myself," said the young man, in his good-humoured, never-mind manner. "I only know that at the last he grew to look very miserable and dumpish, and I used to say to myself, 'Isn't it a pity he can't put the next world quite out of his head, and make the best of this one, as if there wasn't another?'"

I sat mute and awfully miserable. Poor Patrick Oliver! I knew that his despondency had originated, not in his "religion," but in the thrusting in upon his mind of the very thought which this heedless youth had been ready to suggest as its cure! Ought I not to say so, and remove this young man's wrong impression? But how can one open up the sacred secrets of a friend to a mere chance acquaintance? I let the opportunity go by.

Immediately after the early dinner, Mr. Davenport went off on some of his own pursuits, and that day we only saw him again for a few minutes just before we retired to rest.

Next morning a message was delivered at our bedroom door, requesting "Would Mr. and Mrs. Townsend mind Mr. Davenport's breakfast being set on their table just this once more, as his room was not quite ready yet, though it would be before noon?" We said we did not mind at all, that he was perfectly welcome.

He was not in our parlour when we entered it. It was a lovely morning, and everything looked fresh and sweet, and our good landlady, perhaps in recognition of our complaisance, had put an unusually large and brilliant nosegay beside the teacups. The attendant said Mr. Davenport had come downstairs and was outside in the garden, she would call him in.

He obeyed her summons readily. Somehow he did not seem quite so talkative as he had been the day before. There was a reserve about him, like that one is apt to feel when one has something on one's mind one scarcely likes to bring out. We all exchanged a few commonplaces, and then there was a pause, which he broke by turning suddenly to me and saying with a jerk and a rather forced laugh,

"I have a message for you."

"Indeed!" I said, surprised. "What is it? and who sends it?"

"It is, that Patrick Oliver is not dead after all, that it was a mistake," Mr. Davenport said, speaking in the same strained tone. "And he said I was to be sure and tell you so. I found myself in the middle of the night waking out of my sleep sitting upright and saying, 'I must be sure and tell Mrs. Townsend.' It was a dream I had had."

There was a moment's pause. I own I was awed by the secret significance which this "message" had for me.

"I don't know how the dream began," the young man went on, "only all of a sudden there was Patrick Oliver standing before me, looking fairly well and strong and quite contented. And that was what he said, and 'I was to be sure and tell Mrs. Townsend.' And I awoke repeating that injunction."

When I and my husband were alone together, I told him of the whispered doubt which had lain so heavily on my soul. I could not explain why—perhaps these things cannot be explained—but for the first time since I heard it, I now felt free from its chill. My husband mused awhile and then made two remarks which may be worth repeating. First, that if I had dreamed that dream myself, I should naturally have thought it but a reversed reflection of my waking thoughts; and, secondly, that since that desponding confidence had been reposed in me alone, it was significant that this message also was only sent to me, and not to those in Patrick Oliver's home, and who were more likely to be associated with him in the mind of an old neighbour, than was a mere stranger, whose acquaintance with the dead man (for all that Mr. Davenport knew) had been but of the slightest texture.

It all happened years ago now. I have been through storms of sorrow since then, and have learned that one rarely catches the pure gleam of the Resurrection morning till one stands on the grave of one's own personal life. But amid all the consolations of the stronger faith—that which is born of pain and patience, I still remember sometimes that message in a dream, even as a student amid his theologies and philosophies may cherish a simple story which once conveyed to his childish mind as much of truth as it was then able to bear.

I have never heard again of Esther Dewe, nor yet of young Davenport. Few remain in my life who ever knew the name of Patrick Oliver. But Miss Lucas and I, who sometimes write to each other, occasionally mention it in some reminiscence of the old days.

That is all," said Mrs. Townsend.

* * * * * *

And now, will some of our readers ask,

"What are we to understand?" "What does all this mean?"

Let them remember this is a true story. I must not add anything to it. Each is free to fill in its outlines, to bridge its gaps, to deepen its colour for himself.

My own reflections on it are that there are surely subtle relations between our souls —some nearer, some more remote—just as there are in blood, only probably far more vital and more enduring, having to do with our "dear immortal part" instead of our perishing mortality. A stranger comes into our lives, and is straightway no stranger. We know him at once, as we shall never know another who has perhaps shared our home from our youth up;

> "The moment that his face I see,
> I know the man who must hear me,
> To him my tale I teach,"

chanted Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." And it seems to me that if we accepted these attractions, or rather recognitions, as bearing with them solemn duties and responsibilities, our lives would be better worth living, and the name of friend would become a deep and joyful reality.

I am impressed further by the entire candour displayed by the hero of the tale. He did not seek to snatch the benefits of a change of life while hiding how sorely it had been needed. He let those who had helped him know how and how much they had helped him, thereby infinitely strengthening their hands for future service to others.

Nor, again, would he afterwards conceal anything even to spare pain. The truth must be told. He had had faith to tell of his faith. He found faith to tell of his doubt. So sensitive and sympathetic a nature as his must have been quite conscious of the wound he was inflicting on the heart of his friend. But they must not separate under the shadows of deception. It was his part not to carry forward any false light, but to step bravely into the dark, and trust God for His Dawn, for himself and for her.

And now we come to the mysterious part. Perhaps we had better each puzzle that out for ourselves. Only, let me suggest, how do we know where our thoughts come from—either our waking or our sleeping thoughts? Do not most of us feel sure that some influence—more or less definite in form—emanates from one of us towards another without needing the medium of speech? And if so from spirits still caged in flesh, why not from those who have escaped from it? One can easily conceive of a glad soul in one of the many mansions yearning to remove a gloom that it had cast on another soul still struggling at the foot of the mount of transfiguration—and one can understand the very gloom it had created and all the self-conscious thoughts generated thereby, standing in the way of any ray of reassurance passing direct from the one above to the one below. It was very apt, too, that this simple vision should come instead to one outside the sorrow and anxiety, who yet had been alienated and misled by the transient despondency he had noticed. It may be that "young Davenport" henceforth remembered the dream-image of Patrick Oliver smiling, rather than that of Patrick Oliver going sad-faced, to and fro in the streets of X——.

It may be noticed, too, how simple the whole thing was, how little meaning it could have to any but one who knew its full significance. And if Mrs. Townsend's own mind had not been so open and impressible, it would have been worth nothing even to her. This is but the old emphatic declaration, "Him that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

It was but a little thing—which some may call "only fanciful," and others may attribute to "mere chance" (though what is "fancy" and what is "chance" they might have some difficulty in defining). Such remarks would not touch Mrs. Townsend's feeling. Like the healed man of gospel times, she would still be ready to give God thanks, regardless of "fancy" or "chance," that whereas she was sorrowful, she was made glad.

When one reads the secrets which autobiographies often reveal, when one recalls confidences which have been reposed in one's self "between the lights," one realises that this outer world is indeed moved by invisible levers, and that much of its best action and most of those highest moods from which action springs, are derived and fed from secret sources—little streams from the great sea of divine immortality and omnipresence. Thoughtless people may smile at the homely details. As well might they smile at the idea that we sustain the great and mysterious fact of physical life by our own platters of porridge or beef!

These are only my own reflections, offered to my readers as to friends conversing over a narrative they have read together. I want them to think over the story—the true story. My moralising they may take for what it is worth, or reject altogether, or in any part that they please.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

A Sermon in Stones.

By MARY HARRISON.

FEW places in London are more familiar to the country visitor, who comes to see the London sights, than the pile of quaint buildings known as the Tower of London, or more properly, as her Majesty's Tower. Yet could its visitors but vividly associate with its ramparts and turrets, its cells and its gates, those scenes which have been enacted there, could they but hear the sighs and the prayers that have gone up from them, and the measured sound of the tolling of death-knells for young men and maidens, old men, and even children, stealing from the little belfry there, the gay holiday step would become like the slow and measured tread with which friends follow their dead to their resting-place along the paths between the graves of the churchyard.

The Archway under the Bloody Tower.

Apart from these associations, the grey sombre pile of keep and turret, chapel and dungeon, over all of which the four wheeling weather-vanes revolve—fickle and changeable as the moods of the kings who have fixed the fate of English villagers and citizens through cruel centuries from their gilded palace below—affords a pleasant enough sight to eyes weary with the endless miles of straight, monotonous modern London streets.

Its wrinkled walls with their decayed strength, its discordant and harmonious lines, its mixture of little timbered house-fronts, with their quaint casements, side by side with mighty age-worn battlements, its place of worship, palace, dungeon, workshop, granary, garden, cottage, and magazine, bring together a picturesque view of the old England of the Reformation, full of meaning, and beauty, and rest.

But it is too bad that, at somebody's bidding, the Queen's beefeaters' glory has departed from the scene. The keepers of the place no longer wear the regalia hat upon their heads nor the glowing tunic on their bodies. The visitor has now to look for these wonders in old books of pictures. It is a real loss to a workshop-day like ours to miss the living picture of the feudal state of England's Middle Ages, which, till recently, appropriately lingered in the staircases and passages of her Majesty's Tower. What is modern is out of place and offensive here; everything should wear the stamp of the past upon it, and tell the past story.

Be this as it may, long as only the walls themselves shall stand, the invisible scenes which the past has enacted here will fill the air with pictures, and the sounds of the voices that are gone. There are no dead to the living mind. Names which have long been put away in history books, and were forgotten when we left school, or became no more than mere names, are human beings who spring up as from a sleep and live again—are prisoners in tears, hunger, pain,

Entrance to St. John's Chapel.

with wives, and children, and children's children, on whom a fatal dawn has broken, who hear their last visitor on the stairs, for to-day is the day they die.

"To the Tower" was the cry against the followers of Wickliffe, who found the new light of God which had streamed into their souls dearer than property, friendship, liberty, or life. Lord Cobham, "a virtuous, valorous man," and fond of the King, was amongst the first to consecrate this place with the prayers and peace of the heavenlier faith. The King (Henry V.) visited him, and for his sake bade him renounce his views; but, loyal as he was, he liked loyalty to the King invisible better than to his crowned friend. The King was heavy-hearted as he left him to the bishops; and they despatched him at the stake. In those days, the bodies of the best life of the land were constantly pining and perishing here. Down to the times of Henry VIII., and for the first twenty years of his reign, while he was the Pope's Vicegerent, its cells were filled with all the free spirits of the land who were great and worthy enough to be punished. Then the tables were turned; Henry had given up his previous allegiance to Rome; his old friends and counsellors he counted enemies, and gave them now a turn in the Tower. Among the saintliest of the well-known of these were Sir Thomas More and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Three score and ten years old was the Bishop when he wrote from his prison, "I have neither shirt nor sute to wear but that bee ragged and rent so shamefully; my dyett also, God knows how slender it is at meny times."

Protestantism began by having bowed-down old age naked and clothed it not, thirsty and gave it no drink, in prison and visited it not. This old friend of Henry, who must serve his God according to his light, come what would of the King's favour, wrote to Protestant Cromwell, the King's secretary, who then dwelt in palaces, wore fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; but who himself in turn became the victim of Catholic hatred, and was at length imprisoned and beheaded here.

It was altogether a strange place, this Tower. It is not difficult to stand in fancy on the Queen's stair in 1553. It is

A Beefeater.

Interior of Bell Tower.

But there are bright pictures, too, full of pleasant meanings. It almost opens to us the use of the animal world, and the reason for the Creator's predestinating its members to be the liege servants of man, to go back awhile and picture Henry VI. here, no longer King, a prisoner in his cell in the White Tower, which his great ancestor and namesake had built, and to see how, forsaken of princes and courtiers, and guarded and kept from escape by the very soldiers who had once shouted, "Long live the King!" he is still attended and loved by his little spaniel. The faithful creature, which had once scampered and barked when its master had kept royal state in his palace, and bishops and nobles had banqueted at his board and who knew him no more, now fondled and whined with a sad sense that something was wrong. Some men affect to despise dogs, little dogs especially, but it is well not to forget that in the long string of terrible tales of infidelity great names of men have often figured: Apostles are there, but not spaniels. Never do dogs see in a friend's adversity the signal for scattering; brute love is happily blind to fear. Possibly Henry's relations were not all fine-day friends, but his faithful dog was humble enough to be allowed to share his prison, and be the companion and softener of his woe. But though it is true enough that men do not live by bread alone, and strength may come into them by a dog's sympathy and love, yet men need bread, and kings have hunger. And Henry, who from childhood had been waited on hand and foot, was not now in his old age too ready in his own service: but the spaniel served his master. One day, when the King had been long neglected by his warder, and the meal-time was hours gone by and the prisoner was hungry, his dog, divining his wants, went rooting and scenting about the place, and suspecting food in a cupboard in the anteroom, returned barking its delight, took the bottom of its master's robe with its teeth,

a brilliant, gay place; a bright May sky overhead, the hawthorn and cherry of the gardens near white with the bloom of early summer, the stair-ways from the river are crowded with high officers of state—Lord Mayor and City companies in crimson doublet, cap, and plume, and from a gilded barge on the river, thick with barges all bright with banners, and amid welcome of ten thousand throats and cannon's roar and dancing bells of the whole city, Anne Boleyn, the King's bride, arrives, "arrayed in silver tissue and in mantle of the same."

Two years have gone. It is May again. The same Tower, the same skies, the same bloom, the same royal barges on the river, the same oarsmen plash its waters, but the barges are without flags, the oarsmen without mirth; they land at the Traitor's Gate. Anne is now a prisoner; she is in black; no cannon boom, no bells clang, one little bell tolls. Before the chapel on the hill yonder is a scaffold; on the scaffold is a block. A few of her faithful maidens, who had come with her here that May Day just two years ago, go with her to the end. It came in a moment. When the executioner had done his work, her weeping friends followed her remains in the ignominious "box"—the coffin of a traitor—to the vaults. In that chapel, two years ago, the whimmy monarch wedded her, and now before its door he murders her.

He got rid of foes and wives with the same reckless will.

and pulled him towards this discovered store. It consisted of a few cakes carelessly left by the keeper of the gaol, which the King and his little friend shared together, and the King was more truly happy over his crumbs with his dog than he had ever been at the sumptuous banquets of the State with dukes and duchesses and princes to share and grace the feast. When the gigantic Earl of Warwick visited the prisoner, the same tiny friend stood guard at its imprisoned master's feet. Had the Earl dared to touch the prisoner the dog would have flung all its soul at him; it was there ready. The prisoner had a pet starling, too. We who know so little of what a King's life really is, speak of people as being "as happy as a king." But as a king, where? in a prison with two simple, faithful friends, or in his court?

Henry loved his God and these simple lovers, and when the time came for the contented man's restoration to his throne, he most reluctantly gave up his "joys" and returned to the duties and tiresome routine of regal state.

But faithful dogs and playful starlings are not the only powers that have had their way with the inhabitants of the Tower. Evil has been there, which men know as priests and kings, wringing tears from friend and foe, from angels and from men.

Interior of Beauchamp Tower.

Strangely enough, one of its founders was known as Gundulf, the Weeper. It is said that such was the depth of the fountain of his tears that he could weep not only with those who wept, but with those who laughed besides; he could do nothing else but weep. He might have had a vision of the cruel pain with which the place he designed would be filled. It would have been impossible to do ought but weep then.

We do not care to see the bright rims of gold and crown jewels which kings have worn upon their haughty and dishonoured brows, as we do to see the corner of the cell where some of their hated victims lay down to sleep, or the sentence their hands scratched upon its walls.

Who does not love to look out to God's sky through the slit in the wall out of which Arthur and Edmund Pole looked at it, three hundred years ago, as they pined and starved to death for their loyalty to their religion and their queen, with only God and a starved mouse for companions? When death was near, Arthur worked with a knife upon the stone of his prison wall, "A passage perillus makes the port pleasant." He saw through the rift in his dungeon wall, not the blue of heaven alone; he saw his "desired haven," his King, and his God. His brother Edmund left this writing on the stone, "That which is sown by God in tears is reaped in joy." These were the ideas to which they had yielded liberty and life. There they were, ready for the end and sure of life's only prize.

They were Catholic youths, these two, hating sincerely, as they had good reason to do, the character of some of the leaders, and the baseness of some of the reasons, of the Reformed religion. It seemed to them that men were yielding to a temptation which the word of God called Satan, and they would not, could not follow. They could die, that was easier. The court was against the Church, and the Crown against God, and they laid down their lives for their faith and went humbly to their fate. To mock such men is a sin against the Holy Ghost. Here they both lingered till they perished—

> "Suddenly parted from the martyrdom
> Of life-long sorrow to immortal peace."

Just beneath the inscriptions of the two young men who died of loyalty to their God and Mary, Queen of Scots, was the name

"JANE," the royal name of the Protestant Lady Jane Grey. It had probably been graved there by her husband, who was confined there while she was confined in "Master Partridge's lodgings."

The royal merry-makers in the palace hard by cannot interest us as this lonely, tender young captive, who had first to witness her own husband beheaded and then, blindfolded and crying, "Oh, what shall I do! Where is it?" had to feel for the block and lay her own slender shapely neck down for the axeman's mark, all because she could not accept the creed for which the two Poles willingly died.

They had all carefully considered what was their duty; under different training and influences, they had come to different conclusions; God taught them all and counted them all His. Under different signs they went to His battle and laid down their lives; they chose their martyrdom. And when the sound of the steps of their warders had passed away, and the little momentary shock and swim of the brain we call death had passed away also, they all entered God's other world, and walked together there with God; no more alone, but with the multitude, how many, they could not number.

Nowhere does the horridness of the rebellion of man against the God of love seem so blind and blasphemous and mad as here, where, in triumph and glee, Protestant and Catholic alike have been so cruel to their brothers and have dared to use the Great Father's name.

Seeking to repress individual thought and to inspire awe of authority, kings and queens have imprisoned and brought to the hateful block some of the best and wisest in the land. And, oh, what possibilities of life and blessing have perished with the slain! But for all this law-sanctioned wickedness, how much farther would our land have been along the road towards the unity and contentment of our race. Stupid, self-sufficient man is always attempting to mend the ways of God. Where God gives diversity, man resolves to have uniformity; in matters of the soul, beyond all others has it been so. The worst evil of the Romanist became a main aim of the Protestant. God still stood alone in the exercise of a charity which hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Could we but trace the long train of causes which have made inhabitants of this little island of ours haters of one another, we should find them to be chiefly the self-seeking, self-assertive officials of the land who, under the cloak of religion and God, have been seeking an easy time for themselves, bearing the names of kings, cardinals, and bishops.

Yet how many bishops have willingly gone their way to the stake!

Here came Ridley and Latimer for dissenting from the opinions of their rulers; and Cranmer too. And so long as the Tower shall stand, enlightened Englishmen will count amongst the most honoured spots upon their soil that spot where they three read their Testament and caught the spirit of the freedom of the Son of God. Not alone, nor so much for their fidelity do we rejoice to fancy them in their prison room, for others as noble and godly, living lives as near to heaven and holding far other views, were as brave and faithful as they, and suffered as willingly and as much for their conscience' sake; but for *the view* they took. It is for this we value them.

Though the nation has been far from true to these men, through them has it begun a new social growth which is placing humanity under new and better conditions and will lead to sublime ends. They lighted "a fire in England," which by the grace of God shall never be put out, as they said to each other at the stake. But that fire has not done its lighting, warming, purifying work yet. Nor will it do till it teaches and kindles Charity.

Alas! Protestantism crowded prisons. In Cranmer's cell (when in after years Cranmer's faith came to its turn in the persecutors' seat) languished the brave and good Earl of Arundel. Romanism's stout and easy method of answering an opponent, viz. to imprison him, was speedily borrowed by the Reformed faith, and with little mitigation in time-honoured refinements of cruelty.

Because the Earl could not feel and think with the Protestant Queen, he elected to make himself an exile; and in a pathetic letter to her Majesty, he bade her a formal and kindly farewell. But he was not allowed to go. He was hunted out, discovered, and arrested, and condemned to death, which he was allowed to find through lingering sufferings in prison. After being condemned, he pleaded that he might see his wife and her new-born babe, but was refused. He expired in his prison at thirty-nine years of age, of a broken heart, leaving this inscription on the wall of his living tomb, "The more suffering with Christ in this world, the more glory with Him in the next world."

And so under all sorts of cloaks of expediency, necessity, and duty, the Protestant

and the Romanist have carried on their bitter wrangling and wicked war, ignorantly sowing seeds of hatred and crimes in the name of God.

They have given their "bodies to be burned," yet have they substituted for the angels' song and the golden harps the jangle of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." They have lacked LOVE; they have forgotten, Protestant and Catholic alike, that they were men and brothers.

In this tomb and torture-house of rival kings and bishops, we may learn the order of the religious life. First comes love of God: the Holy Ghost shed abroad in man's heart teaches prayer and reverence and worship of Him, while as yet there is little love of man. Such love is comparatively easy, for there is nothing to forgive in God; there is much to forgive in man. It is possible to love God more than even self; to be willing to die for Him; and yet to love one's neighbours not at all: to regard our own symbols and hate his; to be proud of our own opinions, denouncing and scorning his as gross superstitions. The dogmatism of popes is

The Tower from Tower Hill.

detestable, if in Rome, and Catholic; their Inquisition, cruel and wicked, if in Spain, and for Protestants: we jump to our feet and curse them. But when the creed is changed, and very dogmatic and inquisitorial ways are on the side of what we English call "truth," we are far too prone to modify our wrathful words if we do not go the length of seeing some utility in such ways.

The wife of the prisoner who clings to the idea that it is wicked to kill her husband and leave her children orphans, may seem very silly to the wiseacres of the world, yet it is she who is very near the opinion of God, not the Council sitting on his creed; it is she, who in her simple, childlike way, feels on earth the will of heaven.

Oh! how the world has missed the kindly Man who was the image of God amongst us, whom Pilate pointed out to the Jews, saying, "Behold the man!" especially all who have felt an axe at their neck, or the flame lapping their limbs.

For Him, we behold the Gardiners, the Bonners, the Lauds who make friends with kings, sit themselves down in palaces and

set up nameless crosses all over the land by way of advancing the kingdom of God in the world. And Jesus feels the nails in his feet and hands again.

According to the writers and preachers of His day, Jesus did not understand the policies of great hierarchies and vain-glorious priests, which was to kill a man and save a nation. He was a simple neighbour to everybody, with one command, that men should love one another.

No partisan can keep that commandment.

Nor will unflinching Protestantism—any more than unflinching Judaism or unflinching Popery—atone for its transgression; however many miracles it says it works, and devils it fancies it casts out, Jesus has no part in it at all. He does not know such workers, and will banish them from His presence, calling to Himself the unhappy men and women they worried and frightened and hunted to death; and the new times and world of which He speaks will be brought about: the last shall be first, and the first shall be last.

Every victim of priests and kings killed here has been killed as the Jews killed Jesus. This spot has been the repeated Golgotha and Calvary of London.

Disciples of Jesus have higher views than these; the death of an enemy is poor consolation to them. To die for an enemy, that might be good.

But to return to the Tower. Who can stand at the foot of the stone winding stairs, up which the two boy-princes went their last night to their last sleep, down which, while the night was still dark, they were brought smothered, dead; or stand where a grave was hurriedly scratched for their little bodies, and they were tumbled in and buried, without turning from thoughts of the kings of the earth and rulers to God, with the involuntary cry, "Thy kingdom come"?

Can we not picture, too, the girl Elizabeth making her first acquaintance with this prison house, as we recall the day when her sister Mary sent her (probably to be beheaded) here?

There she is in the open yard, sitting on a stone, state officers around her, refusing to go a step farther. She looks pale, poor child, for she is not only agitated, she is ill. She has just been brought from a sick-bed.

"Dead or alive, bring her," had been the order of Mary. Dead or alive, and from her sick-bed they brought her; five long weary days had she travelled.

They took her to the Tower by the "Traitor's Gate."

"Go in there," they said to the ill and weary girl.

She refused. "I am not a traitor; I have done no wrong," she said aloud, and struggled, but in vain. Royal orders must be obeyed—blundering, cruel, wicked, they must be obeyed. She was made to go in.

Traitors' Gate, from within.

According to the adviser of the Crown, she ought to die, for, alas! poor girl, she happened to be the life of Protestant hope in the land. The blood of her girlish neck should mingle with the blood of Lady Jane Grey's.

At length within the closed gates she sits down upon a stone and refuses to go farther.

"Do not stay here," the officers said. It was a blowing March day and poured with rain. The royal child had not been used to being ordered by servants. She could not feel herself a prisoner, and sat still.

Out of pity one took off his cloak from his shoulders and made to put it on her delicate trembling figure. She pettishly pushed it away. She preferred to be wet through, she was so very miserable.

And who can realise this simple scene without an indignant sense of how miserably unnatural, how unspeakably ungodly, are the men and the systems which set an elder sister against a younger sister in this mortal strife!

The day which saw this girl dead would have been a brilliant and a happy day at Mary's court.

It is pleasing to remember that it is through the Catholic Philip of Spain her death did not happen. Elizabeth was at length England's queen because sister to slay sister was too utterly horrible to him, no matter what scheming bishops said. No doubt the prince looked but a poor dolt to the ecclesiastic, a marplot and a fool; but one touch of nature is a touch of God, and mere ecclesiastics have never had either much knowledge or heed of nature or of Him.

But the kindness of the Catholic did not save Mary, Queen of Scots, when in after days this Protestant Elizabeth had the life of that unhappy woman in her hands. In vanity and spite, she sent Mary to the block.

Though Mary was not beheaded here, but at Fotheringay, her executioner was from the Tower. While she stood in the valley of the shadow of death Protestant zealots found in their hearts to mock at her religion, but she turned from them with the piteous cry, "Into thine hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." Her little lapdog alone nestled to her as she stood, and when all was over it crouched by her headless body, looked round in dismay, and whined and wept. And they carried the two helpless things away.

Which think ye, Protestant zealot or dog, was neighbour to her whose head fell from the block that day?

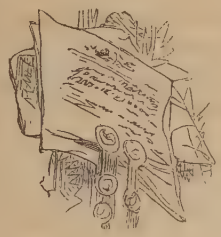
When will men cease to call Jesus, "Lord, Lord," and then go on to do what He imperiously forbids. The one commanding law of His religion, and which no advantages whatsoever can atone for breaking, is, that men love one another. His followers must love their enemies even, and His enemies too if they count any to be such. And His kingdom has come only in such as reduce His will to actual and universal practice.

Paul thought he was doing God service when he hailed men and women to prison, but he only served the devil; not because he was a zealot, but because his love was to his religion, not to his neighbour.

Jesus received lashes, He never inflicted any; He Himself went to prison, he never sent any there; He still visits prisoners and opens the door for them.

His ministers are those who make Him their practical guide; who interpret His spirit in the spirit of their own disposition and conduct; in whom, in short, *He lives*—those and those alone. Partisans of creed and system, users of punishments and prisons may be the ministers of popes, and kings, and rulers of *their* Church, but they are not ministers of the Lord Jesus, nor are they serving Him. They counsel "against the Lord, and against His anointed." To Him they give an absolute and unflinching disobedience.

This is the lesson of the Tower.



BROTHER AND SISTER.

By CLARA THWAITES, Author of "Songs for Labour and Leisure."

THE love of God, in softest guise made known,
Meets us in earliest hours amid our own,
Enwraps our infancy in homeliest airs
Of human tenderness and human cares.

For softest shelter from life's first alarms
He gives the cradle of a mother's arms,
And for a heaven serene He bids arise
The tender radiance of a mother's eyes.

Home richer grows—for ever-brooding love
Bends with a further treasure from above;
The household widens, and rejoicing hearts
Fill up life's harmony with tuneful parts.

The blithest sympathy, the airiest grace,
Shines in the laughter of a sister's face,
And each to other brings a keener joy,
The winsome maiden and the dauntless boy.

The sister leans, without a doubt or fear,
On gentle valour, true to her and near,
Possessing alway, even when apart,
The full allegiance of a brother's heart.

And hers are sweet compassions, pure and deep,
The heart that sorrows and the eyes that weep;
Quick to rejoice is she, and full of mirth,
A very sunbeam, sent to bless the earth.

Her faith is bold to soar, wit lacks not wings,
Hers are swift guesses at divinest things;
Love learns so much that wisdom cannot scan,
And so the maiden leads the thoughtful man.

Ah! good to gird faith's holy armour on
Ere yet the sunny days of youth be gone!
How can he doubt what Heaven's love may mete,
Since earth's compassions are so true, so sweet?

And thus by nether-springs of human love
Soft hints are given of our wealth above;
But what the measure of that overflow
What tongue can tell, what heart may ever know?

FROM THE CRESCENT TO THE FULL.

Illustrated by Recent Drawings.

By E. W. MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

"Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well."—Ps. lxxxix. 14.

THE moon has a special claim on our attention above all the other members of the heavenly host, in that it is our nearest neighbour, and more than that, it is the celestial body most closely related to our own. We speak of the moon as the satellite of the

Fig. 1.

earth, but in every other case in the solar system we find that the planet has a bulk ten thousand times that of its largest satellite, but the earth is only fifty times the size of the moon. She must therefore be looked upon as rather the younger sister of the earth, than as belonging to a lower and altogether inferior order of bodies. And recent research has suggested a relationship closer still. Just as our fair mother Eve was taken out of the side of Adam to be his constant companion, associate, and friend; so, long ages ago, the moon was taken out of the side of the earth, to accompany her continually in her journey through space.

The offspring of the earth, her constant companion, her sole dependant, and beyond all comparison the nearest of all the bodies the heavens reveal, the moon would therefore be full of interest, even if her broad disc and beautiful radiance did not invite our attention. It is no wonder, then, that it was the very first object upon which Galileo turned his newly-made telescope, and that from that day to this astronomers have never wearied in examining her. And feeble and imperfect as was the first telescope of the "Tuscan artist" he was yet enabled by it—

"At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Regions, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

Even with a small instrument the dark markings are revealed as level plains, the brighter portions start into relief as mountains, or as endless collections of crater cups, and the whole looks like a ball of frosted silver most curiously chased. It requires some education of the eye before the planets reveal their special beauties to the observer, but the moon shows her more prominent features to the first glance.

If a common telescope will show so much, it may be thought that the magnificent and gigantic instruments which are now being erected will show much more; and many people are apt to form as extravagant ideas of what is to be seen by their means as the islanders of Teneriffe, who expected Professor Piazzi Smyth to show them the goats leaping about the lunar hills. There is some excuse for these exaggerated ideas, for many of our popular text-books still persist in stating that our best telescopes show the moon as well as we should see it with the unassisted eye if it were but forty miles away. It would be far nearer the truth to say that our best telescopes

Fig. 2.

present it as we should see it with the naked eye if it were a thousand miles away; nor can we expect under ordinary circumstances to detect, even as a barely perceptible point, an object less than one hundred and twenty yards in diameter, so that St. Paul's Cathedral would just be discernible as a minute dot. It is

abundantly clear that we cannot reasonably hope to detect anything like human beings, even if there were any probability that such existed there, and scarcely any traces of their handiwork; for though a great city like London or Manchester would cover amply sufficient space to be visible, it would be impossible for us to tell what was the true nature of the irregular blotch, for that would be the appearance a large town would present, since we could see nothing of individual houses, or even of streets.

Nor have we much hope of seeing much evidence of any active operations of nature. A storm here, on our own world, may produce the most terrible destruction, but how much of the damage would be perceptible one thousand miles away? Had an astronomer been placed in the moon armed with the most powerful telescope yet constructed, he would probably have scarcely noticed any result of that eruption of Vesuvius which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, whilst the Swiss landslip of a few years ago, or the recent earthquakes in Spain, would have wholly escaped detection.

Yet with all these drawbacks astronomers still constantly watch the moon, in order, if possible, to detect some sign, however slight, of a change—some token which may afford us a hint of its present condition. Amongst those who make the moon their study is one of the assistant astronomers at the Royal Observatory, Brussels, M. Stuyvaert, who has recently published a series of his drawings made in the years 1880 to 1884. Of these drawings we shall give nine, which, though by no means showing the most beautiful and interesting objects on the moon, well illustrate, not only the evidence of real change which the moon affords to us, but also the character of the *apparent* changes which are continually taking place. For there is no dull monotony in the moon's appearance. We know that the moon does not always look the same to the eye. Early in the month we see it shining a thin crescent of silver in the sunset sky. Then evening after evening that crescent of light broadens out to the perfect shield, and the moon is full, to wane during the next two weeks as it had waxed during the previous two. Of course, we know that the bright portion of the moon is that enjoying the sunshine, it is daytime there; the line where the dark and bright parts meet, called by astronomers the terminator, marks in the crescent moon the places on which the sun is rising, and in the waning moon those on which it is setting.

This change from day to night on the different localities in the moon simply means to the unassisted sight that some part of her disc is bright at one time and dark at another; but aided by the telescope we find every step of the change attended by the most interesting and instructive alterations of the various markings. Looking at the moon near the first quarter, that is, when it is a "half-moon," we notice that the line dividing the light from the darkness is not straight, as it appears to the eye, but exceedingly irregular, with great dark bays and bright capes and headlands of light. Fig. 1, one of M. Stuyvaert's drawings, has been made at such a time, and shows the neighbourhood of a "ring-plain," a level district, that is, of a roughly circular shape surrounded by a chain of mountains, upon which the sun has just risen. This plain, which is called Réaumur, is some thirty miles in diameter; but out on the dark part of the moon there are points and lines of light. These are the peaks of lofty mountains that are just catching the first rays of the sun, whilst all the region at their feet is still veiled in darkness. Were we to watch these we should soon see other points of light appear, whilst those now seen would grow broader, longer, and brighter, until at length entire ranges of hills appeared. Then little-by-little the light would creep down their sides until the plain at their feet was illuminated too. Some five or six hours earlier three-quarters of the district included in the diagram would have been in utter darkness, and all that would have been visible of the ring-plain in the centre would have been the highest peaks of the mountains on its left-hand side, which would have stood out like stars on the dark background of the yet unilluminated portion of the moon, just as the mountains on the right-hand side of the figure do now. Little by little, however, as we watch, these points of light multiply and grow, broaden and stretch to reach each other, until at length the whole of the left-hand semicircle of hills is displayed, and at the same time the light creeps downward and brings the left-hand slope of the mountains into view, its terraces, pinnacles, precipices, and landslips being revealed in all their wild ruggedness. Then next the plain at the foot of the mountain catches a glimpse of the rising sun, and the arch of light is joined to the general body of the illuminated moon, though still the extreme tips of the arch stand out promontories of light, far into the yet untouched darkness. But as the sun continues

to rise, the minute details of the first outer slope, which were so distinct a little earlier, begin to get confused together as the higher sun floods every object with a more equal illumination than at first. Fresh points of light, too, appear out in the darkness, to widen and grow as the first did, until they spread to join hands with the ever-extending arch, and the entire ring is completed, a ring of molten gold on a background of ebony. And now the inner slope of the farther half of the ring-mountain receives the light, just as the outer slope had done before. But this slope does not come into view so regularly as the outer one did; but the light seems to send spurs and arrows downward into the black hollow as the sun rises high enough to shoot its rays over some pass or depression in the left-hand range. These spurs of light widen and extend, until it becomes clear that the intermediate strips of darkness are the deep shadows of the peaks of the left-hand range. These are at first very long, narrow, pointed, and sharp; two such may be seen in the smaller plain on the right hand of the figure; but they gradually shorten and become more blunt, as we see to be the case in the principal ring-plain. At length the ring-mountain will stand out, well within the bright part of the moon, and with the greater part of its floor shining beneath the rays of the now fairly high sun, and it is this

Fig. 3.

phase which is represented in the figure. Very frequently, soon after the ring has been first completed, the mass of utter darkness it encloses will be broken by a tiny point of light, sometimes by more than one. These indicate the crests of a group of hills right in the centre of the basin, and this phase is illustrated by Fig. 2, which represents a large ring-plain some fifty miles in length, called Guttemberg.

The sun continues to rise still higher, and the shadows shorten in consequence, and

Fig. 4.

soon the whole district is bathed in light, and a further change takes place. Before, when there were so many sharp contrasts between bright lights and black shadows, the whole formation seemed to stand out in strong relief, looking from its extreme distinctness as if it could be touched and handled; but now these contrasts have vanished with the shadows, and, except under very special conditions, the whole looks flat, or nearly so. Compare Figs. 1 and 2 with Figs. 3 and 4, and it will be seen at once how much less striking the aspect of the latter is than that of the former; yet even in Fig. 4 the sun has only an altitude of 30°, or about equal to that of a noon-day sun at the end of February here in London. But other contrasts, due to differences of colour in the actual surface of the moon, are well and distinctly seen, and while some points shine with great brightness, others are of a dull dark grey, whilst the rest have every conceivable variety of intermediate tone.

All through the week of the full moon—we are now speaking of Fig. 1, which shows a ring-plain close to the centre of the moon—the formation preserves much the same general aspect; but the experienced observer watches keenly for little changes in the appearance of the smaller objects, which are eloquent in revealing to him their nature.

(*To be continued.*)

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "And is it true, as I am told?"
Lesson: John x. 1—14.

ONE of the most wonderful things in our life is that God speaks to us. Although we cannot see Him, we can hear His voice. Adam and Eve heard it in the garden, Moses heard it at the burning bush, the children of Israel heard it in the wilderness.

In an old Jewish book there is a story which helps us to see how great a wonder the voice was to the children of Israel. They were at the foot of Mount Sinai when they heard it. The mountain was covered with smoke. Lightning flashed out of the darkness, great peals of thunder shook the air, the ground trembled, the priests blew terrible blasts through their trumpets, the people were crying out in fear. In the midst of their terror there rose quietly above the roaring of the storm a still, clear sound. It was the voice of God. Everybody heard it. It seemed to come from everywhere. "It is coming from the south," cried some; "It is coming from the north," cried others. When they turned to the south they heard it sounding in the north. When they turned to the north they heard it coming from the south. "It is in the east!" "It is in the west!" cried others. When the people turned to the east they heard it sounding in the west. When they bent their ears to the west, they heard it in the east. As they were turning to every side to hear it, some cried out, "It is coming down from the sky." Then they looked upward, and, as they looked, they heard it rising out of the ground. It was everywhere—east and west, above and beneath, behind, before. It is everywhere still. Shepherds hear it in the lone fields when they are watching their flocks by night. Sailors hear it when they are keeping their outlook, far out at sea; it talks to soldiers on the evening before a battle; it talks next day to those who are lying wounded on the battle-field. I know mothers who hear it as they are rocking their baby's cradle. I have known students who hear it as they read their books. It is to be heard in the songs of birds and the murmur of bees, and there are friends of mine who tell me they hear it amid the crowds of great

cities, in the unending tramp of the weary and the heavy-laden, and in the cries of the little arabs on the street. And always when it is heard it is a wonder. It is like some one speaking to us out of another world.

One good thing in that voice is that it always speaks to us in speech we know; not in speech of foreign lands, or of nations long since dead, or of angels in the sky. It speaks to us in our mother tongue, in the speech of human beings, and for the most part in the speech of the human beings who have loved us and cared for us long. As often as otherwise it speaks to us in words which a mother has used.

That is how it spoke to a young man in San Francisco, of whom I read the other day. It was forty years ago, when San Francisco was a wilder place than it is now. He was then hardly twenty years of age, and he was newly out from Scotland. His mother and he had been great friends; in some things she was more like a sister to him than a mother. Often in the evenings she would sing to him the simple songs she loved, and the songs sank into his heart and became a treasure to him there. He could not go where his mother's songs did not go with him. They were music to him all the way on the long voyage to San Francisco, and they did not forsake him there. A kind young fellow, who had come out two years before, took him in hand to show him the sights of the city. One evening he took him to the door of a gambling saloon; it was a horrible place to look into. Ill-faced men sat at long tables in little groups, drinking, smoking, and playing cards. Nobody seemed to be speaking, yet there was a low murmur of sound floating over the room. "Come in," said the guide, "let us for once try our luck at the cards." He was about to enter, when there came up into his memory the lines of one of his mother's songs:—

> "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!"

It was as if his mother spoke to him. It was the voice of God in the memory of his mother's song. He thought of the grief to her if she knew of his being present in such a place, or in such company. He took his friend's arm in his own and said, "Let us leave this place." A place of that kind was a temptation to him never more.

I do not know anything better worth learning about this voice than the times when it speaks to us. It speaks before and after our deeds. But it is its beforehand speaking we should set ourselves to regard.

In the land of Greece long ago there lived a wise and good man named Socrates. He was one of the first of the wise men who took an interest in young people. In the city of Athens, in which he lived, he went up and down the streets offering his wisdom to all who would hear. The young men loved him, and liked to be in his company, and often spoke to him of the wonder his wisdom was. But Socrates never thought himself wise. He told them that what he said was only what his good angel, the voice of God in his heart, told him to say. It was always speaking to him. Especially it spoke to him when he was tempted to do evil things, or speak evil words, or neglect duties. It was a voice of warning. And he lived a noble life because he listened to this voice and obeyed it. When it told him not to do a thing, he never did it.

But it happened to Socrates, as to One who was greater than Socrates. There were evil men in the city who could not bear that he should speak with the voice of God. And they brought him before the judges, and said, "Either he must give up speaking at the bidding of that voice, or die." But he said, "To escape death, ye judges and men of Athens, can never be the great object of human beings. The great object is to flee from baseness and wickedness. I can die. I cannot cease to speak as my good angel bids me." So he chose to die. And the judges sent him to prison and to death.

It was noble to die in that way. But there are many who never listen to the voice when it is a voice of warning and speaks beforehand. They are tempted to do some evil thing, or, like Socrates, to leave off some good thing. The voice cries from within, "Do not leave off the good thing, do not do this evil thing." They shut their ears. They will not hear. Or there are other voices and other sounds in their hearts which keep them from hearing, and they give way to the evil. And, oh! there comes back to them once more the voice they refused to hear; but it comes back all changed, and not now a voice of warning but of blaming and remorse.

There is a picture in our Gallery of Art which shows the awful difference of listening to the voice after instead of before. It is the picture of a wild heath. A lonesome place it is—no house, no road, no bridge to be seen in it all. There is only the dark, waving grass, the low brushwood in the forest, and, behind, the far-stretching heath, black with the shadows of heavy clouds. To the left of the picture a man is running, as if for his

life. He is turning half round to see that nobody is pursuing him. A look of horror is in his face, and there, straight before you in the picture, is the cause of his terror. There, under the dark sky, half hidden in the brushwood, is the dead body of a man. The man who is running away is his murderer. He is hearing the voice of God, but it is after instead of before his evil deed. The voice of warning has become a voice of accusing. It is crying to him out of the depth of his soul, "Where is the living man who came with thee into the heath?" It will go on calling for that man as long as he lives. It will follow him like an avenging angel. In the dark and in the sunlight it will speak to him. He will have rest from that awful voice never and never more.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Dear Jesus, ever at my side."
Lesson: John xi. 1—27.

I spoke to you last Sunday about the voice of God; but could not finish all I had to say. Listen then to some further words concerning it this evening.

One of the best things connected with the voice is that when it speaks, it is always near at hand. It is not a voice away up in heaven so that we have to say, Who shall go up and bring it down to us? It is not far away over the sea, so that we have to say, Who shall go over the sea and bring it home to us? It is near to us. It is in our very hearts.

You have been born in a country in which the voice is sounding on every side; in which it speaks in almost everybody you know. It speaks to you in your mother's and your father's words. It speaks to you in the lessons of your school-books, and in the words of your teachers. And what you hear when you enter a church is just the wisdom and music of this voice. And because you have been listening to it since your birth, it is near to you and in your very hearts.

Now, my dear children, this voice which is sounding everywhere round about you, which seems somehow as if it came down to us from heaven, and yet is all the while in our own hearts, which speaks to you often in the words and tones of your mother, and all the while and in every form is the voice of God,—this voice utters its best and sweetest call to us, when it comes to us from the lips of the dear Lord who died for us.

And this is what I want to speak to you about now. The voice of God is Christ's voice. What we call the Gospel is just this voice telling us of the Father's love. The Bible is the book of the words which this voice has uttered. The Gospels tell us how children liked to hear His Son, and in our beautiful picture (from Doré's Bible) you will see how happy they were to share His love.

You remember the words and where it is said by the Saviour: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in." It is at the door of your hearts He is knocking. He is knocking to see if you will open your hearts, and let Him in to be a voice of God, a good angel, to you there. To every one who admits that voice, it will be like a pleasant song in the heart, like an angel of God always singing within you of righteousness and of God. It will be always with you. When you lie down at night, when you awake in the morning, when you are happy, when you are sad. Where you go it will go. Where you dwell, it will dwell.

Like the good angel of Socrates, it will warn you when an evil way is near. And if at any time you should come to a difficult place in your life, and do not know which way to turn, it will speak to you and say, "This is the way, walk you in it."

In the village of Lilliesden, a few years since, a brother and sister had to bid each other farewell in the afternoon of the day on which their father was buried. He had been a very saintly man, but his saintliness did not pass on to his children. They loved him, but could never feel just as he felt when the things of the soul were spoken about. But now, to those two, brother and sister, on this afternoon of the day of their father's burial, when their hearts were tender with sorrow, and they thought back over all they had seen in their father, it seemed as if they had somehow missed their life, since they had missed feeling as their father did. And they agreed together to ask the Lord to enable them to feel as he did, and to walk in his ways. And they agreed further, that whoever first felt the change should come right off and tell the other. More than four years passed before the change they longed for came. And it was to the brother it first came. It was a Sunday evening just like this, near the close of the year. He was listening, as he had listened many a time before, to the minister preaching. And as he listened, without warning of any kind, a new life seemed to rise up in his soul. He felt as if Christ had entered into his life, and was speaking to him from within and comforting him, and stirring him up to come

nearer to God. Suddenly he was in a new world. Everything spoke to him of God and of heaven. The change long prayed for had come. The Saviour had come into his heart and was speaking glad words to him there. He saddled his horse next morning, and rode the thirty miles between his sister's home and his own and told her the joyful news. She saw by his manner that he had found the secret of their father's life. She saw the father's saintliness in everything he did. He was as a voice of God to her. It entered into her heart and became a good angel, singing of God all the day. It made her whole life a sermon for God. And he, till he died, and she till the last time I heard of her, were voices for God, calling on all around them, by the simple calling of their daily lives.

And that is the wish my heart is wishing for you this evening. From my heart I wish that not only might the voice of Jesus in the Gospel enter into you, but that you yourselves might become, in a way, by your daily lives, voices of God. John the Baptist was a voice speaking in a wilderness in an evil time. There is not one of you, however young, but may be a voice speaking for God in the time on which your young lives have fallen.

That is the work missionaries abroad and preachers at home are doing. They are calling on the dead to rise from the dead.

And those who hear the call become themselves voices joining in the call, and by their lives, their deeds, their words, they take part in this greatest work of God, and are helpers in this first resurrection of the dead.

And this is my last word this evening and my best wish for each of you, that you may have a part in that voice which is going through all the world, and calling on dead souls and saying to them, "Arise from the dead and Christ will give you light."

THIRD EVENING.

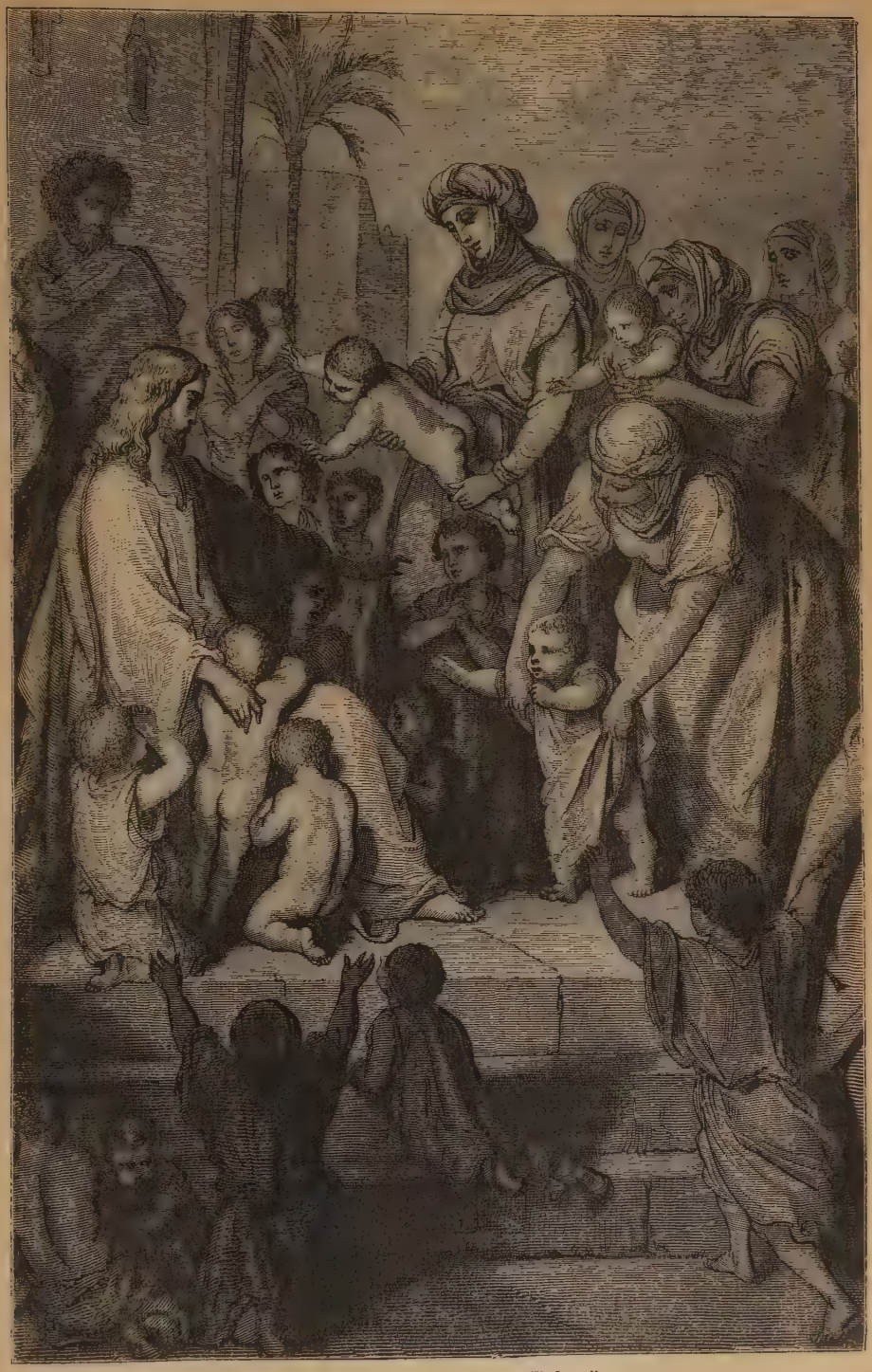
Opening Hymn: "I love to hear the story."
Lesson: Luke xv. 1—7.

You can always tell good people by the things that give them joy. They are innocent things, things delightful in themselves, things that spring from good and lead to good. Some people find their joy in things that are cruel—in cruel sports, in cruel hunting of innocent beasts, in cruel shooting of innocent birds.

I have a teacher, whom I greatly respect, called Harry Furniss. This teacher was one day passing along a country road, and came upon a crowd of people in a field. They seemed mad with joy. He was so much struck with their appearance that he took his pencil and made a picture of them. In the picture some are laughing, others shouting, others clapping hands, others waving their caps in the air, others leaping and dancing. They are more like baboons than human beings. Can you imagine what filled them with their mad joy, and made them leap and dance like savages? Could you believe it? It was the sight of two fierce dogs they had let loose in the field to catch and tear to pieces a poor, helpless, innocent little hare. In the picture you can see the dogs and the hare. The fierce brutes have come up to the hare; their mouths are open to seize it; they are just about to seize it and tear it to pieces. It is this which made that crowd mad with joy. But that was an evil joy; it was joy in cruelty, in the destruction of innocent life.

The joy of angels is just the opposite of that; it is joy in the saving of life.

This autumn, you will remember, we had some heavy storms at sea. And one of these storms came, unlooked-for, after a beautiful day. It was a Wednesday, in August. Hundreds of northern fishing-boats went out to sea, and many of them were far at sea when the storm burst forth. It was a fearful night, the rain came down in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane. At sea the fishermen were driven helpless before the wind; on shore the fisher-folk went up and down, wondering what was going on with those dear to them at sea. On the morning that followed—the storm still raging—a telegram came from Burghead to the crew of the lifeboat at Nairn to say that a vessel had been wrecked on an old sand-bar about seven miles away. The men of the lifeboat were themselves at sea, battling for their own lives. But as many brave fellows as were needed offered to man the boat and go to the wreck. Everything seemed to be against them. The tide was out. It was a long and heavy pull over the sands before the boat could be launched. It was a task heavier still to row the seven miles to where the vessel was wrecked. But the heaviest toil of all awaited them when they came where the wreck was caught. The waves rose high as hills, and dashed upon the wreck, and then, sucking backwards for many yards, came on again with fiercer blows. The crew in the lifeboat had to catch their chance in the brief moments when the waves were rushing



"How happy they were to share His love."

towards the vessel. In those brief moments, bringing their boat near, they saved nine men. A moment only was possible each time. In that moment the lifeboat drew near, a man jumped on board, and, one by one, all who were on the wrecked vessel were saved. Only brave men could have done the work; only men with skilful hands and loyal hearts. But now they turn their prow back towards Nairn with their precious load. What a pull that was back over the seven miles—the wind beating fiercely, the waves terrible for size! The brave men never lost heart. On they came, nearer to safety by every stroke of their oars—nearer and nearer still. At last they turned the corner at Culbin Sands, and the harbour was in view. There, on the pier and along the shore, great crowds were watching. Although they could not share the brave labour of the lifeboat, they shared the sympathy of its heroic men. And when the lifeboat was sighted coming round the coast a great shout of joy burst from the entire crowd. Louder and louder it rose, as, peering into the distance, the people discovered that there were saved people on board. But when the boat swept into the harbour, and it became known that every man of the wrecked crew had been saved, and when the very men, one by one, rescued from near death, stepped ashore, shouting could no longer express the joy that was felt. Many burst into tears, others seized the strangers and embraced them as if they had been sons and brothers.

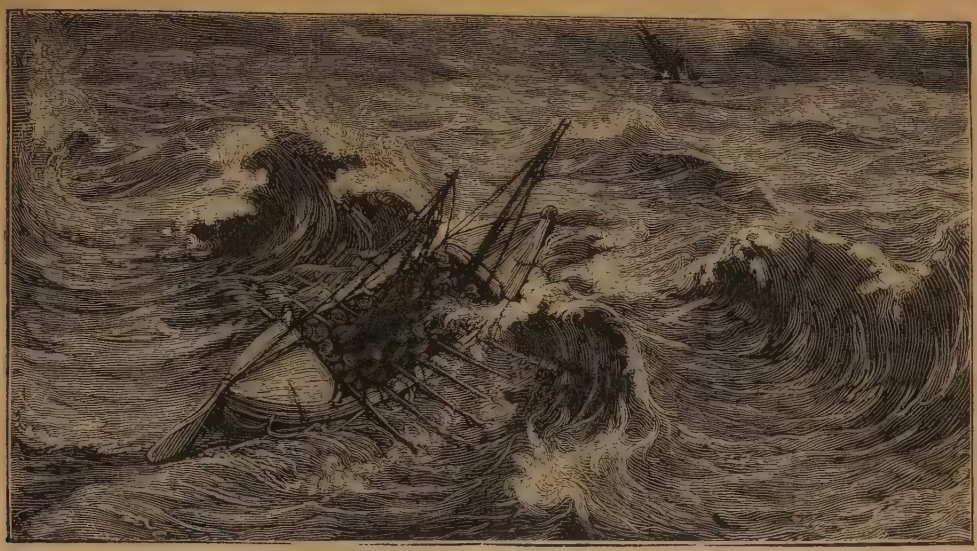
It was the joy of angels, the joy that is in the presence of God over the saving of the lost. And a beautiful thing in this joy is, that the greater the deliverance has been, the higher and gladsomer is the joy. It is very high when sailors are saved from a wrecked ship; but it is as high as heaven when the salvation is from a wrecked life.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "There is a green hill far away."
Lesson: Mark vii. 24—37.

Last Sunday evening I told you of joy which rises in the hearts of the angels when the lost are saved. But fully to know the greatness of this joy I must now tell you how it works, and how high it rises, when people are saved who did not know they were lost. There are whole tribes of lost people who do not know they are lost, and who do not want to be saved, just because they do not know they are lost. They are worse, far worse than sailors on wrecked ships, only they do not feel the worseness.

Far away from this, near the southernmost point of South America, is a land called Terra del Fuego, and the people who lived in that land fifty years ago were in this very case. They were lost and did not know they were lost. About that time they were visited by a young man called Charles Darwin, who had seen many lands and many tribes, and he said they were the poorest, the most miserable, the least like human beings of any he had seen. "Poor wretches!" he called them. They had neither houses to live in nor clothes to wear; their speech was more like the cries of birds and beasts than the speech of human beings. They seemed to him to be without thought of almost any kind. Never, surely, was a people more lost than these. They had lost the likeness of God, in which God had made man; they had lost knowledge of God; church and school and home were lost. Instead of clothes they daubed themselves over with white paint. They were more like beasts of the field than men and women. But now to this race, which had lost the very memory of better or other times, and was itself lost in ignorance and beast-like ways, a way of salvation was opened up through the mercy of God. And here is the story of their salvation, as it was told a few days since by Dr. Parker at a great Church meeting in Hanley. There was found in the city of Bristol, between two bridges, a poor infant, thrown out there to perish. He was found on St. Thomas's Day. Because he was found between the bridges he was called Bridges for surname, and because he was found on St. Thomas's Day he was called Thomas for Christian name. And by-and-by this deserted child became the Rev. Thomas Bridges, and set his heart on going out into the heathen world to save souls. And to this very land of Terra del Fuego, of which I have been speaking, he was sent. He listened to the strange speech of the wretched people; he caught the tones; he compared one with another; he made an alphabet of them. Then he made the letters into words; he wrote them down; he came to understand their speech, came to be able to speak to them. He told them the story of the love of God, told them all about Jesus. He translated the Gospels into their language, and taught them to read them for themselves. Through his ministry they were lifted up out of their poor, wretched, lost condition. A new life entered into them; they became human beings again; they became Christian worshippers; they built houses and dwelt in



them; they were clothed and in their right mind. And it could be truly said of them as of the prodigal in the parable, they were dead, and came to life again; they were lost, and were found.

When Charles Darwin heard of the change, something of the joy which angels feel entered into his heart, and he sent a gift of money to the society which had sent Mr. Bridges out. Every lover of mankind must have felt in the same way. Over that work the angels in the presence of God, let us be sure, had a great joy.

Now I will tell you why I have spoken to you this evening about the joy of the angels. It is because this is a joy which God wishes you to share. It is really the joy of God; it is joy in the presence of the angels; God's joy first, then the joy of the angels. And it is this joy which God is offering to His children when He invites them to take an interest and a part in the work of missions to the heathen, in the helping of the poor, and in the saving of the souls of the lost.

FIFTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Oh, what can little hands do?"
Lesson: Matt. xxv. 1—13.

Very fair to see, as you sit before me this evening, row behind row, in this beautiful room, are your shapely bodies, your faces glowing with health, your eyes gleaming with life.

Very wonderful to think of is that something within you which no eye can see, which listens to the words I am speaking, and understands the thoughts that are passing from my mind to yours

But more wonderful still and more fair is that other something which listens to God and understands His thoughts; which catches the light that comes from His face and makes it a light in your lives.

This other something is what the Bible calls, "The candle of the Lord." It is given to every one. It is shining in your hearts now, in some brightly, in some less brightly. I have seen its light many a time in the happy gleam of a child's eye. If I knew you, as you are known in your homes, I might see it in your words and deeds. It is the lamp or torch of God within your hearts. It is one of God's greatest gifts. It is a light to give light to you on the way to heaven. It is a light God expects you to bring still burning when at last you come into His presence.

In that city of Athens where Paul saw the altar to the unknown God, it was once, in the old days, the custom to have games in honour of their gods and heroes. Among the games that were held was the race of the torch-bearers. Each runner received a lighted torch at the beginning of the race, and the runner who came first to the goal with his torch burning received the prize.

This race was held in honour of Prometheus, a hero of whom Athens and other cities in the old time were justly proud. He was the likest to Christ of any of their heroes, and he did a service to man that was only second to Christ's. It was he who first brought fire to men. The people then living believed, that in his love and pity he went up to heaven and carried away the fire and brought it down to them. It was one of the greatest

kindnesses any hero could do. Winter was made less wintry. Darkness was shut out of the home. Hearthstones were laid. Log-fires were kindled. The labourers coming in from the fields cold and hungry had a warm place to come to, and food well cooked. And in the long winter evenings the family gathered about the fireside, and mothers spun, and daughters knitted, and little boys watched the shadows flickering on the wall, or listened to the stories that were told till it was time to go to bed.

No wonder people held torch races in honour of the hero who gave them blessings like these. The race itself was a splendid sight. The winning-post was in the city; the starting-place a mile and half distant, among the groves of olive and cypress, where the great Plato kept his school. It was night when the runners started. How their torches must have flared in the night air as they came rushing up the hill! How sad for the runners whose torches flickered out! How joyous for the swift, strong youth who came first to the goal with his torch still burning!

The days when this race was run are long since past. The nations who kept it up are dead and gone. But to something like that race, only grander, we are still called by God. We are called to run with patience the race that is set before us. Our very life is a kind of race; and every one born has to be a runner in it. I have seen this grander race, I have seen the runners, but in other cities than Athens and with other torches than those the Athenian runners bore. I know men and women in this very land who are running it, and striving to keep their torches burning as they run. I know boys and girls who have begun to run it. I am sure there are some of these here this evening. It is to encourage you in this race, and to help you to keep your torches burning to the end, that I am speaking to you now.

I sometimes look back upon the years of my childhood. As often as I do so, I see again the bright young faces which were around me then. Bright faces, bright lives, eager young spirits, preparing, although they knew it not, to run this very race.

I can say truly of many of those companions, that the candle of the Lord, the torch for God's runner, had begun to shine in their hearts. They were believers in God, in heaven, in the resurrection of the dead. They knew the story of Jesus, they believed in His love. Happy hearts! Happy children! I can say of them as I recall their forms, "The angels of God visited them in their dreams." Those young hearts were touched with the feeling of the nearness and goodness of God. I have heard them sing the twenty-third Psalm with voices filled with joy. And I have seen the tears running down their cheeks when the story of the Cross was told in their hearing.

Many of those young runners have long since finished their race. I have watched the careers of some through all the years of their life. I have seen the light burning in their words, in their deeds, in their very eyes. I have watched them at their tasks, when they looked to me like the servants of the Lord mentioned in the Gospel, whose loins were girded, and whose lights were burning. I have seen among them saintly runners who came to the goal of their life, their outward strength all spent, but their inner light freshly burning.

Ah! and I have also seen some of them coming to the end of their day whose lights had ceased to burn for years, and who had to lie down in the darkness they brought on themselves. I recall one who finished his race before he was twenty, and another who went on till forty, and both coming to the end in darkness. Not one ray of the early faith or joy in God burning! All the light of the soul gone clean out through evil thoughts and ways!

Dear boys and girls, you are just setting out in this race, your torches are fresh and bright and brightly burning. God has kindled the light of the knowledge of His love in your hearts. That is His torch. Do you think it can be anything but a sorrow to Him, if any of you, if even a single one of you, should come into His presence at the end with this light of love gone out? He is very earnest in wishing that you try all you can by His help to keep the light burning. And I think it must have been for girls, as young as some of you, that the Saviour told the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. He would have you all to be wise; to have your lamps trimmed and burning; and to come in with Him to the wedding feast. And do you know, dear girls, what that means? It does not mean coming in with Him when you die. It means coming in now—now while you are young and strong and happy—into His life and joy, into His fellowship and truth.

But for this evening I must end. I have some stories of the torch race which some evening soon I shall hope to tell.

CHAPTER I.—"'TWAS ALL ALONG O' BABY."

THREE o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Sunday-school just over, and the bell on the prayer-desk ringing the children out to afternoon service at the little Mission Church—down amongst the wharves and narrow places close to the Thames,—where a very poor congregation, consisting chiefly of lighter-men and river-side toilers and their families, assembled on Sundays and holy days to hear the Gospel of Christ preached, and to be taught of that beautiful River—so unlike the one *they* toiled upon,—free from all pollution and stain, and a great city's defilement, 'that flows by the throne of God.' The children attending this Sunday-school were clearly very poor little ones. Children poorly clad and poorly fed, who would be glad most likely of the shabbiest cast-off clothes, and for 'halfpenny dinners,' and anything else they could get. They were sorry when the school bell rang this afternoon, it was all so cold and dark outside, being gloomy November weather, and St. Peter's schoolroom, with its bright fire and gas-lights, was the nicest place they knew in winter. At home there was often no fire and no light, not even a farthing 'dip,' to cast a cheering ray across garret or cellar. Their little pinched, red noses and chilblained hands and feet showed how sharply these river-side children suffered from scant food and fuel in the bitter November cold. There was more noise and commotion than usual on this particular Sunday afternoon when the bell rang and the classes broke up. Teachers and monitors tried to control them, and enforce some order into their manner of departure, but the children scrambled over the forms, and hustled and pushed, in wild hurry and eagerness to reach a certain spot near the door-way, where stood a pretty young lady, smiling and nodding as the children surged round her, shouting and calling at the top of their shrill little voices, "How d'ye do, Miss Mary?" "Welcome back, dear Miss Mary!" as if they were just overjoyed at seeing her.

The pretty young lady was the Vicar's daughter, who had left to be married some time ago. So you see she was not '*Miss* Mary' any longer, but *Mrs.* Somebody now; but the children did not regard that. And she had returned this Sunday afternoon, after an absence of eighteen months, to have a look at the old schoolroom once again, and to meet these rough little river-side children, whom she knew all by name, and loved so much, having known and taught them from babyhood.

'Miss Mary' had crept in quietly just while the last verse of the closing hymn was being sung; but she was quickly recognised, and as soon as the breaking-up bell had given its first testy little tingle the children's enthusiasm broke loose, and, in spite of teachers and monitors, there they were, scrambling and rushing and crowding around 'Miss Mary,' shouting 'Welcome!' till they were hoarse. They were not content with merely shouting, they wanted 'Miss Mary' to notice them each individually, and there were twenty, and more, little hands outstretched to be shaken, and a dozen others, not able to touch her in any other way, were patting her sealskin jacket, hoping she would feel them presently, and give them a nod all to themselves. Amongst those eagerest to be noticed were two neatly dressed little girls, evidently sisters, who

seemed frantic in their efforts to make 'Miss Mary' see them. They were on the outskirts of the small crowd, and, with all their pushing and scrambling and sharp little elbow-digs into the sides of their neighbours, were unable to get any nearer for some time.

'Miss Mary's' eyes did rest on them once or twice, even at this distance, and she nodded; but the nod was not to their satisfaction, there was not hearty recognition in it, it was a puzzled nod, and the smaller one cried out to her sister at last—

"I don't believe she knows us, Poll, there! not a bit! She thinks we're some other children!"

"And of course she don't know you!" said a pert little school-fellow scornfully, turning round close at her side. "Who'd ever know pigs if they changed into peacocks sudd*ing*ly, or Thames rats if they came out swans!"

There was a burst of laughter all round. The speech, though impolite, was forcible, and the two little sisters themselves joined in the laughter. There was so much truth in the insult they resolved to let it pass.

The crowd was gradually thinning, aided by 'Miss Mary,' who had regard to the clock. Teachers and monitors were at last getting the children into some order, and making them file out at the door in proper twos; and by-and-by, quite at the last, the two little sisters, who had been likened by their class-fellow to 'pigs' and 'Thames rats,' got close up, and stood before 'Miss Mary.' Giving them her hand, she looked down at them with the puzzled look they had noticed before, and it seemed now to amuse the children very much. They stood smiling and twinkling up into her face as if it were the best joke in the world.

"Don't you know us, Miss Mary?" asked the elder one, pressing forward.

"Well, not *quite*. What are your names, children?" inquired Miss Mary.

"Why '*Sooty*' and '*Smuts*' — we're 'Sooty' and 'Smuts,' of course!" cried both children in a breath. "*Now* don't you remember us?"

A sudden light came over 'Miss Mary's' face, a look of great pleasure and wonderment. The mention of 'Sooty' and 'Smuts' brought up to her recollection a couple of children who, eighteen months ago, had been the shabbiest and wretchedest and most neglected-looking of all the children attending St. Peter's Schools. They used to come with their hair unkempt and tangled, their clothes hanging in rags about them, the brims of their hats half off, their bare toes showing at the ends of their boots, and their faces so disfigured and grimy with the dirt and smoke of the river-side, that their class-fellows—who were by no means spotless themselves—had nicknamed them 'Sooty' and 'Smuts.' And the *home* of these children!

Miss Mary thought of that too. A tenement in a dark place called Tripe Court, in which sometimes the little babies in their cradles were attacked by the rats infesting the river, and where there seemed no cleanliness and no peace and no security for any one. Looking down at the children now before her, Miss Mary's blue eyes grew larger and larger with surprise. She could scarcely believe her own senses. Where were the rags? where was the dirt? where the unkempt hair, and the torn boots, and the battered hats of the children she remembered? Gone! and in their places these two neatly dressed little people, with a good soap polish on their faces, and not a rag or a hole about them!

"'Sooty' and 'Smuts,' the Mites of Tripe Court—*really?*" exclaimed Miss Mary, as the delightful truth dawned upon her at last, that they were those very same children, only changed.

"Yes, Miss Mary, 'Sooty' and 'Smuts' we are!" cried the children triumphantly; "but we don't live in Tripe Court any more, we lives in Inkerman Lane, and we feeds reg'lar every day, and we belongs to the Band o' Hope, and father's signed the pledge, and—and—" They were hustled off at this moment with the rest of the children towards the door, but they looked back and flung the rest of their sentence over their shoulders. "And, Miss Mary!" they shouted as they disappeared, "*'twas all along o' baby!*"

If it had not been for the sound of the Church bells clanging up from the river-side, in their hot haste to call on late comers, during the last five minutes before service commenced, the Vicar's daughter would have detained the two little sisters to hear the story I am about to tell you, of how the miserable Mite family, of Tripe Court, had become prosperous, and how, as 'Sooty' and 'Smuts' had said, "'Twas all along o' baby!"

CHAPTER II.—TRIPE COURT.

EIGHTEEN months ago, in mid-winter, at about twelve o'clock one morning, two wretched children, girls of about seven and nine, might have been seen rushing down

Tripe Court at full speed, looking back every now and then with affrighted faces as if all the tigers and wolves in the world were after them. A fog, thick and yellow, like a bad-coloured blanket, hung over London, especially about the Thames, hiding everything on its murky waters in impenetrable gloom. One end of the narrow street called Tripe Court opened on to the river, and the mud and slime of its banks seemed not only to cover the uneven footway, but to have crept up with the damp and set

Down the court at full speed.

their unsavoury hue on the fronts of the houses. The houses were tumbled-down, rickety dwellings of three stories high, crammed with rickety children and rickety folk of all ages. One hardly knew which to pity most, the poor little boneless, big-headed children who swarmed there, or the poor *old* people with their lumbago, and rheumatics, and worn-out bodies and hearts that had long ceased to hope for any warmth or comfort on earth.

Well it was for those aged ones—and the Vicar and the district visitors could have happily pointed you to some here and there —who in their dark and draughty corners, and in their pain, were able to contemplate with quiet rapture their entrance that soon must be, into that—

> "Happy land,
> Far, far away,"

whose music sometimes seemed to reach them in faint sweet echoes, borne through endless vistas of gone years, when through an open door or window they heard their children's children singing the dear familiar hymn on Sunday afternoons in the mission church of St. Peter close by.

Up from the river a keen, icy wind was blowing to-day, making the rags that hung on them in the name of clothes, to flutter about the two children, as, clinging to each other, they ran headlong down the court. Their terror was evidently from behind. Something was at their heels, or they fancied it was, and pressing them very closely, for they kept glancing back, and ran all the madder when they saw it was gaining upon them. What could their eyes see in the yellow mists—a bull, broken loose, and wild from the shambles, tearing after them; or, a runaway horse, with fly-away mane and snorting nostrils? Yet neither of these could it have been, for neither bull nor horse could have wedged itself in at the doorway or walked up the stairs of the house in Tripe Court, into which the children at last bolted, and they seemed not a whit calmer for gaining this shelter than when they were outside. Whatever was pursuing them could pursue them into their very home —it was clear the children felt that. Helter-skelter they scrambled up the stairs; they were met half-way by a big rat calmly descending from the upper regions, but that was nothing, —rats in Tripe Court were thought little of, unless they got into the larders or gnawed the babies. Reaching the first-floor front room, the children burst in with the distracted cry, "Mother! mother! he's coming! he's coming down the court *now*, as fierce as he can be!"

The room was clearly a place where 'washing was taken in.' A clothes-line hung along the blackened ceiling, on which a few tattered and coarse under-garments were hanging out to dry in a sorry sort of way, with arms and legs extended, showing the great gaps and rents in them. The air was full of steam, and a strong smell of soap-suds pervaded it. The wooden floor was

bare, and there were great holes in the skirting boards, suggestive of mice and rats, and black beetles, and other crawling things, which made one wonder how any one could settle themselves down to sleep at night in Tripe Court. Perhaps no one ever did, at least not in this particular room, for where were the beds? They were not evident on first entering, and the family inhabiting this room had no other apartment. They ate, drank, and must have slept—if they ever wanted to sleep—here. In the general muddle and dirt of the place, for it was very dirty notwithstanding the presence of soap and water, one could see a broken chair or two and a table, and a few other articles of miserable furniture. A safe, hung up by a cord like a bird cage in mid air, was discernible through the steam and fog in one corner. It had once on a time been a *wire* safe, but the wire had long ago been torn off it by the pests of these poor dwellings, the rats, and now there remained only the wooden framework, exhibiting to view on every side the broken scraps of cheese and bread, and dried fish, and what-not that made up the household larder. It was a 'safe' still in its exalted position, so far as the rats and mice were concerned, but not as regarded anything else. The smoke, and smuts, and blacks of the foul river-side got in and covered the food, and a thieving hand had only to be outstretched to get from it anything it wanted.

In front of the fire, which was the one bright spot in the room, a crazy old wicker cradle was set. A tattered shawl had been thrown over the head to keep the draughts out from the little bundle that lay inside. At the window, before a large wash-tub, enveloped in steam, a woman was busy wringing sheets. She turned as the children entered, and the impression that one first got of her was that she was a stout, bonny sort of person, with a very broad chest and back, and strong arms, and a healthy red face. Looking closer, however, the impression faded. In every line of her face, rendered hot and red from her exertions over her tub, there was suffering written. Her forehead was crumpled with it, her large, dark eyes expressed it, her lips were drawn tightly together by it; she wore, in short, the anxious, harassed look of a person goaded by some intolerable pain, from which there was not an instant's respite or relief.

Bridget Mite, for this was the woman's name, the mother of the two fugitive children, had been a sufferer for years from a bad leg, such a leg as poor washerwomen and others get from standing continually over their employment. She had been treated for it from time to time at the workhouse dispensary, but as *rest* was what was always prescribed for her there, and as rest in her miserable circumstances she could not have, being, though not a widow, the chief bread-winner of the family, her visits to the parish doctor were of little use, and her leg now was worse than it had ever been before. At her children's cry—"Mother, mother, he's coming, he's coming down the court *now*, as fierce as he can be"—Bridget dropped the sheet she was wringing, shook her hands free of water, and caught up in her red, smoking arms the little bundle out of the cradle. Then she said, pushing back the hair from her heated forehead with a gesture of great weariness, mingled with a slight touch of impatience, "Prepare the bed, children."

As if it were a matter of routine they were quite accustomed to, the two little girls had already flown to a corner of the room, in which there was a thing propped upright against the wall, and were hauling it down with all their might. It turned out to be a folding-up bedstead. They prepared it with an old mattress and pillow with quickest despatch, then, leaving it ready for whoever was coming to lie on it, the poor little creatures, after their struggles, came over and stood beside 'Mother,' holding a little bit of her gown, and their eyes fixed intently towards the door. In perfect silence they waited a few moments, then their faces grew more apprehensive, and they took a firmer grip of mother's gown. A footstep was heard underneath the window, next a loud thud against the house-door, as if an elbow had forced it open, then a voice muttering and growling at something, and a sounding blow against the wooden stair.

"That's the rat," said Polly, the elder child, to her little sister Sue, under her breath; "he's having a whack at that there rat we met a-comin' in."

There was another whack, and another, and yet another, and the two little sisters, as they listened, could not help bursting out into an hysterical sort of giggle, for they knew the rat was being missed each time.

They did not giggle for long though; their faces quickly re-assumed their terrified expression as the game of trying conclusions with the rat below was soon given up and the tumbling, and bumping, and creaking of uncertain footsteps began ascending the stairs.

They came nearer and nearer, those footsteps, there was a grand tumble and shuffle finally on the landing outside, a fumbling at the door handle, and then the door burst open and the dreaded figure before whom the children had fled dismayed, appeared on the threshold,—the figure that of all others should have brought joy to that home, at whose coming there should have been little arms outstretched to welcome, little lips put up to be kissed, little happy voices shouting 'Father!' and a woman's heart, whatever her bodily sufferings, made infinitely lighter and gladder. For the figure who entered only to bring consternation and trouble was none other than that of Tom Mite, the father of the children and the husband of Bridget. *Father* and *husband*, he was a disgrace to the sacred names. He stumbled in,—a fearful-looking object in his drunkenness, his clothes covered with mud where he had had a tumble, his eyes fearfully bloodshot and rolling, his hat crushed in, his hair anyhow, and his great fists clenched and held in front of him as if he were parrying, or preparing to deal a blow. No bear ever looked more morose, no bear ever more dangerous. He advanced a few steps, pointing at the wall straight in front of him, and 'hallooing' and shouting to an imaginary object, then something brought him up short—a wooden stool, lying back downwards on the floor, with its one leg in the air. He looked down at it, began swearing at it, and trying to smite it with his fists, as he had tried to smite the rat on the stair; he found he could not hit it any more than the rat; he did not stoop low enough; but the stool could not do what the rat could—run away; it remained, and with a fearful oath the wretched man at last kicked it violently with his boot and sent it spinning and whirling across the boards in the direction of the window. Seeing the stool making straight for them with its one little dangerous spike, the children fled in different directions from their mother's side to avoid it. The next moment they heard a cry and a moan, and they saw their mother leaning backwards with her face whiter than anything else in the room, and her eyes closed. They saw what had happened: the stool had hit mother, hit her on her bad leg. They ran forward to her assistance—she clutched at them just as she was fainting, and they all fell to the ground together, and the man, who should have been the first to raise and succour them, strode to the bed and lay down to snore.

CHAPTER III.—BRIDGET'S RESOLVE.

If it had been on any other occasion, the little sisters, Poll and Sue, would probably have laughed at their all rolling over together, but oh! it was impossible to laugh. There was poor baby screaming on the floor, where it had rolled when the mother's arms slackened their grasp and let it go; and there was mother lying so perfectly still and white on the bare hard boards, making no effort to rise, that a fear stole over them that she might be dead.

They quickly regained their feet. Sue picked up the baby, and Poll stooped low down over her mother, and called anxiously once or twice, "Mother, dear!" There was no answer.

"One of us must go for Mrs. Treeby, or else Mrs. Job," said Sue decisively, rocking the baby to and fro.

"Not Mrs. Treeby—Mrs. Job," replied Poll as decisively. "Mother likes her the best."

The women spoken of were near neighbours, and both equally kind, but with this difference: that the one came in and helped quietly in emergencies, without comment, and the other came in and helped, but passed her remarks, and gave her advice freely upon everything. Mrs. Treeby would remark on the dirty floor, and insist on scrubbing it there and then, whether convenient or otherwise. She would wonder that Bridget did not set to work and mend the children's clothes, and tidy her room oftener. Did she like such rags, and dirt, and disorder? She really thought she must, or she would manage differently. Then Mrs. Treeby would rate away at Tom Mite for his drunkenness, and make him angrier than before, and call him a brute and other names behind his back to Bridget, who of course did not like it. Wives never do like to hear their husbands abused by others, however bad they may be; at least the *good* wives do not, for there is always the remembrance of that solemn vow they made once 'to obey, serve, love, and honour' him, and in their own undaunted fidelity they cling to the hope that if not possible *now*, they will be able to do it all again one day when Tom, Jack, or Bill shall have been won back to the paths of holiness and sobriety from which he has for a time strayed.

The other neighbour, Mrs. Job, loved cleanliness and order, and sober husbands, quite as well as did Mrs. Treeby. She saw the dirt and disorder of poor Bridget's home,

the rags of the children, their grimy faces which had earned for them at St. Peter's Schools the nicknames of 'Sooty' and 'Smuts.' She had quite as critical an eye for these things as had Mrs. Treeby, but when she was called in to help, Mary Job remarked on none of them. She made proper allowances for Bridget, she knew what a sufferer she was and how she toiled at that tub for bare bread, and how, with that aching, throbbing leg of hers, she must have felt after her washing was done in the days that she must let everything else go just for a few minutes' rest, that she was beyond scrubbing floors, or mending clothes, or tidying up her 'place,' and if people thought her careless and blind to it all, well they must. It never occurred to Mary Job to think such a thing, and she would have been ready to give her poor friend, Bridget Mite, credit at any moment for having the same longing and aspirations after better things that she herself felt in her own home in Tripe Court, though it was cleaner than the Mites',—those longings that found expression in the hymn they sometimes sang at the little river-side mission church, and which brought tears to the eyes of so many—

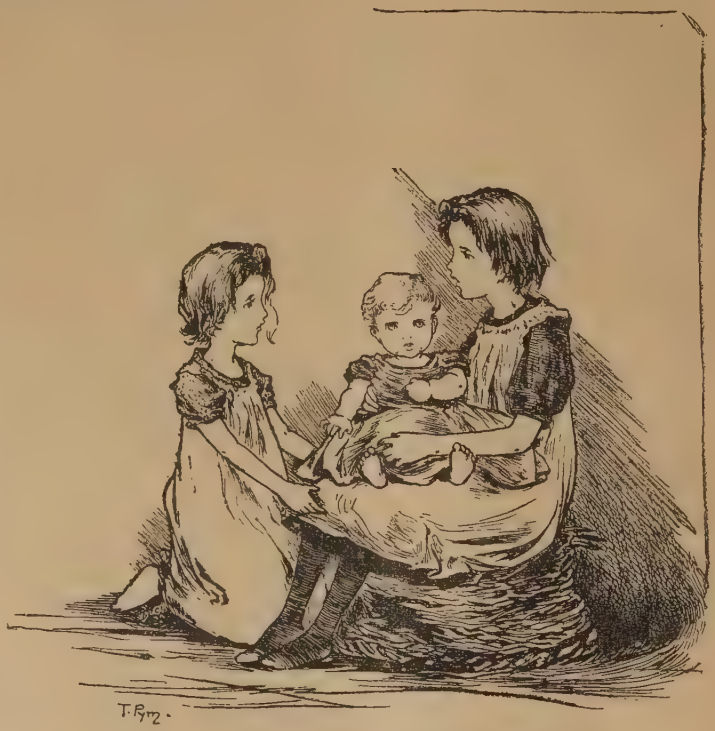
"O for the pearly gates of heaven;
O for the golden floor;
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more!"

And Mary Job never abused Bridget's husband, or took him to task for his drunkenness. She knew that the kind, true way of helping Bridget was to take things as she found them, without passing any remarks or proffering advice. So little Poll guessed quite rightly when she said mother liked Mrs. Job the best.

"Which of us shall go?" asked Sue.

"*You* go, and leave me baby, and I'll stand by mother," said Poll, with her little black face looking very pinched and miserable.

Sue gave up the baby, and ran off. In less than three minutes she came running back, followed by Mary Job, a thin, spare woman, with arms bare to the elbow and steaming, as if she, too, had been washing. Without a word she knelt down beside Bridget, loosened her gown, raised her in her arms, and pressed something between her lips that she had brought with her in a bottle. The little girls stood by, intently watching everything that Mrs. Job did. By-and-by



"*You* go, and leave me baby."

one of mother's hands moved, a slight colour came back into her cheeks and lips, and she opened her eyes and looked piteously into those of her friend.

"My leg," she whispered, with a sharp stab of pain convulsing her features; "the leg of that stool caught against it."

She did not say whose foot had hurled it towards her. But Mrs. Job knew, for little Sue had told her.

"It's broke the skin, from the feel of it. However shall I get up?"

She made an attempt to rise to get into the chair Mrs. Job set for her, but the pain

and the effort were too much, she would have fainted again if she had persevered.

"Stay where you are, then, till you feel a bit stronger," said her neighbour. "Polly,—oh, no, *you've* got the baby,—Sue I mean, just bring the chair round to mother's back, and she can lean against it—*so;* and now I'll look at the leg; perhaps a wet bandage may soothe it, my dear, and draw some o' the sting out."

Mrs. Job then proceeded to examine the poor limb, and was shocked to find what a state it was in. The spike of the stool had broken the tight purple skin, and inflicted a terrible wound.

"You must see the doctor for this, that's sure," said Mrs. Job gravely.

"It won't be any good. I was at the Dispensary last week," said poor Bridget faintly, "and they told me then it was no good my coming any more—they couldn't do anything more for me as an *out*-patient."

"They wanted you to go into the Infirmary?" suggested Mrs. Job very gently. She was almost afraid of mentioning the Infirmary to Bridget, for she knew how for the past six months or more, friends had been advising her to go in, and how Bridget had seemed to resent the bare notion of leaving home as almost an insult to her, and certainly an impossible thing. Only the very last time when Mrs. Treeby had urged it upon her, saying it would "serve that lout of a husband of hers richly right to be left alone, and to have to shift for himself for a little, and she only hoped she'd do it," Poll and Sue heard their mother say, "No. I never shall, Mrs. Treeby. I'd rather die than go." And when kind 'Miss Mary,' the Vicar's daughter, had come the other day to say 'farewell' before her marriage, and had begged Bridget to think of it as really the best thing she could do, for all their sakes, she had made the same quiet determined answer, "I never shall, Miss Mary. I could never leave them all. I'd rather die first." So the answer Bridget gave now to Mrs. Job's half-timid question, "They wanted you to go into the Infirmary?" surprised the children out of their seven senses.

"Yes," she said. "They wanted me, and I shall go now."

Poll and Sue stared at their mother aghast. Had they heard rightly? Was mother dreaming? She had closed her eyes—yes, she must be dreaming. Such a dreadful thing as mother leaving them and going away could not be true. But their poor little hearts misgave them the next moment, for mother opened her eyes and said quite calmly—

"They will let me have baby in with me; she's not weaned yet; and you'll look after the others a bit as far as you can?"

"Oh! yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Job, taken aback too at Bridget's sudden resolution, "I'll have a h'eye to them while you're in. You're downright sensible, Bridget, to make up your mind. Let's see, what is baby's age?"

A thought had struck Mrs. Job which made her anxious on the subject. Babies, she knew, were not allowed into the Infirmary with their mothers after a certain age.

"A twelvemonth old; but I haven't weaned her yet," said the mother, knowing what was in her neighbour's mind. "And Mrs. Blea told me they allowed them in if they were not weaned."

She spoke as if she were growing faint again, and Mrs. Job bade her not to talk any more for the present.

"I'll just run back home now and give my children their dinner," said Mrs. Job to little Poll and Sue, who were still looking most amazed and frightened at what mother had said, "and then I'll come back again with some of our stew for mother and you—it'll do her good. There don't seem anything preparing."

No, there was no saucepan on the fire, no signs of dinner coming in the poor room, and when Mrs. Job, after a very short absence, came running back with a bowl full of hot stew enough for them all, Poll and Sue forgot their trouble a little in satisfying the sharp cravings of hunger. But their minds were not easier for long. Mother could not be persuaded to eat her share, she seemed to be busy worrying and thinking over something and suffering acute pain, which made her close her eyes and moan now and then. Presently she said to Mrs. Job—

"Could you go this afternoon, Mary, to the House, and see about the order for getting me in? I'll go as soon as they can take me"—which terrified them afresh.

Mother then really did mean to go into the Infirmary.

"Yes, I'll go off *now*," said Mrs. Job, delighted to see that she was still in the same mind. She had fully expected Bridget to change it. "They'll want to know your age, dear, and where you was born, and how long you've been in the parish, and when

"Mother could not be persuaded to eat her share."

you was married, and how many children you've got, and what your husband is, and what his father and mother was, and what *his* father and mother was before him, and a whole heap o' things one doesn't see the reason for."

Bridget, from her hard couch on the floor, supplied such information as she could to her friend to carry to the workhouse authorities, and then Mrs. Job left, saying she would be back as soon as she could. After this, Bridget shut her eyes and was very quiet, and with the baby clasped in her arms she seemed to sleep a little. Then the miserable children began to whisper to each other, huddling over the fire.

"Whatever shall us do if mother goes and leaves us!" said Sue.

"Run away," said Poll. "*I* shall! Fancy being left without mother to be thumped and bumped about by *him*!" jerking her little black thumb backwards towards the bed where Tom Mice was sounding his heavy sleep.

"Yes, we'll run away," assented Sue, as if it were quite the best thing to have thought of.

(*To be continued.*)

IN NAZARETH'S MARKET-PLACE.

A Child's Hymn.

O JESUS, it is good for me,
In fancy, as a child, to be
With Thee in Nazareth's market-place,
To see Thy lovely boyish grace,
To see and share in childhood's days
Thy pleasant, noble, sinless ways,
And learn by that young life of Thine
How childhood's days may be divine.

'Tis good to hear Thy youthful voice
Join with the comrades that rejoice;
To hear Thee plead with earnest might
With hasty boys who turn to fight;
To see Thee very gently bear
Both wrath and taunt and deed unfair;
To see Thee brave and kind to all,
To good, to bad, to great, to small.

O Jesus, it is good for me
To spend my childhood's days with Thee,
And by companionship divine
Catch some of those dear ways of Thine,
That I may share the gentle mind
Of God, the Father of mankind,
And be like Thee, in every place,
His child by daily heavenly grace.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

HOME NOTES.

THE NEW YEAR.

THERE are some lines of Arthur Hugh Clough's which the prospect of a New Year never fails to recall.

> "Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
> Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
> And where the land she travels from? Away
> Far, far behind, is all that they can say."

It would be hard indeed to express more simply or sincerely the uncertainty and ignorance with which we set out on our way. All around us so dark and so unknown; such infinite possibilities of shipwreck shrouded, and mercifully shrouded, from our view. All the perils to which we are exposed as a nation; all the sorrows that may sweep upon our homes; all the doubts and temptations that may make havoc in our hearts; who could face all this alone in his weakness without a sense of utter hopelessness and despair? But happily the helm is not in our hands. Now and then, it is true, in our folly and our wilfulness we may snatch at the tiller, and turn aside from the true course for a moment, and suffer for it too; but the course will not be of our steering, and another Hand will bring us safe into the desired haven. What He has in store for us we cannot tell. Only this we do know; that not a year passes without its opportunity of proving in Whom we believe and Whom we fear; whether it be the lust, the cruelty, and the cowardice of hell, or the purity, the love, and the fidelity of heaven. When the hour of trial comes may none of us be found wanting!

ANOTHER BLOW FOR THE "COPERS."

The Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen has struck another severe blow at the "Copers," those floating grog ships which are the ruin and curse of the crews of our fishing fleets. These vessels carry, not only spirits, but tobacco as well; and, as their cargo pays no duty in English ports, they can sell at such low rates that there is a great inducement to sailors to buy their tobacco at sea instead of on land. But once on board the grog ship they are tempted to drink, and in many cases the good resolutions sincerely made and honestly kept are all swept away. The traders themselves admit that their tobacco sales are their chief strength, enabling them to get hold of many men whom they could reach in no other way. To meet this evil, an attempt was made by the Deep-Sea Mission to obtain permission from the Customs authorities to take out tobacco duty free, a concession already granted to ships bound for long voyages. The loss to the revenue would have been imperceptible, inasmuch as the tobacco that is now sold and bought at sea pays no duty at all; but, in spite of this, the authorities refused to grant the permission required. Every possible effort was made to secure the aid of the Custom House, but in vain; so other means had to be taken. The tobacco is bought abroad, sold at its cost price, and never brought home; in this way the duty is avoided. In the five fleets which have a mission-ship with them, as Mr. Mather, the director of the society, points out, "the coper's day is over." Every one will endorse his words when he adds that public sympathy needs to be still more deeply stirred, and that the work of reform will not be crowned till we see accompanying every fleet "a vessel which is at once a floating church, dispensary, library, and temperance hall—a veritable anti-coper."

BOOKS FOR SAILORS.

Most of the houses which we happen to know might be divided into two great classes; those that are overcrowded with books, and those that have too few. In the one case a single table will contain the whole library of the family; in the other, books stray all over the house and even make their way into the attic, carrying with them dust and discomfort. A little searching would bring to light a great many volumes and periodicals which have gone out of use, and only take up valuable space where they are. Clear them out and send them where they will be of some service in the world. Put them together and forward the parcel to a society like the Association at Plymouth, which supplies bags of literature to the innumerable merchant and emigrant ships that leave our ports. Last year they distributed nearly a thousand bags, and they hope to do the same amount of work in this, if they are well backed up by their friends. Bibles and hymn-books would be specially acceptable, but other literature is always welcome as well. Parcels may be forwarded to Miss A. Pearse, 5, Bedford Terrace, Plymouth. It is an excellent and easy way of doing good.

THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY ON MORAL REFORM.

Mr. Horsley's clear and manly utterance on the subject of the Criminal Law Amendment Act ought to clear away a great deal of the ignorance and prejudice with which the friends of moral reform have had to contend during the last few months. We have been told again and again in the public press that the evidence given in the Armstrong case had proved beyond doubt that criminal vice was almost unknown in England. Mr. Horsley, who speaks with the authority of position and experience as chaplain of Clerkenwell prison, maintains that the recent revelations only impress upon the conscience and intelligence of the nation the facts which he and others have been trying to bring home to us for years; he objects to the way in which success has been won, but the facts, he tells us, are facts, and not fiction. Was the Act needed, is another question that we often hear. Let any inquirer notice the records of the winter assizes in all parts of the country; he will find the list full of cases under the

Act: most of them offences which, in spite of their degradation and brutality, could not have been punished under the law as it stood till last spring. And as for the false charges, of which we heard so much when the Bill was under discussion, and "the black mail," of which we heard even more, hitherto not a single complaint has been made of either one or the other. In time even the most bitter opponents of the movement will have their eyes opened to the truth, and will recognise the good that has been done.

THE CONFERENCE ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

The conference at the City Temple was an excellent idea, and it cannot fail to do good. For whatever may be the ultimate issue of this great controversy, it is above all things essential that a religious question should be discussed in a religious spirit, rigorously eschewing rancour, enmity, and malice. And when the leaders on both sides can be got together to discuss the subject in conference, a purer and healthier air takes the place of the feverish and heated atmosphere of the party platform, and unfair abuse and ungenerous taunts are discarded by common consent. If we could discuss and settle all our political, social, and religious differences face to face in this way, we should be much more likely to arrive at a speedy and satisfactory settlement, with much less of ill-feeling than often prevails at present. Meantime one thought is suggested by what passed at the conference. If opponents can be thus courteous when they are met together, can they not preserve the same tone of mutual forbearance and charity when they are separated? It ought not to be—it is not—impossible.

CHURCH REFORM.

It is quite clear that before long we shall see a great movement to secure Church Reform. The most loyal and devoted adherents of the Church of England are, with a few exceptions, the first to recognise that the existing state of things cannot be suffered to continue; the champions of Church defence will, as a rule, be the champions of Church Reform. The system of patronage will, of course, be the first point of attack, and a determined effort will be made to remedy many practical abuses. The traffic in livings will be suppressed; the power of the Bishop to refuse to institute those who are physically, mentally, or morally unfit, will be enlarged; and, what is of more importance, public opinion will support the Bishop in using his power. Some method also will be devised of giving the parishioners a voice in the appointment of their clergy, either by protest or possibly by veto. In fact, we may expect changes of the most vital kind in the whole organization and system of the Church. The Cambridge Memorial from the Heads of Houses and the professors, which has attracted a good deal of public attention, also advocates the admission of the laity to a substantial share in Church government, and it will probably be around this special question that the keenest controversy will centre. It is bad for laymen, and worse for the clergy, that laymen should be powerless as they are at present, and any change to increase their authority and influence will enlist the sympathy of all who care for the religious and moral welfare of the country. It is to be regretted that the movement should have fallen in such troublous times; the Irish problem is likely to engross the time and thought of Parliament for a long while to come, to the exclusion of other questions, whatever their importance.

LORD COLERIDGE AND THE CRIMINAL LAW.

Lord Coleridge's address at the St. Giles's Mission to discharged prisoners has provoked a good deal more criticism than the speaker probably anticipated; but when a Chief Justice will propound views so novel and so unsound, he cannot complain if protests are loud and vigorous. He set out with demanding "greater leniency in the scale of punishments," and asserts that many "sentences do nothing but unmixed harm." It would have been much more accurate to say that the scale of penalties needs revision; that some offences—for instance, those against property—are punished with ruthless severity, while other and more serious crimes against women and children escape with comparative impunity. We need revision and redistribution much more than reduction. Then Lord Coleridge went on to deplore the necessity which the law imposes upon judges to inflict long sentences for petty offences when repeated. The offences, he said, may be numerous, but individually they are petty still, and to punish them as if they were grave crimes produces a sense of injustice and a revolt against law and order. There are two facts, however, that we must not forget. Firstly, that punishment is inflicted not only with purposes of retribution and reform, but also in the defence of society at large, to protect it against the spread of crimes, which would certainly take place if they were unpunished. And secondly, that a prolonged series of petty offences, in nine cases out of ten, means that the offender lacks only the character and the intelligence to attempt more aggravated crimes. Something too should be said for the people who are obliged to suffer from them, the women and the children on whom the persistent and uncompromising offences, like the dropping of water, are for ever falling. The bench sees too little of real life, and so has a tendency to look at things from a false point of view.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

M. PAUL BERT AND INTOLERANCE IN FRANCE.

M. Paul Bert has for many years been so prominently associated with those who are hostile to religious faith in all its forms, that it is a welcome surprise to find him frankly confessing that the suppression of Protestantism in France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes has done serious injury to the moral as well as the religious life of the nation.

The French correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom*, the magazine of the Evangelical Alliance, publishes a passage extracted from one of M. Bert's recent articles which is full of interest for all of us. It is only natural that the writer should protest against persecution as creating a permanent and legal antagonism between citizens, by suppressing freedom of thought and expression, and so removing one of the forces which, however slowly and imperceptibly, in the long run do modify even the most iron-bound systems and creeds; but when he goes on to point out that infallible absolutism generates scepticism and intolerant negation, not only in the region of faith but in that of thought and of politics as well, he strikes a new note which has not been heard among those of his school, though observers outside have insisted upon the importance and the reality of the law. The political schools of France have indeed "borrowed from sectarianism;" each sets itself up as a Pope, admitting "no safety, reason, or honesty beyond its pale." Catholicism has impressed its spirit upon its bitterest foes. Fanaticism breeds fanaticism, and intolerance on one side is confronted by intolerance on the other.

THE STATE OF SPAIN.

It seems as if the misfortunes of unhappy Spain are to have no end. One disaster follows close upon another; there is no pause or respite of her sufferings. First there was revolution, accompanied by all the horrors of civil war. Then followed earthquake and famine. Afterwards pestilence in two successive years swept away the people by thousands at a time. And now there is again renewed peril of political chaos and commotion. The King's death is a terrible blow to the hopes of all who long to see a strong and settled government established in the land. He had proved that he was brave both in facing physical danger and in opposing the passionate folly of the people; and it seemed as if under his rule the nation might forget the troubles and conflicts of the past. But now he has passed away, and within a day or two he was followed by Marshal Serrano, who has played so important a part in recent Spanish history. To lose two such men at once is a sore trial for any nation. There is, however, one reason for real thankfulness. The leaders of both political parties seem to be acting in a patriotic spirit, and the Queen Regent will be supported by all the help that they can give her. She is sure to need it all. The poor little Queen, only five years old now, will have many a stormy time to pass through, we fear, and her childhood will not be so bright and happy as that of more fortunate children who are not born to a throne.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

ARCHDEACON JOHNSON AT CAMBRIDGE.

The progress of mission-work reveals itself in many ways, but those who happened to be present in the Senate House at Cambridge on November 12th, when the Rev. Henry Johnson was admitted to an honorary M.A. degree, must have felt that the occasion was almost without a parallel. Mr. Johnson, as many of our readers may remember, is the native Archdeacon in the C.M.S. Churches of the Upper Niger; and the distinction conferred upon him by the University was not for successes won in England, but for the labours of a life devoted to the religious, moral, and intellectual elevation of those belonging to his own race. The honour was a real one, and it had been well earned. All loyal sons of Cambridge will rejoice that the University of Martyn and Selwyn should have conferred upon a devoted missionary the tribute hitherto reserved for soldiers, statesmen, and men of science.

THE MURDER OF WHITE MEN IN NEW GUINEA.

A great deal has been said about the occasional murder of white men in New Guinea, and it has been inferred that the influence of missions in the island has not been real or deep. This is not the view of the late High Commissioner, Sir Peter Scratchley, whose death is a loss to the cause of civilisation in that part of the world; for in a recent communication from a member of his staff which he himself endorsed, it is emphatically stated that the "influence of the missionaries extends over several hundred miles of coast, and has brought peace amongst a people formerly waging continuous war." Still more distinct and definite are his statements about the murder of white men by the islanders. He says—

"If statistics were composed telling the plain, unvarnished truth it would probably be found that almost all the murders of white men by natives were in retribution for insults or brutality. Case after case has come up in which, after hearing the native side of the question, evidence is forthcoming that the murdered man has outraged or assaulted native women, or cheated and robbed the natives in trading."

And taking a special case, that of a man named Reed, over whose death a great outcry has been raised, he states that the man brought his fate upon himself by persisting in his outrages after being warned that he would be punished. Here we have the plain unvarnished facts. When English law is established in the island, and these offences are punished as they should be, this rough but effective method of redress will be superseded; but till we give them something better, we can scarcely complain of their methods.

BRIGHTER NEWS FROM TANGANYIKA AND UGANDA.

After the recent reverses at Uganda and the losses at Tanganyika, the friends of the Church and the London Missionary Societies will be relieved to hear that the prospect in both places has become brighter. The latest letters from Uganda say nothing about any revival of the persecution, so we may assume that for the time, at any rate, the enmity of the

priests and the Arabs has spent its strength. In fact, the Roman Catholic missionaries have returned to the ground which they had quitted for a time; an incident which Mr. Mackay takes to be a sign of real and assured success on the part of those who have stood their ground and battled with the storm. Besides this, the trial seems to have given strength and confidence to the native Christians themselves, and at last, after long delays, a Native Council has been appointed to aid in attacking the Lubare superstition, one of the most pernicious forces with which Christianity has to contend. From Tanganyika, Captain Hore writes that all those who still survive from the original party are in good health, and that the problem of European existence in the climate seems to have been solved. There is a girls' school already established and flourishing, and all looks bright and hopeful for the future.

CHRISTIAN GENEROSITY IN CHINA.

The province of Kwong Tung, of which Canton is the capital, has been absolutely devastated by terrible floods. The parts of it that are inhabited are mainly situated along the banks of rivers kept in their channels by high but unsubstantial dykes; and when these frail barriers once give way, the torrent sweeps wildly over the country, carrying ruin and destruction in its train. In Kwong Tung, not only were houses and homesteads carried away by the flood, but the land also was buried under a mass of sand which submerged soil and harvest together. Sad as the misfortune was for those who had lost their all and were left to starve, "the soul of goodness in things evil" was not suffered to pass unobserved. Although the district had been notorious for its antipathy to Christians and their faith, the little band of Christian believers at once determined to show that no amount of persecution could impair their love and sympathy for those in distress. At their first meeting for worship they made a collection which amounted to more than one hundred dollars, to be expended partly in rice, partly in relieving those whose sufferings had been most severe. That the lesson might be driven home to the hearts of the Chinese, the silver dollars which were thus distributed were wrapped up each in a little leaflet containing an account of the great principles of the Christian faith. It is an ingenious way of pointing a moral, but none will doubt its efficacy.

PAST AND PRESENT IN INDIA.

The Rev. G. H. Rouse, in a letter to the *Baptist Missionary Herald*, gives a most interesting description of a visit to Dinagepore, once the home of John Thomas, a pioneer of Christianity in India before the days of organized missionary effort. He had a large indigo factory at the place, and used to preach to the natives under a great tree about a hundred yards from his home. The indigo vats still remain, Mr. Rouse tells us; but the dwelling-house has been destroyed and the tree cut down. But the site is not forgotten, and the tradition of the old days is not yet extinct. Mr. Rouse and his companions distributed Testaments and tracts in Bengali to the men who had served them as guides, and, not unnaturally, their thoughts recurred to the first humble beginnings of the work which they in their turn were carrying on.

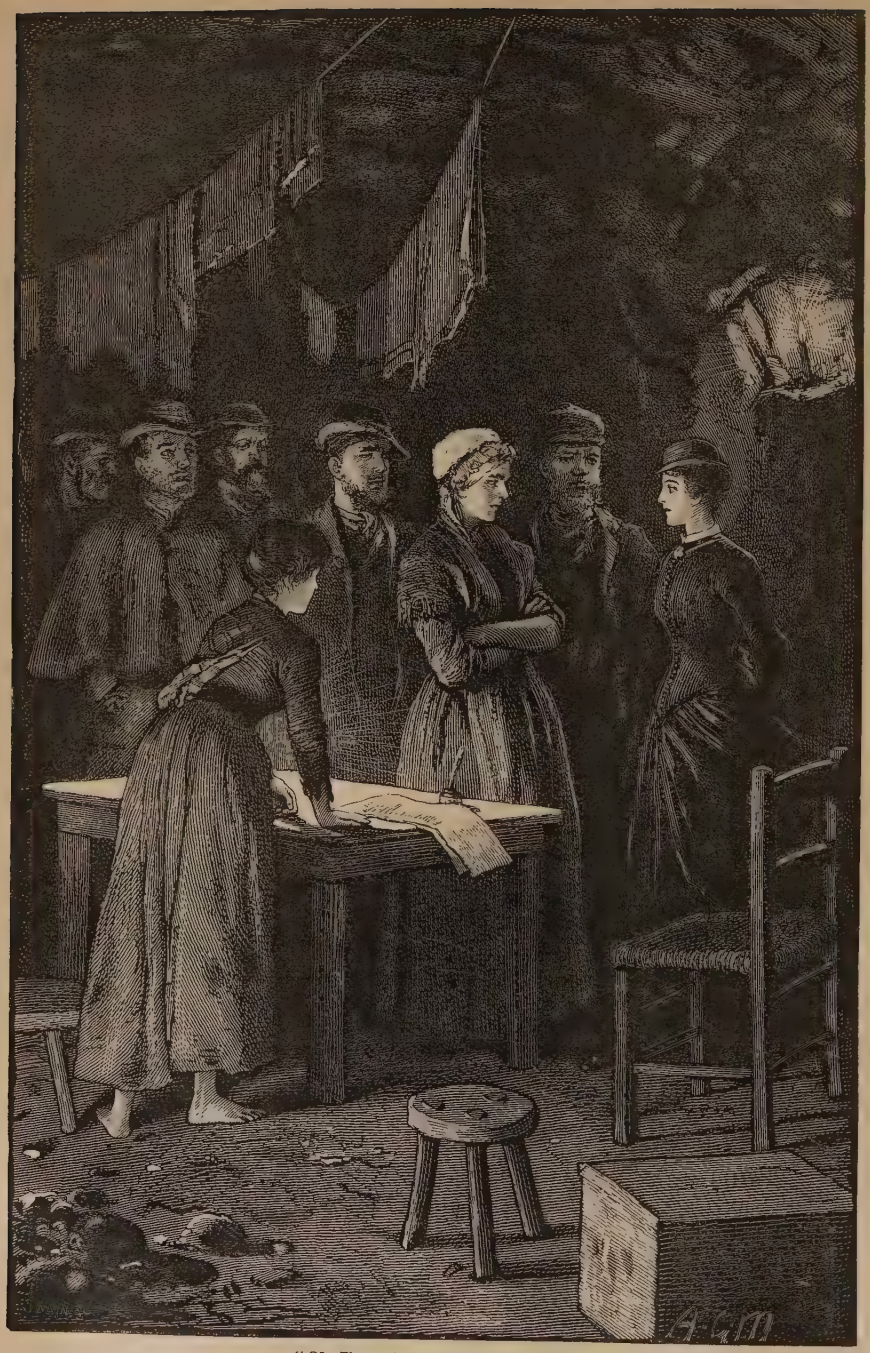
"As we were giving the books away, I thought how, about ninety years ago, within the lifetime of persons now living, John Thomas had written, not many yards off where we were standing, 'I would give a million pounds sterling, if I had it, to see a Bengali Bible. O most merciful God, what an inestimable blessing will it be to these millions! The angels of heaven will look down upon it to fill their mouths with new praises and adoration. Methinks all heaven and hell would be moved at the Bible's entering such a country as this. O Lord, send forth Thy light and Thy truth.' This was written but ninety years ago, and now we had come with a boxful of Bengali Gospels to the very spot. We were but two, but we were representatives of hundreds of other Christian workers who are engaged in distributing Bibles and Scripture portions, not only in Bengali, but in a score of different languages, in India, selling to the Hindus and Mahommedans hundreds of thousands of copies every year. What would not Thomas have given to see what we see?"

And what is true of one country is true of another. There is hardly a place in the world where the love of Christ is not proclaimed in a way that would amaze, as well as delight, Christian hearts of one hundred, or even fifty years ago.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

H. W. HOLLAND.

It is a sad thing to lose a brave man in the very hour when the trumpet is sounding for battle, and the armies of light and of darkness are being arrayed for the fray. At a time like this, when the Churches of Christ are girding up their strength to attack the great social evils of the nation, we can ill spare such a leader as the Rev. H. W. Holland. To the Wesleyan Churches in particular his comparatively early death will be a terrible sorrow. But all good men and true everywhere will feel that the loss is theirs as well. For Mr. Holland had long since distinguished himself as a pioneer of social and moral reform. He made his mark nearly twenty years ago, and had his life been spared he would have done noble service still in the same great cause. Even under the migratory system, which is at once the strength and the weakness of the Wesleyan organization, he was able to make his personal influence felt in the great towns where he was stationed for a time; and when he moved on to new work elsewhere he never failed to leave men behind who honoured and loved him. He had a wonderful clearness and force in his whole nature; he threw his entire strength into all that he undertook; his devotion to the cause of Christ was absolute and intense; he was always pressing onwards, his life was ever an advance.



"Oh, I'm not at all afraid of you."

Page 79.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—IT COMES HOME.

As Squire O'Donnell ordered some lunch at Judson's Hotel, he felt a very melancholy man indeed.

It had been plainly brought home to him during his interview with lawyer Grey, that he was no longer a landowner but a tenant—and a tenant in a worse plight than most. But the Squire's spirits were versatile, and long before he reached Inchfawn that evening, he had become almost cheerful again. He felt quite easy in his mind about the two thousand pounds which he owed for back rent to the Englishman. However lawyer Grey might humbug and try to frighten him, the money could be easily taken out of Ellen's fortune, and for the rest—for that thousand which he must make up now year by year—well, well! he would turn over a new leaf! He would no longer be the easy-going Inchfawn whom all his tenants trusted and loved, he must become severe, cold, hard, calculating. He must work the rent out of those poor crofters, who lived on the barren mountain side; he must sell his shooting, not give it away; the fish which his men caught in Lough Swilly, and which hitherto had gone as a matter of course to the poor fellows themselves to pay them for their trouble, must now be sent into Derry, and be turned into hard, shining silver and gold. His own hunter, too, must go; he could use Geoffrey's sometimes; but, no, no, he forgot, he was too heavy to ride Geoffrey's mare. Well, it would be a new thing not to see Fergus O'Donnell at the meet, but if his boy represented him it did not greatly matter after all. "My colleen Ellen will like to have her old father to walk with her; no, no, the hunting don't matter."

The Squire occupied himself, during all his long drive home, in planning these impossible retrenchments. He did not say a word to his factotum, Pat, who wondered what was up, and by the time he jumped off the car, at his own hall-door, he was in quite a severe mood for him.

Geoffrey was standing on the steps smoking a fragrant cigar, and looking out at the rapidly darkening sky.

"Well, father, you are rather late home," he remarked.

"I've been busy, m' boy, I've been busy," answered the old man, stamping his feet about to warm himself. "We're in for a stiffish frost to-night, Geoffrey, and no mistake. Ha! I say, Pat," as that functionary was driving away with the outside car, "you rub down Timber-topper and give him some oats—no, no, a hot mash will do, and then—harkye boy, you're cold, I dare say; well, drop into the kitchen and have—no, no, I forgot!"

Geoffrey burst out laughing.

"Dear me, father, why is Timber-topper not to have his oats? and I am sure poor Pat would have no objection to the good dinner you half promised him."

"Look here, Geoffrey, I'll have no contradictions; I'll—I'll—I'll—I'm turning over a new leaf, my lad. I—ah! how do, Biddy?"

The virtuous speech which the Squire was beginning to pour into Geoffrey's ear was interrupted by the appearance on the scene of a tall and very bony woman of about fifty. She wore a little faded red shawl; and a black cap, made up of a good deal of velvet, and ornamented with a bunch of artificial flowers, was stuck crooked on her head.

"Well, to be sure, Fergus, but you are late; and what in the world took you off so sudden to Derry, man? Why I had my heart in my mouth when I came back unexpected to-day, and found you gone; but there, come in out of the draught, do."

"Is dinner ready, Biddy?" asked the Squire, as he followed his sister into the house, and stood warming himself by the blaze of the peat-fire in the spacious oak-beamed old hall.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure. Geoffrey, boy, look in and see if the cloth's laid. The fact is, Fergus, I haven't had time to breathe since I came back to the house."

The Squire laughed good-humouredly.

"What's the matter now?" he said. "We were pretty comfortable when you were away."

"Oh, it's all very fine talking; but there has been fine waste, I can tell you, Inchfawn; and what do you think that colleen Ellen has been doing now?"

"Ellen—Ellen! nothing very bad, I'm sure."

"Oh, you always stand up for her, Fergus; you spoil that girl past bearing. Well, she did nothing worse this morning than carry off the larder on her back."

The Squire laughed heartily.

"Just like the girleen," he said; "gone off to feed some poor folks, I'll warrant. But,"—with a heavy sigh and a dark frown—"we must stop all that—we must stop all that. As I was about to say to Geoffrey, we must turn over a new leaf. Harkye, Bridget, there must be no waste from this time forward."

Miss Bridget O'Donnell uttered a shriek.

"Waste! is it me that wastes?" she exclaimed. "Haven't I toiled and moiled for you, Fergus, and is that all the return I get? Didn't I, just the very minute I came in to-day, after toasting m' feet a bit and loosening m' bonnet-strings, make straight off to the kitchen. 'And where's the ham, and the beef, and the bread, Mary?' I said; for if you believe me, Fergus, the larder was as bare as your hand.

"'Oh, ma'am,' says Mary, 'Miss Ellen took them off with her in a basket this morning.'

"There's Ellen for you, Squire, and you talk to me about waste."

The Squire turned his head away to hide something between a smile and a groan.

Miss O'Donnell's shrill voice was quickly heard again.

"And that's not the half nor the quarter. An hour later, as I was sitting in the parlour, having a glass of hot negus and a bit of toast, who should put in his head at the door but Dan, the stable boy: 'And please ma'am, your honour,' says he, 'there's a whole family come new into the yard.'

"'What d'ye mean, Dan?' I said, staring at him.

"''Tis true as ye're sitting there, ma'am,' says he. 'They says as Miss Ellen sent them, and they've come from the other side of the Gap. They were served with a writ, and the roof took off their heads; and Miss Ellen says as they are all to sleep here, and to have a good fire and plenty of victuals. What's to be done with them, ma'am?' says Dan, all perplexed."

During this recital the Squire had grown grave.

"Served with a writ," he muttered, "poor souls—poor souls. And what have you done with them, Bridget?" he asked.

"Well, 'tisn't likely I'd let the creatures starve. Waste is one thing, and the milk of human kindness another; I hope I'm not devoid of that, Inchfawn. But you come and see."

The Squire and Geoffrey followed Miss O'Donnell along certain passages and down some steps until they entered the large and bright Inchfawn kitchen. A roaring fire was sending vast flames up its capacious chimney and in the full sunshine of its warmth squatted the refugees in different attitudes and all thoroughly at home.

Little Mary lay asleep in her mother's arms, while the cook had given herself up solely and entirely to the nursing of the ragged baby. Some plates and cups were scattered on the floor, and some potato peelings which were also lying about bore testimony to an abundant meal which had just been partaken of.

The Squire said a word or two to the man, who rose sheepishly to his feet and pulled his front lock of hair.

"Yes, yes; it's all right, my poor fellow," he said in conclusion. "Dan, you see and put them in the barn where that fresh, sweet hay is. I'll see after you all to-morrow. Writ served, roof taken off; ay, it comes home—it comes home. Geoffrey, just run up to your sister's room and ask her to come along here for a minute; she knew what her old father would wish, bless her."

"If you please, sir," said Dan, here again coming forward, "Miss Ellen have never come back at all, at all, nor the powny nayther, only the big hound, and he's howling in the yard fit to break your heart."

CHAPTER VII.—"I LOST MY WAY."

THESE remarks of Dan's instantly had the effect of changing the whole aspect of affairs in the bright kitchen. Miss O'Donnell uttered two or three piercing shrieks.

"Ellen's killed! the blessed, blessed colleen is killed! The pony has fallen with her, and Ellen has been dashed to pieces at the foot of one of those terrible precipices! Oh! I knew it, I knew it; I knew the Sally-tree had not fallen for any good."

Miss O'Donnell threw herself back in her chair, and went off into violent hysterics. The cook dropped the ragged baby into its father's arms, and proceeded to dash cold water over the lady's face and neck.

"Here, Katie, alanna," she said to one of her kitchen maids, "hould up her feet do, now she'll breathe more aisy."

All the poor people round the fire stood up and began to address Geoffrey in excited and anxious tones. Dan flew into the yard

to bring in Oscar, who lay down instantly at the Squire's feet and moaned.

The sight of the dog seemed to rouse poor O'Donnell, who for the first moment or two had been literally stunned by a terrible fear of he scarcely knew what. He shook himself and spoke in a voice of thunder.

"Stop all that blubbering and noise and nonsense. Dan, go saddle Timber-topper, d'ye hear, this instant. Geoffrey, you come along too. Lost in the Gap and the night is as dark as pitch! well, well, the Lord defend us all."

"'Tis the Irish Sally-tree," began Miss Bridget, rising and trying to dry her dripping locks. "The tree is down, Inchfawn, I warned you never to buy that bit o' land; I knew it boded no good."

"*Has* anybody gone to saddle Timber-topper?" again thundered the Squire, turning his back upon his sister.

At this instant Oscar started to his feet, pricked his ears forward, uttered a short yap of joy, and sprang to the door; it opened and Ellen herself came in. She was very white, and her eyes had a dazed and half-terrified look. She went instantly straight up to her father, and allowed him to fold her in his arms.

"My jewel, my alanna, my colleen," he said; his great deep voice shook, and he kissed her brow several times.

"Now, Ellen, what time is this to come home?" said Miss Bridget, who had instantly recovered herself, and who now came forward and shook Ellen by her arm. In this particular she acted like many another hysterical woman, whose violent grief does not at all prevent her scolding the object of her solicitude the moment that object appears on the scene.

"Katie, lend me a towel, do, till I dry my hair," exclaimed Miss Biddy. "I'm likely to catch a fine cold, miss, with the fright you gave me."

Ellen raised her head; her lips were trembling, and there was still that strange, unusual look of fright in her eyes. She glanced past her aunt at Geoffrey, who shuffled his feet uneasily, and even coloured slightly under her gaze.

"Shela has had a fall and scratched her knees a little. Dan, will you see to her? I'm sorry I'm so late, I—I lost my way."

"Lost your way at the Gap, Ellen?" said O'Donnell; "why it's as straight a road as —as—— What do you mean, child, lost your way?"

"Yes, father, it was turning dark, and—oh! I'm so glad my poor people have come. Donovan, how is little Mary now?"

"Nicely, thank ye kindly, miss."

"Dear father, I found them in such a hopeless condition. Oh! *will* nobody go and see to poor Shela?"

Geoffrey instantly left the kitchen. Ellen had now quite recovered from her momentary tremors, her cheeks burned, she talked fast and excitedly.

Presently the Squire and Miss O'Donnell took her up-stairs, and the Squire again tried to draw from her the history of how she could have possibly lost her way.

"I got on a bridle-path and it was slippery, and Shela fell," she said, but she grew absent again here, and seemed to have nothing further to say.

In the excitement of many events that evening, dinner had been a forgotten meal, but now a heterogeneous supply of food was piled on the board, and Miss O'Donnell and the Squire partook heartily.

Ellen sat by the fire and tried to chatter and laugh as usual, but she presently owned that she was too tired either to eat or talk, and said she would go to bed at once.

After her departure, the Squire found his evening uncommonly dull, for Miss Bridget had settled herself for a comfortable snooze in the depths of a large arm-chair, and Geoffrey had not come in.

"I'll go to bed too," said O'Donnell presently; "I'm dead beat after that drive to Derry and back. Anybody would suppose I was getting into years to hear me talking in that fashion. Good night, Biddy."

Miss O'Donnell uttered a grunt, and the Squire's heavy steps were heard ascending the creaking stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.—A GHOST OF THE PAST.

ELLEN had not gone to bed. She had hastily changed her muddy and damp habit, and put on one of her morning dresses, then unfastening the latch of her window, she threw it up, and looked out far into the night. The evening was pitch dark; she could see nothing, but in the distance she could hear the dull thud and roar of the great waves of the Atlantic beating against Dunree Head. She shut down her window again softly, fastened the bolt, and stood with her hands clasped in front of her, and her brows knit in much perplexed thought. Suddenly an idea came which seemed to her very good. She resolved to act upon it instantly. Fires were plentiful luxuries at old Inchfawn. A cheerful peat fire blazed up

Ellen's chimney now, and a great basket of fuel for replenishing it stood by the hearth.

Ellen took up this basket in one hand, placed on the top of it a little bundle of sticks, which her chambermaid, Judy, had left ready for future use, and taking her candle in her other hand, went along a narrow carpeted passage. She opened a green baize door, and found herself in a large and comfortably-furnished sitting-room. Thick carpets covered the floor; the windows were protected from draughts by heavy curtains; low, easy chairs, small tables, and one or two comfortable sofas were scattered about. The room was deserted, and damp, and dusty, but it was capable of being made luxurious, and compared to the rest of the old house was a very paradise. Ellen shivered, however, as she entered, and closed the door softly behind her.

A ghost was in this room for the young girl—the ghost of her dead mother. Her eyes filled with tears, and her hand shook, as she laid down her candle, but she did not shrink from her self-imposed task. She piled great squares of turf into the rusty long-unused grate, and soon had a bright fire blazing merrily. Then she drew the sofa, on which her mother used to lie, into its accustomed place; she took a duster, which she had brought with her, and dusted this sofa, and one or two chairs and tables. And finally she lit half-a-dozen wax candles which stood in heavy silver sconces on the broad mantel-shelf, drew the curtains tight, and gave the room a snug and home-like appearance.

"It only wants mother now," she said, in conclusion. "Oh, mother! Oh, dear Lord! in the beautiful heaven where mother is, help me to-night."

A moment or two later she ran swiftly down-stairs.

The whole household seemed to have gone to bed, no sounds came from the distant kitchen, the lights were out, and only the glowing remains of the turf fire shed a fitful glimmer across the great hall.

Oscar was lying at full length on the hearth. He wagged his tail, and rose slowly on hearing Ellen's step. She sat down by his side, and put her arm caressingly round his rough neck. The dog licked her hand, and looked with unutterable and pathetic love into her face.

"You and I will wait together, Oscar," she said; and she laid her tired head down on the dog's.

An hour passed away. The fire was nearly out, and Ellen felt cold. Just then there was a slight noise at one of the French windows which opened out of the hall. The dog pricked up his ears.

"Be quiet," said Ellen firmly. The great beast trembled all over, but obeyed her.

Ellen heard a voice outside say, "Well, good night, sir." The French window was thrown easily open, for the bolts had not been really secured, and Geoffrey stepped into the hall.

"Good gracious! you here, Ellen?" he said, in a voice of surprise and some consternation.

"Yes; I wanted to speak to you, Geoffrey."

"How in the world did you know I was out? I thought you had gone to bed, beat out, ages ago."

"If you come up-stairs I will tell you."

Geoffrey whistled carelessly, and lit his bedroom candle. "Well, I'm tired, if you are not, mavourneen; but here goes."

"Good night, Oscar," said Ellen, as she ran quickly up the low flight of steps before her brother, and tripped past his bedroom door and her own.

"Now wherever are you going, you silly child?"

Ellen came back, and took Geoffrey's hand.

"I want to remind you of our mother," she said; and she threw open the well-remembered green baize door.

The room, which had been deserted for three years now, and in which Geoffrey had last seen a coffin, and a stiff and shrouded form, reflected back a well-remembered aspect.

The fire had burnt itself up to a great red glow; the candles shed a soft light; the sofa on which his mother used to lie, his chair and Ellen's, stood where they used to stand by the hearth.

He remembered this room as a place of refuge in all his childish troubles; he remembered leaning against that sofa and feeling his mother's kisses on his forehead. If there was any one in all the world he had passionately loved, it was his mother.

Why had Ellen brought him here to-night? The colour faded out of his bright young cheeks, the hand which held his bedroom candle shook.

"Ellen," he said, "what is the meaning of this?"

"I did it, Geoffrey. I lit the fire, and the candles, which were burning last the night mother's coffin was here; and I drew over the sofa and the little chairs. Sit down; let us talk."

"Ellen, I really think your brain must

have been a little touched when you were out to-day. Do you know that this pains me? Coming in here like this is a mockery; it gives me torture."

"Darling Geoffrey, I wanted to bring back strong memories. Listen to your own Ellen, and try to think that mother is here too."

Geoffrey sat down on the sofa. His excitable and highly-strung temperament was moved to emotion. He put his arm round Ellen's waist, and his beautiful dark blue eyes had a suspicion of tears in them.

"If only that was true about my mother!" said the young man. "God only knows how I miss her."

"You know, Geoffrey, I think she can hear us and see us still. She has only gone before us for a little time, and we can please her best by following in her steps."

Geoffrey was silent.

"Geoffrey, dear," continued his sister, turning round and facing him, "whom did you say 'Good night' to just now, outside the hall window?"

"Who did I say good-bye to? Why, no one more formidable than your old friend Tom Doherty."

"Ah! I thought so—I feared so. And yet I have always cared for Tom, and mother trusted him too."

"Now what do you mean by all these lugubrious remarks about poor Tom, Eileen?"

"Geoffrey," said Ellen, putting her hands into her brother's, and looking him full in the face, "I did not tell my father the whole truth to-night."

"You did not tell our father the truth?"

"No, or I kept back part of the truth. I did lose my way, and Shela fell; but that was not all that happened going through the Gap."

"Not all! Good heavens! did anybody hurt you or frighten you? It's a rough place; but no—no—impossible. Speak, Ellen, I beseech you!"

"Look here," said Ellen, drawing up her sleeve, and showing a deep bruise on her slight wrist, "I got this, and I might have got worse. But don't look so white, Geoffrey; the pain is nothing."

"Tell me all, Ellen, for Heaven's sake."

"Yes, I will tell you all. I brought you to our mother's room that you might hear about this. I had arranged everything with these poor Donovans, and it was getting dark, and I knew there was no moon, so I hurried Shela on, for I wanted to get home a couple of hours before my poor people arrived, to make things comfortable for them. When I had got about half way through the Gap, and St. Agnes' Well was in sight, I saw two or three children pop their heads up behind a rock. I did not take much notice of their being there; I only thought some of the poor folks had started another illicit still, and that the children were simply set there on guard, so I nodded to them, and called out 'Good evening' as gaily as possible, and hurried Shela on. But, Geoffrey, just as I was turning the corner, four men sprang up, as it seemed, out of the very ground, and stood in front of Shela, and one of them caught her by the bridle.

"Oscar sprang at the man, and Shela began to rear: but I called to my dear dog and told him to be quiet, and he obeyed me.

"I was almost frightened for a moment, for the men all wore bits of crape across their eyes, and I did not recognise one of them; but I quickly recovered my courage, for I remembered I was in old Inishowen, where everybody knew and loved me, so I said, 'Please don't touch Shela; she will be all right if you let her alone, and if you hold her like this I shall be thrown off.'

"'Lave the powney alone, Dan,' said a man a head and shoulders over the others, and who must have been the ringleader. Dan fell back instantly.

"'Now what do you want with me?' I asked. 'Why do you stop my way, and why do you wear those horrid black things over your eyes? If you are Inishowen men you need not fear me.' With these words they laughed, and one and all pulled off the horrid bits of crape; and the man Dan, who caught my pony, said, 'Didn't I know as it was ould Inchfawn's daughter herself?' and the ringleader added, 'Shure 'tis Miss Eileen, her blessed self; may the saints and the Vargin protect her! and 'tis you who won't be behind in helping us. Then they told me they had a great thought in their heads, and they asked me to go with them at once, and to add my name to the names of those who go in for honour and glory. They said it was all for the sake of old Inchfawn.

"Geoffrey, by this time I had lost my momentary fear; I guessed what the men wanted, and I thought an instant before I made any answer; then I turned to Oscar. 'Go home, Oscar,' I said—'go straight home and tell them Ellen is coming.' The dog looked at me wistfully; but he trotted off at once, and I saw the men were pleased. Then I told them I would go with them, but only on one condition. They asked me what my condition was, and I said, 'This is what

I want you to promise me. I am Inchfawn's daughter, and it is not in me to fear the Inchfawn men. I will go with you, and listen to what you have got to say. If I approve of it, well and good; but if I do not, I go away free. I am not to be forced by you to add my name to anything I do not approve of. I will not hurt you nor betray you, nor injure you. I am Ellen O'Donnell, and I love the people of the old place well enough, I sometimes think, to die for them; but I will be free to act as my own judgment prompts me in this matter. Is this a bargain?' They all said yes enthusiastically; so satisfied were they of the honesty, wisdom, and rightness of their motives, they felt sure, they said, that I would aid their cause, but in any case I was to be free.

"'I trust to your honour,' I said; and then I allowed them to lead Shela round to the other side of the rock. There were at least four more men there, and a woman and a girl stood in the centre of the group. The woman was tall and commanding; she had very black eyes and black brows, but her hair was white, and shone like silver. She wore a white cap with a deep frill, a gay crimson and yellow shawl was crossed over her shoulders, and she had also on a handsome peasant woman's cloak. The girl was the counterpart of the woman, slender and reed-like, with black eyes and rippling black hair. I had seen this couple once or twice before, and knew they had taken a small hut on the borders of Inchfawn. The woman came up at once and took my hand.

"'Thank the Lord Almighty, you have come, lady,' she said in a grave voice, which had a deep vibration under it. The girl also laughed in a gay and excited manner, and then they pushed aside a furze-bush behind which was a little wooden door, and we all went down some steps into a room cut out of a rock. There was a fire at one end, the smoke of which half filled the place, a long deal table stood in the middle of the room, and two or three dip-candles were stuck about here and there. The smoke and dirt half choked me. I began to feel a little uneasy again, and took hold of the tall woman's arm for protection.

"'The pretty, dear lady needn't be frightened,' she said; 'you have only got to sign a paper, miss, and then you can go.'

"'Oh, glory be to the Virgin Mother!' here exclaimed the young girl, bringing over a candle and placing it so as to shine full upon my face, 'and is this Miss Eileen her own self? Oh! if Miss Eileen signs, all will be well. Oh! praise be to Heaven that I have looked upon her swate face!'

"'Hush, Nora!' said her mother sternly. 'Murphy,' she added, raising her voice and speaking to the ringleader, 'if you will bring over the bit of parchment, Miss Ellen O'Donnell will put her name to it, and then she may go.'

"I asked if I had only to write my name on a bit of paper.

"'Just so, dear lady; you have to sign your name, and then swear that you will tell no one.'

"'I won't sign any paper until I know what it means,' I said.

"''Tis for the glory and honour of Inchfawn,' said the tall man, coming up to the table.

"'Yes, tell her all you can, Patrick,' interrupted the woman.

"Then the man began a kind of jargon, Geoffrey, in which he talked a great deal about Inishowen, and about Inchfawn in particular; he praised my father, and even you and me, who have never done anything, and he spoke with intense bitterness about other men who had not father's generous nature, and as far as I could make out he seemed to want to found a society with us at its head, which would force all the other people in the peninsula to act as we did. He spoke with great force and bitterness, and I tried to follow his meaning, which seemed to me revengeful and altogether unwise. I knew at once that such a society could never really help our poor people, and I instantly made up my mind that for two reasons I could never join it. The first was that it nourished revengeful and evil feelings, which, being contrary to all that was good, would never in their very nature prosper; the other reason, and perhaps the strongest with me, was that I had promised my mother never to belong to any such society. I felt very sorry as I made up my mind, and as I looked round at the faces pressing so close to me—some of them were so haggard and so thin and so despairing—and I said as gently as ever I could speak—

"'You are all wrong. Oh! I am very grieved for you; but, believe me. that is not the way; that way will never do any good. No, I cannot sign the paper.'

"The girl uttered a bitter cry, and suddenly seized my two hands.

"'Oh! but Mr. Geoffrey has signed it his own self—his own beautiful self—and you will too, lady?'

"'Let her alone, Nora,' said the mother.

'Now, miss,' she added, turning to me, 'don't you know that we can make you sign the paper; don't you know that you are in a very lonesome place, and with a lot of desperate people?'

"'Oh, I'm not at all afraid of you,' I said; 'there is no one here who would harm a girl like me, whose heart is all full of love and sympathy for every one of you; but I should never be the same Ellen O'Donnell again if I signed what my conscience tells me is all wrong. I will help you in a thousand ways; I will always help you, but never in this way. Then I turned to the ringleader and reminded him of his promise, that I was to go away free if I did not wish to sign.

"The woman caught my wrist and turned me fiercely round.

"'You are no better than your brother, I suppose,' she said.

"Nora knelt at my feet and pressed her face against my knees.

"'Oh, lady! for the glory of old Inishowen, do the little thing we wants.'

"I pushed Nora aside as gently as I could, and ran up to Patrick.

"'I claim your word of honour,' I said, looking him full in the face; 'take me away now.'

"The man scratched his head and looked sorely perplexed. But he was an honest man and responded to my appeal.

"'Tis thrue enough what the young lady says,' he remarked, turning to the woman; 'we promised not to force her, and Miss Ellen O'Donnell won't betray us,' and then, to my great joy, he led me out of the cave. 'Look here, miss,' he said as I mounted Shela, 'you don't know me, but I helped to bring the harvest in once for Inchfawn, and I had a bit of a girleen called Peggy—she ain't in this world now; but no matter about that, you was good to my bit of a girleen; you give her roses one day and an owld broken doll; but for thinking of that now, I mightn't have minded my word of honour.'

"Then he let me go; but I was so dazed and excited that I took a wrong bridle-path, and poor Shela slipped and hurt her knees; but I got home at last."

CHAPTER IX.—SO MELODRAMATIC.

While Ellen was telling her story she gazed straight before her; not once did she glance at her brother. Had she done so she would have seen several emotions chasing each other over his changeable face.

When she had finished speaking she did look directly at him, and then he smiled and took her hands in his.

"My poor little Ellen! You got a considerable fright, and I must say you behaved uncommonly well. Your account of the whole thing is dramatic, Ellen, and would make a fine scene at a play; but—but——"

"But what, Geoffrey?"

"Your fright was unnecessary, my dear. I know the people who took you round to the other side of that rock. It was a silly trick to play; indeed, it was a shame to frighten a poor little girl like you, and I shall speak to Murphy about it very severely. But there was nothing in it, Ellen; there was no dreadful tragedy, such as your poor terrified little soul imagined."

"I don't know that I was so awfully terrified," said Ellen, a trifle of anger in her tone. "The situation was alarming enough, and the men looked desperate and earnest, and despairing enough. However you may like to speak about it, Geoffrey, the thing was no child's play to those men nor to that woman, nor to that beautiful young girl."

Geoffrey was silent for a moment or two, then he began:

"The fact is, Eileen, they've wanted you to join them for some time; you are quite a little heroine amongst the people round here, and they seem to think your name attached to their society will win fresh members to their cause. They have wanted you to join them from the very beginning, and I half promised you would."

"You had no right to say so, Geoffrey."

"Well, you see, they have spoiled everything themselves; they are Irish to the backbone, and they cannot help being melodramatic. They have made you imagine a mountain exists, whereas it is only the tiniest little mole-hill in the world. Now shall I just give you a sketch of what these people really want to do?"

"Tell me, Geoffrey," replied Ellen, raising her earnest blue eyes to his face.

"Well, it is just this way. About a year ago a lot of these poor folks began to meet in the cave where they took you to-day. They met and talked, and, of course, they discussed the hardness of the times, and on all occasions my father's name was brought forward as the one dearly loved landlord all around. Little they cared, poor creatures, that the old place was going down lower and lower every day, that the house was nearly half in ruins, which will soon be the case, Ellen. Inchfawn was the right man to rule over them, and those who did not absolutely

belong to his estate became extremely discontented. Then they thought they would form a society, which should be secret, and should belong exclusively and entirely to this place, and whose object should be——"

"Yes, Geoffrey, the object of the society?"

"Well, their ideas are vague enough, poor creatures; but their plan is to shame the other owners of properties round to do what Inchfawn has done. All the poor souls want is just a chance in the battle of life. There is really no necessity to make a mystery of the thing, or to call it a secret in any sense; but it swells their feelings of importance to have midnight meetings, and to have out-of-the-way caves for rendezvous, also to have an oath of fidelity, uniting all the members in the strictest union. As I said, there is no necessity for all this—the whole thing may be as open and above board as daylight; but then the Irish must be melodramatic."

"Do you believe in this secret society, Geoffrey? You have joined it; do you believe in it, do you think it will do these poor folks any good?"

Geoffrey paused and hesitated.

"I don't know that I do believe in it," he said; "in its workings it is absolutely impracticable; but it keeps the people quiet, and satisfies them."

"And yet you have joined it?"

"Oh, yes; they wanted my name, and I like to be popular; it means nothing, and it is rather fun, and Tom Doherty is such a splendid orator. You should hear him, Ellen; why, only this very night he spoke with a passionate fire and a flow of eloquence that would have made your ears tingle and your heart beat."

Ellen got up and placed some fresh sods of turf upon the fire, then she turned round, and her young voice had a slightly scornful ring in it.

"I am glad I did not take that oath to-day, nor sign that paper; but had I done so, I would at least have been faithful; I would have thrown my life, my soul, my all into the cause you think so weak and feeble. Geoffrey, it is life or death to those poor folks, and you talk of it as if it were child's play."

Geoffrey coloured and stood up.

"My dear little sister, it is you who are melodramatic now; what a pity you were never sent to an English school! I have told you what I honestly believe about this Red Glen society. Of course I am bound to secresy, being a member, and so, for that matter, are you."

Ellen went up to him and took his hands.

"Oh, Geoffrey! here in this room my mother spoke to me. She lay on that sofa, and spoke to me of a fear which pressed near her heart; she said how impulsive you were, how brilliant, how much beloved. And she solemnly charged me to do all that sister could do for brother to prevent your joining any secret society. She may have exaggerated her fears, but I shall never forget her face, nor the earnest look in her eyes, and I promised her—oh, most earnestly! And now, Geoffrey, you have joined one, and you have not even done it in earnest and from your heart; but you have done it lightly, and with no faith in the cause you have sworn to adopt. Oh, Geoffrey! our mother would be much troubled to-night."

"Our mother was prejudiced, Ellen; she was a Derry woman, and she could not understand the wild folks in Donegal. You know I have loved my mother, and her memory is—is one of the best things for me to remember all my life long. You never told me of this wish of hers; had I known it I might not have taken an oath which, after all, means nothing serious; but it is too late now."

"Yes, the oath is taken," said Ellen very sadly; "nothing can alter that fact."

"Nothing can, my colleen; and do you know that I am dead sleepy, and longing to go to bed."

Ellen raised her face for her brother to kiss, and then she heard him leave the room; but for an hour or more she sat on herself in the haunted chamber—haunted by old memories, old promises, old dreams. The children had played here by their mother's knee—the little innocent children—and now the young man and the girl, in the bloom of their early youth, had met in this room to discuss—what? Geoffrey called it nothing, but Ellen could not forget the despair in those peoples' faces, the earnest purpose in their tones.

She went to bed at last, feeling very sad about Geoffrey; he had hitherto been her hero of heroes, but he had lowered himself in her estimation to-night.

CHAPTER X.—CONSOLATION.

A FORTNIGHT later, Ellen was standing in the large yard which ran at the back of the rambling old house. As usual, she was surrounded by several pets, both canine and human. The great dog, Oscar, stood proudly by her side, Dandy and Yap were fawning on her for some broken bits of biscuit, and perched on her shoulder, in a high state of

excitement and pleasure, sat the pretty child, Mary Donovan.

Few would have recognised little Mary after her fortnight of good living and care. Her fair and lovely little face was rosy with health, and dimpling with baby prettiness; the light golden curls which surrounded her brow had caught a gleam from the watery November sun. She was comfortably and neatly clothed from head to foot, and all traces of the poor little washed-out child, whom Ellen rescued a fortnight ago, had vanished. Little Mary was now known at Inchfawn as Miss Eileen's pet, and the small creature had become quite saucy in consequence.

She was shouting now gleefully to the dogs, and patting Ellen's shoulder with her dimpled hand. Donovan, the father, stood back at a little distance. He had been taken on at Inchfawn for the time being, receiving no wages, but allowed for himself and his family the use of a good barn, and, what was more to the purpose, the run of the plentiful Inchfawn kitchen. He and his wife were supposed to be taken on for the purpose of doing odd jobs, but no one ever saw either of these good people putting their hands to anything.

The Squire said once or twice, "We must make arrangements for those poor Donovans to go," but no one ever did make arrangements, and the family settled down quite comfortably to swell the vast body of retainers who were always hanging about Inchfawn for the purpose of picking up odd jobs.

Dan and Pat the stable-boy, and another boy who ran errands, were standing, as usual, in front of Ellen and laughing at little Mary's smart sayings.

"Ach! why then, Miss Eileen, ain't she 'cute entoirely?" laughed Pat.

At this moment there was the distinct crunching of wheels heard on the gravel sweep outside. Pat, Dan, Donovan, and all the other satellites, flew to ascertain the cause; and Ellen, holding little Mary's hand, and followed by the dogs, went into the house. In the great hall stood her father divesting himself slowly and painfully of his great-coat. He had been again to Derry, and had just returned. Geoffrey was leaning against the mantel-piece, looking a trifle flushed, but much pleased and excited; and close to Geoffrey's side stood a broadly-built man of middle height, with a grave, rather stern face. Aunt Bridget was just poking her head round the parlour door to see what was up when Ellen entered.

"Eileen," said Geoffrey, going directly up to his sister and leading her to the stranger's side, "this is Arundel; this is my dear friend Philip Arundel. Fancy his coming across father at Judson's, and their both driving over together! Wasn't it a bit of luck? But you might have written to me, Arundel."

Arundel's grave English tones struck with a curious sense of novelty on Ellen's ear. She looked at him with a brief wonder and a sense of astonishment at Geoffrey having chosen any one so staid and sensible and old to be his friend.

"We shall like to have you at Inchfawn, Mr. Arundel," she said simply; "only if Aunt Bridget and I had known you were coming we should have had a better welcome ready for you."

"Oh, m' dear child!—I'm sure," replied Aunt Bridget, now coming decidedly into the centre of the group and facing the Englishman, "you don't know what you're talking about when you say there isn't a welcome always ready at Inchfawn. 'Tis *caed mille failthe* * is the motto here, Mr. Arundel, and that you'll know before you're long among us all. And as to the best spare bedroom not being ready, which Ellen hinted at, why that can soon be put straight. Kate and Judy can soon dust it and rig it up. And I wonder, Ellen, would Mr. Arundel like the feather bed or the mattress—it's turning cold for the mattress, I think, but then I'm a chilly body, and I always say, 'High-ho, for the feather-o!'"

Geoffrey coloured and bit his lips, but Arundel replied directly to the old lady,

"Thank you, Miss O'Donnell, I am sure I shall be quite comfortable wherever you put me."

Ellen wondered if he was laughing at her aunt, and looked at him again with curiosity, but this grave person did not seem to see a joke in anything; he patted Oscar, who became fickle on the spot, and left Ellen's side, and presently he and Miss O'Donnell went over to the deep French window to enjoy the magnificent view.

Miss O'Donnell was in her element, and talked loquaciously. Arundel stood and listened; he looked the personification of polite attention.

"There's our lake of shadows," said Aunt Bridget; "there's our beautiful Lough Swilly. I have looked at her, every day, since I was a little thing, and my old eyes, even yet, have not grown tired of revelling in her beauties."

* Irish for "A hundred thousand welcomes."

"The scenery is undoubtedly very fine," responded Arundel.

"Fine, sir!—I should think it is, sir. I don't know what place can compare with Inchfawn and our lake; but you have not seen the half nor the quarter yet. There's the Gap of Mamore, and Dunree Head, with its wonderful fort built on the solid rock. But perhaps I tire you with descriptions; and, after all, for my own part, I admire nothing as I do the lake itself. There were some farewell verses written on the lake once, which just exactly express my feelings. I learned them pat off book; this is the way they run."

Aunt Bridget had a sing-song voice, but her appreciation of the subject threw a certain wild, and almost pathetic, beauty into the verses she endeavoured to recite.

"You must fancy yourself saying a farewell, Mr. Arundel; fancy yourself saying good-bye to it all; but, I forgot, you can't fancy it, you have got to spend your life here to know what we feel."

"May I hear the verses?" asked Arundel gently.

"I'll be delighted to repeat them. Here they are:—

"'How oft have I gazed
On Lough Swilly's fair shore,
Where the rude waves around us
Tempestuous roar.
The billows do foam,
Rising high to the air,
Sparkling bright as the eye
Of some beautiful fair.

"'To the left stands the island
Of Inch, where the song
Of many a chieftain
Was heard all day long,
Lamenting the fate
That ordained such a fall
To the mirth that once filled
Each banqueting hall.

"'To the right stands the castle
Of the famed Cahir Roe,
A man of great might,
Who dispersed his proud foe;
Welcomed his friends
With a hearty shake hands,
And a caed mille failthe
To Erin's fair lands.

"'The blue mountains of Fanet
Majestically frown
O'er the deep-flowing Swilly,
Of fame and renown.
It's a place of resort
For the young and the gay,
To drive away sorrow
And mortal decay.

"'Fare thee well, Swilly,
Shall I ne'er see thee more?
Will I ne'er again ramble
Around your fair shore?
Let me roam where I will,
All the scenes I have traced
Will appear like a green spot
Round memory's waste.'"

"I have shed many a tear over the lines," said Miss O'Donnell when she had finished. "They say they are the work of an Englishman, but I can scarcely believe that. Once I tried to set them to a little tune of my own, and they sounded very nice sung to the harp. Well, well, where in the world has that child Ellen taken herself off to?"

Ellen and Geoffrey were in the parlour close by. Geoffrey was speaking with some anger.

"Why will she go on like this? I can't stand it. My father is a gentleman; why doesn't Aunt Bridget try to behave like a lady? Can you do nothing, Ellen? Can you not give her a hint? What will Arundel think of us all?"

"I wonder if he does laugh at us," said Ellen in a meditative voice. "Though he is so quiet and polite, he may be laughing at us in his heart all the time. I never saw any one so grave and still. I don't know that I like him much, and he must be very old."

Geoffrey burst into a hearty laugh, and the discontent cleared from his brow.

"Old, mavourneen—old!—well, that just shows how young you are. Arundel is about twenty-seven; and as to his being so very quiet, I wish you could see him really roused. I tell you, Eileen, it's terrible to see Arundel roused; it takes a good deal to do it, and he never blusters, but his words they just *sting*. Arundel is the most terribly earnest person I ever met in my life. *He's* not laughing at Aunt Bridget, bless you; he's only studying her; he thinks it's the Irish way."

Ellen knit her brows, and remained for a moment lost in thought.

"I don't know that I do like him much," she said, "but I dare say he's a useful kind of friend for you, Geoffrey, and we must do what we can to make him comfortable while he stays. Now I'm going to find my father. I can't make out where he has hidden himself."

Ellen did not take very long discovering the Squire's retreat. She ran through a disused conservatory, which boasted of a great deal of broken glass and a few mouldy and withered geraniums, and pushed aside a door at the farther end. This door opened into a small and desolate smoking den, where the Squire and Geoffrey kept their hunting-whips,

guns, and fishing-rods, and where they indulged in any number of pipes. Of late, however, the room had fallen into disuse, and its air struck chilly and damp against Ellen's cheek as she entered. Her father, his great-coat off, had drawn a rustic chair opposite the empty hearth, and was huddled up in it. His shoulders were up to his ears, his head was bent, and his eyes stared straight in an almost vacant manner at the empty bars. Ellen, shutting the door behind her, went straight up to him, and took his old grey head between her hands.

"Now, father, what is the matter? why are you sitting here, and what new fashion of warming yourself is this?"

"Eh!" said Inchfawn, rousing himself, and looking at her still in that half-dazed manner, "the fire has gone out. I didn't know it had gone out. You might light a bit of fire, Ellen child."

Ellen flew quickly out of the room; she returned in a moment with a basket of turf and some wood for kindling, and in a very short time her deft fingers had lighted a roaring fire in the old grate.

The heat of the fire began to rouse the Squire out of the semi-torpor into which he had sunk. He shivered and spread out his hands to the grateful warmth. Ellen curled down in a cosy attitude at his feet, and laid her dark head against his knee. She was terribly frightened still, for she had never seen her father so before, and she feared he must be going to have a bad illness.

"I will run away now," she said presently, "and get you something very hot to drink. You must have got a great chill driving home."

"No, no, Ellen," said the old man, laying his trembling hand on her arm, "'tis no bodily chill. I remember it now, though it dazed me for a bit. I have stepped into my old age, Ellen, all of a sudden; that is it. I was a hale enough man yesterday, hale and strong for eight-and-sixty, but now I am old and feeble. I have got a blow, Ellen child; I've got a cruel blow!"

"What is it, dear father?—tell me. You will be much better when you have told me. Tell your little Ellen, who loves you."

"You do love me, colleen," said Inchfawn, wrapping his arms round her; "you wouldn't turn against me, whatever I had done."

"I? Oh, father, how little you know me after all! There is no one I love like you; no one, not even Geoffrey. But you have done nothing," she added anxiously. "You did get a chill, and you are fancying things."

"I have been very weak and foolish, Eileen, very weak and foolish. I listened to the specious words of a villain and a sneak. I was taken in, child—I was taken in. I was weak and foolish—I was weak and foolish, and the Lord God Almighty is punishing me now!"

Here the Squire rose to his feet, a great purple flush on his face. He waved his hand as Ellen came close to him.

"The Lord God Almighty is punishing me, but I was taken in by a liar and a cheat. Ellen, don't let any of them call me Inchfawn again—Inchfawn is gone, the land of my fathers. Inchfawn is gone from the O'Donnells for ever!"

The poor Squire began to pace up and down the tiny room, and Ellen stood, with clasped hands and terrified face, gazing at him. She really thought he had taken leave of his senses. After a time he grew calmer and sat down, and Ellen, with her arms round his neck and her head on his shoulder, heard little by little the story of his woe, and degradation, and ruin. She listened with scarcely a word, only he felt her warm breath against his cheek, and several times she kissed him, and the clinging feel of her arms brought him a certain sense of consolation. When once he had broken the ice, it was a comfort to unburden himself of the secret which had lain for years heavy against his heart. His voice grew lighter and less oppressed as he proceeded, particularly as Ellen said no word of reproach, and kept her sense of consternation and horror to herself.

"It was that rascal!—that rascally lawyer, Grey, that got me into it, Ellen. He laid a man-trap for me—he and that Englishman, Brownlow. He wanted Inchfawn, Brownlow did; and, of course, he feathered Grey's nest, and Grey laid a man-trap, and I fell into it. Oh, fool, fool that I was!"

Ellen stroked his grey hairs.

"Is there no possible way out of all this?" she asked.

These were the first words she had spoken.

"Of course, there is, Ellen; of course, there is, and that's where that rascally lawyer shows his double-dyed villainy. Two thousand pounds would settle Brownlow for the present, and Grey won't give it to me. Though the money is yours, child, he won't give it to me; no, not a penny piece."

"My money, father?"

"Yes, yes; it's a marriage settlement business. You know nothing about it, of course. It's your mother's fortune—ten thousand pounds, and it's settled on you, every penny of it."

Ellen's brow cleared, and her eyes grew bright.

"Then I give it back to you, father dear. If that money is mine I'll give it back to you this very moment. I don't want it. You can have the money, and pay that debt, and we need not leave Inchfawn after all. Oh, thank God, I feel happy again!"

"I knew you would give it to me, my jewel, my *cuishla ma chree.* I told the lawyer so, but, will you believe me, Ellen, he won't listen to a word I say. He says it is tied up, and I can't touch it—and you can't touch it. It's all a parcel of lies, of course, that you can't touch your own money; but that's how he puts it. He and Brownlow are against me; it's a plot—a man-trap! I went to him, and talked to him for hours yesterday, but I might as well have spoken to a stone wall. The man has neither heart nor conscience. 'You can't have it,' he said, 'you can't touch a penny of it; it's tied up, and the law will prevent you touching it. I will send the deed up to Dublin, and get counsel's opinion if you wish, but no counsel in the world will allow you to touch Ellen's fortune. You had better go quietly and make no fuss.' That's what the rascally lawyer said, Ellen. Go quietly, indeed; leave Inchfawn quietly. God help us all!"

MELCHIZEDEK AND TRUE PRIESTHOOD.

By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

"A priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek."—Heb. vii. 17.

SCRIPTURE has undergone strange perversions at the hand of its interpreters, perversions which fill the minds of simple truth-seekers sometimes with sadness, sometimes with indignation. All sacred books of all religions have been more or less defaced and misinterpreted by those whose special duty it was to explain their meaning and defend their integrity. But I do not think that any sacred book has fared so badly at the hands of its votaries as the Bible, the most precious book of all. St. Paul says that the veil was upon the hearts of the Jews when they read their Scriptures. I fear that a yet thicker veil is on the hearts of many Christians. Going to it with some preconceived theory of its verbal dictation—a theory which finds no sanction in its own pages—they search it, not to discover the real truth, but to snatch arguments in favour of their familiar errors.

They fill the innermost shrine of its Temple with idols of the forum and the cave. Our commentaries are overlaid with masses of rubbish at once learned and grotesque. Not a few of them are an elaborate apparatus to force the dogmas of later centuries into primitive forms of ancient literature. There are few gifts of God which human ignorance and perversity have not abused, but I doubt whether any gift of God has been so deplorably abused as this has been.

It is the Book of Freedom; and men have made it the very corner-stone of tyranny, of oppression.

It is the Book of Peace; and they have made it a trumpet blast of internecine war.

It is a book of Love; and they have used it as the excuse for universal and inextinguishable hatred.

It is the book of priceless blessing, and by orthodox ignorance, by party ferocity, by priestly usurpation, they have in age after age turned it into an instrument of torture and misery to hundreds of true and tender and illuminated souls.

On that subject I will not now dwell. I have only said this much, because the learned folly of interpreters has been particularly busy with the name of Melchizedek. The consequence has been that, amid the dust-clouds of idle erudition, ninety-nine readers out of a hundred lose sight of that which is the real lesson of his brief history. That lesson I shall try to set before you as it shines simple and luminous upon the sacred page.

Apollos—or whoever was the author of this Epistle—writing to show that the Aaronic priesthood was annulled, chose another priest—Melchizedek—the first man who in the Bible is called "a priest"—as the type of Christ's Priesthood. He seizes upon a partial analogy between him and Jesus in saying that he was "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life." The phrase is a very simple and very common figure of speech found in all languages. Beyond all question, it means nothing more than that neither his

father, nor his mother, nor his pedigree, nor his birth, nor his death, are anywhere recorded. They are facts practically non-existent, because we know nothing about them; and therefore, as he stands on the page of Genesis, Melchizedek furnishes even in this respect a fit type of the eternal Christ. "Oh! but it is childish," say the commentators, "to think that the sacred writer means no more than this." It is, I reply, not merely childish, but gratuitously absurd, to interpret his conceptions by any other law than those of the language which he used, and the times in which he wrote. It was the fashion of the Alexandrian School to which he belonged to see allegories in everything, and to attach mystic and secondary meanings to the slightest details, and even (as in this passage) to the accidental silence of Scripture.

The Jews thought that Melchizedek was the Patriarch Shem. If so, why was he not called Shem? Others have imagined that he was a reappearance of Enoch, who, as they suppose, did not die. Others, again, have fine fantastic theories that he was the Shekhinah, the Metatron, the Angel of the Presence, a divine being, a pre-incarnation of the Messiah, and I know not what. I pass over these baseless theories: they deserve no refutation because they rest on no argument. They are the mere fantasies of a literalism at once half-learned and wholly conventional, nor have they the remotest bearing on practical religion. We meanwhile may perhaps be suffered to believe that Melchizedek was exactly what the Scripture says he was, namely, neither Shem, nor Enoch, nor an angel, nor a divine being, but simply Melchizedek, the righteous and peaceful sheykh of a village of Palestine named Salem. Except *typically*, and in a figure of speech perfectly understood at the time, he had a father and mother, and pedigree, and he was born and died just like any of us. Intrinsically he is of so little importance that he is only mentioned three times in all the sixty-six books of the Bible. The only place where we are really told anything about him is in a single paragraph of Genesis. Then, a thousand years later, because he was a king and a priest of the Most High God centuries before Aaron or Saul was born, David mentions him as a type of the true Priest-King who was to come. Then, another thousand years later, Apollos in this epistle develops his typical character as a symbol of Christ. If we wish to know why and how he was a type of Christ, apart from the way in which he stands as a blameless priest, to whom even Abraham gave tithes five centuries before Levi was born, we must go back to the original narrative to discover the sole facts which we know respecting him. And there, perhaps for the first time, we shall see in its simple grandeur the beautiful and noble figure of the village king.

I. He lived in a bad age, an age of corruption, an age of violence.

It was an age of corruption. The Canaanites among whom he lived were so depraved that, in the language of Scripture, the land seemed to loathe and fling out its own inhabitants. The Cities of the Plain in their hot valleys, where now flow the sullen waters of the Dead Sea, giving themselves over to corrupting luxuries and effeminate self-indulgence, shameful yet shameless, had sunk into the deepest mire of human degradation.

And it was an age of violence. All around Melchizedek were rulers like the "petty German princelings, dyed in gore," of the seventeenth century—still more like the robber-knights, whose mouldering towers stand on the hills along the Rhine, or like our own turbulent and marauding barons in the days of King Stephen. They were always indulging their paltry ambition by preying upon each other in savage fights. What they were like you may see from the story of Adonibezek, under whose table seventy kings—that is, little sheykhs and emîrs of the neighbouring villages—gathered their daily bread, each with his foot maimed that he could not run, and his thumb cut off so that he could never again draw the bow. Thus, all around Melchizedek—Belial was allied to Moloch—lust sat hard by hate. We catch a glimpse of but two noble figures: Abraham, the father of the faithful; Melchizedek, the just king in a wicked age, among idolaters a priest of God. Herein he was a type of Christ.

II. Nor is he less a type of Christ in his brief and sudden appearance.

A sensual nation is always a weak nation. Sodom and its confederate cities were thus weak, feeble, and enervated. Tempted by their enervation, Chedorlaomer, a powerful Eastern king, burst on these cities with his vassals, defeated, spoiled them, and carried off Lot and his possessions. It was a fit punishment for the greedy and godless choice which Lot had made, and he found no protection from the depraved sinners among whom he had fixed his home. But blood is thicker than water. Abraham, arming his three hundred and eighteen servants, and

calling some of his neighbours to his aid, pursued the retiring host of Chedorlaomer, fell on them by night, routed them, reft the spoils from them, and delivered their prisoners. It was on his return from this just triumph that Melchizedek came forth to meet him. His story occupies exactly three verses; that is all. For a moment the light falls on him, the next moment he disappears into his holy oblivion. In this, too, he resembles Christ. If you will read the Gospel with intelligence you will see that of thirty years of Christ's life we have scarcely a single record, and that even of His three years' ministry, the records are mainly occupied with the incidents of a few special days.

III. But what a beautiful and venerable human figure does that one gleam of publicity disclose! It ranks Melchizedek for ever among the men who in one day have for our sakes been made immortal on earth. Amidst the heathen he has preserved his belief in the one true God. He belongs to the race of Ham, yet he worships the God of Shem. The race of Ham is under a curse, but no curse is effectual against a child of God. Thus we see in Melchizedek the prophecy of the religion of mankind. He links together the continuity of the old epoch and the new. Abraham begins a new covenant, yet he bows before the priest-king of the old. The race of Abraham is only to be an instrument to save the world. Our blessed Lord was born of the tribe of Judah and the race of Shem, yet the type of His priesthood is a descendant of the race of Ham, and he is like Christ in his general character.

Neither the belief nor the priesthood of Melchizedek are merely theoretic. He is a priest and a believer in practice also. Though he lives in a lawless age he will not participate in its lawlessness. No robber princeling, no petty marauder surrounded by a variety of greedy brigands, was he. Hence to him they give the name of "righteous king;" and to the village in which he lives they give the lovely name of Salem and Peace. In a land of turbulence and riot we come upon him, as upon an oasis in the wilderness, as a rainbow in the storm. And in this peace and righteousness he is a type of earth's true King, the Prince of Peace.

IV. And yet he will not live alone in selfish isolation. He does not say, "I am not as these degraded sensualists and pagan bandits all around me." No self-righteous Pharisee he, whose righteousness consists in gathering his robes about him, lest a human touch should soil his ceremonial holiness, and a human word shock his infallible belief. He does not wear on his countenance the proud smile of the elect, unmoved while all these wretches are being swept to their damnation by the surges of life's fiery sea. It is not his idea of religion to go about saying, "I am not as other men are." No; he will live among them in humility and friendliness. He will teach them, not by offensive assumption, but by quiet innocence. He will not strive, nor cry, not let his voice be heard in the streets, but he will plead with men by the consistency of a lofty life.

In this, too, he is a type of Christ.

V. And he shows his human sympathy not in vague emotion but in active service. He will not share in the wickedness of his neighbours, but he will share in all that is kindly in their life. His faith shall prove itself to be a real faith, because it works by love. He will mingle with his fellows, but it shall only be in deeds of love and mercy; and he will go about doing good. In this, too, he is a type of Christ.

VI. And thus, while his heart is specially drawn to Abraham, because in him he recognises a kindred spirit, and one of the household of faith, his object is not merely to greet him. His three hundred and eighteen servants, the allied troops of the Canaanites —Mamre, Aner, and Eshcol—are faint and weary. They are an hungered, and he feeds them; they are thirsty, and he gives them drink. They have been successful, and he thanks God for them. They have been engaged in a righteous act, and he blesses them. If you want to press the bread and wine also into the type, and invest them with a sacramental character, you are indeed importing into Scripture your own fancies, but I do not know that there is anything to prevent you. At any rate, the act and its nature may recall to us how Jesus fed the multitude in the desert-place with barley-loaves, and brightened the marriage-feast of Cana with the innocent and harmless wine. In this, too—in his act of mercy, generous, yet unostentatious; in caring for the wants of men as well as their beliefs; in thinking their happiness of some importance as well as their orthodoxy; in the simple holiness which mingled the recognition of God with the acts of daily life—in this, too, he was a type of Christ.

VII. And in all these things, though we are not told that he offered any sacrifices but those of praise, and thanksgiving, and self-denial, he was a true priest, and so a type of Christ. The Aaronic priests were men of

special lineage; men of a separate order; men who offered the blood of bulls and goats; the ministers of an elaborate but ineffectual ritual; the servants in a gorgeous but transitory shrine—that is the sort of priesthood which most priests have admired. To belong to a consecrated class, to wear a distinctive dress, to claim supernatural functions, to assume exclusive privileges; to treat accuracies of ceremonial as momentous matters, as though the "question of the day," forsooth, in such a world of sin and sorrow as this, depended on the shape of a dress, or the disputed interpretation of a trivial rubric—that has too often been their aim. To grasp the reins of power; to wash, by way of pretence, the feet of beggars, but in grim reality to put their own feet on the necks of kings; to wear triple crowns circling the height of jewelled mitres; there, in the full-blown sacerdotalism of the Papacy, you see whatever the Christian priesthood has too often striven to be. "You ought," said the confessor of the Queen of Spain to a nobleman who had offended him, "you ought to respect a man who daily has your queen at his feet and your God in his hands." There spoke the priest all over; and thus have priests often made the exaggeration of office an excuse for the extravagance of ambition. Thus arose the arrogance of popes, the schemings of Jesuits, the abominations of inquisitors. But priests, who profess to be the servants of servants, that they may act as the kings of kings—priests who devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers—priests who creep into families, to lead captive the timid and the weak—priests to whom place and power, and ceremonial and function, and privilege and succession, are more than truth and mercy, righteousness and judgment, are priests who have made the very title of priest an object of hatred to the world.

How different was the priesthood of Melchizedek—gentle, humble, forbearing, beneficent! How different was the priesthood of Him of whom Melchizedek was a type! who made all his children a chosen generation, a royal priesthood; who made all the redeemed kings and priests to one God for ever! His was the glory of the simple unofficial life of holiness and love. He wore no eucharistic vestments; He came of no priestly line; He was anointed with no priestly oil. He was the carpenter of Nazareth, the prophet of Galilee, the Good Physician of Gennesareth, no liturgiolist of the house of Levi, no Sadducean aristocrat of the lineage of Aaron. He wore the common dress of His country; He went about among its poor. Men thronged to the priesthood of a pure, noble, sympathising humanity. They turned from Caiaphas in his golden robes to Jesus in His peasant's garment. Better the humble heart than the pride which beat under the urim's ardent gems. Better the blue sky and the green grass than gorgeous temples chilled by formalism and desecrated by greed. In the abolition of sacerdotalism mankind has recognised the Saviour of the world.

VIII. I would draw two brief lessons from this life and this priesthood of the village of Samaria, thus chosen as the type of His priesthood who lived for thirty years as carpenter in the village of Galilee.

1. One is the Ideal Priesthood of a Life of Righteousness. A most practical lesson it is for you. Every one of you may be a priest. Priests like the Jewish priests, priests like the Gentile priests, whose main function it was, in most imperfect symbol, to slay and burn animals in sacrifice, are swept away for ever. Death was one perfect and sufficient sacrifice, once offered, and once for all. We are not priests in any sense whatever but that of Presbyters set apart for special Christian duties. Of any other priests than Presbyters and officiating ministers in the Christian Church, of which every member is ideally a priest, the New Testament knows nothing. In the wider sense of priesthood Christ came to found an universal priesthood. In that sense you are priests, every one of you, appointed, set apart, by the hands of invisible consecration, to offer to God the sacrifice of holy lives. And such lives, in proportion to their fidelity to this consecration, have an infinite efficacy. Many of the saints were laymen, many of the saints were women, yet by their lives—simple, brave, humble, unofficial — men were uplifted into fellowship with God, and breathed in their presence serener air. The Israelites thronged to the prophet Moses for help, and sympathy, and direction, not to the priest Aaron, for all his jewelled urim and golden robes. They thronged to the holy and earnest Samuel, not to the indolent and careless Eli. They thronged to the tender and trembling Jeremiah, not to the insolent and domineering Pashur. And so if you be true priests as Melchizedek was, peaceful among the turbulent, a peacemaker among the quarrelsome, righteous among the iniquitous, pure among the impure, kind among the cruel, true among the hypocritical, faithful

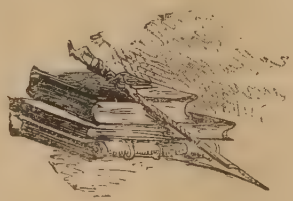
among the faithless, real in a religious world of phraseology or of ceremonial; if you be such, men will be the better and the happier for you. Ah! live up to the ideal priesthood. They who did so in the old days served God more acceptably than if they offered, as the priests did, thousands of rams, and tens of thousands of rivers of oil. They who do so now, they who will suppress envy and hatred, they who will not listen to gossip and slander, they who strive after the blessing of the pure in heart, they who live in the spirit of the beatitudes, they who love God and are capable of self-denial for the sake of their neighbour, they whose heart is not set on mean gains, they whose unselfishness leaves them at leisure from themselves to sympathise with others—they are truer priests than if, with the loss of but one of these elements of righteousness, they fasted twice in the week, and went to daily services, and filled their houses with oratories and crosses, and lay in wait to ask people if they are converted, and grovelled on the ground to lick up accidental crumbs that had fallen at the Communion. The true Apostolic succession is the blessed continuity of Christian goodness. The true preacher is not he who instructs the people, but he whose life is as a beacon light of sincerity. The true ordination is not the laying on of a bishop's hands, but the call of God to all His children to live not unto themselves.

2. You then may be the true, the eternal, the ideal priesthood, if you seek after righteousness; that is the first lesson. And the second is like unto it. It is that the proof of your goodness must be a life of mercy and justice. Melchizedek not only blessed the returning soldiers, he also fed them. Christ not only taught the multitudes, he healed them. Ah! let us all try to be priests like this. Let us all do what in us lies to heal the world's bleeding wounds. For how many men has the whole real significance of their lives been concentrated into one bright action!

> "How far yon little candle throws his beams;
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

I know Christian men and Christian women in all ranks who by helping others are truer priests a thousandfold than if they wore surplices and were called reverend. He who has but in the day dried a child's tears, has not spent that day in vain. He who has but given a cup of cold water in Christ's name to one of Christ's little ones he shall not lose his reward. But he whose LIFE is spent in kindnesses; he whose days are all a self-sacrifice that others may be happier; he who has left the air of the world about him sweeter and more chaste; he whom when the ear hears it blesses, when the eye sees it bears him witness; he whose gracious simplicity and childlike innocence of heart is as dew to weary souls; he whose religion does not take the form of offensive self-satisfaction, but stoops to pluck that violet of humility which grows only at the cross's foot: all these are priests indeed!

Priests for ever after the order of Melchizedek, because priests such as Christ described as the chosen whom He will recognise—in ages of corruption they are pure; in ages of violence, gentle; in ages of indolence, active; in ages of hardness, beneficent; in ages of externalism, sincere. To the suffering men and women around them they bring forth of their bread and of their wine, and from their lives breathes a benediction even if their words be few. On these the second death hath no power, and, were they ten times laymen, yet are they true priests of God and of His Christianity. Their ordination is faithfulness to God; their surplice is a life of innocence; their churches are the streets and houses of the cities where they dwell; their pulpit is the example of consistency; conscience is their urim and thummim; their voice is the music of the world.



EVENING WORSHIP.

DIM yellow candle, fouled, for that no time
To trim thee from her stern task could she spare:
Burnt low in marking the slow hours of care—
Thou shinest on an altar! And sublime

As star-browed seraph's at creation's prime,
The thin submissive face sad bending there
Over the work spread on the aching knee!
Altar-cloth makes thy needle, holily;
Or ephod for thy Samuel, by thy chair
Asleep in the curtaining dark; or mantle rare
To cover a husband's and a father's sin;
Or, ah! prove it a shroud to wind thee in,
'Twill turn into a heavenly garment fair,
Whose threads of light Christ's nail-pierced hands did spin!

WALTER MORISON, D.D.

THE SHAKERS OF MOUNT LEBANON.

By HERRICK KENYON.

FROM time to time, while travelling through New England and New York State, we had heard of the community of Shakers, and had heard them spoken of in a manner different from that generally used regarding the small fanatical body of religious enthusiasts called by the same name in England; so finding, at Saratoga, that we were not far distant from Mount Lebanon, their largest settlement, we resolved to visit them.

"Your best plan," said a friend, "is to go to Lebanon Springs and you can easily drive over."

To Lebanon Springs we went—a fashionable and favourite watering-place. When we arrived, the large hotel was boarded up, the shops were closed, the streets of the little village presented the grass-grown, deserted, dead-alive, depressing aspect incidental to a watering-place out of season. A small but very clean inn afforded us accommodation, and as the afternoon was not far advanced, we inquired after means to reach the Shaker settlement. The landlord smiled, "Wish to see the Shakers, eh? Waal, I guess we'll get ye there." Accordingly, in about ten minutes we were informed our "team" was ready, and descending, found a "carry all," drawn by a tall young horse, at the door. Clambering into the back seat, our driver, an extra smart boy, got up in front, and with a touch from his whip, which in America has no lash, but resembles a colossal riding whip, we rattled away.

"Ya-ah! a Shaker's road," remarked our Jehu, with grim humour, as leaving the village we bumped and lurched over a way repaired with the clods of grass thrown up from the ditches.

"I guess they air, ma'am, *they* air rich, did you ask? Piles of money; why now they own all the best land around."

More violent concussions interrupted remarks which made me think the boy was a runaway from the community, until passing a house displaying a red flag our curiosity was aroused.

"What is that flag there for?" I gasped.

"Measles," he jerked back, and as we had Shakers on the brain at that moment, we ignorantly gave them credit for an admirable custom.

At last the bad road ended, and we came in sight of large blocks of barrack-like houses and barns extending for some distance on either side of a broad highway: huge unpicturesque buildings, whose ugliness was tempered by the scrupulous neatness of their fencing and surroundings and the evident care bestowed on the cultivation of the land and gardens. This was Mount Lebanon, the capital of the Shaker community.

Alighting at the first large house, an elderly man—dressed in a sad-coloured suit, with a deep shirt collar falling over a high band, and whose hair, cut in a fringe across his forehead, was crossed over his head, except at the neck, where it hung in locks—directed us on to a store, or "office" as he called it, for the sale of Shaker industries, baskets, mats, boxes, fans, brushes, toys, &c., in the charge of a woman of staid demeanour. Her dress also was peculiar, consisting of a full-skirted, dull-coloured gown, with a white linen pelerine over her shoulders, buttoned down in front, above which rose a high, throttling, linen collar, which concealed her throat. Her hair was smoothly brushed back under a net cap, which in England would be described as a foundation cap; this came down over her ears. She was so taciturn and averse to giving us information, that our knowledge of Shaker life would have been vague indeed had we not been sent to another shop, at the extreme end of the village, in pursuit of chairs, which are a speciality of the Shakers. There we found a sprightly damsel, whose pretty blue muslin dress, albeit made after the plain fashion of the sect, savoured of some taste and regard for the becoming. She proved as accessible as the other woman had been repulsive, and, when we had broken the ice by some purchase, and been taken over the chair factory, we found our inquiries so pleasantly responded to, and our curiosity so sympathised with, that we were emboldened to ask a gentle old woman who had joined us whether, in the event of our return some weeks later, we could be housed in the village. Our younger acquaintance's face beamed—the idea pleased Sister Katie; she looked anxiously towards her elder companion, who was gravely shaking her head in negative—"Polly, *can't* we?" Polly shook her head again, but there was no firmness in the negative motion.

"I'm sure——" she began.

"Stop, stop!" cried Kate, starting out of the room and soon reappearing with a tall, fine,

handsome woman of commanding appearance, whom she introduced as "Eldress Annie." "Ask her," she whispered to me; "*she's* the one."

We repeated our inquiry persuasively and humbly. There was a minute's hesitation. They did not take strangers in; folks were aye fond of coming and looking at them. Then, having keenly surveyed us, the result was favourable, and she added:—

"Waal, as you're English ladies and strangers, and don't mean to make a mock at us, I guess we'll just have to do it. Come along and see where we can put you."

And she immediately led the way to an adjacent cottage, where we were shown two neat, pretty rooms, our acceptance of which was not to be revoked by the warning "that the hired hands lived above them."

"They have a door to themselves. Ye don't mind them? Waal, then, it's yea, and we'll expect ye."

Thanking her, we took a friendly leave of the trio, promising to return by a certain time.

We kept our word. One bright summer afternoon, some three weeks later on, found us driving from the pretty little town of Pittsfield, over the eight or nine miles of road which separate it from Mount Lebanon.

On this occasion our coachman had nothing but high praise to bestow on the Shaker community, "the most respectable, peace-loving, law-abiding folk, respected all around."

Our road lay through another of their villages, and he advised our alighting to visit a large circular barn, which is the just pride of the Hancock settlement. A middle-aged man, dressed in a brown cotton blouse, left some cattle he was driving to show us into the immense mow, which was divided into four sections for varieties of hay. Round the walls was a broad platform, on which at least a dozen carts might drive and unload, while underneath were stables and accommodation for fully a hundred cattle, at that time only tenanted by a few calves. The Brother soon relaxed from the taciturnity characteristic of the sect, and readily answered questions about their creed and customs, in his turn eagerly inquiring about the old world, which he told us he longed to see.

"Which is your sacred mountain?" we asked, as we looked forth on a range of wooded hills.

"What do you know about that?" he exclaimed, evidently ignorant that gossip credits the Shakers with many wild notions, amongst others—that men may become posthumous members of the sect; that they modestly claim in the spirit land such celebrities as Washington, Napoleon, and Lafayette, and say that one long summer night they hunted Satan on that same hill (called Mount Sinai) until they had killed and buried him, and thenceforward Washington and Lafayette, on white horses, keep guard there, as may be seen by the faithful.

The Brother spake no word of this, but, conducting us to another aperture, pointed out a rounded hill-top, remarking, "There's what you'll be asking for, I guess; but we don't go up there now."

Bidding him adieu, we resumed our drive through pretty undulating country, ascended a long wooded hill, on whose summit is a spring, icy cold even on the warmest day, and then, our horses rattling at speed down the descent, we soon came in sight of the large blocks of houses and barns nestling amidst luxuriant gardens and orchards, in a vale rich with culture, and drew up at the first settlement, which was our destination.

"These are surely our English friends, and you are welcome," spoke a fresh-coloured, pretty, dark-eyed young Shakeress, coming forward with outstretched hand and such genial manner, though we had not seen her before, that any secret fear we had entertained of intrusiveness was for ever dispelled.

We followed her up-stairs into a sitting-room, where the sisters Polly and Katie joined us with equally kind greeting.

"The girls are getting your room ready," said the elder woman, apologising for not conducting us thither, and when in a short time Katie reappeared with our bags in her hand, we found that the idea of giving us rooms in the "hired hands'." house had so disturbed our hosts that they had turned out of one of their own rooms for our use.

A small, exquisitely clean, cheerful double-bedded room, whose appointments were simple but elegant. The floor, such parts as were not covered by mats, was pure as wood could be scrubbed, the linen fine and of dazzling whiteness, the china choice and costly. Katie busied herself disposing of our effects by hanging everything that could be suspended on one of the rows of pegs which fringed the walls. The straight handle of an umbrella, long bereft of cord and tassel, exercised her much. Placing it across the pegs was a disturbance of symmetry she could not think of, so she finally laid it in a corner with so distressed a sigh, exclaiming, "I guess it will just have to stand there," as to try our risible faculties.

But few minutes were allowed us to remove the dust of travel, ere the sound of a hand-bell and Katie's reappearance told us our evening meal was ready. We followed our guide down-stairs and across a flagged path to the large common house, where we were greeted anew by the handsome Eldress Annie, her fine, though somewhat stern countenance softened by a kindly smile. They had made up their minds to receive us, and were evidently whole-hearted about it.

"She looks hard," Katie whispered; "but she is that full of fun and goodness when you know her."

"You must take us as we are," said the Eldress, showing us into a small parlour, evidently the guest chamber, where the meal was spread; and closing the door on Katie, she usurped the office of serving us.

Not much fear of starvation here, thought we, as our hostess brought forth meats and pies, blancmange and custard, and preserves, and poured out aromatic coffee from a silver pot into choice china cups, while cream too thick to easily flow stood in a silver jug beside an equally valuable sugar bowl, the appointments giving an air of elegance to the meal. Our wants seen to, the Eldress seated herself at the window and conversed in a quaint dry fashion, not devoid of charm.

"You won't see a meeting, however, the morrow," she told us much to our chagrin. "One of the Eldresses is real sick; heaps of folk went away last Sunday disappointed."

Seeing we looked the same, she promised to try and get us admitted to a meeting in one of the families, for some reason not wishing to admit us to their own. Perhaps she feared ridicule.

Our evening was spent with the inmates of the office house, including a Brother Robert, the Elder of the family, a man of grave demeanour but of shrewd perceptions and considerable information.

We retired early, such being the sensible custom of the community, but our bright little friend, Katie, nothing loth, sat for some time with us in our room, and by her willing information increased our knowledge of the habits and life of this industrious, staid, and law-abiding sect. They profess, while still in the body, to have been called by grace out of the world to lead a new and resurrection life, foregoing the lusts, pleasures, and enticements of the world; their call, they hold, being not to a mere change of life, but to the possession of new life in the soul, which makes them partakers of a new heavenly resurrection life in fellowship with angels and the departed, who (as they esteem that dread passage) have merely shaken off and laid aside the garments of the body and joined the band of saints, invisible thenceforward only to those in the flesh, but visible and audible to the eyes and ears of those called and purified into this higher life by grace.

The angels neither marry nor are given in marriage in this resurrection life, to which they lay claim, and they would be as the angels. Celibacy is their fundamental rule; neither marriages nor births have place amongst them. If, they say, all men are born into sin and death, how can the saint, called out of such a state, augment this empire of sin and death? And, strange as it may sound, many hundreds of persons—fair damsels and aged women, stalwart youths and grey-haired men, embracing these views, have forsaken all worldly joys and, uniting into large bands, dwell in utmost purity, industry, and peace as brethren and sisters; divided in each settlement into large families of from sixty to two hundred, ordered and governed by selected heads—an elder and an eldress, who guide, direct, and manage, as parents over a family. These again revolve around a common centre; two duly appointed elders and two eldresses who, besides directing and attending to the general interest, consulting and aiding, as need may arise, would seem to occupy a ministerial position amongst them.

Community of means and interest—that all property be held for the equal benefit of the various members, that all share and share alike—they hold as the bounden duty of all Christians. Each family possess their own land, held by appointed trustees; and "six days shalt thou labour" is a command faithfully observed by each member, whatever their sex or age, according to their strength and ability.

With the Quakers, whom in dress and demeanour they closely resemble, they hold the sinfulness of discord and war, and rigorously keep aloof from the party contentions and politics of the world. Pride, worldly ambition, have no place in Shaker communities. Love, which is charity, peace, justice, goodness, truth, are their professed and inculcated virtues, striven after and carried out as poor human nature kept under by grace can do it.

"And you all live together, Sister Polly," I had said, "a mass of human beings, with individual tastes, temperaments and dispositions, unrestrained by the coercion and discipline

of conventional life; and mean to tell me no bitterness, no jealousies, no jars arise?"

"Friend," meekly answered my aged and gentle companion, "we are but human still, but we strive momentarily to crush the flesh and its infirmities! I'll not say but what at times we give and take, but then we make restitution."

The perpetuity of the society depends not only on their being joined by adult converts, who are "called by grace,"—for they exercise no missionary influence abroad, nor seek to allure into their fold, deeming the call to be from God alone, who gathers in His elect as He wills—but in a large measure on the receiving and adoption of children, orphans or the offspring of those who, unable to provide for their little ones, have sought a refuge for them from want and misery in the peaceful haven of Shakerism.

These children are cared for with utmost kindness, no severity attends their training, they are well-educated and taught to work, and free to leave when of an age to judge for themselves. Naturally the teaching of their daily life tends to withdraw them from the temptations of the world (as all outside the sect are termed) into the angelic life of Shakerism; but if this fail then they are free to go forth, regretted it may be as saints regret those who are not of them, but aided with generous gifts, to enable them to commence a prosperous life. No conventional oath binds them, no physical force restrains them.

"The girls mostly stay," spoke Katie, "of these adopted little ones; the boys as often as not run away. Did thee ever hear of John Smith?"

"Nay."

"Waal, then, John Smith came in one day with his wife and twelve children, and every one of them became Shakers, and stayed."

The brilliant sunshine struggled in at every crevice of the window-blind, and the song of a caged bird beneath our casement, mingled with the sound of gentle taps, aroused us next morning from the deep slumber to which the softest of beds and flower-scented linen had wooed us; and, hurried by the warning bell from the other house, we went over to find that our early hour was deemed a far-advanced one by the active community. Breakfast over, the eldress took us over the house, spotless and tidy even in its obscurest corner. The sisters slept by pairs in rooms tastily arranged, but painfully neat; but everything dispensable, even the unused chairs, being hung up on pegs, as in our room, prettily-framed photographs, neat workboxes, various knickknacks robbing them of conventual bareness. One large empty room, with what looked suspiciously like a leaping bar in the centre, was the apartment set apart for their religious exercises. In another room, surrounded by bookcases, was an harmonium; the kitchen, pantry, dairy, and family dining-rooms occupied the basement, everything betokening extreme comfort combined with plainness.

A long table was spread in the dining-room in far plainer fashion than had been thought necessary for us. The cruet-stands hung suspended over the table; and the backs of the chairs used were so low that they stood clear under the table. Truly, to get everything out of the way seemed the rule of this tidy household.

"I am afraid, Eldress," said I, laughingly, "that a continued residence here would incline me some day to hang myself up on a peg, when I felt in the way."

The men and women occupy apartments on different sides of the house, but they take their meals together, generally in silence, and these meals are most simple, chiefly the fruits of the earth—sweet corn, farinaceous food and sweets. They rarely indulge in meat, stimulants are only taken medicinally, and the use of tobacco is considered a vicious and sinful practice. This frugal diet, regular, peaceful, and industrious life, conduce to long and healthful existence, so that we were hardly surprised to hear of the many aged persons in the community. One woman had attained the great age of one hundred and seven.

We sat with some of the younger sisters until the proper hour for going to the meeting, to be held in the North Family, to which we went armed with a most flattering letter of introduction. We had to traverse for about a mile the entire length of the village, buried in a stillness and peacefulness that harmonised with our sabbath feelings. Not a sign of inhabitant was to be seen. The large frame building, which is their meeting house, was closed; not a face was to be seen at any window. Here was no public-house, no police-office; but on all sides appeared signs of the extreme care the Shakers bestow on the cultivation of their land. With them it is alike a part of their religion and their joy. The earth, say they, is under a curse and corruption; it lies on the part of the saints to redeem it to primeval fruitfulness and the glory of God. In front of one long

garden, the roadside had been planted with cherry-trees ruddy with fruit. The temptation to pick some was great, and our resistance unnecessary, as we were afterwards told the brother had planted them expressly for the passers-by. "I guess," he had said, "the boys else will be coveting my fruit." Now and again, a pretty brown-eyed and yellow-striped chipmunck, prettiest of all the squirrel tribe, would dart from a hole timidly, look at us, and then more rapidly vanish. Sweet and varied notes of birds, rejoicing in the glittering sunshine, made melody around us; lovely flowers perfumed the air. It was with a feeling akin to timidity that we sought admittance at the large house to which we had been directed. A brush hung on a nail by the door, and a scraper and mat, left no excuse for the incomer bearing mud or dust into the large, bare, inhospitable-looking hall, to which we were admitted while our letter was being taken up to head-quarters. In a few minutes we were shown into a cheerful bedroom, neat and spotless as those where we dwelt, and chairs being taken down from the pegs, we were joined by a few young Shakeresses, to whom we explained who we were, and wherefore we had called. Presently a short middle-aged woman entered, and was introduced to us as the Eldress Antoinette Doolittle, who, we afterwards found, was one of their bright and shining lights. She lost no time, commencing on the tenets of her sect. "We Shakers," said she, with a quaver in her voice which was habitual, "*act* what others only profess. We do not merely talk about self-denial and the quenching of sinful passions, and the necessity of leading an angelic life if we would be Christ-like, but we do lead that life. We are not fenced in by bolts and bars; principle protects us. As to our faith, we believe that as we live here, so shall we live hereafter. We do not believe in a personal Satan, but we hold spiritual resurrection into a new and higher life as more reasonable and true. We Shakers shake ourselves free from the trammels of——"

Here, to my relief, a summons to the meeting interrupted the good woman's dogmatisms, and we followed a sister to a large apartment, having only an harmonium in it and a bench round the walls. Soon, by different doors, there entered by two and two, men and boys, women and girls, each with their hands meekly clasped in front. They drew up in rows, facing each other, the men on one side, the women on the other. Men and boys were dressed alike, after Shaker fashion; but the younger girls and children formed a pleasing contrast, in their bright and pretty clothes and long plaited hair, to Shakeresses in their prim dresses, white glistening capes, and thin hair closely brushed back under their odd-looking caps.

After a few minutes' silence, the voice of praise burst forth in bright and cheerful strain. At the concluding chords they unclasped their hands, letting them slowly drop to their sides, and then raised and re-clasped them with military precision.

Then an old man, the Elder, advanced, and taking up a position between the two parties, gave an address on the years of famine in Egypt, which was succeeded by another burst of triumphant song. The company, except the front rows, who led the singing and remained stationary, marched by twos and twos round the room, keeping time by moving their hands, palms uppermost, up and down.

One sanctimonious lad, with shaking knees and elbows, turned up his eyes and shook with exaggerated fervour and zeal; otherwise there was little to smile at in their bodily manifestations, which was a relief to us, as we had heard ludicrous accounts of the wild manifestations their religious fervour broke into, so that we had half dreaded what we might witness, not wishing to be provoked to smile at people whose lives so command respect. The hymn ended, the company re-formed as before, and another aged man, a Scotchman, spoke, dwelling at some length on what he was pleased to call the devil-possessed landlords of Ireland, who were driving the poor man from house and land. More singing and marching succeeded; then the Eldress Antoinette raised her voice, exhorting all on the blessing of self-denial of passions and desires; how the heavenly life was the Shaker life; how the name they called themselves by was no term of opprobrium, but implied that they shook themselves free from the bonds and snares of the world and flesh. Another exultant song, accompanied by quicker step and more energetic motion of the hands, concluded the meeting, when they all retired as they entered. There was no reading of Scripture, or prayer.

As we retraced our way up the village, an occasional sound of praise alone betokened life within. We turned aside to visit the graves of the community, marked by plain slate headstones, rising amidst a luxuriant cornfield. Truly our friends were thrifty of

their land. After an early dinner we adjourned to the Eldress's room, where several of the younger sisters had assembled, and we enjoyed conversing with and hearing them sing. Looking at the sweet, young, fresh-tinted faces—rarely seen in America—one wondered how they came beneath a Shaker's cap. In most instances there was the same tale: one, forsaken by her parents, had been received as a wee, toddling infant; another, at fourteen years of age, placed there by her parents; the Eldress at five, Katie at two years of age. "God help parents in the flesh if they love their children more than I have loved these!" said the gentle foster-mother of the family (Polly) to me, with a pathos long to be remembered.

Under Elder Robert's guidance, we took a walk up the hill behind the farm, through herbage which rose above our knees, and enjoyed a fine view of wooded hills and fruitful fields—truly a goodly land, showing some of the finest farming in America. Our guide told us he did not find farming pay, and but for the comfort to the family of having their own corn and vegetables, he would gladly abandon it. He pointed out a barn built on the boundary between the two counties, and told us that when, during the war, some came, trying to take the Shaker men for soldiers—war being against their creed—they dodged conscription by moving from one side to the other, out of the shires. The other sources of industry were shown us, in the numerous outbuildings of the Home: workrooms, with looms on which hired German artisans wove the plush cloth used for covering the pretty rocking-chairs they manufacture; machinery, which the Shakers had partly devised, for stripping Indian corn from the cob, cleansing, and then drying or semi-baking it, so that soaking in warm water made it fit for use; distilling essences, compounding patent pills and medicines, &c.

A Yankee couple had driven over from Pittsfield to visit their Shaker friends.

"Driving about the country on the Sabbath being an occupation I don't hold with, anyhow," spoke forth Eldress Annie with grim censure; albeit she showered hospitality on her guests, a most commonplace pair, whom we were glad to see start in their buggy for their homeward drive, leaving us free for another pleasant evening spent in Polly's pretty sitting-room with our Shaker friends. Many subjects were discussed—prayer, its blessing; the scepticism of the day—Colonel Ingersoll, the Bradlaugh of America, being known to some of them; travel; books. Outwardly with the stamp of working men and women—men who toiled side by side with their labourers in field and yard, women who baked and scrubbed and cooked and sewed—they yet possessed the refinement and information, and expressed themselves with the propriety and judgment, of the higher class.

Next day our visit closed; but, before leaving, we had a busy morning. A beech waggon was placed at our di posal, and Katie, arrayed in all the conscious glory of a bran-new stuff dress, with a close-fitting poke straw bonnet, accompanied us, pointing out the salient features of the village as we drove through it. There the house of family No. 2, which the preceding winter had been burnt down. Water was scarce, the fierce flames raged, and there in their midst lay the strong box containing the deeds, ledgers, and valuable papers of the family. The poor woman in whose charge it was, and who had innocently caused the fire, frantic at the ruin she had occasioned, with the reckl ssness of a lunatic and the courage of a her ine, rushed back into the burning house, reappearing scorched and burnt to such an extent that she sank the following day. In a small house—most probably one of he earliest erected, and not far from the large plain building which is the church—we called on "Dolly Saxton," the most aged member of the community, having attained the rare age of one hundred and seven years. We found the old woman seated in her easy chair, cared for and tended by a sister who had long been her companion, and who was herself seventy years of age, her aged and deeply wrinkled face beaming with kindly welcome as she greeted us.

"And you know how ol I am," she said; "one hundred and seven last May; and I have been a Shakeress one hundred and five years."

"Why," I answered, "y u are the age of the United States!"

The old lady chuckled. "Ay, ay," she said, "I am just that," naming the year of her birth.

"Did you know Mother Ann?" I asked, referring to the founder of their sect.

"Nay, nay," was her reply; "I canna just say I knew her, but I have seen her when she came amongst us."

She then desired her friend to give her some of her cards, ornamented with a little flower, and the name "Dolly Saxton" upon them, saying as she handed us each one,

"That's with my love and blessing. That's what I say to you: my love and blessing."

We made her a small present, which elicited a childish chuckle of pleasure. "She is so pleased," explained her friend, "when people don't merely come to stare at her, just as if she were a wild beast, as she calls it."

We shouted into her deaf ears some kindly words, and, fearful of fatiguing her, took leave of the venerable woman.

"She was most anxious, on reaching a hundred," said Katie, "to live five years longer, and complete her century in the society; but now she says she does not think they ever mean to let her die, and she guesses she will have to slip away unbeknown some day."

We looked into the church or meeting-house, which, with its tiers of raised seats on either side and well-waxed floor, strongly resembled a ball-room; and we were introduced to a handsome old man, Giles Avery, the senior elder, who was at work loading a cart with hay as diligently as any of the junior men. Then we visited the pretty schoolhouse, bright with pictures and evergreen decorations, and filled with bright-looking, neatly-dressed girls. A couple of young Shakeresses were the teachers, but when we entered a Shaker was giving an elocution lesson with masterly power. Our entrance caused no pause. We seated ourselves and listened, struck by the total absence of curiosity or shyness on the part of the pupils. No one seemed to notice our presence. The young scholars were remarkable for their erect, graceful attitudes and modest demeanour; the government over them being mild, gentle, and beneficent, which generally produces willing obedience to what is required, the practical exercise of gentle manners being early inculcated; while churlishness, moroseness, all rough, unfeeling behaviour, uncivil deportment, all mischievous and evil propensities, are carefully watched against and reproved, and the greatest pains taken to lead them into the practical exercise of truth, honesty, kindness, benevolence, and every moral virtue; obedience to their instructors, respect to parents and superiors, reverence to the aged, kindness and civility to all, being strictly enjoined.

A good common school education is provided, and as the teachers are not labouring for pecuniary compensation, but for conscience' sake, for the good of those intrusted to them, when traits of genius are discovered amongst the pupils, the privileges of instruction are proportionally extended. All are early led into the knowledge of the Scriptures, particularly the precepts and history of Jesus Christ and His Apostles; and the children are always brought up to some manual trade suited to their capacities, by which they may obtain a livelihood whether they remain with the society or not.

"Be sure and let us hear from you," said one and another of our new-made friends, as we took leave of them to drive over to the station midway to Pittsfield.

"And see now," said Eldress Annie, concluding many kind remarks, "if you ever know of any person or poor destitute child going to the bad for want of a home, you just write to me, that's all."

"God bless and speed you," spoke gentle Polly.

"Be sure and see us again if you come back to the States," were bright Katie's parting words, as the young Shaker driving the waggon rattled us off with the horses' best speed.

We were parting with these excellent people with regret, our brief stay amongst them having engendered feelings of sincere regard and respect for their honest, industrious, and blameless life.

The Shakers, just and upright as they are allowed to be, are nevertheless freely accused of loving money, and so despoiling "the world." Nevertheless, when our Shaker lad, having driven hard and well that we might catch the train, had handed our last parcel from the waggon—a beautiful bonnet-box, which Polly had insisted on giving me at parting—he obstinately refused the "backsheesh" I wished to press into his hand.

"Nay, nay," he exclaimed, "you settled all to hum. A good time to ye," and so drove on, leaving us to our journey in the cars, beguiled by looking over a parcel of Shaker literature presented to me; and in one of their monthly publications, the "Manifesto," I found the enclosed emanation from sweet old Sister Polly's mind:—

A PRAYER.

"O Heavenly Father, listen to my humble prayer:
Grant me thy kind protection, love, and tender care;
I'm hungry, I'm thirsty, give me food to eat,
And waters of thy life, refreshing, pure, and sweet.
Henceforth I will devote my strength, my all, to thee,
My time and talents, great or small as they may be.
I'm thine, I'm thine, and all for thee I will forsake,
The yoke and cross of Christ I will most freely take."

FORMLESS SHELL-BUILDERS.

By A CITY NATURALIST.

THE "Life of Frank Buckland" opens with a characteristic story. On the day of the naturalist's birth, his father, the famous geological Dean of Westminster, and his godfather, Sir Francis Chantrey, weighed him in the kitchen scales against a leg of mutton, and ascertained that he was heavier than the joint that day provided for the family dinner. In honour of his arrival, and that orthodox provision might be made for the future disciplining of a physique thus early giving ominous promise of muscular robustness, they then proceeded to plant a birch-tree in the garden. As Buckland himself testifies, the tree admirably fulfilled its castigatory functions. With rare zeal for the complete discharge of his sponsorial duties, Sir Francis on the same day offered to give his godchild a library. "What is the use of a library to a child an hour old?" said the father. "He will live to be sorry for that answer," replied Sir Francis. And

Frank Buckland adds, "I never got the library."

Whether the great naturalist ever did regret his father's thoughtless yet instinctively wise speech may be open to doubt. But without a doubt every nature-lover who has learnt in Frank Buckland's school, or recreated himself in his playground, will be thankful that his master was permitted from early childhood to find his books in nature's own library, and his companions among the snakes and frogs and fossils of his father's house. Not that he despised books, far from it, but at a time when the study of nature with or without books attracted but few pupils, he saw in fields and hedgerows and streams, in the structure and habits of birds and beasts and reptiles, a charm which drew him into pursuits destined to revolutionise education, and to provide material for the theoriser, food for the hungry, and boundless enjoyment for the idler. In after years Frank Buckland read many books, and sat at the feet of many teachers, and stored his mind with the best physiological and zoological lore. Yet to the last he remained loyal to his earliest teacher, and never faltered in his belief that the whole world of life was the best library in which a naturalist, who desired above everything to be useful, could study.

Books on natural history crowd the highways of every thoughtful life, and, provided we set before ourselves a wisely-selected purpose and resolutely cleave to it, refusing to be drawn aside by the allurements of by-paths, we cannot very well avoid alighting on guides who will lead us, on the whole honestly, into a pathway sufficiently wonderful. But still, as every true book will testify, Nature herself is the noblest and always the most enchanting teacher. It is one of the better signs of our times that no books are more popular than those in which the writers set down in simple words a true story of what they have actually seen. Let any one who has cultivated the gift of saying something worth reading write a letter in a wood, in a rocky cove, on a purple moor, by the side of a babbling brook, or even in a simple garden, and let him transfer to the paper before him a word picture of all the colour and shadow and busy life around, and the child or friend who receives the letter will read it once and again, and will not be ashamed to let others read it. The world is beginning to tire of shams. It is almost surfeited with fictions. Wearily it cries, What is truth? Where has she hidden herself? Why are we left to the tinsel, and posturing, and babyish mimicry of puppet-shows? Are there not real forces of life and law all around us to which we may turn, not only for satisfaction of our innate passion for getting, but also for the gratification of our longing for pleasure, pure and simple? And year by year an ever-increasing number of toilers in the world's workshops are spending their scanty leisure in following Nature as she goes to and fro scattering fact and fancy for all who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

You cannot open such a book as Huxley's "Invertebrata" without seeing at a glance that it is the world of *waters* which furnishes the richest harvest of life, in its simplest, oldest, and most easily-studied forms. It is strictly and literally true—and no other words can more exactly or picturesquely describe the phenomenon—"The waters have brought forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." And still they bring forth, not—so far as we are able to discern—new forms of life, but new generations of the same old types which swarmed in seas which were ancient when the chalk hills and the mountain limestone, and even the yet older Laurentian rocks were laid. Let down a dredge in any one of our large tidal harbours, and it will deliver a plentiful store of simple creatures — shell-building, sponge-weaving, or even simpler still—not differing in structure or habit from their remote ancestors more than the modern Egyptian *fellah* differs from the man who contributed his day's work towards the rearing of Cheops' great pyramid. Sweep a small ring net through the shallow, weedy water of a stagnant ditch, and probably among the highly organized creatures which you are sure to capture, your microscope will reveal a lowlier form of life, in which shape and structure and function are reduced to a minimum, but which even an unpractised eye will see is akin to the creatures which for unknown generations have been busily at work making mountains of lime, or nodules of flint, or masses of horny fibre. Why do these atoms of all but structureless life thus behave? Why, being all apparently alike in chemical constituency, in the assortment of their elements, and in their modes of feeding and reproducing, why do they differ from one another so materially in the one function of house-building or otherwise? Why should one set of creatures construct exquisite little shells of lime, another still more beautiful tenements of silica, whilst a third produces a kind of rough parody in sand and cement of the high art work of its nobler relatives? Why should

one species be content age after age with the building up of a simple flask, smooth, graceful in curvature, with a single rimmed mouth? Why should another, with equal persistency, follow the same general plan, but add thereto minute flutings? Why should others pile story on story, with variations of ornamentation more plentiful than can be found in the quaint architecture of a mediæval burgh, uprearing the building vertically, or bending it into a vortex of chambers, or agglomerating domed cells, until they resemble either the regularity of a wasps' nest, or the irregularity of the wild honey-bees' nest? Why, again, should some be content with one gateway, small or wide, through which all the streams of living light may pour, whilst others pierce their crystalline walls with fine apertures, and guard them with a *chevaux de frise* of glittering needles. These are but a few of the contrasts and variations which the Foraminifera present. The Polycistina are equally rich in architectural idiosyncrasy, and as much more beautiful in general type as dainty Oriental kiosks of art-crystal would be than Italian palaces of carved marble. We gaze upon these lovely abodes of life in one of its most prominent forms, and ask questions which no one can answer, and wonder, and dream, and ponder many things, until finally our tired brain is thankful to rest on the simple old-world truth, "Their God doth instruct them so."

For the more beautiful Polycistina we should have to search in other and, for the most part, warmer waters than those which wash our English coasts. But the Foraminifera are easily found, dead in white lines upon certain sandy shores at low tide; or, better still, living on weeds and corallines in the rock-pools of Devonshire, Dorsetshire, North Wales, the Western Highlands, and elsewhere. A good pocket-lens and a watch-glass will suffice to give some idea of the beautiful little shells they construct. But to see the mystic network of life into which they weave their structureless bodies more elaborate apparatus is needed. Should the simple lens discover a Foraminiferal shell clinging to the morsel of weed in the watch-glass, a fine camel-hair brush will remove it without injury to a small sunk cell filled with sea-water. Carefully cover the cell with a piece of thin glass, and place the whole on the stage of the microscope. You do not need, and indeed for this work could not use, save under very exceptional circumstances, a high power. An inch objective will bring out much of the beauty. A half-inch will show the out-flowing and in-flowing granules of protoplasm. Even more important than the selection of a lens is the adjustment of light. A blaze in this case darkens by excess of light. Twist the mirror under the stage so as to throw lines of light across the field at the obliquest angle consistent with illumination, and you will kindle the object into brilliancy, and darken the background, just as a clear pool is darkened into jet blackness, yet illuminated, by the slanting rays of the setting sun. Tenderly handled, coaxed into amiable compliance with the will of its owner, even a little half-guinea microscope may be wooed into a power of service quite astonishing; whilst, blunderingly used, the costliest instrument will merely succeed in bringing a rain of anathemas upon the name of the maker, who has tempted a purchaser without testing his power to use what he has bought. Dr. Carpenter himself declared that some of the best work and some of the greatest discoveries are to be credited to very simple and inexpensive instruments. In science, as in everything else, he is a poor workman who quarrels with his tools. Above all, be patient and quiet. Let the room be kept perfectly still; no one must jar the table, or shake the floor on which it rests, or touch the instrument save for necessary focussing, for the little shell-builder is a stranger in a place to him very strange. Until he has adapted himself to his environment, and conquered his natural timidity, he must on no account be disturbed. Five, ten, it may be fifteen minutes, must be allowed for this conquest of shyness. Then, stealing gently out of the mouth, if he is an "imperforate," or out of the many apertures if he is a "perforate," you will see one, two, or more filmy needle-points of light. They will glide, imperceptibly at first, more swiftly afterwards, into long, straight, fine lines of life, more like star-rays than spider-threads. If you leave the instrument for a few moments and return, you will be astonished at the change which has taken place. Lines, more than you can count, are streaming from the shell in every direction, and losing themselves in the infinity of nothingness. At the base they are coalescing in broad streams. Half-way along their course some bend at an obtuse angle, depositing in the angle a store of protoplasmic granules which form a kind of extemporised stomach, into which a sailing diatom or a whirling, giddy monad is drawn to the extinction of all free citizenship, and by which it is deprived of all its digestible sarcode. Carefully focus the half-inch objec-

tive, and the whole mass of slowly moving life will be resolved into a multitude of rivers, each one possessing two distinct movements. If you slowly thrust out your arm, you will add a new movement to each vein and artery; there will be first the inner flow of blood-corpuscles to or fro, and then the outer sweep of the arm. So, here, all the pseudopodia (or false feet) are together sweeping out into space like the tail of a comet; but, at the same time, inside each one the protoplasm is flowing in or out. Yet there is no skin, there are no veins, and the creature itself is without head or tail, heart or eyes, mouth, or, in fact, organs of any kind. Nevertheless it catches prey, digests it, crawls from place to place, is sensitive to vibration—possibly also to light and colour—and, greatest wonder of all, it builds according to a fixed plan, out of lime extracted from the water, a house, which is a perfect marvel of ingenuity; and from age to age, through countless myriads of generations, each species has been true to its type.

RAPHAEL AND HIS BIBLE CARTOONS.

By MARY HARRISON.

I.

IT is more than three hundred and fifty years now since the piety of the world wept that Raphael was dead. It was upon the festival of the crucifixion of Him whose childhood and manhood's life had been the chief theme of his wondrous fancy. The last of those beautiful songs of praise he had written in paint hung over the place where his gentle body lay at rest. Both were exhibited together: the artist's pale form, and the last and crowning work which his young hand had wrought.

Since he was two years old had that hand, now lying upon his breast, drawn the mysteries within him with a pureness and reverence marvellous in their facility and luxuriance of expression, and thus given Jesus a new place in the imaginations of men, and made the Gospels a handwriting upon the wall. "The Transfiguration," which hung over that body lying in its last sleep, fitly embodied the object for which he had perpetually laboured while he covered his breadths of canvas: it was to transfer the Christ of his own divine imagination to the imaginings of men, to transfigure Him in living colour before the eyes of a world vainly struggling to cast out its evil.

His work sprang from him, all unconstrained, spontaneously, and of delight. It was born of his simple joyous soul, as were his smiles and his genial habit of taking men and things as they were, and his patience with people; indeed his greatness as an artist consists not so much in his power of draftsmanship and colouring as in the great beauty of heart which he threw on the canvas out of himself. The gentle charm which has filled all the pretty faces of his babes, the big grave faces of his apostles, and which he endeavoured to the uttermost to express in the countenance of his Divine Master, was first a secret in his own young soul. Even in his manhood, he was familiarly known as "the beloved Raphael," "your Raphael," "our dear Raphael," "Raphael whom you so much love." These are the phrases in which dignitaries of the Church and high officials of the State spoke of him even in their business conversation and correspondence.

There was ever about him that kind of pure and open simplicity they breathed in the presence of the children whom they loved, when they could not help lifting them up to their lips to kiss them. The effects of such grace in him was so much the more beautiful because so unexpected: he was a great artist; his name was already on the lips of kings and popes; it was being written in letters of gold on walls of church and Vatican; and when he died he would doubtless have a grave in the Pantheon. So the charm of child-like beauty added the pleasure of surprise.

The visions Raphael drew and painted for men to see were the lovely and eternal verities of the domestic world, amongst the sweetest of which his own little feet had trodden in his brief life with father and mother in childhood's hours.

He came of a quiet pair in the little mountain town of Urbino. His home was luminous with that light which is nowhere seen but where a husband and wife are living a peaceful love; and which makes the unconscious nurture and silent music of heaven to the children that are born of it, and which lives

in their memories long as memory lasts. The manner of life there was simple and left Magia, his mother, leisure to be a mother rather than the mere house-slave too common with mothers nowadays, who give birth yet have not time to mother. Mother-gifts enough they have, but their gifts have no chance of growth, nor can they show them to their children. Magia had a kindly, tender heart and a simple country faith in God, and in Him "who for us men and our salvation" came down to earth to die, which she had time to talk to her boy about and visibly to enjoy before him.

When the day's work was done, husband and wife would sit about their door on their rush-bottomed church-like chair in the calm evening air, while their boy prattled and ran about; or they would stroll all together up the hill-road while the sun's red level rays made the stems of the pines so bright, and the tinkle of the little chapel bell down below told that it was even-song; talking and smiling with one another, loving the boy at their side, little thinking how through those simple pleasant ways of theirs he would come to be known and loved throughout the world.

When he was eight years old his mother died. What effect such an event must have had on a refined spiritual nature like his I have some glimpse from a well-remembered experience of my own at the same age. With every year, the dead mother's life becomes idealised and glorified, and the bit of time we spent with her seems more and more like part of another world, the land of the sinless and the blessed.

Deaths to childhood are all facts in the kingdom of heaven. To his eight-year-old sorrow his mother would become a new kind of possession. She had only gone to a place his heart could vaguely feel, where God and the angels his father painted were, where she lived and loved as she had once lived and loved in the little house in Strada del Monte, Urbino. The blue of the sky had hidden her out of his sight, but that was all; she was there.

Raphael closed his life with the creation of a transfigured Jesus; it is more than probable that he began it by creating a transfigured mother.

Raphael owed something to the fact that his father was an artist, but more to the fact that he was a true father, not a mere sire. True fatherhood implies government, training, and the supply of what young instincts and gifts have need of, not bodily bread alone. His father, Giovanni, patiently watched and criticised his drawings from two years old. Very early, he allowed him to take such parts as he longed to take, and could, in his studio. He might, doubtless, have very well dispensed with the juvenile assistance, and had he been impatient and unwilling to suffer inconveniences for his child's sake (a kind of man who has no business to have children), he would have forbidden the activities which made the child so glad. In the too few days that Raphael spent with his father, his young soul imbibed the beautifulness of a good man, which in after years he laid in colours in the "Holy Families" he painted for the world.

Men who think that to give the boys a dose of morals when they need it, as they would for other reasons give a powder, is training them, have yet to learn the might of the mysteries of fellowship, and when they have learnt it, the world will be freer of groans by at least the groans they themselves utter over grown-up sons who do not care for them. To this Giovanni we owe the inconsistency of all Raphael's work with the creed of his Church as to an angry God, black judgments, purgatories, and hells. Painting God the Father, he ever gave Him a face which could get at His children's hearts and make them glad. He could conceive nothing so naturally as a Joseph and a Mary, and these two were also in the Father and Son of his wonderful art.

There is a picture, probably only of fancy, of the little fellow's "messing," as perhaps his step-mother called it. "Let him alone; he will paint some day," his father replied. His child's face, he himself painted amongst the angels of his fresco now in the Tiranni Chapel at Cagli. This picture shows a tender refinement of soul which hardness or indifference in his seniors would easily have pained and quenched.

His tender years were a series of dying lights and deepening glooms. First, came the gloom of his mother's death, which deepened when his good father married again. Then the little walks of father and son, which followed the work of the day, were no longer taken alone, and their talks now were never about their mutual absent love. His happiness lay more and more in lonely dreams of the unseen, and silent memories of the sunny past, which were often rudely dispelled by the harsh, fussy, assertive ways of the woman who now took his gentle mother's place.

At eleven years old another light went

out, and the gloom still further deepened. His father died, and the studio in which he had spent so much of his happiest time was closed. Nobody now cared for the sheets on which he wrought out things that were in him; and the young face grew in serious beauty, and the two gentle eyes became the home of sorrow. Trouble next followed in the home. His step-mother and his uncle, a priest, who were left his guardians and his father's executors, could not agree either about the disposal of his father's goods or of his child; and the sad child became a bone of contention, and he became neglected and lonely Pictures of things were ever coming into his brain, but nobody would care to look at them if he drew them, so he was timid and did not draw them. There was no one now to point out his faults and cheer and direct him, and to speak a bit of praise. Yet though the studio was closed and there was no eye to pity, there were still the old walks, and the lights and shadows of evening on the hills, and the little bell at vespers; and these recalled friendly faces and voices from the past. Sometimes he would cry bitterly for the sunny days their presence had made.

Other things remained, too, that were good to the orphan child. The simple folks of his little town loved him, and the baby faces with their mothers bending over them suckling them were so lovely to him; and the wrinkled-faced old men who sat out in the sun at their doors looked so kindly on him as he went his way. They had known his good father and mother from their childhood, and they thought he, like his parents, must die early, with those big eyes of his that seemed already to see God, looking so full out of his little serious face; and they gave him their ripest peaches. And there was the little fraternity of children, with so much of the kingdom of heaven about their good-natured games, making the best of life. Though a good child who has the liberty of his native village may be lonely, his life cannot be dull; and Raphael Sanzio was no exception. He was happy there, and did not murmur, but his bliss was far too secret, and deep, and ripe for his tender years.

Possibly his priestly guardian, his father's brother, would have made a priest of him; but fortunately no such violence was done to the will of God. The work Raphael had been given to do in the world was not to perform the ritual of a church, but in lovely pictures to place the One life more clearly before the mind and the eye. Fortunately his dead mother's brother recognised this, probably in the first place from the proud mother's tale of his father's secret prophecies for his child. A year after his father's death, spiritualised by the sad events of his affectionate life, he was taken to the school of Perugino, of whose fitness to instruct such a child frequenters of our own National Gallery must form the highest opinion. The people that walk before his quaint canvases are scarcely more living, and are far less spiritually beautiful, than the saints he has made to look out from them. They have no follies and no sins; they love to do good—it is their meat and drink. And they seem to have been a transcript of Perugino himself. At once he recognised the incomparable gift God had bestowed on this Urbino boy. "Let him be my pupil," he pleaded with the uncle, who called to see about a place in his studio for him, "let him be my pupil; he will soon become my master."

At this time Perugino was rapidly growing in fame as a religious artist. Greatly needed, he was also universally welcomed by the Church, and art seemed destined to go down to posterity with his name. Yet did he hail the young life which should eclipse his rising fame. He had none of the vanity which makes a man sleep on thorns at the thought of a rival who is surpassing him. And in that age he was not alone.

Such men were not coarse enough for an age which has no open visions, when art is one branch of shopkeeping, and genius is spoilt for want of generosity. It is as if angels were caught and put into cages to sell. Money, money, anything for money. A great gift, a great fame, all is so much money. You buy your poet and your artist as you buy your Christmas geese, the biggest fetches the most coin. To do anything for beautiful art's sake, to be willing to be nothing for beautiful art's sake, that is almost unknown to-day. So much has the commerciality of everything come about that, "for Jesus Christ's sake" has ceased to have any meaning, save for the price He paid. For the sake of His honour, His good name in the world, for the sake of satisfying Him, being nothing that He may be all, *that* cry of affectionate and chivalrous loyalty to Him which so moved Paul, is turned into a matter of divine book-keeping and accounts.

But Perugino lived in love of art, not himself, and so he understood a saint who lived in love of God, and could paint him. And because he knew that the pale boy from Urbino had put such wonderful grace of childish reverence in the lines his little hand had

drawn on those sheets of paper he had brought with him, for *art's* sake, he prayed to have Raphael as his pupil; and the boy was to him the wonder and delight which he foresaw he would one day be to the world. "Will you let *me* paint in an angel?" the boy in his mid-teens would ask of his teacher, with that pretty, serious smile which is omnipotent over true hearts.

Some canvas still survives in which the great master's concessions to these wishes are clearly visible, and in these early attempts at colouring, as a child he takes his place in the world of art.

It is only on the religious pictures of his master that his young hand was allowed to work; for though his later pencil was engaged on works varied and secular, the learning with which his spontaneous imagination was filled was of things heavenly. It was the expression of divine feelings which came to him naturally, as the exhalations of his breath came, or the tones of his voice. Work on religious themes was an unmixed joy: his easiest thoughts were Godward.

In this Raphael greatly differed from Michael Angelo, just at this time at the height of his fame, whose brushes and colours excelled in portraying the terrors of the Lord—thunders of judgment, and castings down into the pit of the doomed. Angelo was the apostle of a "Paradise Lost;" Raphael was the apostle of a "Paradise Regained." He was full of images of homelike peace and purity, which could go up to God as a friend, and speak with assurance of help and sympathy. His heaven was as a home under influences fairer and tenderer than the charms of the sons of men. His "Madonnas" glow with those gentle lights which he conceived as far above the rugged fires of prophets and miraculous gifts of apostles. Heaven's rule and authority was in the person of a woman, and through the medium of her child.

In the church of St. Peter, in the little town of Perugia, the town of Perugino, is to-day what is thought to be Raphael's first picture, "The Infant Jesus and St. John." It was inspired by a larger work of his master's, as was the treatment of all his earlier works. In "The Holy Trinity," "The Creation of Man," still in the church of S. Trinita of Citta di Castello; and "The Crucifixion," now in the Dudley Gallery, is seen the mode of the master, the temporary husk out of which the pupil's own young gift was emerging in a beauty and grace which none had yet ever attained. They are the works of but a big boy.

The individuality of his gift shows itself earliest in the natural sublimity of his conceptions of Jesus and His mother and the angels. While yet in his teens, he painted "The Coronation of the Virgin," now in the Vatican. "The Twelve Apostles" are there, but these seem rather Perugino's than his. He exhausted all that was best in the sentiments of his own soul upon the subjects he loved best, the Virgin and her Son. The same is true of his "Christ in the Gethsemane;" the design is scarcely his, but the Christ is his; by a reverent sublimity of sentiment his young pencil earnestly labours to make us see what his fancy conceived the sight must have been.

At the threshold of his new career, as has every genius, he had a strong, it would almost seem terrible temptation, to leave duty for pleasure. He has given us the story in the marvellous allegorical representation, "The Vision of a Knight," to be seen in our National Gallery.

To one who does not judge of the importance of events by the show and noise they make, this picture celebrated a battle on which depended greater issues than often fall to warriors and admirals to settle on the fields and seas they soaked with blood. As we stand before this picture of the agitation of a soul which the world bids be disobedient to the still, small voice of God within, what dark possibilities arise! What priceless canvases hung in the balance! What divine imaginings! what aspirations! What Godward visions! what strength of the ages would have been for ever unknown to the world had the conflict ended in this youth's decision to yield to pleasure, and go with the tempting crowds of mirthful men and tender women, all of whom had become proud of his acquaintance, and charmed with his physical and spiritual beauty! Like wild beasts, worldlings are ever seeking some beautiful thing to devour. What mischief they do, who can tell? Man cannot. Only God can know. And so long, long has it been so. Wolves in sheep's clothing! "I will be a painter, and paint the Son of God," was his decision. And the victory once made was abiding, as the companion of his lifeless form in his room of state, the "Transfiguration," then just completed, was witness. As the years slid by, the world did not let him alone, nor did he come quite unscarred out of the hosts against him; but the youth's resolve they had never power to break.

His master, Perugino, had had four apprentices, one of whom, Pinturiccho, seems

to have been Raphael's favourite. To his old master and to his favourite fellow-pupil —to anybody, indeed, who needed his touch to add finish and beauty to the works they had been commissioned to do—he generously lent all the delicacy and strength of his brush.

Out of his teens he came to feel the touch of a larger world.

At twenty he saw the works of that great master of reverent art, Leonardi da Vinci, then in the maturity of his power, and at the sight of their glory his own gift at once cast aside its shell and became itself. To his secret dreams and aspirations it was like the coming of spring life to sleeping roots. This happened in Florence, and here, and at this early age, he produced his first masterpiece, now in the Pitti Palace at Florence "the Madonna Della Gran Duca." Whilst he was indebted to Leonardi for new conceptions of the possibility of spiritualising canvas, it was from Angelo he learnt newer grace and freedom of draftsmanship. Next in his rapid series of wonderful works came the "Madonna of the Goldfinch."

At twenty-three he began the portrait painting which has made so many of his friends our friends, and their characters, almost their voices, known. A sketch of his half-sister stands at the head of these attempts. His own face was happily the subject of another experiment which resulted in the portrait with this paper. A portrait of a face that sees visions, almost visions of the hearts of men, and which is consequently timid and shy, almost sad. The large liquid eyes are an ideal child's, clinging to you with a power with which men do not cling, belonging still to the kingdom of heaven. Nothing could come willingly to harm in his care. To have given pain would cause him pain; to give joy, satisfaction. Through those eyes, as through windows, you see into a guileless soul and understand why he lived in men's as well as women's love everywhere and always.

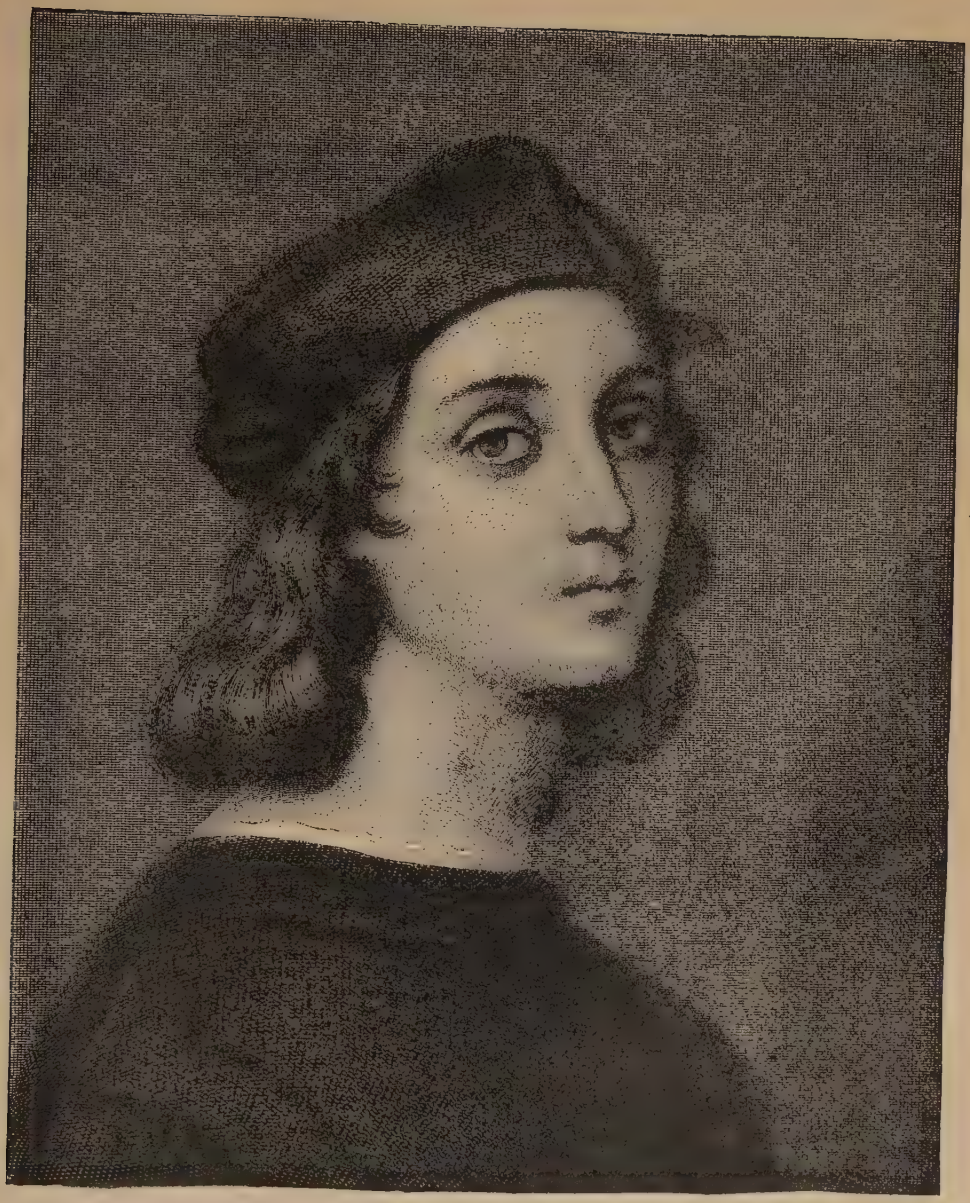
The face on the canvas is pale, the luxuriant hair is chestnut, the attitude that of an affectionate, noble nature, and the mouth speaks of a gentle and faithful friend.

It was to his old mountain town of Urbino, amongst the familiar scenes and friends of his childhood, that he went to paint this picture, probably because he knew that he was most himself when most under the influence of family and home. It was the child in him which was most himself. That saving health which the society of Florence somewhat injured, the society of his mother's acquaintances would refresh and renew.

In what subtle and manifold ways a mother lives, and for how long, and for what high purposes she survives when once she is lodged in the deep heart of her boys, this visit to paint a picture tells better than any words could do. The greatest powers of life are those least seen and known; the most lasting, the woman who taught us our bed-time prayer.

It is probable that to this visit to Urbino the world owes the good fortune that his hand was so early secured for worthy and immortal work; for Pope Julius II. passed through Urbino just then, became acquainted with his young name and works, and shortly after secured his services for the decoration of the Vatican.

Meanwhile, his first work on leaving his old home was "A Holy Family," his next the celebrated "Entombment." The picture, which is full of true home feeling, may have been suggested by his revival of home memories; and the latter, which is full of death and sorrow, by that grave which held his double treasure. Two young men are carrying the body from the cross to the sepulchre in a street, one is bearing the head and walks backwards, one is supporting the legs. Mary Magdalene holds up one arm by the hand, and walks by the side, gazing distractedly at the pale cold face. One scene which in touching pathos excels the rest of the affecing picture, is the fainting away of Mary at a little distance from the procession. But beautiful as it is in itself, all such representations are untrue to nature. While there is anything to be done for their dead, mothers do not faint; it is when all is over, and they could lay themselves down and die, that unbracing and collapse come. Conventional art had never been corrected in Raphael's home experience. He never saw a mother with her dead, not even a wife. The indescribable beauty of a mother's torn, bleeding, panting heart which is in this picture is out of time, that is all. In a few minutes more, the hurried procession will have entered the tomb, and have laid the precious body in its last resting-place, for the bearers are already at the foot of the sepulchre steps. Then the scene would be all true, the divine womanly nerve will relax, and the three women, who themselves, but for the service they must render to Mary, would have fallen on their faces to weep, will have to support the poor falling body of the tired, worn-out, almost dying mother.



RAPHAEL.

From a portrait by himself.

Page 104.

Before passing on to his Bible cartoons we must by the way observe that Raphael's especial glory is the power with which he conveys the beautiful and simple mysteries of motherhood to canvas, produced by his ideal awe and reverence and deep thankfulness to God for having created in flesh and blood so much of His own beautiful and gentle might. Judging of Raphael's highest ideal by his highest attainment, nothing human transcended to him true motherhood. Motherhood was more than himself; it mastered him and created his art.

Previous painters of the Mother of our Lord had little or no organ for its subtle beauties. Most of their works were mere barren figures with colours laid on, and outward symbols of authority: haloes, starry robes, and golden diadems, and those wretched royalties which they perceived made so much noise in their world. Raphael introduced the calm divine beauty of maternity into them; that quiet spiritual grace which never praises itself, never announces itself, and yet, for all that, is as he felt it, the mightiest of the forces among all living.

To what extent the motherhood of Europe, as compared with motherhood in heathen lands, has been indebted to the purity and beauty of the ideals set before it in the pictures of Raphael, not the most anxious student of history can say. But in the nature of things it is impossible that his work in this respect has not tended to good where good is most powerful, and yet least observed by statisticians, and least valued by those superficial men this foolish world calls its statesmen. His work has tended to that gentleness in home which makes nations great.

The introduction of Madonnas of any sort into places of worship, though a false and miserable substitute for the one Mediator between God and man, could not have been without marked influence for good on the still surviving paganism of the times. The idea that a woman was one of the heavenly powers, was above priests, was above high-priests—was the high-priest, indeed, who had entered within the veil into the Holy of holies, and there presented the prayers of the people to the Son of God—must have done something to correct the prevailing ideas that woman was the lascivious slave and menial of her master. And this was much.

It must have tended, also, to limit the absurd and tyrannous pagan claims which still survived amongst the Christian priesthood.

But as a mere human influence, Raphael's Madonna has been incalculable. His wonderful pencil brought the Virgin into the real life of women. Amongst the sacred realities of the Church was their own natural life idealised and glorified, and playing its part as it was supposed in heaven, but undoubtedly playing its part in the elevation of those who were the centres of little circles of girls and boys on earth.

But, alas! this is not all.

One can almost weep as one remembers that Mary came into the churches as a substitute for Jesus; but not for the Jesus of the Gospels, only for the Jesus of the schoolmen. Measureless blame belongs to those powerful worldly men who had practically taken away the world's Lord, and changed the beautiful living refuge set before us in the Gospels into all manner of wrong and idolatrous, high-sounding, philosophical abstractions. It was perhaps not wickedly done, but ignorantly. Nevertheless, we have nothing but pity for all that unhappy multitude of wronged and robbed, weary and heavy-laden, penitents and mourners, who turned their weary steps to the living and free compassions of a glorified woman, who was still supposed to have the ear of heaven and a heart for earth. As mediator, Mary can have no place in the creed that sees the Jesus of Galilee, who took a child on His knee, and poured blessings on its little head, felt for all the poorly, and prayed for the crowd that laughed at Him dying, now exalted to all power. A conception of God through a mother is poor indeed compared with a conception of Him which takes all the life and death of Jesus into it. She may forget her own sucking child, but Jesus can forget none. His love was love for ever, and His ear was open, and to all cries.

Mariolatry has produced great evils, but it sprang out of greater. And both the evil and its cause need the strongest opposition, viz., a revival of Jesus, the image and gospel of God. Nothing is compassionate, nothing is beautiful in comparison with that child of Nazareth, that preacher of Galilee, that malefactor of Calvary! Jesus, *as the Gospels show Him*, is the one supreme desire of this groaning creation. The knowledge of Him is not alone the way to heaven and the truth about heaven; it is an inward heaven itself, and now. At the lifting up of Him men will take down their Virgins, and in penitential tears kneel at those two feet at which Mary Magdalene knelt, and where she will kneel for ever.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

By CLARA THWAITES, Author of "Songs for Labour and Leisure."

ACROSS the threshold of my chamber stepping,
Where happy childhood lay in hushed repose,
A sudden tremor seized me, for a shadow
Fell on my pathway as the moon arose.

A heavy cross athwart the floor was lying
From lattice frame in symbol darkly cast,
Repeated weirdly in the silver moonlight,
My chamber haunting, as I stood aghast.

Again the symbol met me, for in slumber
Upon his couch, with arms extended wide,
My lovely boy, in tenderest aspect, figured
The rough, rude cradle of the Crucified.

"Oh, be it far from thee!" my lips made murmur—
"Oh, be it far from thee—the woeful cross!"
The selfsame cry with which a faint disciple
Disclaimed Christ's heritage of earthly loss.

Yet still through all the moonlight, soft and tender,
My boy lay smiling in a holy calm,
While I in ecstasy of awe and wonder
My kisses pressed upon each rosy palm.

And love grew pure and strong, exultant claiming
A place for him amid the valiant throng
Who follow Christ through honour and dishonour,
On to the land of service and of song.

In vision through the ages of the ages
I saw the sons of God all glorious stand,
The world's defeated ones, yet heaven's victors,
A conquering host upon His own right hand.

I chose anew the Cross and its denial,
The world's reproach with Christ's approval sweet,
The infinite refreshing of His presence,
The lowliest place of worship at His feet!

DAVID'S EARLY LIFE.

Chapters for Young Men.

By J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D.

II.—INTRODUCTION TO SAUL'S COURT.

FROM the day of David's anointing at Bethlehem till Saul lay dead on Mount Gilboa, the interest of the Bible narrative turns upon the contrast between these two men. They are set before us face to face as foils to one another: the king, rejected by heaven and, in God's sight, already as good as discrowned; and the other, king designate, anointed of heaven, and therefore already king *de jure*. From the outset the reader is made to be a spectator of their rivalry long before they knew each other for a rival at all. Steadily as the older man declines, going from bad to worse, till a career which opened gallantly goes out in frenzy, dishonour, and suicide, so does the younger advance in repute, and moral nobility, and kingly qualification, till the shepherd lad steps, as of right, into the vacant throne, the chosen of his countrymen.

Indications are not wanting that this dramatic contrast was intended by the inspired narrator. He has even put a key into our hand to account for the parallel, but inverted, fortunes of these two kings. "From that day forward," he writes, referring to the date of David's anointing by Samuel, "the Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon David;" but, "the Spirit of Jehovah had departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from Jehovah troubled him." These significant words are evidently designed to suggest that in neither case was the religious ceremony of anointing an empty form. In the early experience of Saul it had been followed by the bestowal upon him of "the Spirit of Jehovah," so that he "became another man," received "another heart" from God, and prophesied among the prophets. The issue showed that this official endowment with a regal spirit was consistent with an unrenewed will and an ungoverned temper. It was quite distinct from that personal union of the Divine Spirit with the inner life of a man which makes the man a son of God. Unhappy Saul never would suffer it to come to that. He withstood the movements of the gracious Power that was within him, refusing to let either his will or his affections be subdued to Jehovah's mind. The result of this inward rebellion against the spirit of his office was that in the end he forfeited both the office itself and the spirit that belonged to it.

For a time, indeed, although Saul's personal life was not subordinated to the guidance of God, those special gifts which became his royal rank continued to distinguish Israel's first sovereign. Courage, sagacity, military skill, insight into character, a commanding presence, and the charm which makes men ready to obey: these natural gifts of a born king had been heightened in this "Anointed of Jehovah." Qualities like these might be retained in a measure even by a man who was grown self-willed, passionate, or ungodly; and such qualities, like every other "good gift," are referred in Holy Scripture to the Spirit of God as their gracious source. A moment came, however, when even these endowments began to desert the king whom God rejected. That moment is fixed by the sacred writer at the time when another head was found on which to pour the mystic oil of sovereignty. As though the spirit of office must follow the consecration to office which symbolised it, the regal spirit forsook the discarded king to rest upon the youthful brow, new-touched with the unction of God.

From both parties alike it is probable that the full significance of this change was at first concealed. Saul knew not at that time that the Spirit of God had departed from him or that his successor already wore heaven's seal. David was still conscious only in part of what the chrism meant which Samuel had set upon him. Is it not thus that in the secret inner life of men the most momentous of all changes are wont to transpire and make no sign? God has been long striving with a soul by His Holy Spirit to win it over to obedience. One day that comes silently to an end. The man is seen to be "joined to his idols," and the grieved Spirit leaves him alone; yet the man himself is conscious of no change. It may be that ere long his near acquaintances begin to remark that he is less troubled than before with religious scruples, or gratifies now with fewer misgivings his immoral propensities; yet neither can they tell what is the hidden reason for a life grown more frankly godless—that the Spirit is departed from him!

As little, on the other hand, may a youthful disciple, who for the first time lends an ear to the voice of Christ, be at all aware what awful and tender Presence hovers now invisibly above his head, keeps him company in his walks, broods silently within his heart, stirs a warmer glow in his hours of devotion, braces his will to duty, and brightens all his thoughts with quiet and restful hope in God unfelt before. So secretly does the Spirit work, that we neither see when He comes to us nor when He goes. Yet of this let us be well assured, that no soul of man can wilfully violate duty, or disobey God, or refuse Christ's light, without provoking the Most High to withdraw, at least in some degree, the comfort of His presence; while each true and brave soul whose face is to the light, honestly attempting whatever God commands, is preparing himself for a fuller abiding within him of that good Spirit. Amid so much that is of necessity mysterious in the interaction of the Divine and human spirits, this must be certain, that a tender conscience and a docile will constitute the conditions of His self-manifestation in fuller favour who "resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the lowly."

A darker mystery, however, lingers behind. When the good Spirit departed there came an evil spirit from the Lord to make Saul afraid.* The King's mental distemper does not seem as yet to have reached that acute stage at which he gave way to fits of homicidal violence. For the moods of melancholy which about this time began to creep over his mind, there was surely enough in his circumstances to account. The promise of his reign had been overcast. His authority had been publicly discredited by the very man to whom he owed his crown. There was an open and complete breach betwixt the court and the great reformer whose voice was by far the most potent force in the country. Samuel's words still rankled in the king's breast: "Jehovah hath rejected thee from being king." Although the unhappy monarch still struggled against this decree, nursing a vague hope that, in spite of oracles, Prince Jonathan might yet sit on the new-made throne, he was nervously on the outlook for that rival with whom Samuel had threatened him. There was no visible fulfilment as yet of the word: "Jehovah hath sought Him a man after His own heart;" but any day might witness the rise from any quarter of such a pretender to the crown.

* The Revised Version gives in the margin to 1 Sam. xvi. 14 "terrified" as an alternative to "troubled."

The situation, it will be confessed, was enough to drive a sounder brain than Saul's distracted. His was a simple nature, better fitted for action than for reflection. What passions had been set working within his bosom! Chagrin, foiled ambition, wounded pride of kinghood, partiality for his disinherited son whom he passionately loved, and fear of his unknown rival—all this was "perilous stuff" to work upon a mind unsubdued to self-control and forsaken now by the Spirit of humility and devotion.

When any human being delivers himself up in a temper like this to the play of restless and bitter passions; when stung with painful recollections, brooding over gloomy anticipations of the future, and indulging, spite of his better judgment, in angry or suspicious thoughts against God and man, a poor vexed soul lets itself sink day by day into morbid musings over its own lot till a melancholy settles down upon it which nothing can dispel—who can say how far the man is ever left quite alone? There are, indeed, a number of most painful cases which bear a superficial resemblance to that of Saul, yet need to be carefully distinguished from it. I allude to cases in which the hidden cause of mental distress is to be sought, not in the moral attitude of the will, but either in some condition of bodily ill-health or in anxiety and grief because of an external trouble suffered to prey unduly on the mind. Such instances are distressing enough and of difficult cure. They may drive the victim of them to despair or madness. But there is no ground to assume a dark background of unholy passion to account for the result, only the infirmity of a spirit too sorely wounded. Saul's melancholy had a less innocent origin. He had actually done what many a pious sufferer has vainly imagined himself to be guilty of —sinned away the peace and light of heaven. He was, as a matter of fact, giving way to wicked resentment at God's decree, brooding in a rebellious temper over the punishment of his own wilfulness, and steeling himself to fight against Providence.

Now, when any one suffers himself to continue in such a moral distemper as this, is he not plainly laying himself open to the temptations of the devil? Can it be any wonder if the adversary of man's soul finds such a sinner an easy prey? Need we conclude anything out of nature, if the dark suggestions of evil, the horrid thoughts of God, the bitter maledictions against men, the self-torturing suspicion, the suicidal impulse,

which belong to such a condition of incipient frenzy, be after all a mingled product, not wholly of the man himself, but bred by the confluence of human with Satanic wickedness? Seeing there are grounds for believing the human spirit to inhabit during this life a borderland betwixt the supernal and the infernal, lying so close to both that over it there may blow alike "airs from heaven" and "blasts from hell;" since, in other words, spiritual forces, equally invisible and beyond our detection, do play upon us both from above and from beneath—it can be no matter for surprise that a soul's wilful and persistent refusal of every good influence should be succeeded by an access of more powerful influences from spirits of wickedness.

What reason have we not to pray that God would keep us in His fear, and preserve within us a humble heart and an obedient will! Humility and obedience are the prime conditions of spiritual health. They are more, they are the secret of a quiet and wholesome mind; they bring us placid cheerfulness and content. Excellent handmaids are they to mental health, and even to the soundness of the body; for few things kill faster than the chafing of a proud and angry spirit against the appointments of the Almighty's will. Let us hear the words of the wise: "Fear the Lord, and depart from evil: it shall be health to thy navel and marrow to thy bones."

These occasional fits of mental distress, alarm, or despondency, to which King Saul began to be subject, increased in severity, till they led to the introduction of his rival to the court and to public life. God's way of bringing the two men into contact, although perfectly natural, affects us as one of those strokes of providence which surpass dramatic art. The contrast is in the highest degree impressive betwixt the ageing and gloomy monarch, his mighty war-worn frame conscience-haunted, a prey to fear,

"Agonised Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb,"

and the bright lad who was taking his first unconscious step towards a throne. David must have been at this period in the flush of dawning manhood, probably from eighteen to twenty years of age; his frame full grown and well knit, aglow with exuberant rustic health, his spirit aglow with young enthusiasm and the ardour that is unchastened by experience. Apart from exceptional gifts, such as this youth possessed, there is always something in the mere presence of a fresh, unspoilt, pure life,

"God's child, with the dew
On thy gracious gold hair,"

which is fitted to exert a wholesome influence over minds fretted into disorder through the passions of later years. Already David had exhibited qualities which had awakened the admiration of his own obscure circle. One of his fellow-tribesmen, in the royal bodyguard, who first named him to the king, expatiated on his accomplishments with enthusiasm. Saul must have listened with a smile to hear the shepherd lad extolled as already conspicuous for martial valour, prudence in affairs, and reverent piety, no less than for personal beauty and skill on the national guitar. Of some of these accomplishments the youth could as yet have barely offered the promise, yet the list does sum up with singular correctness just that assemblage of qualities in which the strength of this man was by-and-by to consist. Sagacity in council, daring in the field, with the ear and hand of a musician, and such an overshadowing sense of the Divine presence, that of him, as of few others, it could be said, "Jehovah is always with him"—these were precisely the attributes which were to make this youthful harpist famous in Israel.

It was specially to his reputation as a player that David owed his introduction to Saul. How constantly do we find the most trivial circumstances employed by God to bring those together whose lives are to become closely intertwined. Who could have foreseen on the first day, when the country lad tuned his ten-stringed guitar in the royal presence, that these two men were destined to be ever after strangely linked together, the lives of both profoundly coloured by their relation to one another, and the names of both living side by side in the memory of mankind? Yet this is but a specimen of what is continually occurring. Nothing is accidental. His hand, by whom all lives are guided, fits great things and small into His plan for us. Happy if we cultivate the simple trust that watches for His lightest voice and follows gladly where He leads.

In its immediate results the addition of the Bethlehemite to the royal circle at Gibeah * turned out well for both parties. Saul's symptoms yielded to the soothing influence of David's harp. Music, as a remedy for mental disturbance, was early familiar to the simple skill of the ancients, and is not disdained by the medical art of our own age. Saul possessed a constitution sensible to such impressions. At the outset of his public life it was the processional music, cultivated by the

* Identified with much probability as Tuleil el Fûl, a ruin on a double knoll to the right of the north road from Jerusalem, four miles distant from that city.

sons of the prophets, which affected him so powerfully that, to the amazement of his friends, he for a time joined their ranks. An outburst of sacred minstrelsy characterized the revival of religion under Samuel, and of this school of lyric singers David was to become the foremost ornament. Even as an executant and an improver of the primitive instruments in use his name lingered long in tradition.* It is not surprising, therefore, that his rustic melodies charmed back to cheerfulness the moody king. At the same time the youth's gallant bearing won the favour of a captain who had always had an eye for "proper men." † When the king indulged his fancy for this active lad, who could handle his weapons as well as his harp, by enrolling him, young as he was, among the favoured band styled "armour-bearers," or, in later language, military squires, who formed his personal guard in attendance, he little dreamt that he was really starting his rival on the path to fame, and ultimately to the succession to the crown. Thus can eternal justice make us the involuntary instruments in working out our own penalty.

From another point of view, however, it was a singular kindness to Saul that he learned to love David before he knew what reason he had to fear him. Those fits of ungovernable rage which in after years were to arm the king again and again against his rival's life, are sad enough to recall; but they would have been still more sad had they not alternated with intervals of remorse, in which his early love for the "son" he himself had raised to honour came back upon his fitful spirit, till all his rage dissolved in tenderness. Not a little of the pathos which attaches to the later relationship of these two men springs out of this strange attachment of the elder for the younger, an attachment which survived all quarrels and wrongs, breaking out sometimes when least expected. No doubt it was a restraint imposed by the mercy of Heaven upon the king's evil passions. It might even have proved to be a door of escape by which, had he been earnestly desirous to do so, Saul could have delivered his soul from the tyranny of these dark passions, before they drove him to hunt after innocent blood.

David repaid in ample measure the affection of the king. A great living poet of ours ‡ has pictured the awe-struck pity as well as reverence which possessed his youthful heart, when first brought close to the sorrow of one whom, both as his sovereign and as the hero of his country's struggles, the boy had been trained up to admire. There is truth in this conception of the poet. To be suddenly called—a simple lad, fresh from rural innocence, with the air of the wilderness still fragrant about him—into the presence of a prince, whom his own fierce passions had withered as the "wild heat tortures the desert," was itself an experience to age and sober a sympathetic nature. It was a strange task to give a boy, to

> "Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistaken,
> Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now, and bid him awake
> From the dream."

It was of itself an education. What lessons it had to teach! What warning lay in it against the misuse of God's high gifts! What suggestions of compassion for the fallen! of mercy for the lost!

In other respects as well, that early experience of a court was part of the varied education through which it was God's will to train His servant for future eminence. David was destined to see a great deal of public men, and thoroughly to penetrate the hollowness of courtiers, before he himself was summoned to give tone to a palace. From certain of his psalms * it may be gathered how sick he became of the flattery, intrigue, and treachery which he found at court. Like Joseph and like Daniel, he stands forth as an illustration to young men how it is possible to pass unstained through such a perilous training, and to learn the wicked ways of the world, yet not sully one's integrity or forfeit religious principle. To breathe a tainted atmosphere, whether in the city of traffic or in fashionable society, and retain through it all a pure, sweet heart, is not impossible; but it can only be done by one who carries into the world a devout spirit, which has already learnt in solitude or the quiet of a pious home to know God for itself; one who is resolute also to retire frequently from "the strife of tongues" and the excitement of business or pleasure into the secret of God's presence, there to meditate on His word, making Him a refuge and a house of defence whereunto one may continually resort.

It is from his psalms that young men who are exposed to the whirl of city life and the contagion of its rascality, can best discover how David was preserved through the stormy period of his public career, amid incessant intercourse with men of the worst character.

* Amos vi. 5.
† 1 Sam. xiv. 52.
‡ Robert Browning, in his poem entitled "Saul," from which several quotations occur in this paper.

* Compare Psalms v., vii., x., xi., xii., xiv., xv., xxxi., most of which have a fair claim to be considered Davidic.

They will find that so long as he kept his heart open towards God, his conscience free from stain, and his private hours sacred to prayer, so long did the Holy Spirit carry him safe through moral dangers, so that he seemed to bear a charmed life. This also they will find, that it was not the long sore struggle upwards from obscurity to royalty that proved fatal to his virtue; not his years of hard work in camp or garrison duty; not his outlawry, exile, or hazard of life. The Capua which at length undermined his spiritual health, and prepared for him a shameful fall, was the period of success, when, all his difficulties overcome, he sat down to enjoy the dignities and the fortune he had so hardly won. Alas! a day did arrive when, like another Saul, even David was reduced to cry out, "Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me!" But it was success, it was ease, it was gratified ambition, it was the idleness of one who has made for himself a position of opulence and honour—it was this which brought so low the man whose gallantry and modesty and piety had made him at twenty the darling of the court and the pride of the army

With God there is no respect of persons. As He dealt with Saul, so, on precisely similar principles, did He deal with David. If once "the Spirit of God departed from Saul" to rest on David, it was because the king had abandoned the safe road, the road of submission and strenuous obedience and holy watchfulness and trust in God, because, in a word,

> "Error had bent
> The broad brow from the daily communion with God."

If, on the other hand, the Spirit of God kept David clean through a long and arduous discipline, it was because he "kept the ways of the Lord, and did not depart from his God." * If, after all, a dark day came when even David knew himself to be forsaken and cast off from Jehovah's presence, it was because at length, lifted up in careless security and pride of life, he forgot whose hand had raised him from the sheepfold to the palace. You may search the record of Divine dealing with men from end to end, this will be the invariable rule: "With that man only will I dwell who is of a contrite and humble spirit, and who trembleth at My word."

* Compare his own account of it in Psalm xviii. 17—27.

WHERE IS JESUS?

A Child's Hymn.

"I am with you, and will be in you."

WHERE is Jesus, little children?
Is He up in heaven?
Has God taken back the present
Which of old was given?

Where is Jesus, little children?
Is He in a book?
Has He ceased to talk to people,
And on them to look?

Where is Jesus, little children?
With us evermore.
He is here, and we may find Him
Shut within this door.

Jesus is a lovely spirit,
Lowly, pure, and kind;
Feeling in the hearts of people,
Thinking in their mind.

Self-forgetting, gentle mercy,
Love that will not die,
These betray the heart of Jesus,
Tell us He is nigh.

Shut within the souls of children,
Jesus makes His home;
Where the heart has heard Him knocking,
And has bid Him come.

Jesus, make in us thy dwelling;
Come with us to live,
And to each and all our doings
Thy dear beauty give.

A HOME FOR LITTLE CRIPPLES.

By WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

IF some of our great old trees could talk, what tales they might tell! Especially those which are to be found here and there in busy populous centres where one does not expect to find a tree at all; venerable giants which for some reason or other have been spared by the invading builder whilst their early associates have been ruthlessly swept away to make room for bricks and mortar. How pleasant it would be to sit under their shade in the summer time and listen to the stories with which they might entertain us. Interesting accounts of the gradual changes which have taken place in the surrounding locality; anecdotes of the notable characters who in the course of centuries have come within their shadow, tender little love episodes which their swaying branches have witnessed, and often, no doubt, tales of suffering and woe, and of dark deeds of sin that might have been brought to light if only the tree could have revealed all it knew.

I stood beneath such a tree not long ago—an ancient mulberry; fresh yet, and full of life and fruitfulness, but bearing in its huge trunk, gnarled and knotted, evidence enough that it was not of yesterday. It had revelled alternately in the storms and sunshine of many generations, had witnessed countless vicissitudes of human condition, and had been the centre around which had moved events of stirring interest. Two circumstances, however, made the tree especially interesting to me. One was that it stood upon ground which belonged at one time to Sir Isaac Newton, and that it had often furnished a quiet retreat for the great philosopher. Here he had sat and pondered those mighty problems which exercised his powerful intellect; here, doubtless, light broke in upon his mind enabling him to illumine many a dark path of scientific research. Here, too, tradition whispers he sat puffing his long clay pipe and holding the hand of the lady whom, in his absent-mindedness, he treated so ungallantly as to make a tobacco-stopper of her fair finger at the moment when she was expecting an avowal of love.

The other interesting circumstance in connection with this mulberry-tree was, that at the time of my visit it was enclosed within the grounds of an institution whose work and influence are so praiseworthy and beneficent, that surely during its long life the old tree has never been associated with anything more entirely satisfactory and worthy of record. As I looked up into its branches I saw three merry boys shaking down the fruit and laughing and talking with each other. As boys are generally fond of pastimes of this kind there would have been nothing remarkable in what I saw had it not been that all these three youngsters were cripples; one, I believe, had only one leg, and the other two were so deformed that they could not walk without the aid of a crutch. How they had climbed up amongst the boughs of the mulberry was a puzzle, yet there they were, as happy as larks; and scarcely less happy were three or four of their crippled companions below, gathering the fruit as it fell, their stained mouths showing that they exacted due tribute as it passed from their hands into the baskets.

But how came I to be near this tree? I had not known of its existence half an hour before, but I had heard much of a certain Industrial Home for Crippled Boys at Kensington, and for many a day had promised myself a sight of it. Having found my way thither, I was now standing in its recreation ground, to which Mr. Bovis, the resident secretary, had brought me in the course of my inspection of the institution. My readers will not wonder that I should have been drawn to such a spot. There are few classes of the community for whom our sympathy is more readily excited than it is for the class to which these boys belong. Especially is it so with regard to the young amongst them, shut out as they are from a thousand enjoyments and occupations which are within easy reach of the physically perfect; and condemned in thousands of instances, particularly if their parents are poor, to a life of suffering and privation which scarcely deserves the name of life at all. What a wretched lot is that of the crippled lad in a family where every child has to turn out into the world, as early in life as possible, as a bread-winner! His presence is often felt to be a burden, his necessities are unsatisfied, his murmurs are resented, he is subjected to cruel neglect, and, to add to his misfortunes, he has often to endure the most heartless treatment on the part of people who ridicule his deformity.

More pitiable still are those—and they form a considerable proportion—whose deformities arise from want of proper nourishment, from parental neglect, and, worse than all, from cruelty and carelessness. The aggregate of suffering arising from these deformities is something absolutely incomprehensible, but one may easily gain such an idea of it as will awaken the keenest sympathy for the sufferers and inspire earnest effort for the amelioration of their condition. It is estimated that there are throughout England over one hundred thousand cripples, in all conditions of life, the larger proportion being the offspring of poor parents. In families such as those referred to above, where both parents and children go out to work, it can readily be imagined what a life of solitude and discomfort at the best that of the crippled child must be. And even where the other members of the household are not taken from home, the little cripple is either set to tasks of an unsuitable character, or is almost lost sight of in the midst of the domestic activity. As to qualifying him for earning his own living, this is rarely thought of, and the poor child has often no better occupation than that of sitting at the roadside to beg, sweeping a crossing, or selling articles of the most trifling value.

In London, happily, something has been done towards proving that even cripples can gain their own livelihood by honest work. Passing along the Marylebone Road one may sometimes see a procession of crippled girls. Some are in perambulators, pushed along by stronger companions; others are struggling on upon crutches, and a few are badly distorted. It is not, from one point of view, a pleasant sight, but it is a very pathetic one, and it has its cheering side, for it is an evidence of what Christian philanthropy is doing for the suffering. These girls are the inmates of the Cripples' Home and Industrial

Training School for Girls, Northumberland House, Marylebone Road, an institution which has been doing good work among these stricken ones for many years past. Another Home, which was established in 1862, is the Cripples' Nursery for Boys and Girls, at 15,

Park Place, Clarence Gate, Regent's Park; and there is also a branch at Margate. Into this institution children are received between the ages of four and nine. The girls are many of them afterwards drafted into Northumberland House and the boys into the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, Wright's Lane, Kensington.

Here it was that I saw the mulberry-tree, and about this Institution, which is unique in its way, I want especially to speak. It has for its object the boarding, clothing, and education of destitute, neglected, or ill-used crippled boys, not under twelve nor over eighteen years of age, at the time of admission. The Home was commenced some years ago in a house in High Street, Kensington, with three boys, but very soon it became necessary to remove to a larger building, and the work is now carried on in Woolsthorpe House, so called from the fact that the site formerly belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, who was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire. At the door of this imposing red-brick house I knocked and was at once admitted by a crippled lad and ushered into a spacious room, used as an office, where I was presently joined by Mr. Bovis, the resident secretary, and actually the superintendent of the Home. With this gentleman, whose special aptitude and sympathies fit him admirably for the position he fills, and who has made the helping of the crippled his enthusiastic life-work, I had an interesting chat before commencing my round of inspection. I learned from him that accommodation is provided for one hundred boys, but owing to lack of funds the present number of inmates is only eighty. The late Lord Shaftesbury was President of the Institution. There are also three Vice-presidents and a Committee, amongst whom are General Sir John L. Simmons (Governor of Malta), Sir Robert Montgomery, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn, General Lefroy, the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, and the Rev. Dr. Verner M. White. The system of voting for admission is avoided and candidates are taken in rotation. Any one interested in the welfare of a crippled boy must agree, upon the selection of a candidate, to pay in advance the annual sum of £10 for three years, and a single sum of £6 16s. 4d. for the lad's outfit. The principal object of the Institution being to fit the boys for earning their own living, care is taken to select only such candidates as can probably be taught one of the trades in which instruction is given, namely, carpentering, relief-stamping, harness-making and tailoring.

Experience has taught that the period of three years during which the boys may remain in the Home is sufficient to fit them for seeking employment in houses of business, and such employment is in most cases soon found. Since 1866 there have been over four hundred boys instructed in the workshops, and most satisfactory reports are received as to the welfare of those who have left the Institution and are now practising the trades which there they learned.

It is not to be wondered at that a newcomer should at first feel himself quite helpless. He has seldom been put to any useful work, and it is a novel idea to him that a cripple should be capable of following the ordinary employments of other people. Soon, however, he is inspired by seeing what his companions in physical misfortune can do, and he settles down to one of the trades. Gradually the idea dawns upon his mind that if he will improve the opportunities within his reach he may even yet "make a man

of himself." He soon becomes accustomed to the life of the place; and the nourishing food, healthy sleeping accommodation and good influences—all so different from what he has been used to—rapidly produce a remarkable change for the better in his general health. For the first time he learns that even for a cripple, life may be something better than a weariness or a burden, and that he need be no stranger to the brightness and happiness enjoyed by those who are afflicted with no physical deformity.

But now let us see for ourselves something of this remarkable place, its inmates and its life. Leaving the superintendent's office we return to the entrance-hall, and, passing through two doors with beautifully stained glass panels, enter a very handsome room used for lectures, religious services and meetings, called the Louise Hall, from the circumstance that the foundation-stone was laid by H.R.H. the Princess Louise. Passing out of this room by the opposite door we find ourselves in the play-ground, an extensive area, laid down with asphalte and perfectly drained, where, when the weather permits, the more robust delight themselves with many of the games dear to the heart of youth.

Their favourite game is cricket. Don't be surprised, reader, at the idea of cricket for cripples. They are no bunglers at it, I can assure you. True, that poor lad who is so manfully wielding the willow cannot run; but he has a deputy in the person of a comrade whose lower limbs are more efficient, and he does the running. The fielding is remarkably excellent, and it is amusing to see how rapidly the boy with one leg and a crutch speeds across the ground, how cleverly the balls are caught and how dexterously they are thrown in to the wicket. Occasionally these lads have matches with those who are not deformed, belonging to neighbouring institutions, and the cripples are frequently victors, but whether or not they always give a good account of themselves. In other athletic exercises they take immense delight. At first they are awkward, but "boys will be boys" even though they are cripples, and as their companions have similar physical defects to contend against, no one is disheartened and each falls naturally into his place and is merry. There is, too, a wonderful *esprit de corps* among these boys, and on the occasion of a match the whole house is in a state of the greatest excitement. Poor boys! such delights were unknown to them before their entrance within the walls of Woolsthorpe House.

Leaving them to their games we enter the line of buildings forming one side of the quadrangle, and pass through the laundry and kitchens. Cleanliness, order, and completeness are noticeable everywhere. I observed enough to make me wish that I could stay and dine with the lads, especially when peeping into one of the bubbling coppers I saw a gigantic mulberry pudding bobbing up and down, for which the fruit had just been gathered by the boys from Sir Isaac Newton's tree. But I hurried through this depart-

ment, being eager to see the cripples at work. The servants' quarters, the admirable arrangements for heating and ventilation, and many other excellent features of the Institution, secured therefore only a passing glance, and crossing the recreation ground we came to the workshops.

First, we have to look at the saddlers. There they are, busy as bees, cutting, sewing, fitting, and what not, evidently interested in their employment, and with every reason to be proud of the specimens of their work which are hanging around the shop. We next visit the carpenters. This is a branch of industry requiring lads of a somewhat superior physique. The body must be firmly supported, even though, as is often the case, one or even both its supports may be of wood. Accordingly we find here lads of a firmer, taller build. Saw, hammer, and plane are being diligently plied in the manufacture of tables, chests of drawers, and bookcases of various descriptions; and we are shown even some very creditable specimens of cabinet work. In an inner apartment we find a large collection of finished articles, any of which may be purchased at moderate prices, and some of them worthy of a place in the most elegant drawing-room.

Ascending a flight of stairs, we reach the relief-stamping and copper-plate printing shop, a most attractive department of the work. Dies and presses are furnishing employment for a goodly number of lads, whose strong arms or skilful fingers are in no wise hindered by the curved spine or deformed limbs from printing with surprising rapidity monograms, crests, and addresses upon note paper, envelopes, or visiting cards. From this room we have not far to go to the tailors' shop, which, in some respects interested me more than any of the others had done. For here, upon the raised floor, or "board" as it is called, are seated some of the most deformed inmates of the Home. And what wonderful work they turn out! Here is a little fellow of thirteen, who has not been many months in the place, and the instructor shows us a vest which the boy is finishing, that would do credit to any tailoring establishment in London. We are not surprised to hear that they have plenty of employment, and that their work is highly appreciated by customers.

I should like to have described the school-room, dining-hall, dormitories, and bath-rooms, through which we passed. They are as nearly perfect as anything of the kind could be. The most approved sanitary appliances have been introduced, and everything is beautifully clean and bright and healthy. No wonder that even these poor cripples are happy here and well. Cases of sickness are very few and slight, and although there is a small infirmary for the isolation of any infectious cases, it has not been needed for years, so that, albeit that it is necessary to the completeness of the Home, it may be said to be almost useless.

Besides their cricket club, the lads have a Drum-and-fife Band, a Band of Hope, and Young Men's Friendly Society. A school is conducted in the evening, and a Sunday-school on Sundays by voluntary workers, who stick steadfastly to their posts, and who are held in the highest regard by the boys. A reading-room and library, supplied with various books and periodicals, furnishes plenty of entertainment for the more studious; and bagatelle and other games are provided for those who desire amusement of that kind. It struck me, by the way, that the bagatelle-table was much the worse for wear, and I have no doubt that a new one would be very acceptable; I offer the hint to any generously disposed reader.

Many a tale of misery can be heard from

the lips of some of these poor cripples. Many came under my own notice; tales of want and privation and cruel treatment, suffered before peace and comfort and help were found in the refuge at Kensington. Here is a boy who has been brought to his present state of deformity by spinal disease. His father has been dead for some years, and his mother is dependent upon parish relief. He has six brothers and sisters, not one of whom is able to contribute towards the support of the family. But for this institution at Kensington, what would there have been for this poor lad but the workhouse, where, a burden to the ratepayers, he would have been a yet more sorry burden to himself, whereas now he is in a fair way to become a useful member of society? Here is another suffering from dislocation of the spine, caused by an accident which happened when he was two years and a half old. With four other children to support, what could father and mother do for their "Tiny Tim," however much they might love him, on an income never exceeding two-and-twenty shillings per week? What a sad time of it this motherless lad, crippled from the knees downwards, must have had before his admission into the Home! His father earns £1 a week, and at the best could have done but little for his child compared with what such a sufferer needs. But, alas! even this was not done, for the lad was grievously neglected. Now he is happy, and gives promise of being an expert workman. What, again, must have been the wretchedness of the lad yonder, who can get along only upon crutches, and whose drunken mother neglected and ill-treated him throughout his childhood? Here is a poor victim of hip-disease who suffered great privations up to the time of his admission, being entirely without the nourishing food which he required. A bright-looking boy sitting on the tailor's board lost the use of his legs whilst a baby. He, too, long ago lost his mother, and must have had a hard lot with a father who cannot earn more than sixpence or one shilling a day. Here we see a sufferer, both of whose legs are paralysed, and whose only means of locomotion are the dragging of his body along with his hands. He has an invalid mother, and his father never earns more than 17s. a week.

I might continue the list indefinitely, for almost every case is equally pitiful; but the stories would become monotonous in their painfulness. It is an immense relief to shut out of view the suffering past of these poor lads, and to reflect upon the comfort of their present condition and the hopeful prospect that stretches before them—the prospect of making their way in the world, of occupying an honourable place, of enjoying comparative happiness, of being a help and not a burden to others.

But then there comes another thought, more painful far than the thought of the early sufferings of these young people. What about the hundred thousand? What are eighty rescued out of these? What, even if other institutions made the eighty into eight hundred? There would still be many thousands of cases to which no Home offers its hospitable doors, and no help holds out its hand. Scattered over the country there should be scores of homes like Woolsthorpe House, for at least half of the entire number of cripples must belong to the poorest and most needy class. We see from what has been done at Kensington that a large proportion of these stricken ones might be rescued from pauperism and made comparatively independent and happy. Surely the experiment might be repeated in many places, under the inspiration of Christian compassion and out of regard for the well-being of the nation. The name of Jesus of Nazareth

can no longer be used to invoke the miraculous healing of the cripple, but in a different way it should be mighty as of old to secure help for those whom the world would leave to beg or to perish by the wayside.

LIGHT ON LIFE'S PATH.

LORD! not the darkest cloud can hide from Thee,
Thou art with me, and Thou art
To me a Sun and Shield.
So what Thou dost in Thy sweet coming bring,
Nought surely but true Joy and Peace
Can ever to me yield.

The waves and tides of life are in Thy hand,
And Thou who once on them didst walk
On shore for us doth wait.
Ah! when we reach it surely we shall know,
It was the storm and not the calm
Brought for us treasures great.

These shall we see all glittering in the light,
And all the blessed peacefulness
Of heaven's deep calm;
And ever in our ears will echo still,
In grateful memory's glad chords,
Earth's lifelong psalm.

H.

THE GREY HAIRS OF THE YEAR.

By the REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

A MIGHTY Stag, the "Monarch of the Glen."

He was not born to that proud pre-eminence. At one time, he was but a mere "brocket," not yet worthy to bear the name of Stag; but year by year his horns grew larger and larger, gaining additional tines with each successive year, until at last he became a "Hart of ten," ready to do battle for the mastery of the herd.

Battle after battle did he fight, victory after victory did he win, and so waded, if not by slaughter, yet by successive conquests, to the throne. Over and over again has he been challenged, and as often has he come off victorious. Now there advances towards him another stag as nobly proportioned as himself, and some five years younger. In a moment their heads are lowered, their horns have clashed together in combat, and each is striving to force his antagonist backwards, so that he may drive the sharp brow-antler into his flank. At last, the elder stag finds that age is beginning to tell upon him, one of his antlers has been broken off, and he feels himself gradually yielding backwards. He can no longer hope to win, but he may yet save his life. So, with practised skill, he evades the thrusts of his enemy's deadly antler, seeks safety in flight, and the younger champion reigns in his stead.

During the whole of the combat, the strain upon the horns has been tremendous. More than one instance has been known, where the horns have interlocked themselves so firmly by the first shock, that the animals could not tear themselves asunder, and have miserably perished. Yet, despite the shock of two heavy and powerful animals dashing against each other with their whole force, the horns are not broken from the head. A tine or an antler may be snapped off, but the horns are not torn away from the skull, even with the powerful leverage afforded by their structure. A few more months elapse, and the victor's horns, which have withstood the shock and strain of combat, have of their own accord fallen from his head and he is as defenceless as one of his own does.

How is this?

Here we have one of the many instances of the axiom that no department of Nature stands alone. In this case, the animal and vegetable kingdoms are seen to be ruled by the same law. In the autumn, the leaves of

the trees begin to change colour, and in fact begin to turn grey. Soon they will fall off, and there is nothing in the aspect of the tree to tell us that after a while a fresh set of new leaves will sprout from the branches, and take the place of those which had been thrown off, because they had completed their work. Although the stag is an animal, and the tree is a vegetable, the process of casting the horns and leaves is the same in each. The horns of the stag were formed from the blood, which, when horns are needed, courses through the veins and arteries. Similarly, when leaves are wanted, sap, which is the blood of the tree, courses through its appointed vessels and forms them.

As we have seen, the horns of the stag cannot last throughout his whole life. Every year they are needed as weapons, and as they are liable to be broken in combat, a stag would be disabled for life if his horns could not be renewed. So, following the universal rule of nature, as soon as the horns have existed long enough for one season's fighting, the process of removal begins. The supply of blood from which they were formed has ceased, while the living bones of the forehead act upon the lifeless horn, absorb it by slow degrees, and weaken the junction so much, that the horn falls off at the least strain.

A similar action takes place with the leaves of trees, when they, too, have done their work for the season. Owing to the loss of warmth and light, the "stomata," or breathing pores of the leaf cease to act, the sap becomes more and more sluggish, and at last ceases to flow altogether. Then, a layer of small cells grows between the base of the leaf and the stem, and gradually separates them. The life-action being stopped, a chemical action is set up, and the "chlorophyll," or green colouring of the leaf, is changed to yellow, red, or brown, according to the constituents of the plant. There is no nourishment in either of these new salts, and so the leaf dies altogether and falls, the cell-layer leaving a smooth surface which prevents the sap from escaping. So, the russet brown of the dead oak-leaf, and the orange and scarlet of the Virginia creeper, belong to the Grey Hairs of the year.

Neither in the stag or tree is there anything to show that the horn or leaf will be renewed, and if we were only to see their fall, we would naturally conjecture, or even assume, that the stag was for ever deprived of horns, and the tree of leaves. In both, however, the same laws govern the renewal and the removal, and when new work is ready for them, new horns and leaves are developed.

A similar law prevails with the clothing of mammals and birds, as well as with snakes, many lizards, frogs, toads, and newts. In them the change is compressed into a short period, and is, therefore, very conspicuous. In the birds, we know the process by the name of "moulting," while in the mammals, we simply say that they shed their coats. Pussy, for example, is apt to be rather troublesome when her affectionate caresses cover the dress with hair. We also know how the hair of the horse becomes long in the autumn, in order to supply it with a warm coat for winter wear. Unfortunately, we also know how the groom likes to have the horse "clipped" or "singed," so as to save himself the trouble of dressing the long hair, and in consequence runs the risk of giving the horse cold when it is taken out of the warm stable into the cold air.

Even with ourselves, a similar process takes place, though, as it is a gradual one, we hardly notice it. Every one knows that it is impossible to use a comb without bringing away some hairs. But, as fast as they are removed, new hairs spring up in their places, so that removal and renewal follow each other successively. Now comes the question of colour. The "Constant Reader" may remember that in a paper entitled "Snow White" I dealt with white hairs, and stated that the whiteness or darkness of the hair does not necessarily depend on age, many men and women of thirty being white-haired, while others of twice their age have scarcely a white hair on their heads.

There is, however, the transitional state of Grey Hairs, which, as a rule, are the precursors of bodily decay. Our lives are so short, and we are so ignorant, that none of us can expect to know more than a very little about any of God's works. Still, there are none respecting which man may not at least try to learn something, and fortunately for us, in many of them a portion of His intentions is comparatively evident.

We have seen, for example how necessary it is that the horns of the stag and the leaves of the tree should be annually renewed at a definite period of the year. This necessity is almost equally apparent in birds. Those astonishing examples of animal mechanism which we know by the familiar name of Feathers cannot withstand the wear and tear of two successive years, and therefore need renewal. This change of plumage always takes place just before the winter time, so

that the creature may have a suit of new clothes just when they are wanted.

When birds are first brought to England from distant parts of the world, they are in great difficulties about the times of moulting. In Australia, for example, the seasons are reversed, July being the coldest, and December the hottest month of the year. Now, our pretty and amusing pets, the cockatoos, and many parrots, and parrakeets, come from Australia. At their regular time for moulting they shed their feathers as usual, and naturally do not expect to repeat the trying process for another year. But, it may be that in five or six months, the weather becomes unexpectedly colder, and they feel that they ought to have a new suit of plumage. But the clothes are not ready for them, and in consequence, all their natural course of life is grievously perturbed. However, in three or four years, they accommodate their feather-development to the changed climate, and go through their moulting at the same time with the birds of England.

That so great and sudden a change should take place without killing the bird by exhaustion is another of the mysteries in which the various phenomena of Life are enshrouded, and which compel us to echo the words of the Psalmist—

> "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty:
> Neither do I walk in great matters,
> Nor in things too wonderful for me."
>
> PSALM CXXXI. 1.

The renewal of the stag's horns is sufficiently astonishing, but falls into insignificance when compared with the shedding and replacing of the clothing of a bird. Every energy in the creature is stimulated to the highest pitch, and the whole capacities of the blood are concentrated in the great task of producing new feathers. Caged birds, even those which, like the canary, have for many successive generations known no phase of life except that of a cage, become weak and listless during the process of moulting, and, as every canary fancier too well knows, sometimes die in the effort of producing a new set of feathers. Consequently, there is much mortality among young birds from Australia, and a cockatoo or parrot which has lived for several years in England is far more valuable than a bird which has never passed a winter in this country. The shed feathers of birds are among the Grey Hairs of the year.

Pass we to the Reptiles.

Here we find that many of them are obliged at certain intervals to throw off their outer garments, and assume new and brighter clothing.

Take, for example, the Frog or Toad, no matter what the species may be. In process of time, its coat becomes gradually duller and more opaque. The movements of the limbs are more and more sluggish, the sight fails, the desire for food ceases, and the animal appears as if it were about to die. But suddenly the dulled coat, which has even darkened the eyes, splits along the back, is pushed off by means of the feet, and a new and brighter coat appears below. The sight is restored, the appetite is renewed, and the creature seems to have regained its youth. These dull and shed skins are among the Grey Hairs of the year.

Returning to the vegetable kingdom, we find many examples where the plant to all appearance dies entirely, not even the stem being spared. Yet, as Leo. H. Grindon writes, we may well ask ourselves whether the mortality or immortality of Nature be the more wonderful.

"Every season the ranks of the vegetable population of our planet are smitten by death—there seems no hope for their restoration. There is no sound, no movement to show that Life is still throbbing; yet, with the first kisses of the new-born year, the necropolis changes into a scene of nimble and beautiful growth, and we see that it was not destruction that was effected by the cold touch of winter, that nothing had really perished; but that it was Life that retired awhile to gather itself up for a new effort—simulating death—and which now bursts forth in all the old exuberance and sprightly sweetness.

"What looks like death in Nature is never anything more than the highest and essential part of its life, pausing awhile that it may start anew. The forms in which it is clothed are cast away, but the Life never gives way for a single instant."

As with the Grey Hairs of the year, so with those of man.

The leaves of the tree do not change their colour simultaneously, neither do the hairs of man suddenly become grey. Age steals gently on both, and the dark hairs of youth are gradually flecked with grey. The force declines, and in God's own time, the body which has finished its task in this world returns to the dust whence it came. But *we* are not dead. We but await the promised Spring. "Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

"There is no sound, no movement to show that life is still throbbing.

"Yet with the first kiss of the new-born year, the necropolis changes."

TORCH-BEARERS OF CHRISTENDOM.

By Mrs. E. S. ARMITAGE.

I.—CLEMENT OF ROME.

THERE is no period in the history of the Christian Church of which we know less, and of which we should like to know more, than that which immediately succeeded the age of the Apostles. We know little enough of the history of the Apostles themselves, after the curtain falls at the close of the Book of the Acts. Yet it must ever be a question of deepest interest how the Christian Church was carried through the inevitable slack time which must have followed, when those who had seen the Lord face to face and had carried the living inspiration of His teaching in its first freshness and fulness from east to west, were taken from the earth. The Church was left seemingly alone on the waves of a stormy world, without settled organization, without fixed doctrines, without any recognised chart of Scripture except the Old Testament, for even the Gospels had not yet acquired the authority of the sacred books of the Jews. She had no longer any leaders of commanding power and influence such as Paul, and Peter, and John, to whom she could look for guidance. She had only her ever-living Lord, and the seed of His living Word in her heart; and so she was upborne and fed by an inward strength, that carried her through times of reaction, of persecution, of weakness, and of immaturity.

We know now by history that there must be times of flow and times of ebb in all great spiritual movements. In the time of ebb, we can wait with patience and hope till the tide of spiritual life shall rise again and bless the droughty land with its refreshing waters. But how discouraging, how chilling must have been the first ebb time in the history of the Church! Such a time must have begun after the first great persecution which befell her (A.D. 67)—the persecution which swept away so many of the leading Christians of Rome, among them the great Apostles Paul and Peter. It was followed before the end of the century by a more widespread persecution under Domitian, when the Apostle John was exiled to Patmos. John survived to extreme old age, to witness the love of many wax cold, and the seeds of manifold evils spring up to rank growth in the Church itself. The greatest hope of the Church then lay in the speedy coming of the Lord. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," are the last words of the Book of Revelation. The constant expectation that the age would speedily end probably hindered men from making any great efforts to lay up for posterity the stores of knowledge about the lives, and work, and teaching of the Apostles and their successors, and about the history of the churches, which must then have been common property. No one cared to chronicle these things; was not the Lord himself shortly to appear? It is tantalising to learn that there were men who inquired eagerly after the words and actions of Christ and His Apostles, while there were those still living who remembered them, and yet that no record of the answers they received should be preserved to us to supplement the pages of the New Testament. Even less care was taken to preserve the histories of their own little churches, or the biographies of their many presbyters, most of whom were probably men of no more mental distinction than an ordinary village clergyman of to-day. The triumphs of the cross were not looked for in this world, but in the new heavens and earth which would come with the appearing of Christ.

Even the Roman Church, therefore, has preserved but scant traditions of the men who succeeded the Apostles in that important centre. Linus, Cletus, Clement, this is the order in which the ancient Roman liturgy commemorates their names; while another tradition relates that Clement was the successor of Peter, and ordained by him. The difficulty is solved when we remember that the office of bishop had not developed in the time of Clement into what it became in the third and fourth centuries. There were doubtless many presbyters in the Roman Church, and Clement may have been the colleague of Linus and Cletus. He may very possibly have been ordained by St. Peter, as Tertullian states; but if so, as he died in 95 to 100, he must have had a long ministry of about thirty years; and if the deaths of Linus and Cletus left him the sole ordained representative of the Apostles, this fact, combined with his long experience and his tried Christian character, would give him a position of great authority in the Roman Church. We learn from the "Shepherd of Hermes," a contemporary document, that it was Clement's official duty to conduct the correspondence of the Roman Church with foreign churches; a duty which in later times was one of those belonging to the bishop, in the more modern sense of the

word. We have absolutely no details of his life or of his death; the accounts of his martyrdom which are preserved in the Acts of the Saints, are no earlier than the ninth century, and it is highly improbable that he died a martyr, as none of the earliest Christian writers who mention him speak of him as such. He has been sometimes identified with the Clement mentioned by Paul in Phil. iv. 3, but this again is the most baseless of conjectures, and the name Clement was an exceedingly common one at that time.

Yet we must always feel a great interest in the personality of Clement, a man who occupied such an important place in such an important Church as that of Rome, and who was one of the chief of those by whom the torch of life was passed on from the hands of the Apostles to those of later ages. These men who moulded the future of the Christian Church as an external organization, who while it was yet formless, unconsciously worked towards the shaping of the definite form by which it was to be known in later ages, must always be doubly interesting, however obscure may be their history. We have no means of reconstructing the personality of Clement except from the single genuine monument of him which remains, his Epistle to the Corinthian Church. Eusebius (on the authority of Hegesippus) puts the date of the dissensions in the Corinthian Church which were the cause of the Epistle in the time of Domitian. The reference made in the letter to recent calamities from which the Roman Church has been suffering probably refers to the persecution of Domitian. The date assigned to the Epistle by the most competent critics is about 95 A.D. It is written in the person of the Roman Church, and the name of Clement is not attached to it; but the unanimous testimony of Christian antiquity assigns it to him. It was still read publicly in most of the churches in the days of Eusebius, and Jerome testifies to its great usefulness.

The Epistle of Clement does not reveal to us a man of powerful intellect. The thread of his argument is frequently lost, and occasionally a puerility of thought, such as the statement that the scarlet line hung out by Rahab from her window was an intentional prophecy of redemption by the blood of Christ, shows the mental distance between Clement and Paul. A very large part of the letter is padded with quotations from the Old Testament, some of them very lengthy. Nevertheless, there is a vein of poetry in Clement; there is a lofty idealism which enables him to see the parallels between the natural world and the spiritual world, as when in urging on the Corinthians the truth of the Resurrection, he exhorts them to consider the resurrection which they see happening every day—the day rising out of the night, the seed out of the ground. And he is an idealist in his noble conception of Christian character. Yet Clement is no mere dreamer; or rather, he is that best of dreamers who dreams noble dreams, and spends all his energies in trying to realise them. Clement is, above all things, practical; his trumpet gives no uncertain sound when he is talking about the Christian life. We cannot read his Epistle without feeling the contrast between the teaching of the early Church and much of the popular religion of this century. This letter, and other fragments of the first and second centuries which we possess, are all stamped with the same intensely practical character. We feel that we are in the happy time before doctrines and shibboleths were formulated. There is no talk about certain articles of faith in Clement's letter, no appeal to inward feelings of assurance and acceptance as evidences of salvation. The one thing needful is holiness of life. Conduct, to quote Mr. Matthew Arnold's well-known words, is three-fourths of life: and it was towards the conduct of her members that the early Church directed her best energies. Would not the Church of the nineteenth century have saved herself many bitter self-reproaches at the hour that now is, if she had made conduct as clearly the end of her ministry as it was made by the Church of the first century?

We are saved by faith, it is true, says Clement, but our faith must adorn itself with works, if we would be followers of God. He is the great worker, and we, like Him, must work. Clement becomes a poet when he describes the Christian character. He sees it in all its beauty. Humility, meekness, temperance, sweetness, graciousness, these are the realities which the Christian is to admire and follow after. "The sceptre of the magnificence of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, came not in the pomp of pride and arrogance, but in humility." The life of love, as manifested in Christ, is the ideal towards which he urges. He adds some noble words to St. Paul's panegyric of love. "Unspeakable is the height toward which love carries us. Love joins us to God, love covers the multitude of sins, love endures all things, love patiently suffers all things; there is nothing vulgar in love, nothing proud;

love knows nothing of schisms, love does not quarrel, love does all things in harmony; in love all the chosen of God are made perfect, without love nothing is acceptable to God. In love the Lord took us to himself; for the love which he had toward us, our Lord Jesus Christ by the will of God gave His blood for us, and His flesh for our flesh, and His soul for our souls."

Nor does he confine himself to generalities about love, but is most practical in his instructions how to carry out the divine law of love in daily life. We must cast away all injustice, covetousness, quarrelling, malice, cheating, slandering, pride, ostentation, vanity, and inhospitality, for those who do such things are hateful to God. The strong are to help the weak, the rich the poor. Let each one seek not his own, but the profit of all. Family life is to be sanctified by the Christian spirit; "let your children be sharers of the teaching of Christ," and let them early learn the value of humility, chastity, and love. Those who are the cause of schism in the Church should go elsewhere rather than trouble the peace of the Church; he quotes from Gentile history examples of self-sacrifice for the good of the State. Christianity has been blamed by some writers for failing to inculcate the virtue of patriotism. But in the great medley of States of which the Roman empire was formed there was little possibility or scope for patriotism. What Christianity did was to awaken men to a universal patriotism, by which every member of the family of God should be willing to give himself for the rest.

It has been a cause of some surprise that the difference between the clergy and the laity should be recognised as decidedly as it is in the Epistle of Clement. It is the first time that the word *laic* is introduced in Christian writings. Clement, it is true, is speaking of the Jewish dispensation, with its distinction between priests and laymen, but he appears to pass the distinction on to the Christian Church without hesitation. He exhorts the disturbers of the peace to submit to the presbyters, and receive discipline from them. He uses the word presbyter interchangeably with that of bishop, and it is evident that presbyters (that is *elders*) and deacons were the only Church orders with which he was acquainted. But none the less do his words convey a prophetic hint of the path which the Church was subsequently to tread. He exhorts the Church to imitate in its conflict with the world the discipline of the Roman army. He only means to say that, as "we are not all prefects, or chiliarchs, or centurions, each must abide in his station, and the great can no more exist without the little than the little without the great." Yet he is unconsciously foreshadowing the change which her long conflict with heathenism and heresy was to bring over the Church. Early in that conflict as it was, the Church was already beginning to take a definite form, separating the clergy from the laity, ordering the ranks of her army. Her next step would be to introduce definiteness of doctrine; and so for centuries she was to go on organizing, stiffening, and hardening under the abrasion of conflict, losing no doubt much of what was sweetest and most precious in her early life, but gaining in concentration and external force, in power to act on a corrupt or barbarian world.

There is yet one more feature in the letter which calls for remark, the position of superiority, almost of authority, taken up by the meek representative of the Roman Church. This Church had evidently taken upon itself as a duty to rebuke the schisms arising in the Corinthian Church, not only by letter, but by sending "faithful and discreet men" to settle the controversy. Something must have been due to the personal influence of Clement, his age, and the respect in which he was held among the churches; much must have been due to the labours of the great Apostles Paul and Peter, who had built up the Church of Rome, and whose martyrdoms were comparatively recent; but most of all the supreme position of the city of Rome, the inevitable fact that the world's centre must also become the Church's centre, tended to launch the Roman Church on that career of command which she was to continue for so many centuries. It is interesting to find, that so early as the time of Clement, when the deaths of the Apostles were still remembered by living men, when some even of those who witnessed the Crucifixion may still have been alive, the Church of Rome was already assuming a position almost of authority among the other churches. In this, the very first document of the Roman Church, we behold the first step taken towards the building of the papal throne. Little did Clement the Presbyter dream, when he undertook to write his fatherly rebukes to the Corinthians, what a career he was initiating for his Church.

CHAPTER IV.—TOM'S SURPRISE.

TOM MITE slept on for many hours longer, during which much important business was done, and plans were settled in the home he had made so miserable. At ten o'clock, when at last he got off the bed and stretched himself, having slept off his drunken fit, he became dimly conscious that there was something unusual going on in the room. Looking about him, it seemed gradually to dawn upon his stupid brain that things were different from what they were generally. There was Mrs. Job—he gave his eyes a rub—yes, it *was* Mrs. Job. Oh, dear, he was glad it wasn't *Mrs. Treeby!*—washing away at his wife's wash-tub as hard as she could; there was Poll helping her, and Sue, all shrumped up and miserable-looking on a chair, trying to nurse baby and to keep her eyes open at the same time. They were so heavy with sleep, Sue was afraid to let them drop for an instant lest she should fall off her seat, baby and all. And Bridget—Tom gave another rub to his eyes—where on earth was Bridget? Lying on the floor! What funny 'start' was this? he wondered, as in silence he sat himself down opposite little Sue and the baby by the fire, and looking again he saw that Bridget was overhauling the family wardrobe—a rough deal box that had once been a seaman's chest, and which the Mites had bought for a few pence from a pawnshop down by the wharves to do duty for a chest of drawers. Bridget had it open at her side on the floor, and she was taking out from it certain articles of shabby clothing, and placing them in a neat pile in a speckled handkerchief outspread on the boards. She seemed to be preparing a bundle for a journey. "*Another* funny start!" thought Tom. "What the dickens did it all mean?" Tom began to feel very uncomfortable. Everybody went on with their work, apparently too busy to take any notice of him. There was an awkward silence—nobody was speaking. "Why were they all mum like this? *another* funny start!" growled Tom inwardly, but he did not speak. He was quite glad when after a few moments the baby began squirming its puny arms about, and lifted its voice to cry. It gave him an excuse for speaking himself.

"What makes 'er so fretty this evenin'?" he asked of sleepy little Sue, who roused herself with a start to hush it.

"Everythink's in a upset," replied Sue, looking across at him with blinking eyes as she rocked the baby to and fro; "and the pretty dear knows it."

"What do you mean by a upset?" inquired the man, but in so low a tone that his voice was drowned in the noise of the baby's crying.

Sue rocked it quiet again, and was soon nodding over it as before, every minute on the verge of falling off her perch, but just saving herself in time.

"Will you have some supper, Tom?" said, at length, Bridget's voice from the floor. "There's a hunk of bacon in the safe."

Here was another 'start!'—his wife offering him supper, and not stirring herself to get it. He turned his stupid, blood-shot

eyes towards her, intending to give a sharp answer, but he hesitated: there was Mrs. Job there to hear him, and he was ashamed to do so before Mrs. Job. He always felt, if truth were told, a certain amount of shame after his drunken bouts, and especially so if this good friend of his wife's was present. And yet another thing caused him to check himself: he thought Bridget's face turned towards him 'looked a bit queer,' yes, *very* queer indeed, when he took another glance. So, instead of answering her question about supper, he said—

"Why, you look as if you had seen a ghost, Bridge! Aren't you well, lying there?"

"No; my leg's bad," replied Bridget.

"Humph!" growled Tom, pausing a minute, then, "Is it worse than it was—than it's always been?"

"Yes, a great deal worse," now spoke up little Poll from the tub where she was helping Mrs. Job. "Mother's so bad she can't stand up."

"You kicked the stool across the room, father, when you was in drink this morning," said little Sue, opening wide her eyes, and rousing herself to speak boldly—Mrs. Job being present she dared to come out with the plain truth—"and it caught mother on her bad leg, and laid it open, and she fainted, and now she can't stand."

This ugly statement was listened to by Tom Mite with great uneasiness. He would have liked to have knocked little Sue off her chair for making it in that bold tone before Mrs. Job, but Mrs. Job would only have thought still worse of him if he had, so he didn't. He felt a sort of angry sorrow and alarm creeping over him. Was it true what Sue said? Had he really injured his wife so that she couldn't stand? Why should he blame himself, though? Was a man ever answerable for what he did when he was 'in liquor?' He hadn't the slightest recollection of kicking the stool or of anything else that he had done that morning. Wasn't it hard that he should be blamed for doing things he knew nothing about? All this ran through his mind while he paused to think over the state of things, then he said—

"Aren't you going to try to get up, Bridget? What's the good of your lying there on the floor? It'll do you no good; you can't lie there all day to-morrow, can you?"

"No," said Bridget quietly; "I am going into the Infirmary to-morrow."

Her husband looked as if the skies had fallen upon him.

"*What?*" he cried. "Going into the Infirmary—*you*, Bridget?"

"Yes, Tom," said Mrs. Job, speaking for the first time; "there's nothing else for Bridget to do. She's badly hurt, and the doctors can't do nothing for her here. I've got the h'order for admission, and she's made up her mind to go in at ten o'clock to-morrow."

Tom gazed about him, rueful and aghast. He saw it all now: the reason why Mrs. Job was there so late, the reason for the chest being out and the bundle being prepared, the reason for Sue saying 'everything was in an upset.'

"But, Bridget," stuttered Tom in an angry, upbraiding tone, "you used to say you'd never go into the Infirmary and leave us."

"And I wouldn't go *now*, Tom, if I could do you any good by keeping out," was his wife's touching answer, "but I can't stand, so I can't work. I shouldn't be able to earn anything, or to do anything for you and the children if I kept at home."

"But what—what—what is to become of——"—*us* he was just going to say, but he changed it for very shame to 'the *children*.' "What is to become of the children," he asked, "if you go?"

"Mrs. Job 'll do what she can," said Bridget with a faint sigh.

She knew well enough how miserable it would all be in the home when she was gone. She could not trust herself to dwell upon what it would be like for a moment this evening. If she did dwell, the Infirmary order she knew would go to the winds; only the goading pain under which she was suffering, causing her to change colour every moment, first to burning red and then to ashy white, kept Bridget Mite firm to her purpose, to enter the parish Infirmary.

Tom was at his wits' ends to know what to say next. Bridget seemed really resolved. An idea suddenly struck him: he would see what pleading the cause of the baby would do. 'She had always been weak over that ugly little brat,' he said to himself. 'If anything under the sun will turn her it will be that brat.'

Yes, true; their youngest born was Bridget's tenderest point, and here I will say a few words about the Mites' baby, who is really the heroine of this little story, and therefore must be properly described. Well, the Mites' baby was nothing to look at, it

had nothing sweet, and round, and pink, and 'cossety' about it; no, alas! its surroundings were too hard, the conditions under which it lived too unhealthy, to make of it the round, pink, cooing, contented ball all mothers love to see their babies. The Mites' baby was a poor little specimen of humanity—angular where it should have been round, very thin and white, and given to wailing, and never placid; "Always on the work," Mrs. Treeby remarked to Bridget, "because, Bridget, you are always on the fret yourself; never sparing yourself time to take even your meals in peace."

And it had a most unfortunate name—a very sore point this with Bridget, for she had had nothing to do with the choosing of it; it was a sort of practical joke perpetrated by Tom Mite at a time when she was too ill to know what was going on. Without her knowledge, he had had the baby christened 'Dinah,' which, joined to their surname, fastened on the child for life a name that, in these days, is associated with Irish anarchy and hatred of England, and disloyalty to our beloved Queen. Tom had done it to teaze Bridget, who was Irish, but as loyal to Queen and country as any Englishwoman in London. So it went beyond teazing, when the drunken father published his joke to everybody in Tripe Court, and the neighbours and children got calling her frail and harmless little one 'the Fenian baby,' Bridget felt more hurt and annoyed than she ever said. And because she felt that an injury had been done it when she had been unable to protect it, and because it was so sickly and so puny, and so unlikely to get any of the world's caresses, Bridget like a true mother had pressed it all the closer to her tried and troubled heart, and been from the first, what her husband called 'weak over it.' It was this knowledge that made him resolve to mention 'the baby' now as the surest way to shake Bridget in her plan, if indeed she could be shaken.

"What about *baby*, Bridge," he asked, bending forward, "not weaned? Have you thought what'll become of *her* if you go?"

"She'll go in along with me," said Bridget, and her answer crushed out Tom's last hope. His countenance fell like his spirits, and he leant his face in his hands, and gazed woefully into the expiring embers in the grate.

"Poll and Sue 'll be here to light the fire and cook the food time I'm away," said Bridget, trying to say something cheering. She felt so sorry for her unworthy husband.

Poll and Sue gave each other a knowing little glance across the room, which meant to say, "No, we shan't. We know better than that! We know what we've settled to do, don't we?"

"And there's some money to go on upon, Tom," continued his wife; her poor anxious mind had been busy counting up all she could leave them. "Three shillings in the mug there on the shelf, and Pat Tod, down at the wharf, owes me tenpence for three weeks' wash, and Bill Sling, at Simmons's Dock, sixpence, and several others owes me money. They're behindhand, but they'll pay up all right if you'll call for it and tell 'em I'm gone and the money's wanted! Mrs. Job 'll tell you their names and all about it; *she* knows."

The fire had quite gone out and the candle was flaring low in its socket by the time Mrs. Job—having washed the few things that the mother and child were required to take in with them to the Infirmary, and closed up the bundle and made all ready for the start in the morning—put her shawl over her head to go home; she did so with a heavy heart. She was leaving everything so miserable: Bridget going to pass the night on the floor with her pain and her sorrowful thoughts; the baby fretting, and the little sisters too sleepy and wearied out to nurse it properly; and the miserable man—the cause of it all—with his teeth chattering with cold, and the drunkard's racking headache. She kissed Bridget the last thing, telling her she and Mrs. Treeby would be in early to-morrow to carry her down-stairs and 'see her off comfortable;' and then she said, "Good night, Tom!"

"Good night, Mrs. Job," said Tom, thankful to her for speaking to him, and then—he felt unworthy that he should be noticed—in a helpless way, with the tears in his eyes as she shook hands with him, "aren't you sorry for us? I know it was me, but I didn't go for to do it!"

"Yes, Tom, I am—I am sorry for *everybody*," answered Mrs. Job.

If it had been Mrs. Treeby, she would have said, "Sorry for you? not a bit. You hadn't no business to get drunk, and then it wouldn't have happened; it just serves you right to be miserable!" But Mrs. Job felt, what I think we have to feel so often in this life, looking on at the sins, and wrongs, and hopeless misunderstandings and quarrels of those about us, sorrow for everybody all round; for sinner as well as the sinned against.

Mrs. Job's reply did not make a worse man of Tom this evening. 'Kind words,' somebody has written, 'are the music of the world. . . . It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, soften the hard and angry hearts of men!' Mrs. Job's duty was to go home, otherwise she would not have left the Mites; she would have stayed by them to help them through the long night.

"I can go home and pray for 'em," said Mrs. Job to herself, as she wiped her eyes with her shawl. And she did pray, and we shall see if her prayers were answered.

CHAPTER V.—LEAVING HOME.

BRIDGET'S pain was not a whit less the next morning than it had been overnight; on the contrary, her sufferings were greater, for inflammation had set in, and her neighbours found her with her temperature high, and her cheeks hot and flushed, and not having had a wink of sleep the night through. Mrs. Job and Mrs. Treeby, in talking of it afterwards, said perhaps this was a good thing, for it had "kept her up to going."

The women came in, in the grey of the morning, almost before it was light, bringing with them all they could think of and could afford, to start Bridget off, as they termed it, 'comfortable and respectable.' They provided her with hot cocoa and a piece of fried bacon for breakfast. Mrs. Treeby brought her best shawl for Bridget to wear going, and a bag of peppermints 'to keep her inside cheerful and warm on the way.' Mrs. Job lent her a tidy bonnet, and a woollen wrap for the baby, and many another thing, which kept them running backwards and forwards to their homes so continually that the other people in Tripe Court soon perceived that 'there was something up at the Mites'.' They were sure it was nothing pleasant, the women looked so hot and flurried each time they appeared with their shawls up to their mouths to keep the icy air out. It couldn't be a wedding, or a christening, or anything of that sort, or yet a funeral, or they should have heard; 'more likely that one of them was bad from something that there Tom did when he was so drunk yesterday!'—which brought them to the actual truth.

Up to the very moment of Bridget's departure there was nothing but hurry, and bustle, and commotion in the Mites' room—yes, just one other thing, the sound of Mrs. Treeby's tongue.

Mary Job attended principally to Bridget, Mrs. Treeby to the baby; she thought no one understood babies as *she* did, or could dress and wash them as handily as *she* could. But in the intervals of 'kitsy-kitsying' to the fretful baby, and telling it 'it was the knowingest little tixey-toxey, the artfullest little card h'out, that it was'ems!' and running to and fro to her home to get things, Mrs. Treeby found opportunity to give Tom Mite a 'good talking to.' It was not a season to be lost, for she saw that he was thoroughly 'down,' and would allow her to say what she liked to him, and though she didn't hold with hitting a man that was down generally, she did so in this case. And she didn't spare him; she gave it him 'hot,' as she told her husband afterwards, and if, after her 'talking to,' Tom Mite did not feel morally black and blue all over, it was not, I can tell you, the fault of Mrs. Treeby's tongue. It hit out straight, and most of its blows went home. All the time Tom said nothing; he hung his head and replied never a word; he did not feel even angry with Mrs. Treeby this morning, he felt crushed at the thought of his wife's leaving him, and of the injury he had done her, for though he had never loved her enough to give up the *drink*, he yet did love his wife, and he felt that every hit Mrs. Treeby gave him he deserved, and more.

The mode of Bridget's departure had been arranged by Mrs. Job and Mrs. Treeby the day before, in this wise—that they should carry her between them down-stairs and to the end of the court, where there was to be a cab waiting, which cab was to convey the party, consisting of Bridget, the baby, and one of the women—it was not quite decided which of them would go—to a certain point where they could pick up the tram, and ride in that a certain distance, and then take 'a red bus,' and go on in that till they changed into a green one, which they were told would put them down at the corner within a few yards of the Infirmary gates.

It had been a matter of considerable thought arranging this journey, how to ride all the way, and to do it as cheaply as possible. The Infirmary lay a long distance away, and many miles had to be got over. A cab the whole distance would have been the best for Bridget, but who was to pay for it? No, there was no other means—'cab a little way, then tram, and then bus, and then bus again.' The changes would be hard for Bridget, very hard in her state—ah, how hard always are the journeys of the very poor!—

in winter bearing the brunt of the biting cold and piercing blast, in summer the scorching heat and feverish thirst, and the blinding dust of the road,—verily they know what *pilgrimage* means. But in arranging for these changes, the women arranged for something else too, on which they knew they could certainly count—the kindness of people on the road. They were *sure* of the good-natured omnibus man to give Bridget a hoist up into 'the bus,' or to hold the bundle and the baby while *they* helped her; they were *sure* of the nice old person seated just inside, who would move up to let Bridget drop into the first seat by the door, so that she should be handy to get out again; they were *sure* of the friendly arm of somebody meeting them at the corner where their last omnibus stopped, to help Bridget over the few yards she would have to walk at the end of this harassing journey. *Yes*, they reckoned upon these things as certainly as they did upon the sun to light them. For, thank God, there are rays of man's diviner nature still lingering on this earth of ours, to be met with in its lowly places perhaps more often than in its high ones. These rays are seen in those disinterested little attentions, the kind words, the quick perception for what is weak and suffering, the readiness to help, and the willingness to sacrifice little personal comforts and preferences for the greater ease and assistance of others, which so often gladden the ride in the dirty old jog-trot omnibus, which lighten the gloom in the underground railway, which take away the sense of loneliness in the street amid the hurry and jostle of crowds and in a hundred other places. *Without* these rays, these little lamps shining at different stages on the dark highways of life, how much darker would it be for the poor,—the pedestrians of the long and difficult journey!

It will be seen that the Job and Treeby programme for Bridget's removal to the Infirmary did not include her husband in any way; the women had to make their plans without him, as if he did not exist. For how could he be counted upon to do anything? Experience had taught them that just at the critical moment when he would be wanted, his throat would be seized with dryness, and he would give them the slip—get out by the chimney or a rat-hole if other exits were blocked, drunkards get the cunning of mad people—and slink round the corner to the public-house and get 'a drop,' and not be seen for the rest of the day. Tom could not complain; he knew very well how he had failed his family and acquaintances at times of need over and over again in the manner I have described. Yet he wished he had been given something to do about Bridget this morning. As the time drew near for her departure, he heard the women asking each other 'however they should get her downstairs to the cab?' And certainly it was a matter of anxiety how to carry Bridget. She was a bonny-sized woman, and no light weight at any time, but her helplessness would make her seem ten times heavier than usual; indeed, when the women found her so much worse this morning, they were seized with dismay at the thought of the changes on the journey, they had serious misgivings as to Bridget's ability to make them; yet a cab all that distance, who was to pay for it? The moment arrived at last for the attempt to be made. Bridget, hot and flushed with pain, and faint with the effort of being moved from the floor, wearing Mrs. Treeby's shawl and Mrs. Job's bonnet, sat on a chair with her bare hands crossed in front of her, all ready for the start. She seemed too full of suffering to be taking much account of anything that was passing around her this morning, or she might have been seriously apprehensive of what was about to happen. She was to sit still on that chair and be carried down the stairs on it by the two weakly women, her neighbours. With desperate intent in their faces, like people who knew their work was before them, Mrs. Job and Mrs. Treeby, one on each side, stooped and grasped the chair firmly with both hands.

"*Now*," said Mary Job, holding on to *her* side of the chair like grim death, "have you got firm hold, Mrs. Treeby? Are you ready?"

"No, just a moment. I hadn't got a good grip of the back," said Mrs. Treeby, tightening her grasp. "That's better."

"Well, are you ready?" again asked Mrs. Job.

"Yes, *now*," cried the other, as if she were giving the signal for her own execution. "Goodness, gracious—my, what a weight—*oh!*" and the chair, lifted a few inches from the boards, came down again with a bump. The two women, taking their hands off, straightened themselves and stood up and looked at each other over the top of Bridget's bonnet.

"D'ye think we'll do it?" asked Mrs. Job anxiously.

"No, I don't think we shall," replied the other. "We shall never get her down them

stairs. I wonder if Dick Riley would give us a hand if he's not gone?"

The proposition of another man being called in, roused whatever of manly feeling and self-respect there was yet remaining in Tom, and he asked with alacrity, but in a very humble tone like a person craving a great favour,

"Mayn't *I*, Mrs. Treeby? I'm sure I could get her down quite easy."

"*You!*" exclaimed Mrs. Treeby, turning round upon him with scornful astonishment at his daring to propose such a thing. "*You*, that was drinking all day yesterday, and what gave 'er the blow? A pretty sort o' carryin' *yours* would be!"

"It wants a steady hand," put in Mrs. Job.

"I'm quite sober to-day," pleaded Tom, and his contrite voice and air made the women think again. After all he was a tall man and had a strong arm of his own, and had been a powerful dock-labourer in his time—yes, and might be so again if he left off the drink.

The morning was getting on. Dick Riley might have started to his work at the wharf. What if they tried Tom? They looked at each other and nodded, and Mrs. Treeby said in a pacified tone,

"Well, come along then and see what you can make of the job."

Tom set to, and though weakened by continual drinking and insufficient food, he accomplished the task of carrying his wife down the stairs to the door, followed by the women carrying the bundle and the baby, and the two little miserable girls, Poll and Sue, who were determined to see the last of mother. Arrived at the door safely, Mrs. Treeby told Tom he might as well carry her as far as the cab, which a neighbour—there were a good many neighbours looking out at doors and windows — volunteered to run for and have ready at the end of the court. The question next arose which of them—Mrs. Treeby and Mrs. Job—should go with Bridget. Mrs. Treeby said *she* couldn't; her youngest child, little Billy, had been taken with croup in the night, and she must run back to him as soon as she could. Mrs. Job replied, "Well, then it must be her;" but it was evident from her tone that she too had calls at home which made it difficult for her to leave.

"Why don't you *both* stop at home and let *me* go with her?" suggested Tom in the same imploring sort of way as before.

He was put down immediately by Mrs. Treeby.

"It's not to be thought of," she exclaimed. "You'd never pass the *corners*, Tom. You know you wouldn't."

"I'd take my oath I would," protested Tom; but, alas! he had often taken his oath to keep steady, and had not kept it.

"Ah, but we know you better," said Mrs. Treeby. "Besides, you'd never get all these changes into that fuddled head of yours; you'd be a-pushin' of 'er into a red 'bus when she ought to be getting into a green, or be makin' a step for her of the baby, and at the end of it all mistaking a swing door for the Infirmary. How can a man keep his brain clear and hold a baby, putting all that drink in it you did yesterday?"

"I don't believe myself she'll be able to make the changes, Mrs. Treeby. I don't indeed," said Mrs. Job, looking troubled as she began fanning vigorously with the end of her apron Bridget's suddenly ashened face. "Look, she's just on the faint now." At this moment the neighbour who had gone to fetch the cab ran up with the announcement, "She had got Jemmy Wiggles!" which brightened all their faces except Bridget's.

Now Jemmy Wiggles, though he had not a pretty name, was a very worthy cab-driver, held in great respect by the inhabitants of Tripe Court, who employed him always when there was a 'burying,' to carry them out to the distant cemetery. Jemmy Wiggles didn't mind how many grandfathers and grandmothers and aunts and cousins and kinsfolk they crammed inside his vehicle on such gloomy occasions, and was accommodating also about the outside. He would let a light little uncle or aunt sit there on the top, rather than they should not follow, and made nothing of having two or three children beside him on the box as well. Above all this, there was the grand fact that Jemmy Wiggles never overcharged them; he always did it 'reasonable,' and would wait a little for his money, which was valuable at a time when the *crêpe* and the exorbitant undertaker were ravaging their slender resources. The news that it was this worthy man's cab now stopping the way at the end of Tripe Court, coupled with Bridget's increasing weakness, decided Mrs. Job on changing the plan of Bridget's journey altogether.

"If it's Jemmy Wiggles," she said, "Tom shall go with her. I'll stop at home and do a bit of mangling that shall pay for the extry expense, and Bridget shall ride in the cab all the way."

This was approved of by Mrs. Treeby. Jemmy Wiggles was bargained with and paid beforehand, and given express injunctions, with many a wink and nod towards Tom, 'not to stop at no corners.' Then Bridget was lifted in, quite a crowd of neighbours surrounding the cab to assist and see her off, and Tom followed, carrying the baby and the bundle. A score of rough but kindly hands were thrust in at the window to give her a hand-shaking the last thing, and hearty voices bade her 'God speed.'

"Good-bye. Now, cheer up, Bridget," said Mrs. Treeby with her head in the cab, noticing that Bridget's lips were quivering, and tears were in her eyes. "You won't find it so bad as you think. It's a fine big h'airy place they says, and it's *clean*, Bridget,—fancy what that'll be like to you after your pigstye of a place!" which ill-timed allusion to the home that, however dirty and wretched, Bridget was sorrowing at leaving, took out all the sweetness from Mrs. Treeby's farewell, and entirely spoilt the loan of the best shawl and the peppermints. Mrs. Treeby's way of doing kind things was like some medicines, with a very good taste at the beginning, and a very nasty one at the end, the latter taste *so* nasty as quite to obliterate the pleasing recollections of the first.

"Good-bye, Bridget; God bless you!" said Mrs. Job when *her* turn came to say 'good-bye.' "I'll keep a h'eye on the children, and see that all's kept nice in your place as you'd like it, and none of your little knick-knacks interfered with time you're away."

If Bridget's 'place' had been the finest in the world and crowded with priceless art-treasures, Mrs. Job could not have spoken of it with more respect;—there was the difference between the two neighbours. The Infirmary admission order, which of course somebody had to run back for, having been put into Bridget's hand, and the final good-bye said, the cab door was banged, Jemmy Wiggles flicked the reins, and the next minute a little knot of women and children were left standing at the end of Tripe Court watching a cab disappear in the foggy haze.

CHAPTER VI.—THE WORKHOUSE INFIRMARY.

THE Infirmary, as I have said, lay quite a long distance off, altogether apart from the workhouse, and in another parish. The way to it from Tripe Court was for many a mile through dingy streets and populous districts, with tramways intersecting the roads, and omnibuses innumerable, and heavy traffic of all kinds, and a din such as only citizens know, but towards the end—the last mile or two—of the journey, as one got nearer the Infirmary, the character of the road changed, and the air seemed to get purer and the atmosphere lighter. One found one's self in a quiet neighbourhood, full of rows and rows of two-storied newly-built houses, all exactly the same. Each house had its neat little windows, and its neat little door, and its stiffly-starched white curtains, and its basket of imitation wax fruit or woollen flowers under a glass shade in the parlour window. A church, or chapel, or a railway bridge occasionally varied the long lines, running north, south, east and west, of these oppressively respectable little houses, which were so uniform in appearance that one fancied the people who resided in them must be all alike too. It was one of those new districts that spring up like mushrooms in the night on the outskirts of this great London, and which elderly folk point to regretfully because 'only the other day it was all *fields*, and now how it's built over!'

The workhouse Infirmary was a brand new red-brick building, having been recently erected at a great cost, and the site chosen for it out here on account of its healthiness and the cheapness of the land. It was lofty and vast, built on four sides of a square, and with a broad piece of ground all round it laid out in turf and gravel paths, and paled in with tall, stiff iron rails very close together, so that hardly a cat could squeeze through to disturb the rigid order and neatness of this stern-looking enclosure, where not a blade of grass or a pebble seemed out of its place. The windows were large, running from end to end, tier upon tier, of this great building, each pane of glass shining and clean to let the genial sun in when it shone, and each window having its ventilator for the fresh air to enter by. The Infirmary stood upon ground that was one of those 'only-the-other-day fields,' and fields there were still on two sides of it, for there was no other building beyond it. On spring days wafts of serene country air seemed to enter at the doors and windows, and the patients could see *real* primroses, and buttercups, and daisies spangling the quiet grass. As Bridget's cab drove up to the gates the sun, which had been trying for the last half-hour to penetrate the dull winter sky, suddenly shone out, lighting up the great angular red-brick pile, which

towered so conspicuously above everything else.

On the road, after they had left Tripe Court far behind them, Tom, looking very miserable, turned to Bridget and expressed his sorrow for what had happened, protesting that it should never happen again, declaring he would 'cut' the drink, and begging her forgiveness.

Bridget was too suffering to speak much, or indeed, even to listen. She scarcely heeded his words: those promises had been made so often only to be broken, and she had not the least more faith that they would be kept now. Tom half expected that to-day, leaving home and the children, she would make one last appeal to him; he would have been better satisfied if she had, for not doing so showed him how far gone in despair was Bridget's heart. He remembered the time when she used to appeal to him, when she used to go down on her knees before him and weep, and beseech him to give up that which was ruining him, body and soul, and making a wreck of their happiness and home; but that was long ago. Tom did not care to count how many years. Bridget never did so now, tears and beseechings she had found alike vain, and she had learnt her sad lesson of having to work and to bear and to suffer in silence. And yet another lesson: that one that has its fulfilment exemplified almost every day in our London police courts, when bleeding and bruised wives, egged on by relatives who think the limit of long-sufferance has been reached, come to take out a summons against their brutal husbands, but who are ready at the first sign of contrition—the first penitent word—'to make it all up,' and to forgive and clasp the hand that dealt them the cruel blow overnight. Yes, Bridget had learnt the lesson of forgiving 'until seventy times seven.' She always forgave Tom, no matter how many times he transgressed in the week. And true to her old habit, she did so again to-day. Heedless of his other words, in the bewildering din of the streets she heard his prayer for forgiveness, and in token that he had it, she nodded her head and said, 'All right, Tom.'

The sun shone out, I have said, just as Jemmy Wiggles's cab drew up before the Infirmary gates, which were unlocked and opened by a man wearing a cap with 'Gatekeeper' written on it, and who came out from a kind of sentry-box stationed just within. The cab, with its melancholy party, passed through into the enclosure up a broad roadway that led to the main entrance of the Infirmary—a huge prison-like door, with heavy nails in it, and a grated peep-hole. Jemmy Wiggles flung the reins on his horse's back and got down from his seat. He rang cautiously a formidable-looking bell at the side, and when he had done it appeared quite startled, for it did not make the little tinkle-tankle of door-bells generally, it made a noise like a railway-bell, and went resounding and echoing all over the place, and yet he had only touched it. Immediately, a broad red face appeared at the peep-hole, and then bars and bolts seemed to be drawn inside, a key turned the lock, and finally the great door swung back, disclosing to view a paved court-yard, and a wilderness of red-brick walls towering so high as to hide the sky above. On one side of the courtyard, close to the entrance, was the porter's lodge, and on the other, a little building about the same size, where new patients were taken in on arrival to have their admission orders verified, and their bundles examined, so that no spirits, or eatables, or anything contrary to rules and regulations, should pass into the building, &c. The Infirmary porter, a stout, red-faced personage in a blue uniform and brass buttons, came to the cab-door and regarded the new-comers with stern, official eyes. "Have you the order?" he asked, in loud, resounding tones; his voice was quite a match for the Infirmary door-bell.

"Yes," said Tom.

"Able to walk?" he asked.

"No," replied Tom, glancing round at Bridget, who was leaning back in the cab, nervous and trembling, dismayed at the great strange place she had come to, and the sharp, stern tones of the porter. Yet she still had one little comfort at her heart, 'baby was going in with her!'

In less time than it takes to write it, a chair was brought out to the cab, and Bridget was carried on it into the office opposite the porter's lodge. Tom followed with the baby, and Jemmy Wiggles and his cab drove away.

The office was a small room with a bare stone floor, and nothing in it save a desk, and a fire burning sluggishly in the grate. A hard-featured woman in a dark gown and a close cap, was here to receive Bridget. She went through her work, as laid down by the guardians of the parish, with as quick dispatch as possible. A friendly welcome to be given, was not one of the things set down by those gentlemen in the rules. She was

merely to be in her place when new patients arrived, to examine their bundles, and say which ward they were to be taken to. So she did not even pass a 'good day' to Bridget, but took her bundle from Tom and began overhauling it. The porter went to the desk and looked at the admission order, and entered some things in a book. And Bridget sat pale and nervous in the chair, while Tom, still holding the baby, stood by and talked to her in a low, troubled voice.

"There's visitin' days, ain't there, Bridge?"

"Yes," nodded Bridget.

"The children, and me, and Mrs. Job 'll be able to come and see you," said Tom, miserably. Then he turned to the hard-featured woman, and asked, "What days are the visitin' days, ma'm?"

The woman frowned on him. She had taken in the family: an unhappy wife and child, and a drinking husband. Tom's face told the tale. "Sundays are the usual visiting days," she barked out, "but the Infirmary's closed to visitors for the present, by order of the guardians, owing to the prevalence of small-pox, and won't be open again till further notice. There it is on the walls," nodding at a printed card on a nail, "you can read for yourself!"

Bridget heard the hard news; she would never see Poll or Sue! No friend then would be allowed in to see her, to tell her how the home was getting on! She would never get a friendly hand-clasp or hear a friendly voice!—all this rushed across her mind and chilled her. Yet there was ever that little comfort at her heart, 'baby was going in with her.'

The bundle having been examined, and the proper entries made in the day-book by the porter, the hard-featured woman rang a bell that clanged in the distance, and roughly intimated to the husband and wife that the time had come to say 'good-bye,' and that they had better be quick about it.

Tom kissed Bridget; he leant forward to give her the baby, but before it reached the mother's outstretched arms, an arm clad in blue cloth and brass buttons thrust itself forward and placed a barrier between mother and child.

"There's no order for the child," said the stern, hard voice of the porter.

"It's not weaned," urged the mother faintly but quickly.

"What's its age?" inquired the porter.

"What's the little 'un's age, Bridge?" enquired Tom, with an anxious air, but Bridget seemed not to be able to speak.

"Eleven months, just about, sir," he said, turning to the porter.

"Over age!" said the official, still making a barrier with his arm. "Children over nine months not admitted with their mothers. Read the rules!" nodding over his shoulder at another printed card on the wall.

"Sir! sir!" began Tom imploringly.

"The guardians' rules, not mine!" said the porter, cutting him short. "You'll have to take the child back, sir!"

"Here's its things," said the hard-featured woman, handing to Tom the few tiny garments that she had cast from the mother's bundle; the poor little ragged nightgowns and shirts that Mrs. Job had been at such pains to wash yesterday night.

Tom looked at Bridget, expecting her to make some sign; to burst out in passionate entreaty and tears, and if entreaty and tears did not avail to gain entrance for her little one, to refuse, with the determination of which he knew she was capable, to enter the Infirmary herself. But, to his astonishment, she did neither of these things, she only went very pale and an anguished look passed over her face.

Surely, *now*—now that he was to take the baby home, he thought she would make that last appeal to *him* that he had been expecting in the cab. He knew with what despair she would think of the baby in *his* custody. But Bridget said not a word; she made no appeal.

"Victoria Ward," said the porter to the two Infirmary officers who appeared at the office door in answer to the bell, to carry Bridget away. "Now, sir," to Tom, "time's up!"

Tom, hanging his head in misery, held the baby out for Bridget to kiss, and as he did so, almost as if it knew what was taking place, the baby made what I may call the *pitiful lip*—mothers know it well—that is, when the tiny infant-lips, pressed closely together, are drawn down at the sides, and the whole little face works with tears that it seems trying to suppress. Mothers rush at their babies then and hug them up, and kiss them, and call them all the 'darlings' and the 'pet lambs' in the world.

Bridget saw the pitiful lip and felt the keen pain of other mothers, but she made no attempt to take her baby. She kissed it twice passionately with her eyes closed—she dared not look at it—and then, with a smothered sob, covering her face with her shawl, she leant back in the chair, and Tom saw her borne away.

THE GOOD NEW TIMES THAT JESUS MAKES.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Young children once to Jesus came."
Lesson: Matt. xviii. 21—35.

AS I want you to have some idea of what are the good new times that Jesus makes, I am going to talk to you about manhood. To be a true man is to be the most glorious thing of God's creation; and a world of men would be heaven on earth. This is what Jesus comes to make. So I want you to understand what manhood is, and how until we have come to love everybody with strong, good-humoured, valiant love, we shall not have come to true manhood. Until all that comes about in us, we are so far from what our Saviour means us to be that we are not worthy to be called men. Just now and then we get glimpses of what true manhood is. In the folks about us some strong, pure thing that has been buried and asleep in them awakes and arises, and does something very beautiful; then we see things outside us and feel stirrings within us, which teach us what the words and prayers of Jesus mean when He bids us to be brothers and say all round, "Our Father, which art in heaven," and when He Himself prays that we all "may be ONE," as closely and tenderly as He and the Father are one. The fact is, men are all the children of one God, and Jesus wants us to have the feel of it, because if we had it we should be perfectly happy and noble. Just now and then somebody does a little bit feel all this. Brotherhood awakes and bursts up in them like a well of divine delight. A strong glow of heart melts distinctions between them and others away rapidly as ice melts in the hot sun. They and others, be they friends or perfect strangers, are all one; selfishness seems as silly as impossible dreams when one has awoke and got out of bed; then it is that the beautiful prayer of Jesus is realised.

Alas! it is far from that nowadays. "If a man does his duty and minds his own business, what are other people to him?" That is the creed of the world, and the *sin* of the world to-day. It is this which makes men's minds blank of heaven. But the good new times that Jesus is trying to bring about will change all that.

You will see what I mean in a story of a ship, the ship *Atlantic*, which some years ago sailed from England for America, with sailors, passengers, and goods on board. It had a wise captain and a worthy crew, and was itself a noble ship, in which men naturally put their hope; which had bravely ploughed its way across the billows of the two thousand miles of sea, and had run into the New York Harbour punctually and safely. Once again, the day has come on which it is due, and the harbour-man at his post expects again to have to fire the gun that tells the officials and porters ashore that she is in sight and coming in. The men on the quay are preparing to take off her passengers as they have often done before, and then unload her cargo; and friends of passengers are arranging with their servants what they must do while they are out, for they are going to meet the ship. But the day drags on, and the gun does not boom, for the watchman at it can catch no sign of her. Other ships arrive, but not the *Atlantic*. The evening comes on, the night darkens; the lamps are lighted. "It will come to-morrow," the people on the quay say and turn to go home. On another day, the sun rises, and a second time friends and watchman watch for the English ship with the people on it. But this day, too, goes slowly by without one sign of its appearing. Other ships come in, but not the *Atlantic*. Day after day goes by, till things begin to look serious; and it was noted in the papers that the *Atlantic* was six days late, and anxiety was felt among shipping men, for they knew that big icebergs were just then coming floating down from the North Pole seas; and they began to tell of this and that ship that icebergs had struck and had sunk. Seven days, eight days, nine days passed; then the very first question men put as they met in the streets in the morning was, "Any news of the *Atlantic?*" and wives said to their husbands as they opened their evening papers at their supper table, "Any news of the *Atlantic?*"

Ten, eleven, twelve days passed, and there fell over the city deepening awe and sorrow. "Any news?" men said on 'Change; "Any news?" women said as they ran to open the door for their returning husbands. There was only one thing that "news" meant now—it was news of the *Atlantic*. The dismay

of the city speedily spread into the whole country. Telegrams came from every quarter, "Any news of the *Atlantic?*" and the answer went back again, "No; no news." Whenever the boom of the harbour cannon wandered through the city air, telling that some ship was coming up the Roads, crowds of people flocked to every point that commanded a view of the harbour. "There is a ship," they said; "she carries the union jack! she's English!" and their hearts timidly filled with hope; but hope sank again into a deeper despair as it became known it was not the *Atlantic.* Every day English vessels were coming into port that had left England six, eight, twelve, fifteen days after the missing ship, but none had passed her on the way, and none had any news.

Twenty, twenty-five, thirty days, and yet no *Atlantic;* and no news. Men said, "She has gone down," and they began to cease their inquiry. It was all over, and people strolled by the Castle Grounds, and looked out on that great silent sea, on which Jesus looks, and to which He will one day speak to give up its dead, and they felt that another little company lay in its vast grave.

And the kindred of the city men of New York became changed. No little child they saw go by was so pitied as the child they knew to be a child of a sailor on the missing ship. Its captain's wife, to the deepest heart of the city was more than the wife of the President. And with sincerely bated breath men spoke to one another as any one passed them who had a friend on board. And the city bells tolled for the dead, and the city pulpits spoke of the Comforter, and the papers wrote pity, and the bereaved prepared their mourning, and lamentations were everywhere. "Very sad about the *Atlantic,*" was all that men said to one another now.

"Would not you like to give some of your savings to the little children whose fathers are drowned?" mothers asked their children. And children said to one another, "I shall give my new book," and "I shall send my sleeping doll to them."

And the days passed, till a strange effect was one day produced by the familiar boom of the harbour gun. "What can that mean?" the people said. It seemed so loud, they thought; and they paused on their way, and turned, and vast crowds gathered all about the harbour roads; and they looked at one another a little surprised. A ship was coming up the Narrows, that was all. Was it a British ship? Might it after all be the *Atlantic?* They could not tell yet. Men heard their own hearts beat as it came nearer and nearer, till at length all hope died and eyes were ready to fill with tears, for men who were looking through their spy-glasses recognised the ship's name and turned, and shook their heads, and said, "No; it is not the *Atlantic!*" And they wondered why they had been so foolish as to come. You see how these people have grown in brotherhood, brotherhood to strangers, too; and how the love of people they have never seen is making them even more neighbourly to those they have seen. But I must keep the rest of the story till next week.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Do no sinful action."
Lesson: Matt. xviii. 10—14.

In spite of their disappointment the crowd did not speak or move, for they saw that the captain had something to say. He had got upon the paddle-box; a speaking-trumpet was to his lips. And they all stood and were terribly silent and listened as they had never listened in their lives before. And this sentence fell upon their ears, "The *Atlantic* is safe; she has put into Cork for repairs."

They scarcely knew what they had heard. They were struck dumb.

For one moment the silence was deepened, then it was little more than a sob that rose from the ten thousand hearts. Then they turned and looked at one another, and wept and smiled and grasped hands with one another, strangers though they were, and caught up children to kiss them; and at length, recovered enough from their first unspeakableness of joy (always still and tearful), they flung their hats up and rent the air with shouts, which rang through the city. Then they rushed off to tell their wives and children. And the telegraph wires thrilled with, "*Atlantic* safe!" And women knelt down by their bedsides and thanked the God of Heaven that other women's husbands were alive like their own, though not a soul of them all did they know, not so much as by face, nor even by name. And the bells made the steeples of the churches rock; and from churches rose hymns of gratitude; and fireworks went up from the pleasure grounds. Men from the suburbs went home that day by earlier trains and walked from the station quicker than they had walked since they were young; and some spent a cab fare who had never taken a cab home before. And women went up to tell their children in bed,

"Johnny, the *Atlantic* is safe." And Johnny said, "But I must send my book." And tea was poured out as it had not been poured out for weeks. And for once in that great city every man was his neighbour's, not his own. The last spark of selfishness was gone out and all were blessed, not in their own but in others' good.

They were what they were intended by their Creator to be.

Oh, how different was their mirth from the frothy thing men have at the sight of a bannered procession going by with its soldiers and bands of music and tramp of marching feet, which breaks into a cheer at the carriage of the official grandee. It was not even that kind of pleasure which men feel at the tale of uncommonly beautiful deeds which catch us by their nobleness. It was all for a number of ordinary people, mostly mere nobodies, all for aught they knew, plain and poor and strange and ugly, nothing at all to them but flesh and blood. They were sea-going men who were not too chaste perhaps in their manners and speech; merchants who scraped money together; showmen who wandered about picking up pence with puppets and dogs; wicked men, high and low, who were unkind to their mothers, wives, children; conjurers, innkeepers, Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, poor little Italians with accordions—they knew not what. But whoever they were, for a time New York was brother and sister to them all. Not one in ten thousand knew anything whatsoever about anybody on board, yet did they bear them all upon their hearts, clinging tenderly to hope on their behalf. And the citizens themselves came closer to each other, and felt more keenly the touch of their own unity and brotherhood than they had ever felt under the spell of their American accents, or the feel that from childhood they had had bed and board under the government of the American President; and why was it so? Because for the while they were Christians, full of wide human love.

At the tidings, "The *Atlantic* is safe; she has put into Cork for repairs," New York felt some of the beautiful strength of heaven. In all those days of suspense and that moment of great relief, men knew how divine a thing is manhood as God thinks of manhood. They were stirred with the spirit that ever stirred in the heart of Jesus, and made all the woe and tears and smiles and joys of His beautiful face.

What I want you to think of is, that these glorious throbs of life show what *man* is when he has come to himself, and what a heaven on earth this world will be when Jesus has His way, when no man lives to himself, but everybody looks on the things of others. It is selfishness that unmans us. To be men we must be kindly and good friends with all: there is no greater dignity nor truer bliss. And this will be the spirit and character of all men in the good new times that Jesus makes.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "At Nazareth in olden time.
Lesson: Matt. v. 43—48.

Now I want you to go with me to a crowd of people—savage, naked people—standing with bows and arrows along a shore in the Island of New Guinea, defying the landing of an Englishman upon their shore, that you may understand, by a very beautiful sight, the great power of manhood. And you will perhaps see what David meant when he said that gentleness was the power of God which made him great; for the gentleness of powerful men is the likest thing to God the world contains, in spite of its not being much praised by the poor, silly people with which it is filled.

They are a very daring and strong people, those savages standing along that shore there, and with those arrows and spears of theirs they can do terribly deadly work. They have come down to defend themselves against a boat that is approaching their shore; for their homes have been ravaged and ruined before to-day by white men, and there are white men in that boat there. They were restless and daring and eager, and could be cruel if need be, as only savages in their deeds of revenge can.

And they had much to revenge. Almost every man and woman of them had had a father and mother trapped, kidnapped, taken away and sold for slaves; and it was white men that had done it. They had memories that called aloud for vengeance; and the next moment they would pour it on those wicked white men's heads.

"Vengeance or death!" that was their word. "Pay them to the full!"

So they stood, and the whisper ran from one to another to be ready, and the naked crowd thrilled with eager anger. In one moment they would bury their javelins and arrows in their cruel foe.

"There is only one," they say; "only one!"

One man has leaped from the boat on to

"And furious birds of prey."

the shore, and immediately, at his orders, the rest row back towards the ship yonder, which lies two miles away out to sea. They were perplexed, those men that stood on the shore, but they kept their arrows to their bows and their knives in their hands. And they looked wonderingly, first at the solitary figure there who had ordered his boat and men to go away, and then wonderingly at one another.

He held a bright red handkerchief in his hand to view as he stood there in the strong sunlight, with the blue of the sea behind him. He did not move; only smiled slightly as their women sometimes smiled at babies, a little pleadingly, as though he wanted something. Once he looked round to see if the boat had gone far enough away, and waved his hand to it to go farther.

The sailors in the boat loved their captain, and did not half like this plan of his. It seemed all very fine, but too dangerous. What if that mob came down upon him! it would be all over with him long before they could row up to the rescue. They could not bear to think of him even being wounded; but they rowed the boat farther away, as little as they dared, and then turned the boat round; and the man in the prow, eagerly looking over the sea, sat with the word "Away" on his lips unspoken, to speak the very instant of active danger; and every man sat with his hands on his oar to pull as they had never pulled in their lives the moment the man in the prow gave the word. There was not a nerve or a muscle in that little crew but was ready to shoot like lightning to where their captain now stood with the red handkerchief in his hand.

When he had made the crowd half understand that he would do them no harm, he gently advanced towards them, laid the pretty handkerchief down on the sand, smiled, and made kindly signs that he wanted to give it to them.

As he was approaching them, the crew of the boat had been breathless, every man looking over his shoulder; and "Away" was still nearer being spoken by the man at the prow. Though they stood in awe of their beloved captain, they had no faith that those savages would do so.

But no arrow was shot, nothing happened; the captain retired to where he had stood before.

The savages shot glances at one another. For one moment nobody moved. Then a woman darted to the handkerchief, seized it, and rushed back, and the rest of the women gathered round her; and he could hear them laugh and speak to one another. He did the same again, and another woman followed; and then again, and still another. Then he exhibited a big pocket-knife and opened the blades, and held it up and moved it a little, so that it glittered with the sun's rays.

By this time every arrow had fallen from its bow, and the warriors' arms were hanging down at their sides. A knife! they would risk much for a knife. He took the new treasure, and laid it on the sand where he had laid the handkerchief, and retired to the same spot again. Before he had well reached it, a man had darted from out of the crowd and picked up the knife, and stood and looked at it and shouted his delight, and then went back with the quick step, not of fear, but of eagerness to show his prize. The captain approached the spot with another, and this time he stood with it in his hand and smiling. Would anybody go? Yes; one went, timidly rather; but he went, and to him he gave the knife for himself and three more to give to persons he chose in the crowd. Now the regiment fairly broke up; all sense of danger and defence was gone, and it became a mob of delight. In the next moment he had strolled up to it, and was giving away trifling pretty things and wonderments, for which women and men alike were eagerly begging; and when he made signs that they were all gone, they came and felt in his pockets to see. And he stood and looked on them while they did it and smiled and said nothing; only there was a great love in his heart, and he made signs of respect to the big, gaudily-dressed man whom he took to be the chief.

A prettier sight the sunlight of God has seldom looked upon. They were quite conquered, all of them, and took him into their hearts, and brought him to their huts, and made him eat—this was his greatest trouble, for oh, their dishes! but they were sharing with him their best; and when you love people with the kind of divine love this man had, you can endure a great deal from them and for them.

"I can't bear such ways," people will say of conduct which is stupid, or wicked, or disgusting. They say so because they are so unlike God; they don't love enough. He so loves boys and girls, and men and women—all the world, indeed—that He can bear anything. He endures all things, not because He dislikes disagreeable things less than we do, but because He hopes so much and loves so much.

In this way, the captain ate their mess. He was a gentleman by birth, a graduate of Oxford, a commander of one of Her Majesty's ships of war, with a hundred men and officers on board it, who instantly obeyed his least will; yet he made himself of no reputation, and was found in fashion as a man; pity was moving in him like a miracle; he felt as if all his body was a heart. The poor savages never understood why their prejudices had so soon died, but it was because they had come in contact with a man. All the loyal things their Maker put within them awoke at the touch of the world's greatest, gentlest power, the touch of a man; and now, were wide awake, watching him move about their little huts, and they were emptying their wallets of beans and roots for him to eat.

Here was one true-souled man. It is because we have so few like him that we must have so many policemen, and prisons, and soldiers, and ships of war, and battles. The sad fact of this world is not alone that manhood has died out of people, but that so many things have died with it. What Jesus is labouring for is to bring back the glad, bright powers of manhood, when the strong shall be faithful to the weak, the wise to the ignorant, come what will to self.

When we have once had a bit of Jesus dwelling in us, a bit of His pitiful, patient, brave spirit and ways, and not till then, we have come to be men; to wield the weapons of manhood; to enter its kingdom; to wear its beautiful conqueror's crown.

And all men shall do this in the new times that Jesus makes.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "All things bright and beautiful."
Lesson: Mark xi. 12—21.

Let us think again of the brave captain of the man-of-war, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the help he will give us to understand that Son of Man who made Galilee so beautiful, and who turned the country on which He trod into the world's Holy Land.

The difference between the bitter cold of winter and the brightness and warmth of a July day is not so great as the difference between the kind of happiness we have when we don't know what He is like, and that

which we enjoy when we understand His beautifulness and see how great and wise and good He was.

The brave patient captain of the man-of-war wanted to make a chart (which is a sea plan) of the coast where those savages lived, and to see how deep the sea was there: his queen wanted to know. He had cannon on board his ship which could have cleared the shore of the poor helpless wretches who stood to forbid his way. Their arrows could not have reached him there, while his bursting shells would have strewn the sands with their dying and dead. His gentle ways were all the more beautiful because they were not his only ways. He need only have spoken the word, to have set cannon booming and shot flying, mowing down his poor foes as with the sweep of a scythe; but he loved them too much to hurt them. He could have fought them with his sailors and their rifles and swords, and made them run for their lives to hide them in their forests; but they were living men and women—children of the God who made him; his brothers, like the men and women with the white skin in coats and gowns. He would not; he could not. He could risk his own life; he could not injure theirs.

Then he pitied them so, for he knew that they had been so cruelly deceived. All the white men that had come before him had been thieves and robbers. They thought all white men nothing more; he was like the rest. What wonder that they stood there to dare and die rather than let him land upon their shore. In their fathers' days there had been a missionary there; he was a good man, but they hardly remembered him; and he had died and was buried by their fathers. Three years after, there had come a ship with a new missionary, the captain had said; and he bade the men of the place come on board to take the Sacrament with him there. And the men went. When they had reached the ship, a message was sent, as from them, bidding their wives to come too. And the wives went. And when the captain had got all the fathers and mothers of the place on board, he hoisted his sails and sailed away, and never came back. And day by day the children went down to the shore and stood weeping and watching the sea till the moon came out, but no ship returned; and they shook their clenched fists at the far away, and stamped the ground as if they would hurt it. They loved father and mother better than any living thing, and now they were fatherless and alone. It was a wicked, wicked, white man who had done this; and The White Man became their name for all cruel and shameful things. And they hated him; oh, how they hated him! If they had not been so young, they would have leaped across the sea, and bitten him, and torn him to pieces; he had taken their father and mother and would not bring them back. Their little hearts grew big with vengeance, and all their thoughts of white men were horror and madness.

And now they had become men and women, these poor, deceived, and robbed people! Other sea captains might not have seen the matter in their light, but this one was a grand *man*, as well as a sea captain, and to him mere authority would have been most unreasonable and wicked. After all, wounds of knives and arrows were not too much to repay such wounds as they had received. Their hot passions must be cooled, their quick hatred removed. *Un*kindness caused it, kindness should take it away. It sprang too from filial affection, and such affection seemed to him a priceless treasure. He could not be severe; the simple, reasonable, but blundering ignorance of the people touched him, and the love of fatherland and home seemed honourable to him. He half admired them as they stood there ready to fight and die rather than let their homes be robbed and their friends sold for slaves again: they could love. How grand it would be to abolish their unbelief in white men, so that white men who should come next might find faith in this bay. So he rode out in his boat that morning, somewhat saddened, anxious, perhaps, as to whether he was man enough to win their affection against all the odds, but determined to try his best; for even now, as always, that Man who Himself had "overcome evil with good" had told him to do the same, and he believed Him to be the only just and unerring guide. So he would try to obey Him.

And the sailors did not half like it, those savages so outnumbered him. He seemed to them to stand there under sentence of death; to be murdered on that sand. If but one savage fell upon him, they would have to carry him away back to his ship a dead man: they could not bear it. And one *would* fly at him; perhaps all! Why shouldn't they?

But they were bound to obey, though with almost angry hearts. Those old salts would have gone another and commoner way to work. They would lay those black bodies low with shot—that is the way of the jolly tar—the cannon booms, and he laughs. But

you know how it all ended. "If any man honour Me, him will My Father honour." The ardent disciple honoured his Master, and the evening saw him sitting in the enemies' huts as if he were their king.

To have done as the sailors wanted would have been to show themselves civilised savages, clever savages, terribly powerful savages. They would have conquered as wild beasts conquer, and furious birds of prey, like lions and eagles, which win because they have the most strength and the biggest fangs and talons to fight with. But the captain was a *man*, not an eagle, not a lion, not a savage; he was a man, as God means by a man.

I know no better help to the understanding of the spirit of the life of Jesus than this. Jesus came to do the will of Heaven; and those to whom He came hated Him, and as they at length learnt, so far as He Himself was concerned, "without a cause;" He was their true brother and friend. But they mistook Him. They did not see how different He was from the men who had come before in the name of God and Heaven, who had not been lovable; not good to trust; who had been thieves and robbers; who came but to steal and destroy. And Jesus knew what was in their hearts, and pitied their opposition and distrustful ways towards Him, and was patient, and kind, and gentle with them.

But his fellow-workers were like that commander's crew, they did not see the matter in the same light at all. They wished that He would settle opposition in quite another and much commoner way. "Bring down fire from heaven on them; cleave their heads with a sword," they said. Earthly natures love to see what is hateful go down under a blow; and the power at Jesus' command could scatter them as wolves scatter sheep, why did He not do it? Why? Because He had none of the wolf's heart in Him. He loved His enemies and did not want to hurt them, but only to change them. He was not severe with them because He knew so much, and was so pitiful to their ignorance and mistakes.

We sometimes forget that, like that English captain, the captain from heaven had great power behind him. The commander of that man-of-war, from guns at every port-hole of his many-decked ship, could have hurled horrible storms of shot and shell into that little daring crowd, scattering them as a storm of wind scatters chaff. It was only because his word was not spoken that the bow-and-arrowed stood unharmed upon that strand. In this light that warrior commander's ways became gloriously beautiful. But the powers behind the English commander awaiting his word to fly on their mission of destruction and woe were as nothing to the powers which awaited the word of Jesus. Had He prayed the Father, what could have been done? Thunders, lightning, earthquakes, were His servants: He could have laid a world low. But He could not kill, could not find in His heart even to hurt: He met His enemies as a *man;* He was found in fashion as a *man;* with power, the wonderful power of His manhood; nothing more.

But the great power of that English commander did not serve him nothing: it served him much, it helped to show his manhood; for when he had won those people's hearts, he let them peep at it. And they understood that it was not weakness on his part that had faced their weapons with the shield of gentleness. He had tried *himself* as their conqueror only because he chose to do so.

At the sunset he beckoned them to go again to the shore and by signs and pointing to the ship and into the sky, he gave them to understand that he had something to show them. When he got on board, he bade his men set off rockets, which shot up into the dark sky, breaking into marvellous coloured fires; and cannon were fired; and the savages stood and gazed and trembled. And they thought it strange that a man so strong should have been a man so kind. That power served the proper purpose of power, to add surprise to gentleness.

Nor did the vaster power of Jesus serve Him nothing. It added marvellous splendour to His ways. Once and only once He let fall a deadly command. It was no word of anger and spoken only to a tree, a fig-tree; but it immediately perished. And the disciples were awestruck, bewildered and amazed. Jesus was free to have dealt with the whole country like that. His enemies laughed at Him as He hung dying in pain on the cross. "Twelve legions of angels" awaited His command. Yet that Calvary crowd all went home to their families, their supper and their bed, and all this He did as a man.

Manhood must be very good which *must* act like that; and such was the way of Jesus and such is the way of God. And in the new times that Jesus makes, all men will be the same; "They shall not hurt nor destroy."

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

HOME NOTES.

WORK AMONG NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

THE work which Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, has been carrying on for many years, almost single-handed, among the waifs and strays of our migratory population, is now being taken up by other helpers; and to carry it forward a society has been formed, which is to bear the name of the man who first strove to bring light into these dark places of our land. Its work will lie among the children who spend their lives in barges, and vans, and brickyards, travelling from place to place, without a settled home anywhere. They come and they go, never staying long enough in a place to become part of the social community, or to encourage those who give themselves to ordinary Christian work to see what can be done for these strangers who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The friends who are now organizing for united action propose to distribute money, books, clothing, and toys among these poor neglected ones, who know so little of the comforts and the pleasures familiar to most children. It is not very much that can be done, so long as the condition of things remains what it is, without any real effort on the part of the State to lay its beneficent hand on those who need its care so grievously. But it is something gained if the children of the outcast can be taught that they are not without friends, and that there are loving hearts that care for them. And on the other side, in these days dark with the shadow of coming storm, what should be taught to the children of the happy and the prosperous before this, that there are thousands, like themselves in nature, yet so unlike by birth, who need their sympathy and their love?

A NEW COLLEGE AT OXFORD.

The scheme for establishing a Nonconformist College at Oxford, to give theological instruction to students for the ministry who have already passed through the university course, seems to have gone far towards completion. Difficulties have not been few, but they have been dealt with and surmounted, and now the end is in sight. It is a great experiment, and if successful it may affect vitally the character and condition of the Nonconformist ministry. For more than two centuries the doors of the two great English universities have been closed to those who were to be the leaders and teachers of Nonconformist churches. Since the days when the Puritans were driven out of Oxford and Cambridge, these men have had to get their teaching and training elsewhere, cut off in this way from the main channels in which the life and thought of the nation are accustomed to flow. The age of exclusion is past; now the gates are open; and in future whoever remains outside will have only himself to blame. One feature of the new college must not be lost sight of. It is not a foundation in which undergraduates are to be brought up under denominational influences in an atmosphere of close sectarianism. Its function is to give, in connection with and under the shadow of the university, something that those professors and lecturers cannot give—a sound and thorough training for the great work of the ministry, broadening the sympathies of the students, extending their knowledge of the world and of life, while they are at the same time strengthened in their personal convictions and principles. As Dr. Fairbairn, the Principal-elect, points out, the scheme ought to raise the ideal of ministerial education, and to enable the ministry of the future to fulfil the enormous responsibilities, social and religious, which will rest upon them.

A LODGING-HOUSE FOR GIRLS.

The great lesson that social reformers have learned during the last few months is that the one immediate need is to strengthen the defences at every point, since thousands of girls are lost through sheer ignorance and because they have no one to look after them. The lodging-house in some low street is the ruin of many. They come up to London and other large towns from little country villages in search of work, look out for the cheapest accommodation they can find, and without the least idea of the character of the place to which they go, find out their position only when it is too late to save themselves. What they really need is a good lodging-house where they can get a room and food at the cheapest possible rate. To meet this want a house was taken twelve months ago in the Mile End Road. A few ladies undertook the management, one even leaving her home to act as superintendent. The house contains twenty-four beds, and never lacks for inmates. It is made as much of a home as possible, and it naturally helps to bring together those who need help and guidance, and those who are willing to aid. It is a thoroughly excellent way of doing good, all the better that, if worked on a sufficiently large scale, the enterprise ought to be practically self-supporting. At the outset, however, more than £300 is needed to enlarge the accommodation and to complete repairs and furnishing. Mrs. Mark Hammond, 21, Granville Place, Portman Square, London, W., is the treasurer, and subscriptions towards defraying the expense of carrying out the scheme may be sent to her, or to Mrs. Sidney Vatcher, St. Philip's Vicarage, Stepney.

A WATCHWORD.

Whenever Dean Church speaks, he is sure to give us some great thought of warning, exhortation, or reproof; and his recent sermon at St. Paul's on the Kingdom of Christ urges one great principle so important in a time of moral and spiritual conflict like this, that a few lines may well be given here. "We are," he says, "like soldiers in a vast widely-extended battle-field, wrapped in obscurity, of which we know not the phases, of which we seem utterly powerless to control the issues; but we are responsible for our

own part; whatever goes on elsewhere, let us not fail in that. The changes of the world which men think they are bringing about are in the hands of God. With Him, when we have done our duty, let us leave them." The truth has a double edge, one to smite those who are indifferent, the other those who despair. To those who say the world and its course are in the hands of its Maker, and we can leave all to Him, and sit with folded hands, it insists upon the need and the duty of personal effort in the personal sphere. Others, who feel like solitary swimmers, battling with an immeasurable ocean of evil, it encourages, reminding them that it is but for their own part that they have to answer. For our own part we are responsible; for nothing more, but for nothing less. It is a watchword which no one should forget.

WESLEYAN METHODISM AND THE PEOPLE.

Wesleyan Methodism is becoming more and more aggressive. Hardly a week goes by without some sign to show that its leaders are resolved to move onwards, and to keep abreast with the times. Now, it is a great mission to the neglected parts of London that is being organized; at another time, a system of evangelisation to spread over the country; in fact, there is always some new plan for doing useful work where work is needed. One feature stands out very clearly: the universal feeling that a deliberate attempt must be made to reach the great mass of intelligent artisans who are the backbone of the people. The Rev. E. Smith, who has been specially set apart for mission work, insists, and rightly insists, on the fact that for this class of men Methodism has special attractions, and that if it will but tell out its message in the true way, they are the men to listen. Gain these, he says, and you can afford to sacrifice elsewhere. In the same spirit an attempt is being made to reach the fourteen thousand Methodists to be found in the army and navy; in future they are to have a special magazine published four times a year, edited by a man who is in fullest sympathy with his constituency and knows what they need. And while speaking of the new life of Methodism we must congratulate the *Methodist Times* and its editor on having completed its first year's work. What a noble year it has been! If the paper were to end tomorrow, we should never forget the courage, the loyalty, the enthusiasm, which have made its pages glow and burn with the beauty of righteousness. Week after week it has been full of strength and inspiration. But happily it is not doomed to silence; its work is going on with power and devotion undiminished, and, we trust, with even greater success.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE ANNEXATION OF BURMAH.

Annexation is a word that has always an unpleasant sound to our ears, and an overwhelming case in favour of its practical application ought to be made out before we allow new additions to be made to a burden of national responsibility already too great. But for the pressure of commercial interests, it is only too probable that we should never have interfered with the internal government of Burmah: but now that we have deposed Theebaw, we can at least make some real improvement in the condition of the country. The late ruler was a mere bloodthirsty tyrant, who kept his subjects in constant terror by his barbarous cruelty and injustice. So the change will bring at least some benefit. What we fear is lest when we have provided for the administration of the country as one of our dependencies, we should every year come to feel less and less responsibility for its welfare; lest our cast-iron system should keep it fettered in helplessness without possibility of progress; and above all, in case of a conflict of interests, lest we should sacrifice Burmah as we have sacrificed India more than once. It would be a good thing if we were more often reminded of that enormous empire over which we hold rule, not to foster our vainglory, but to quicken our sense of duty. Only now and then, when some calamity has occurred, or when some danger threatens, do we think of the millions that look to us for guidance. We do not think that Imperial Federation will do much to improve the state of affairs, even should the project be carried out; but all discussion of any scheme that increases knowledge and quickens interest is to be welcomed as a help.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

The German Emperor has been celebrating his jubilee as King of Prussia, and all the powers of Europe have been taking part in the festival. His is a wonderful career, hardly less remarkable than that of the empire over which he rules. The rise of Prussia and the consolidation of Germany will certainly be one of the most famous incidents in the permanent history of Europe. Perhaps it will be a lasting puzzle to explain how in an age which levels distinctions and obliterates personalities, any nation can have owed its prosperity so entirely to three great men, the statesman, the soldier, and the sovereign, who still stand out before the world as the three pillars of the empire. They made it; they uphold it; and if it is to last, it will be through their influence. Germany is at peace within as without. Just now and then the Socialist or the Ultramontane parties may cause a passing disturbance, but that is all. The last grievance of the Romanists is that the Chancellor has forbidden some French Jesuits to settle in one of the new colonies. Ordinary missionaries, whether they be Catholic or Protestant, are perfectly free to work where they please; but in new settlements it is essential to secure that disobedience to the government shall not be systematically disseminated; and this is what Jesuits would do.

UNION OF PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN ITALY.

The proposed union of the Free Church of Italy and the Waldenses still seems likely to be realised, and if the scheme can only be carried out, nothing

but good can come of it. There can be nothing more prejudicial to the interests of a free and living faith in a country where Catholicism of the fossilised type prevails, than needless division and separation; it is a terrible obstacle to progress, and causes infinite misconception in the minds of those who cannot look below the surface and recognise the essential unity in the apparent diversity. The scheme for amalgamating the two Churches does not proceed as rapidly as one could wish, though there can be little doubt about its ultimate success. Perhaps, however, it is better that there should be delay and deliberation now than regret and disunion hereafter. The Free Church in their Assembly have already adopted the entire scheme, but the Waldensian synod has postponed the question till next year. On one point the Waldenses evidently feel deeply; they are determined not to give up their existing name. The difficulty, happily, is not formidable. It is easy for the "Churches of the Valleys" to retain their title, while the combined missionary Churches sustained by both communities together may take their distinctive name from the new "United Church." In any case a name ought not to divide two bands of Christians whose hearts are one.

CHINESE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Chinese still continue to spread, and as it is by no means certain that we may not have them here in our country some day, it may be well to see what is being done elsewhere. In America we all know what has happened. In spite of oppression, in spite of outrage, violence, and injustice, the Chinaman still forces his way into the land and makes a place there for himself. It is much the same in some of our Australian colonies, though the feeling is not so hostile to the immigrants, and their numbers are not so great. In the Sandwich Islands we see them actually supplanting the native population, increasing while the others diminish, till their numbers have risen to about 20,000, the larger part of them having settled during the last ten years. The newcomers have been much less neglected than in most places. There are actually nearly 500 Chinese Christians in the islands, and their native churches are vigorous and active. They have their own schools and their own evangelists. The success which invariably seems to attend mission work among the Chinese abroad suggests that without slackening effort in China itself, very much may be done to carry on the conflict with superstition and prejudice by well-directed work outside the empire. By this method not only converts, but native evangelists can be won.

ADVANCE ON THE UPPER CONGO.

It is wonderful to look back into the history of the last few years and to see how rapidly the mysterious becomes the known, how dream and vision pass into plan and project, and how scheme matures into accomplished fact. Ten, we might almost say five years ago, the idea of a railway along the Upper Congo would have appeared the wildest of dreams; but to-day the most shrewd and sober men of business in the capitals of Europe and of America are united together to carry out a definite plan for laying down rail through the region where the river is impassable, and by next year beyond all doubt the work will be actually in progress. Explorer, missionary, civilisation—that seems to be the order of progress everywhere, though it often happens that the first two elements are united in the same person. On the Congo we have had first Mr. Stanley, then Mr. Grenfell and his friends, many of whom now rest for ever in the land for which they died; and now we shall see the engineer and the trader following close upon their tracks. Every one will be delighted to hear that recent reports from the missionaries, who have in time past suffered so severely, are bright and hopeful. Experience seems to show that some, at any rate, of the tribes, though hard to win, have in them the stuff out of which honest and affectionate and loyal Christians can be made.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

NEWS FROM AFRICA.

There is bad news from the Universities' Mission in Central Africa. At no less than three of their most important stations they have suffered from large fires, and the damage done is considerable. Happily no lives have been lost, though at Matope two men who were at work in a boiler seem to have had a very narrow escape. This series of misfortunes will be keenly felt. Here in England, a fire in most cases, except for temporary inconvenience, is not a very serious thing. Losses are soon replaced, and the machine rapidly gets into working order again. But out in Africa such a blow sweeps away the results of long and patient toil at one stroke; much can be replaced only after delay and with great difficulty; it is a disappointment, and adds to the burden already resting on the labourers. Their friends at home must give them more help and more sympathy; that is the best amends for the disaster.

SACRIFICE IN THE MISSION CAUSE.

A letter in one of the missionary magazines reminds us of a fact that we are apt to overlook. When men and women whom we know go out into strange lands to carry the good news of God to those who know nothing of the Divine Love, we dwell exclusively upon the great sacrifice which they are making in breaking the ties that bind them to home and friends, and in going out as strangers in a strange land. Theirs, indeed, is a noble gift; all that they have, and their very selves, they lay down in the Master's service; but for all that we should not forget those whom they leave behind, those to whom they are dear as life itself. They send their loved ones to the work and live on in loneliness at home. Often they have cast their all into the treasury. As the writer of the letter says, "it is in

quiet homes, where the son's and brother's place is never filled, and where time heals and at the same time widens the gap," that the greatest sacrifices are made. It is quite true that "some of the noblest missionary spirits in the world are to be found in the home circles of the missionaries." If we forget this there is One who does not forget, and those who give thus, and in this spirit, will have more abundant honour.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

DEAN HOWSON.

Few of those who hold our English Deaneries have been more widely known or more universally beloved and respected than Dr. Howson. He has helped personally and directly to enrich the life and thought of every Christian man and woman in this and in other lands where our language is spoken. Not only by the book that he wrote in conjunction with his friend Dr. Conybeare, which made the life and writings of the great apostle of the Gentiles a new world for thousands of readers, but also by the example thus set, he helped enormously to popularise, in the best and noblest sense, the study of the sacred Scriptures. Others have followed where he led, some of them winning, perhaps, success still greater than his own. But his was the first attempt, and to him belongs the credit and the gratitude. Yet though his work on St. Paul is the most widely known, it cannot fairly be ranked above many other volumes given us by the same pen; even during the last few days a little volume has appeared dealing with the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Collects of the Church Service, full of thoughtful wisdom and deep, devout feeling. But Dr. Howson has left another memorial besides his books. When he went to Chester the cathedral was in a very different condition, dilapidated and unsightly. Dr. Howson threw himself into the work of repair and restoration with an enterprise and energy rarer at that time than now. How he succeeded most people know. Chester lies upon a great main-line, and many travellers halt for an hour or two to see the results of his labour. While that fabric stands in its new beauty, the name of its devoted Dean will not be forgotten within its walls.

DR. SAMUEL BIRCH.

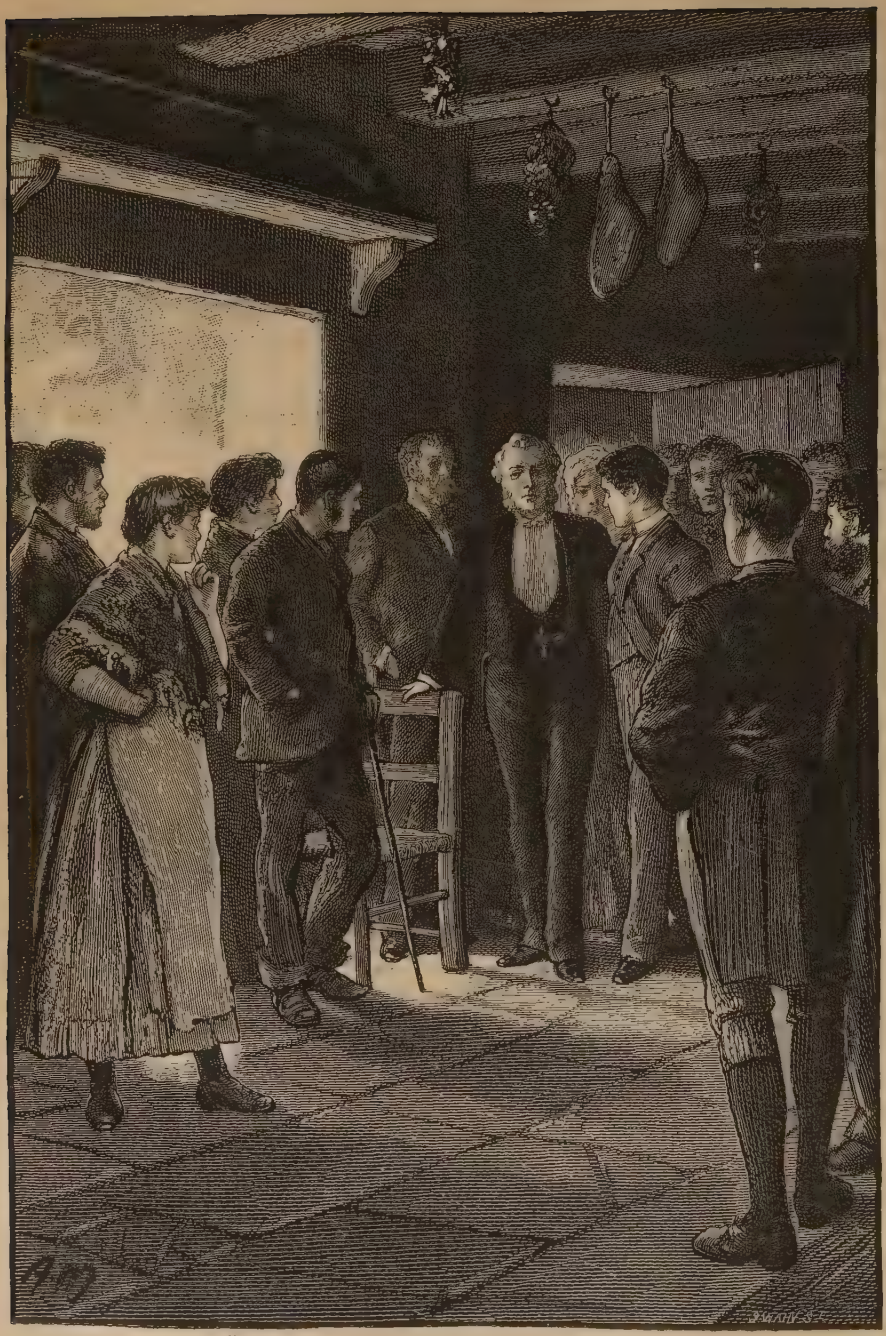
Although to very many of our readers Dr. Birch's name will probably be almost unknown, his death claims at least a passing tribute from us. For the last fifty years he has laboured patiently and untiringly in the study of the past, and his labours have enriched every one who takes a real and intelligent interest in the early Bible history. His researches into the language and the relics of Egypt and the East have poured a flood of light upon many a spot that was for long wrapped in the darkness of mystery. He found the clue and deciphered the enigma. The student learned from him and taught us; and so by degrees the discoveries of the scholar became the inheritance of the people. Just now there is a tendency to magnify physical discoveries and achievements at the expense of others. But after all, though it is a wonderful thing to transmit the human voice of the living hundreds of miles along a wire, or to catch and fix the fleeting expression on a face, is it less of a marvel to wake the voice of dead centuries from its long silence, and to recall their life and their thought from an age-long sleep?

THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING.

In Mr. Bunting one of the historic figures of Methodism has passed away. Remarkable for his own power and force, he was also the son of Dr. Jabez Bunting, one of the greatest leaders that Methodism has ever known. During the whole of a long life he threw himself with ardent vigour into the work and the conflicts of his time. He was a lay leader in the Conference, and took a prominent part in the struggle which won for himself and his fellows the admission so long refused. He had a genius for debate, persistent courage, and wonderful strength, but, above all, that fresh humanity which understands so much of which colder natures are ignorant and sceptical. Almost to his last hour he held firmly to the interests and the activities of life, and when most men would have been seeking retirement and repose, he was resolute and restless as of old. Upon many great questions of social morality he spoke and wrote with remarkable power; and now that his work is over, it is a consolation to remember that he has left behind him among those who bear his name some who will carry on this part of his work with equal devotion and power.

ARCHBISHOP BERESFORD.

The Primate of the Irish Church does not, perhaps, hold a very prominent position before the eyes of the world; but for all that the Church of Ireland has suffered a heavy loss by the death of the Archbishop of Armagh. He united its past to its present, bridged over the deep gulf made by the Act of Disestablishment, and continued the traditions of the former days. His influence and example contributed much to the peace and the prosperity of the Church over which he ruled. He faced without flinching all the new difficulties and problems which arose; he led the way by setting the precedent of self-sacrifice; he showed himself fair, wise, and firm, while he was as generous to all as he was genial. His removal has given occasion for gloomy predictions on the part of some who seem to have but little confidence in the devotion of the Church which they profess to honour, or in the fidelity and power of the Master whom they serve. Time has brought its changes, but in the form, not in the spirit. And in the Church of to-day men of wisdom, learning, and power will not be wanting, if Christians are true to their faith and to their Lord. Its work is for a living, restless age; its spirit must be that of a divine humanity touched with the feeling of men's special infirmities. We need the Gospel of the Son of Man.



"I am not O'Donnell of Inchfawn any more."

Page 158.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—"I AM NOT SURE THAT I LIKE HIM."

BEFORE Ellen left her father she managed to administer some consolation. His spirits had always been variable; even in his palmiest days he had been known to go from the extreme of despair to the extreme of hope in the course of a few hours. Never, it is true, had he been as he was now, but even to this dark cloud his child had managed, before she left him, to point out a possible lining of silver.

O'Donnell knew no more about law than a baby. It never occurred to him that the lawyer was himself bound not to touch the capital of the marriage settlement. He looked upon his refusal to give him the money, which he considered his own, as a pretext, a plot, in short, a man-trap set for his ruin.

But when Ellen, having got as lucid a description of the whole affair as her father was capable of giving, said that she would go to lawyer Grey and demand part of the money which was hers, to save her people and the old place, the Squire became quite cheerful. He vowed that it was a capital idea of the colleen's, that however venomous lawyer Grey's intentions might be, the sight of Ellen would soften him. She had all a woman's bewitching ways, bless her, and even that flint, lawyer Grey, would have to give in when he saw the appeal in her dark blue eyes.

"Yes, my jewel, you shall come with me," said O'Donnell; "we won't go to-morrow or next day, for he has got to hear from Dublin, but we'll go on Friday, Ellen—yes, we'll go on Friday, you and I, and you shall save Inchfawn by the power of your own sweet lips, my pet."

Then Ellen coaxed her father to eat and drink, and got him out of the dismal smoking den into the more cheerful parlour. Here Aunt Bridget assailed the couple with a torrent of words, and the Squire and she began to wrangle over some minor point with relation to the seed potatoes which were being put by for next year's planting. The Squire's voice had again assumed all the tones of absolute possession.

"I suppose, madam, I know what I want put into my own fields," he shouted. "I'll have none of your new-fashioned champions—I don't like 'em, and I never will like 'em. No, the west field shall be planted with magnum bonums, d'ye hear? I'll have no contradictions, Biddy."

"It don't matter," said Aunt Biddy, pushing her cap and her front both a little crooked, "the good old honest mealy pitatas are gone; you may plant your field with magnum bonums for all I care, Fergus, but if you think these American pitatas will take to the soil, you're mistaken, and you'll mark Biddy O'Donnell's words when you're trying to eat them and can't."

Ellen went out of the room feeling quite comforted. After what she had witnessed of her father's sufferings, it seemed delightful to hear him wrangling with Aunt Bridget again. It was a matter of not the smallest importance to Ellen what potatoes were planted in the west field, but surely her father must have a strong return of hope or he would not mention next year's crop.

Ellen's own heart was still sick with terror. The news had come to her with little or no warning. She had almost forgotten the writ, which had been served a few weeks back; it had frightened her at the time, but as nothing apparently came of it, she concluded it was a mistake and was really meant for some other people.

But now the whole terrible truth was revealed to her. Inchfawn was sold, had been sold for years. It had ceased to belong to her father—it would never come to Geoffrey. If the O'Donnells chose to pay an enormous yearly rent they might live on the land of their fathers as tenants, nothing more. This fact alone was terrible enough to Ellen at first. She could not bring herself to believe that they must really leave Inchfawn. She agreed with her father, in being sure that the power of her eloquence would induce lawyer Grey to give her some of her own money. It was impossible that he could refuse it when she told him plainly with her own lips that she must have it. No; Ellen was not greatly afraid of that result, but she had received so severe a shock that her legs trembled and her head ached badly.

She wrapped her red cloak about her shoulders and, followed by Oscar, went out. Her head, with its quantities of dark hair, was uncovered—she seldom wore a hat when roaming about the old place. In the distance now she saw Geoffrey and Arundel. She

did not want to join them, and turned down a side path. Everywhere was the desolate and sad beauty of nature turned to waste—the broken-down hedges, the storm-beaten trees, the masses of autumn leaves under her feet, and always in the distance the free-bounding waves of the Atlantic and the blue-capped mountains melting into the sky.

Oh! there was no place to Ellen like this desolate old Inchfawn—the place, the people, the home had grown into her heart of hearts, and now they belonged to her father no more.

The poor young girl could scarcely bear her feelings. She leant against a wooden paling, and the tears dropped heavily from her eyes. Oscar, who had read Ellen over and over like a book, who had in short made Ellen O'Donnell the one study of his life, was much perplexed by these unusual signs of emotion. He paced round and round his young mistress restlessly; he sniffed the air, he uttered short barks, and finally finding that none of these demonstrations of regard drew the slightest attention from the weeping girl, he sat down on his haunches at her feet, and, throwing up his nose in the air, uttered some prolonged and unearthly howls.

On this scene, Arundel, left to his own devices for a short time by Geoffrey, came suddenly. "Now, Oscar, what is the matter?" Oscar, to Ellen's amazement, had already taken to Arundel; he instantly stopped howling and went up to his new friend with an expression which seemed to imply, "If I can't stop Ellen's tears I hope you'll see about it." Arundel patted the great dog's head, and coming up to Ellen and looking at her with a matter-of-fact expression which appeared not to see the slightest thing wrong, he asked her a commonplace question.

"I should like to get on to the headland before dinner. Is this the right path?"

Ellen instantly dried her tears. "Yes," she said, "this path will lead you to the high road, and you can go straight on to Dunree; you can't mistake your way. Or stay, Oscar has taken to you, Mr. Arundel, and he shall be your guide. Oscar, come here, my dog; you are to take this gentleman as far as the fort and back again. Do you hear?"

The dog bounded on in front with a joyful yap; Arundel raised his hat and followed him.

On the way back to the house, Ellen met Geoffrey, who did not spare her red eyes.

"For goodness' sake, what is wrong, Ellen? What with Aunt Biddy's manners and your tears, poor Philip is likely to have a bad time of it. Why, Ellen, you're as white as a sheet. What is wrong?"

"I have had my cry, and it is over," said Ellen. She raised her lips to his face and kissed him, then ran on to the house.

"I don't think I do like Mr. Arundel," she said, an hour later, as she dressed for dinner. "It was nice of him not to notice my tears that time, but how those grey eyes of his did read me through! I suppose he's a very steady friend for Geoffrey, but I cannot make out what my boy sees in him, nor why Oscar takes to him. Well, I wish he was not here at present; it is difficult work to try and entertain strangers when one's heart is so heavy, but then mother always said one must not be selfish."

Ellen little guessed how profound was the truth she uttered. The narrow path of personal suffering will distort the vision of all who do not to a certain extent possess the Christ spirit. Ellen had no idea that she was in reality trying to reach after this Divine standard when she bravely put away her great anxiety and determined to do what she could to give her brother's friend a pleasant evening.

She put some crimson berries into her hair, fastened a coral brooch into her white muslin dress, and was rewarded by a smile of approval from Geoffrey when she entered the dining-room.

After all, when the O'Donnells drew their chairs that evening round the roaring peat fire, and Ellen secured her usual hassock at her father's feet, she had to acknowledge that there was not much trouble in entertaining the Englishman. That silent person seemed to arouse himself and awake. He scarcely touched the potheen which the Squire offered him, and he only smoked one cigar. Arundel, sitting by the O'Donnells' hearth, looked just as pale and still and calm as ever, but, nevertheless, he managed to entrance his host and hostesses. His clearly-modulated English voice never became raised or excited, but he opened the floodgates of such a conversation as Ellen had never listened to before. He told anecdote after anecdote, some amusing, some pathetic, some heroic. The Squire laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, Aunt Biddy rocked herself from side to side in a perfect ecstasy of mirth, Ellen felt her own eyes shining, now with laughter, now with something like tears.

For an hour or more Arundel talked, then he relapsed into what seemed like silence,

but in reality he was moving the voices, the hearts, and the intellects of these people around him at will. Geoffrey began to shine, to put out the best that was in him. The squire related all his old hunting anecdotes, and nobody felt them wearisome. Aunt Bridget fetched out her harp and sang in her cracked old voice, "She's far from the land," and "The Minstrel Boy;" lastly Ellen, who could warble like a bird, but had never learnt a note of music in her life, sang an Irish duet with Geoffrey.

As she laid her head on her pillow that night she tried to analyse what had made the evening a success, but she had no clue yet to the rather remarkable character of the man who had that day come beneath their roof.

CHAPTER XII.—"I HAVE DRIFTED HERE."

ARUNDEL often told his friends, in that matter-of-fact and clear voice of his, that he had scarcely a relation in the world. He expressed neither regret nor rejoicing when he made this announcement, but he was sometimes known to add, in a moment of rare confidence, that no one was ever more free than he to choose the good and refuse the evil.

"God help me if I choose the evil," he would add. "God help me if I make nothing out of my life."

He was twenty-seven years of age, and he had done what most people would consider a good deal. Into a retentive memory he had stored fact upon fact. He was given a comprehensive judgment, and he had used it extensively. Those rather deep-set and small grey eyes of his could penetrate a long way, and he had used their powers of vision largely. He was very fond of nature, and he had travelled far, not only over the beaten tracks, but into out-of-the-way places; but no nature interested Arundel like the hearts of the men and women he came across.

He was not only without relations, but he had also a small patrimony, which he had inherited from the savings of a prudent father's life. It was a small thing—about seven hundred a year—but it made the man practically free, and he did not care to enter any profession.

As a boy he had been at Rugby, and later on at Trinity College, Cambridge; and for a time he sought for, and obtained, a mastership in the old school, which he loved. It was here he met Geoffrey O'Donnell, a sixth-form boy at the time.

The brilliant and handsome lad aroused the grave master's interest. Never were any two less alike. Arundel took Geoffrey for long walks, and allowed the boy to dip a little into the surface of his mind, while he read him through and through.

Arundel had great personal influence; he was liked, respected, and obeyed by all the boys with whom he had anything to do. Young Geoffrey was at first flattered by his notice, then his warm heart was touched; before he left Rugby he began to worship Arundel.

All the story of his home, all his little aims and ambitions, he poured into his companion's ear. Arundel gave few words of advice, but the few he did utter were epigrammatic and to the point.

Before Geoffrey had left Rugby his friend had promised to come and see him. This promised visit had been as a lodestar always shining before young O'Donnell. It had been long in coming off, because Arundel had gone to South America soon after Geoffrey left Rugby; but now at last his friend had arrived, and was under his father's roof.

Arundel had not been in Ireland before; it was his first visit to one of the most complex and most perplexing nations in the world. This man, however, possessed the rare gift of great sympathy. The people were strangers to him, their ways were not his ways, but none the less for this would he try to interest himself in their cause, none the less for this would he endeavour to fathom their characters; the man was naturally both an apostle and a comforter; in some ways, notwithstanding all the great difference in their upbringing, he was like Ellen, for both could largely lead and influence.

"There is a pathetic story going on in this house," he said to himself, as he went to his room. "The house is poor and decayed, the place is going to ruin everywhere, the people have little or no self-respect. There is an abundance of heart here, but little self-control, and yet how loveable they all are! One would do a great deal for the old Squire, just to save him from a broken heart. Geoffrey is a dear lad, but he has not improved during the last two years. I don't fancy he is quite above board just at present. He does not confide in me in quite the old way, and those blue eyes of his—I could read them through at school—they were like mirrors; but not now. Clouds have come, and the boy is a man. God help him; a man, and a little farther off from God! Not one of them is like the girl;

her eyes are clear enough, and she has latent strength, or I am vastly mistaken; but, poor little soul! what a capacity for suffering! I should like to shield her, but none can absolutely protect hearts like hers."

Arundel lay awake for many hours; he was thinking hard, and his thoughts were neither restful nor comforting.

"I wonder if the work I have always been waiting for has come to me here?" he said to himself. "Here am I, an idle person, with nothing in the wide world that I need do, and a thousand things that I long to do. Here am I brought to this family at a time when, if I am not mistaken, they are on the verge of a crisis. Geoffrey does not know it, nor Aunt Bridget, but Ellen is troubled, and the poor old Squire—shall I ever forget his face as he sat beside me to-day on the car! Well, well, I have forced myself to go to some places; I have overcome almost unheard-of obstacles to get to them. I have simply *drifted* here for the sake of a boy's friendship and the redemption of an old promise. My work may lie before me here for all that. I will wait and see."

CHAPTER XIII—BROWNLOW, SENIOR.

In an imposing-looking house, with a good deal of red brick about its facings, with square-shaped windows and solid walls, lived the prosperous and well-to-do family of the Brownlows.

John Henry Brownlow had done a large trade in the shipping line. Nearly twenty years ago now, he had removed from his native Lincolnshire to the prosperous and snug little town of Derry. He had brought his English habits, his English thrift, and his long business head to the right place at the right time.

For twenty years he had lived in Derry, and he was now one of its richest and most respected inhabitants. He had a wife and a large family of rather plain sons and daughters.

To each of his sons he had given a liberal education, and had started them, with one exception, well in life. His daughters had come last, and they were still very young, but were in process of being turned out finished and accomplished young ladies by-and-by.

Mrs. Brownlow was like the wife of many another wealthy and self-made man. She and her John Henry had married in his poor days, and had been very happy and very thrifty together in a four-roomed cottage; there she had nursed her first babies, and made her own dresses, and seen to her small maid of all work.

Elizabeth Brownlow had been very happy in those days, and had sung to her rosy-faced children, and danced about her cottage, a trim, neat young matron, who regarded her husband as the first of men.

Elizabeth Brownlow now was a trifle too fat to be strictly refined; the gorgeous silks and velvets with which she loaded her portly person did not suit her so well as her old ginghams; her complexion was rather florid, and her health was certainly not so good as in the cottage days when she did her own work and had no carriage to drive in.

Mrs. Brownlow had not risen like her lord. He was a man of undoubted intellect, of a strong masculine character, and he managed to educate himself into something not very unlike a gentleman; but Mrs. Brownlow still bungled her h's and kept up her Lincolnshire dialect, and was just the same good-natured, honest, work-a-day woman she had been in her early married days.

She might read any book she chose now, and she selected fashion-books. She might dress with the taste and refinement of a duchess if she so willed it; but her ideas were barbaric, and her choice of colours appalling.

The children were curious combinations of both parents; the sons taking most after the mother, and the daughters after the father. John Brownlow was a man who never concealed the truth from himself. He knew that his wife was hopelessly vulgar, and that his sons and daughters, notwithstanding the large sums of money he had spent on their education, showed one and all, in a thousand indescribable ways, the low origin from which they had sprung; not all the dress he could put upon his girls would give them quite the right air, and not all the veneer of a public school training would take the mother's nature out of his boys.

Brownlow had ambition. He had a day dream which signified more to him even than wealth; wealth was not everything to him, money alone was not sufficient to happiness, there was something which he felt he himself could attain to, the refinement which comes from the exercise of a truly powerful intellect. He liked to make money, but he hated the frivolous aims which money alone seemed to bring into his house. Money to him could mean the best music, the choicest books, the means to attend science lectures, to dip into rare chemical experiments, the

power also to travel at will, and heap up knowledge; but neither his wife nor his children cared for these things, and though the man was very prosperous, and had himself got into the society of some of the nicest and best people in the town of Derry, yet he was not altogether happy.

He had a daughter, Katie, a bright, black-eyed lass, and he used to complain to her now and then in an almost bitter tone.

"You might try to make yourself a real lady, Kate, my lass. Do you ever open a sensible book? do you ever make any sound but noise on that piano in the corner? Good heavens! when I was your age, what would I not have given for your advantages? Well, well, girls," he would add, as the young bright faces laughed merrily over papa's obscure and wonderful words, "if you can't be ladies, at least try to be women; why you're none of you a patch on your mother. Bess, for pity's sake, teach your daughters to bake and cook and dust a room. I hate dolls in the house."

These were some of papa's periodical storms, and had no effect whatever on the poor little dolls in question, who went their way merrily enough, and enjoyed the wealth which their father's talent had given them.

Brownlow, however, still had hope. A house in Derry, however compact and snug and comfortable, could by no means alone satisfy him.

For long years now, ever since wealth had become a delightful certainty, he had set his heart on possessing land. He would become a landed proprietor, and in years to come the Brownlows should hold their own amongst the proudest of the county folks.

He looked around him; he consulted lawyer Grey, and after a short period of waiting, an opportunity arose by which he might eventually become the possessor of a very picturesque part of the county of Donegal.

He and Grey rode over to Inchfawn, they went over the poor Squire's property, noting its barrenness and its altogether run-to-seed condition.

"There's a goodish bit of ground here," said the lawyer, "but if it ever comes into your hands, you must not expect it to bring in much of a rent-roll, the land is horribly poor and unproductive."

"I mean it to be mine in the long run," said Brownlow in his rather harsh, metallic voice; "the place suits me very well, it is picturesque, and can be worked up into a good deal of beauty. You don't suppose if it ever comes to me, that I shall keep it in this state, Grey? No, no; I know a thing or two about agriculture, of which the present owner seems to me profoundly ignorant. The ground wants proper and judicious tillage and plenty of good manure. If I come to be owner, I shall get rid of all those miserable small holdings and take the land under my own control; that's my idea. No, no, I may not make, but I shan't lose on Inchfawn, and the place suits me very well."

"Well, Brownlow," replied the lawyer, "you can make any offer you think well to Fergus O'Donnell—poor fellow, he is in a condition to accept any fair offer—but if you ever *do* come into possession and begin to evict the old tenants in the wholesale way you mention, you will have the mischief to pay. You're an Englishman, and you don't understand the idiosyncrasies of the old inhabitants of the soil."

Brownlow laughed and pooh-poohed Mr. Grey's wise admonitions. He was too intent on his rights and the law and the acquisition of wealth to think about anything else.

This all happened years ago, and now—now, at last, after a long and weary waiting, Inchfawn was almost his. Already the preliminary steps had been taken, and he might soon expect to come into possession of his own.

The man was strangely excited, he was pleasurably exhilarated, for now the real work of his life might begin. He would show these thriftless landowners how they ought to live; he would convert a wilderness into a garden of Eden; he would redecorate and almost rebuild the dilapidated old house; he would not vulgarise, for he had too much real and inherent good taste to be guilty of that. No; he would aid nature, not fly in her face.

The name of Brownlow should become a power in the country. Brownlow of Inchfawn! He liked the sound, and saw no incongruity. When he died, his son should inherit the property, which he by his genius had made great.

This eldest son of the Brownlows, the John Henry, junior, who was to step into his father's shoes, had been carefully taught from his earliest infancy to consider himself a person of large expectations. He was small in stature and had feeble health. So delicate was he in his early youth, that his father and mother agreed that their precious heir should not run the risks and perils of a public school-life. The best tutors Derry

could afford had done what they could for the young man, but the result of their labours was not much. When his imperfect education was supposed to be finished, his father would not allow so important a personage to enter any profession. He was (perhaps in consequence, perhaps more largely by nature) an extremely idle young man. He did not show the most remote germs of any possible greatness, and those who saw the strong and masculine father and this weak-looking son together were apt to shake their heads over Brownlow senior's hopes; for, strange as it may seem, John Henry, junior, was the one of all his children in whom poor Brownlow most fully believed.

He loved Katie best, but his hopes were centred on John. There were possibilities of John's passing muster yet, and holding his own with those county folks of whom the elder Brownlow thought so much.

CHAPTER XIV.—SUSPENSE.

Ellen and her father did not go into Derry on the following Friday; there had come a letter from Mr. Grey which had convinced the poor Squire that even with Ellen's intervention nothing could be done for his cause until the opinion of the counsel in Dublin had been obtained. That could not be expected until the following week, and Ellen had to curb her impatience and bear her suspense as best she could. She found this work hard enough, and although the Squire had quite settled into his ordinary habits, being relieved rather than otherwise by this delay, Ellen herself trembled and feared.

About two days after his arrival at Inchfawn, Arundel made a proposal which, on the face of it, sounded rather selfish. He had been making secret notes of this family, and by the time he was two days in their presence he knew all their characters tolerably well. He also knew something of the true position of affairs. The Squire was on the brink of a precipice, but was shutting his eyes to the danger. Miss Bridget knew nothing of the ruin which might soon engulf her. Geoffrey was also in ignorance, and Ellen was perhaps a trifle over-anxious. She would look from her father to Geoffrey with a world of troubled meaning in her eyes, and then she would try to smile and endeavour to keep up the constant fun and joke which seemed to be the established rule in this household; but Arundel noticed how quickly the sweet smile faded, and how the trouble came back to the clear eyes. Gradually he began to aid her efforts at cheerfulness, to support the little nothings which she uttered, and once he caught a half-wondering, half-grateful glance from her which gave him pleasure. By-and-by he would get this girl to confide in him, but not yet.

On this particular morning, as they were all seated in a leisurely fashion at a late breakfast-table, Arundel made the remark which Ellen on the surface thought unlike anything she ever heard him say—

"Miss Ellen," looking full at the young lady, "has your brother ever taken the trouble to inform you that I am correspondent to the —— paper, also that when the spirit moves me I write articles for *Macmillan*. It has occurred to me that I might get some interesting materials out of your poor folks around here, if I could only induce you and Geoffrey to take me about a little more."

The Squire grew rather red and pushed back his chair with a start. "We don't want to be caricatured," he said. "You English folks who come over here imagine you understand us, and write the most ridiculous caricatures, or skits, or whatever you like to call them, and consider them true pictures. Bless you, man, you don't know a bit about us or our ways; no Englishman ever did or ever will, it's like mixing fire and water."

The Squire would soon have waxed into a hot political argument had not Arundel's clearly-modulated voice gently interposed—

"You are perfectly right, Mr. O'Donnell; it would take a long life amongst your people to understand them, and it is just because men who do not understand write a lot of nonsense that half the mischief is done. Believe me, I do not mean to touch either upon your wrongs or your sufferings, but I thought I might be capable of putting together a light sketch which would allude to your ways and customs."

The Squire was mollified now, for Arundel had complimented his excellent and superior judgment.

"That's a different thing, a different thing," he remarked, rubbing his hands and rising slowly, "and I shouldn't be surprised if you made a smart article, not a bit. You tell a story uncommon well for all you're so quiet. Well now, Geoffrey and Ellen, what shall we show this young man of our manners and customs, eh? He has seen Inchfawn, and has taken his private notes, I'll warrant, but let's see what is going on? Biddy, you're generally up to that sort of thing."

"We'll go round to the Macnaughtens," said Aunt Bridget. "I'll draw Kate and Honora out; I know how to manage that finely, and Mr. Arundel can sit by and make notes."

The Squire thundered at her, "You'll do nothing of the kind, Bridget O'Donnell; I am ashamed to sit at the table with a woman who wants to caricature her oldest friends. No, no, none of that, none of that. No laughing at the old folks who have lived time out of mind on the soil. I wonder, Biddy O'Donnell, where you'd be if Arundel began to make notes in that style?"

"Oh! likely enough he has made fun of me long ago, but I don't care," said Miss Biddy; "however, as you like, Inchfawn, we'll think of something else."

"I know," said Ellen, "I know exactly what we'll do; we'll take Mr. Arundel to see an Irish betrothal. Geoffrey might ride over this morning to Tom Doherty's to know if any are likely to come off to-night, and then Geoffrey and I and Mr. Arundel can go with Tom and the bridegroom. I have been to several, and they are great fun, I assure you," she added, looking with an interested face at her guest.

"You've hit it, you've hit it, colleen," said the Squire. "Well, you'll manage it, Geoffrey; and now you'll excuse me, young people; I am off to Macnaughten's."

When the Squire left the room there was a good deal of confusion and eager, pleased discussion, Aunt Bridget talking very fast and rapidly, and pouring into Arundel's retentive ears a confused medley of legend and superstition—a mixture of a little truth and a good deal of nonsense, to which he listened in that grave and deferential manner which caused Aunt Bridget to pronounce him a most affable young man.

Ellen stood by with an amused smile on her face, and Geoffrey, saying he would go and look up Tom, was about to leave the room, when he suddenly started, and a great rush of colour came into his face. Miss O'Donnell was standing with her back to the window, but Ellen and Arundel both noticed that Geoffrey's confused and startled gaze was directed to a beautiful young peasant girl who was coming slowly and timidly up the avenue.

"Why it's Nora," said Ellen. She flew after her brother as he left the room, and a moment or two later Arundel saw them both talking eagerly to the young girl, who, for her part, seemed to plead for something which Ellen sorrowfully refused. After five minutes or so of parley the girl went away, and the brother and sister, with their arms twined together, returned to the house. Geoffrey's face was as pale as it had been flushed, and Ellen's black eyelashes were wet. They both came back to the parlour, but successfully parried all Aunt Biddy's inquisitive remarks. She had never seen Nora before, and was devoured with curiosity about her.

"I will go and look up Doherty, and you may as well come with me, Arundel," said Geoffrey.

CHAPTER XV.—AN IRISH BETROTHAL.

GEOFFREY came back in the afternoon with good news.

"Arundel shall have capital materials for his next paper," he said with a smile. "Tom is in full force as mediator to-night. Young Tady O'Brien is seeking a wife. You know him, Ellen—that sheepish-looking lad with white hair. He thinks of trying his fortunes with Rosie Drinan; and they are to call there to-night."

"As if Rosie would have him!" said Ellen. "She is quite the little belle of the place."

"Well," continued Geoffrey, "if Tady fails in that quarter he will most likely go on to Mary Macnab, for he is quite determined to have a wife before Christmas."

"What a very peculiar style of wooing!" remarked Arundel. "Does not love enter into some part of the arrangement; or has Tady already divided his heart in equal proportions between Rosie Drinan and Mary Macnab?"

"He knows little or nothing about either of them," replied Geoffrey; "but there is no use in your making comments, and drawing all sorts of wondering conclusions. You wanted to see our manners and customs, and that's the way we marry over here. The whole thing answers famously, I assure you."

That evening, a little before midnight, Ellen, wrapped in her red cloak, accompanied by Geoffrey and Arundel, left the house, and walked quickly down the long and straggling avenue. It was a dark night, but the moon would rise by-and-by. Ellen carried a large brown paper parcel, which contained a cake, newly made for the occasion.

"I hope the bridegroom won't mind our accompanying him," whispered Arundel.

"Not at all, old fellow; he'll take it as the highest possible compliment, and will remember to his dying day that the O'Donnells of Inchfawn were at his betrothal."

Ellen gave a start and stumble in the dark, and Arundel put out his hand and took hers.

"Will you lean on me?" he said.

She half laughed, but let her small hand rest lightly on his arm.

"Here they are!" shouted Geoffrey. "Hullo, Tom! we're all right. Good-evening, O'Brien."

O'Brien touched his hat and turned a vivid pink; but his bashful blush was lost in the darkness, and very soon the whole party were driving at a rapid rate in the direction of Rosie Drinan's dwelling. Doherty pulled his horse up short at a field's breadth from a small cabin.

"Now then," he said, "Miss Eileen, will you stay and keep up Tady's spirits, or will you all come along with me at once? Tady, man, you may take care of the mare. Don't let her shtart, and hould her steady for your life. Now then, gentlemen and Miss Eileen, you'll keep in the background, while I goes forward and does the business."

Ellen, who had declined to remain on the car with the timid bridegroom, stepped quickly along a narrow path, behind her brother and Arundel.

"Whisht!" said Doherty, turning round suddenly. "Stand there, all three on ye, in the shadder. Now then, here goes."

Doherty approached the cabin door. The little dwelling was all shut up; not a gleam of light about it anywhere. Tom gave a ponderous knock with the handle of his driving-whip. Presently a man's head was thrust out of a small window close by, and a voice said, "Who's there?"

"Listen!" here whispered Geoffrey to his friend. "Tom's answer will be a signal, and will at once explain the nature of his errand to the people in the house."

"Who is there?" repeated the voice from the window.

"A friend, if it's your delight," replied in firm, clear tones the voice of the marriage mediator.

Instantly there was bustle and excitement within, the shuffling of eager feet, the striking of matches, and many other signs of disturbance. A moment later and the cabin door was flung open, and the father of the family stood on the threshold. Then commenced an eager whispering, as follows:—

"Tady O'Brien was sitting on the outside car beyond. He had come to make an offer of marriage to Drinan's daughter Rosie. He was a very steady young man, and kept a cow and a horse, and his father was going to allow him two pigs, and a nice bit of ground off his own land for a potato-garden. Tady was as quiet and steady and well-spoken a boy as could be found on the country-side, and Drinan could not do better for his daughter."

Drinan heard all these remarks in stolid silence, and when Doherty had finished speaking he said he would spake it over with herself, meaning his wife, and then he shut the door in Tom's face.

"Now," whispered Geoffrey to his companions, "if they decline the honour of this matrimonial alliance Drinan will presently appear and say, very politely, that they wish for no change in the family this year; and that will end the whole business."

"Hark!" exclaimed Ellen, "here he comes!"

The cabin door was again opened wide, and old Drinan's white head and face appeared.

"You might come in and light the pipe," he remarked.

This phrase was the well-known signal, to show that the parties within the house were willing to entertain the idea of the marriage.

Doherty uttered a joyful hullo, and flew round to the spot where the O'Donnells and their guest were waiting.

"'Tis all right so far," he exclaimed gleefully. "Now then, we must fetch up Tady, and fasten the mare to the palings, and bring along the ginger cordial for the ladies."

"And I have got my cake," said Ellen. "Well, well, to think of Rosie looking at Tady O'Brien!"

About ten minutes later the bridegroom and his party were received with cheers of delight and noisy welcomes by the bride's family. Wonders had been effected in this short time.

All the Drinans were up and dressed. Every candle the house could muster was lighted; a peat fire burned on the low hearth, and over it was swung the customary pot of potatoes. The old couple were seated side by side near the hearth. Rosie and her sisters, all comely lasses, stood behind the old father and mother.

Doherty walked straight into this group of young maidens, and taking the bride elect's hand, led her to the front.

She was a pretty, childish creature, with wonderful curling eyelashes, and a touch of gold about her hair. She wore a short, striped petticoat, and a bright blue shawl fastened coquettishly round her shoulders.

Doherty led her up to O'Brien, who looked about as sheepish and miserable as a well-conducted boy could look. He touched the tips of Rosie's small fingers and led her to the far end of the cabin, where they sat side by side, on the edge of a broken-down old bedstead.

Ellen meanwhile flitted about, cutting up the cake, and chatting in a friendly manner to the other girls.

Geoffrey made several merry remarks, which were received with high applause.

There was no doubt that the appearance of the O'Donnells on the scene was considered the highest possible honour. But serious business had still to be gone through. Doherty called old Drinan aside.

"Now," said he, "what dowry do you mean to give the girl?"

Drinan scratched his head, rumpled up his thin white hair, and looked appealingly at "herself." Mrs. Drinan came to the aid of her good man.

"We can only make it a mather of fifteen pounds," she said. "Fifteen pounds she'll have, and not a penny more. There's her sisthers to see afther, and the rest of the childer."

Doherty threw up his hands at this.

"Fifteen pounds, Mrs. Drinan! Yer don't mane that, surely! Why, Tady, he counted on from twenty-five to thirty. Now just you consider. The boy is a stiddy boy; he has a nate little bit of a house, and a cow and a horse and two pigs, to say nothing of the praty garden. Come, now, Drinan, make it twenty-five."

Then ensued a furious argument between the Drinans and Doherty, to which the Drinan sisters listened anxiously, much wondering and fearing that if it all came to nothing (for the arrangement of the dowry was the crucial part of the ceremony of the betrothal) Ellen would take away the cake. At last, however, things seemed to come to an amicable settlement. Doherty beckoned O'Brien away from his lady-love, and, taking him by the shoulder, whispered in his ear what arrangements he had made.

Tady, blushing and stammering, declared himself perfectly satisfied. And now the young couple were congratulated and shaken hands with all round, and the betrothal feast began in earnest.

"So this is Irish courtship," thought Arundel to himself. "The poetry and eternal realities of life can be doubtless found under many garbs. Those two young faces looked radiant. Can it be possible that they really love each other so soon? and can happy married homes be founded in such a style?"

Arundel afterwards learned that these queer erratic Irish folks make the most faithful husbands and wives in the world, and that their sacred fidelity to each other is an acknowledged fact in the story of nations.

An hour later, as the O'Donnells were driving home, a woman suddenly started up from where she had been sitting, in a dark shadow by the road-side, said something which sounded very like gibberish, in an eager and excited tone, to young O'Donnell and to Doherty, and then as suddenly disappeared.

"What is that; what did the woman mean?" exclaimed Arundel.

Geoffrey was sitting by Ellen's side; he put his arm round her waist now, and drew her to him.

"I belong to a little society here," he said to Arundel; "a sort of brotherhood affair. Doherty is also a member; and that woman wanted to announce to us that there would be a meeting to-morrow evening." Then he whispered low in his sister's ear, "You see how little I think of it all, mavourneen."

CHAPTER XVI.—BROWNLOW, JUNIOR.

"It's all very fine your wasting your time, John Henry," said Mrs. Brownlow to her eldest son. "You think because your father has made a good bit of money that you may eat the bread of idleness, and just waste your time from morning till night. If I were you, I'd be ashamed."

"Not at all, mother. I don't mind it in the least."

The lazy young man was lying back in a deep arm-chair, and looking up at good-natured and perturbed Mrs. Brownlow with half-closed eyes.

It took a great deal to shake this placid woman's composure. John Henry was her favourite child—the boy she had dreamt dreams about long ago, when they were poor; the boy who when quite a little tot she used to picture as growing up strong, and brave, and stalwart, and supporting her and his father in their old age.

There was no necessity for this now; the dream had quite faded out of her life, and she knew well that John Henry neither could nor would support any one. He was not made of his father's fibre; he was thin and slight, with sandy hair and a weak physiognomy. Quantities of money had been spent on him, but beyond the fact that his coats were cut after the most approved pat-

tern, that his hands were very white and effeminate, and that he always smoked the best and most expensive cigars, money had made no mark on his slight nature. He was neither educated nor refined; he was weak both in mind and body. He had, however, a very slight veneer, which now and then deceived his father and led him to hope that his eldest son would pass muster in the county by-and-by. The young man, however, had little or no physical strength. The hunter his father provided for him he seldom used; he cared neither to fish nor to shoot. On most occasions Mrs. Brownlow took his part, for she could never forget that he had been her first baby, but now her slowly roused ire was kindled, for John Henry had refused to oblige his sisters, who wanted him to take them to an entertainment where they could not well go without his supposed protection.

The girls were up-stairs crying over their disappointment, and Mrs. Brownlow, short of breath and red in the face, stood over her son, and reproached him.

"You might change your mind, John Henry. There's Katie, she's fretting ever so; and Elizabeth and Rosie had their new brown velvets made on purpose. The poor girls! they said there's no use in being rich if they can't go where they have a mind to. You might rouse yourself and change your mind, John Henry."

"You go with the girls, mother—I don't mean to. I heard last night that Ida Grey would not be there. Ida Grey is the only girl in Derry worth speaking to, and I'm not going to trouble myself. Of course, I'm lazy. I don't see why I shouldn't be lazy if it pleases me. And by the way, mother, I do wish you'd break yourself of that vulgar habit of calling me John Henry. I can answer quite sufficiently to the name of John; the two together sound horribly plebeian. Now, do try and remember in future."

Mrs. Brownlow took a large handkerchief out of her pocket, and applied it to her round black eyes.

"Dear, dear, dear!" she half sobbed, "and it was John Henry since you were a little trot, and how can I ever frame my tongue to make it plain John? I *will* say you haven't a spark of feeling, John Henry—I mean John. It does seem 'ard when I can't call my own first-born as I wishes. Well, well! the money has done you no good—no, nor never will. And now your father talks of taking us all away from this snug and warm-built house to an outlandish place by the sea, where there are nothing but savages all round. I wish, John Henry—John, I mean—you'd speak to him about it, for he don't mind me no more nor if I was a nobody; and I will say as I am treated very 'ard by you all."

During the latter part of Mrs. Brownlow's speech her son had raised himself slightly in his chair.

"I suppose, mother," he said, "you allude to Inchfawn. Why, the thought of being owner of Inchfawn has been the dream of my father's life for years, it is not likely he would give *that* up; and you don't mean to say you would not like to be mistress of an old property like that? Why, even I, who don't trouble myself about anything under the sun, am rather pleased at the idea."

Here young Brownlow rose to his feet.

"I'll saunter round to the office," he said, "and just mention your idea. You may take my love to the girls, and say I'm sorry to disoblige them. Tell them it's nothing but laziness, and that I see no reason why I shouldn't be lazy this afternoon. Good-bye, mother."

John Henry waved his white hand languidly, took his hat down from a peg in the hall, and went out.

He walked slowly down two or three streets, and presently found himself on the wharves where his father's offices were. The wharves were all alive, business going on briskly, and in Brownlow's vast warerooms clerks were hurrying to and fro.

"Is my father in, Stephens?" he asked of a pale-faced clerk.

"All right, Mr. John; he's in the office, sir."

John Henry crept slowly up the stairs, and pushed open the ponderous office door without knocking.

"Ah, Jack! and what brings you round, my lad?" asked the elder Brownlow in a cordial tone.

"Nothing much, father. You all seem pretty sprightly round here. Abominable weather—enough to take the spirit out of any one; for my part, I feel nearly dead. What did I come round for? Oh!—ah! now I remember. My mother objects to going into the wilderness, sir—prefers the house in Derry—does not care for too close contact with the savages—that sort of thing—*you* understand."

"I'm sure I don't, Jack. Wilderness!—what wilderness?—and savages! No, I confess I don't comprehend you. And look here, my boy, the fact is, I'm rather busy just now. Some large orders have come in, and

I expect the mail every moment. If you can soothe your mother till the evening, I'd be obliged to you."

"I expect she means Inchfawn," said young Brownlow; "it's only another way of speaking about it, after all."

"Inchfawn," repeated the elder man, now starting to his feet and looking animated. "Inchfawn a wilderness! Wait until she sees what I shall make of that place. And by the way, John, I've been expecting to hear from Grey on the subject for the last few days. You might walk round there now, and save me the trouble. Tell Grey that I must have the two thousand pounds from O'Donnell by the end of, say—next week, or close proceedings. He'll understand."

"You mean, father," said young Brownlow, speaking for the first time with a shade of animation, "that you'll—you'll *evict* the O'Donnells."

"Well, well, my boy, if you like to put it so. O'Donnell has not paid his rent—the property is mine. He must either pay or go. Yes, yes—poor people—I'm sorry for them. But if you like to use the word 'evict,' it really comes to that."

"About the oldest family in Donegal," repeated John Henry. "What a wonderful power money has after all! Why this excites even me." Then he put on his hat and tripped lightly down-stairs. "I'll go round to Grey with pleasure, father," he called out as he disappeared.

The Greys' house stood at the corner of a street, just under the shadow of the celebrated old wall.

John Henry walked almost briskly to his destination, for, as he had just remarked, the news his father had given him had roused even his languid circulation. When he reached the Greys' door he saw an outside car waiting by the steps; and just then old Inchfawn and Ellen O'Donnell came out. Young Brownlow had often seen Inchfawn, viewing him hitherto from a respectful distance, and instinctively feeling about him that he belonged to a totally different order of being to himself.

Had there been no money in the way, John Henry, in the natural order of things, would have touched his hat to Fergus O'Donnell and passed humbly on his way. Now he looked at him with a sort of triumph, and, coming forward, was about to introduce himself, when the horse, for some reason or other, made a slight start or stumble, and Ellen, who was getting on the car, would have lost her balance if Brownlow had not made a sudden spring to her rescue.

"I thank you, sir," said Inchfawn, raising his hat and revealing a glimpse of his snow-white head. He did not recognise Brownlow in the least.

John Henry fell back abashed, and looked with some curiosity at Ellen.

She gave him a swift glance—the glance which looks and hardly sees—he started again, and slightly coloured; he had never seen a sadder face, nor more pathetic and lovely eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.—ELLEN O'DONNELL'S FACE.

For a full moment the young man stood on the steps; he forgot to ring, he forgot his errand. It was not until the outside car turned the corner and was lost to view that he shook his half-scared thoughts together, and in his usual deliberate fashion rang the lawyer's bell. The door was opened by a neat maid-servant; he asked for Mr. Grey, and was taken to his study at once. As he walked across the hall a small, kittenish face suddenly popped round a door, and saluted him with a mocking laugh.

"Ah, Miss Ida!" he exclaimed, "how mean of you not to be at the Fortescues this afternoon."

"I stayed away on purpose!" laughed Ida Grey. "I knew you'd be in such a rage, Mr. John Henry."

"Don't call me by that abominable combination; I hate it."

"Oh, but it suits you *exactly*. Now, good-bye; I am going out with mother."

The door was shut, and Brownlow heard some merry sounds within the room.

"How dare that little thing," he said to himself—"and after all she's not so very pretty."

His milk-and-water face was quite animated for him when he stepped into Mr. Grey's study.

"Ah, Brownlow, you here!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Is your business very pressing? The fact is I've been kept two hours late already from my office, and I have to answer a pile of letters for the one-o'clock mail. Shall we walk there together, my boy? or perhaps you have come to see Ida and her mother?"

"No, I haven't, sir; my father sent me round—something—ah!—about Inchfawn, I believe."

"Inchfawn?" repeated the lawyer, his brow contracting angrily. "You people sometimes do contrive to worry a man al-

most to death. Inchfawn! I am hearing about nothing else all day long. I believe I dream of nothing else; even the post haunts me on the subject. Well, well, you good people—you can wait; *you're* safe enough. You've but to bide your time, and you'll drop into the property as snug as possible. 'Pon my word, I wish you joy of it; I do indeed."

"My father wanted to know," proceeded John Henry, "what steps you had taken. He said something about the rent not being paid, and about having to evict the O'Donnells. Really, Mr. Grey, it sounds shocking. I'm a lazy fellow, as you're aware, and it has roused even me a trifle."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old lawyer, "and it would have roused you a bit more, I'd warrant, if you had sat in this room for the last two hours, and listened to that girl. Bless her! and she's my own niece too—as fine a girl as ever walked—a beautiful girl, with a glint in her eye, and a way about her. Well, well, I confess she nearly made a fool of me. I never was more put out in my life—never. There she stood by her father's side"—he was shaking so he had to sit down—"with one hand on his shoulder, and didn't she plead—just! Poor lass! Poor lass! I did pity her. She was asking for a bit of her own money, and she couldn't see—how could she?—that it was impossible to give it to her. Principal tied up tight—couldn't touch a penny of it—marriage settlement—you understand, or perhaps you don't; it doesn't matter. What does matter, however, sir—and I tell you it sticks in me like a knife—is, that Ellen O'Donnell, my own sister's child, left this room ten minutes ago with her heart broken. I don't care about the others. The old man was wasteful, and he knew in a measure what was coming; but the girl, the innocent girl, God help her!"

Brownlow hesitated, shuffled uneasily from one foot to another, and at last said—

"Then I suppose you are going to evict them, Mr. Grey?"

"Look you here, John Henry Brownlow, I wish from my soul I never had part or lot in this matter. I never was roused as I am to-day. You tell your father, sir, that he shall hear from me in the course of the morning, and—yes, yes—you may be packing up your traps as soon as you like—*Brownlow of Inchfawn.* Forgive me, John Henry, my lad, but it does sound a bit incongruous."

With that the lawyer, usually the most staid and unimpassioned man in the whole town of Derry, snatched up his hat and left the room, quite forgetting the existence of the pale youth, whom he had not even asked to sit down.

John Henry stood motionless for about a minute, then he, too, slowly sauntered out of the house, and languidly, as though each foot were weighted with lead, walked up the street. He did not even glance in the direction of the lawyer's dining-room windows, although Ida's little rosy face popped more than once above the window-screens. This lazy young man was revolving a problem in his mind.

"*I* don't want to break Ellen O'Donnell's heart. No, no. She has the kind of eyes that would haunt a fellow if he were cruel to her. I wonder how much money she wants? I daresay, after all, my mother was right, and Inchfawn would be something of a wilderness to us. Yes, I never *did* see anything sadder than Ellen O'Donnell's face."

CHAPTER XVIII.—"I AM NOT—OF INCHFAWN."

"I'LL tell it to them in my own way, Ellen," said the Squire, as they drove in through the gates of Inchfawn. "I did it, and I'll tell them. Nobody knows it yet but you and me; but they will all know it to-night."

"Oh, dear father; must it be to-night? Can you not wait until to-morrow morning? You are so tired and exhausted; and there is time enough, indeed, for you know my uncle said we should not be hurried."

"No uncleing of him to me, Ellen. He has sold us, his own flesh and blood. I don't want to think of him, for fear I should curse him. No, no, child, I'll tell them to-night; I'll tell them my own way to-night."

Ellen said no more, and they went into the house, to be greeted by Aunt Bridget with eager questions, all of the most futile character.

"I hope, Ellen, you walked down the High Street, and took a note of the new bonnets. I am thinking of having me old black satin dipped and sponged, and made up on a fresh shape, with a couple of scarlet tips. Honora Macnaughten showed me hers, done similar, and I tell you, Ellen, it looked elegant, it did indeed."

"Ay, ay," nodded the Squire, standing by the fire, and spreading out his thin hands to the warmth. "I have no doubt of it, Biddy, m' girl; black satin bonnet and scarlet tips, ay, ay, all right."

His manner was a little strange, and his face was beginning to assume a purple tinge.

Geoffrey, who had been standing by Ellen's side, and laughing, now glanced anxiously at his father, and became grave.

"Geoffrey and I had a splendid run this morning, sir," said Arundel, now taking up the thread of discourse; "and I must congratulate you upon your hunter, Mr. O'Donnell, he really is a first-rate animal."

"Ay, ay," said the Squire again, "poor Timber Topper! he carried my weight for many a day. A trifle heavy for you, sir—not that it matters, no, no."

Just then Dan, one of the grooms, entered the hall. He had come to bring Geoffrey a message, but the Squire beckoned to him.

"Look you here, Dan, are the Donovans anywhere about?"

"Yes, yer honour."

"And the O'Reillys?"

"Yes, sure, yer honour. They has taken up their quarters in the other barn, your honour."

"All right, all right. Collect them all; get every man, woman, and child of 'em—Donovans, O'Reillys, Hagertys, Macnaughtens, Dohertys—every one who has had their bit or sup off Inchfawn; collect 'em all, and get them into the kitchen. I have a word to say to them when dinner is over. Bridget," added the old Squire, turning round with almost a savage air on his poor wondering sister, "don't stand gaping there as if you were a fool! Get up the dinner, hurry up the dinner! We'll have a right good merry meal, and then——"

Inchfawn went slowly and wearily up the stairs after this storm of words.

"Good gracious, Ellen!" whispered Geoffrey, "is anything the matter?"

"Oh, yes, dear Geoffrey, something dreadful, dreadful! but I dare not tell you, for I dare not cross him now."

During dinner the Squire still kept up that strange hilarity. He ordered up the last bottles of his '47 port, and told stories, and ate and drank, and was merry.

Ellen, who usually assisted all his little efforts at cheerfulness, was utterly silent, her face nearly as white as the white dress she wore. Geoffrey, too, only played with his dinner. He was looking with anxious eyes from his sister to his father, and his father's mirth troubled him more than Ellen's gravity.

Miss O'Donnell was still unconscious of anything unusual, and Arundel, whether he felt so or not, kept an outwardly unmoved face.

At last the long ordeal of dinner was over, and the Squire, very flushed about the face, rose to his feet.

"I'm going into the kitchen now," he said. "I have a word to say to the poor folks. I've a thing to tell them, and you may as well all hear it. Come, Biddy and Ellen, you go first, and Arundel, my boy, we make no stranger of you. Come along, come along. There, Geoffrey, I'll take your arm, my lad; you're the heir, you know."

They all trooped into the kitchen anyhow, Miss O'Donnell whispering eagerly to Ellen to know what was up; but poor Ellen was past all words.

From fifty to sixty people were assembled in the great kitchen, all gathered in a vast circle round the roaring peat fire. They made way for Inchfawn and his family with murmured blessings and eager exclamations.

The Squire came into their very midst. He still leant a trifle heavily on Geoffrey's young shoulder. Miss O'Donnell and Arundel stood behind them, but Ellen, after attempting to come forward, turned her face suddenly to the wall, as though unable to endure the sight.

"Where's Donovan?" said O'Donnell, raising his powerful voice. "Let the man who was evicted last come out and stand beside me. Come along, Donovan."

Dan Donovan, a well-fed and comfortable-looking individual, by this time, came a step forward, in some astonishment.

"Ay, ay, Donovan, that's you. You were served with an eviction, they tell me."

"Yes, your honour," replied Donovan.

"You see, I know all about it. They took the roof off your head, and let the rain in on your bit of a sick girleen. Why did they do it?"

"I couldn't pay the rint, plase your honour."

"Ay, you couldn't pay the rent. That'll do; you may go back now. Well, boys"—raising his voice and looking round at the men, who had grouped to the front, and were staring forward with intense curiosity—"that's a nice state of things! Donovan couldn't pay his rent, and he had to go. Well, well, there was nothing unfair in it, only it came hard on Donovan—Heaven knows it came bitter hard on Donovan! Now, look here, m' poor fellows, I've got news for you to-night that will fill you with pain, and that will bring down these grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. There's no hardness, no, no; I was a bit too easy. If a poor fellow couldn't pay up I let him be. It was a way O'Donnell of

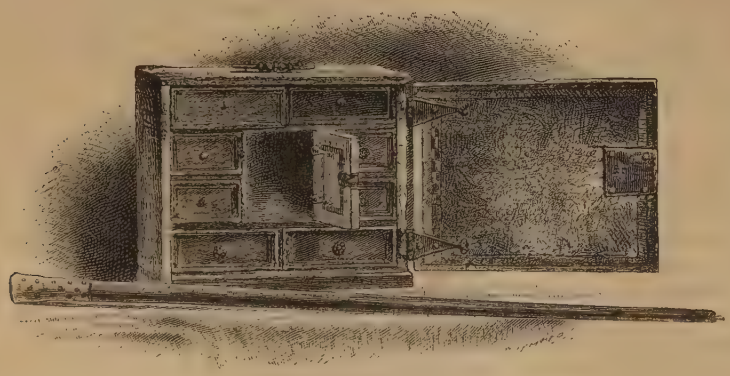
Inchfawn always had, from father to son—from father to son; but it didn't pay, my poor fellows, it didn't pay; and now I have got to suffer, and my poor lad here. Look you here, you good people—don't you understand me? God help me! how can I put it to them? *I* have been evicted—yes, I've been evicted, that's it. Do you hear me, all of you?—I am not O'Donnell of Inchfawn any more."

There was a silence so profound for about a moment after the Squire had ceased speaking that a pin might have been heard to fall, then ensued sobs and groans and eager exclamations and confused utterances.

The Squire looked round him in a dazed way. Ellen's face was still hidden against the wall, but Geoffrey, very erect, and with flushed cheeks, still supported the old man.

"Come away, father," he whispered. "I'll come back in a moment and explain everything to them. Let me take you to your room now; you are shaking so terribly."

"I have been pulled up by the roots, lad, that's all. Yes, perhaps you had best tell them the rest."



Bunyan's Cabinet and Staff.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D.

THE Muse of History, in spite of her vaunted impartiality, sometimes mocks us by her unaccountable omissions. What, for instance, would we not give to know something more of that first wife of John Bunyan, who evidently did more to turn him to the truth than any other person or influence? We know not where she came from, nor what manner of person she was, nor can the most minute researches add much, if anything, to our knowledge of her. Her very name is lost. The place of her birth is utterly unknown. Mr. Brown, of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, who has devoted a lifetime to the study of Bunyan and of the circumstances amid which he lived, and whose recently published volume forms the most complete and trustworthy record of the great dreamer before the public, has not been able to throw much new light on this part of his subject. And where history fails, art is not likely to record what has proved so fleeting. But what if one or other of the successors of Vandyke had put on the canvas the features of this unnamed heroine, whose influence and inspiration are still a living force amongst men, though her very name has perished! They preserved many types; as we look on some of them—gay, frivolous, sensual—we feel how little their art was honoured by the history recorded in many of the faces they painted; but they lost perhaps as grand a chance as artist ever had.

But here, as elsewhere, there *are* compensations. If our curiosity respecting Bunyan's wife cannot be fully gratified as to detail, we can let the fancy freely range over a wide area with which she was connected, and in which she was active; and, by putting together the few facts we have, and looking at them from various points of view, we may manage to summon up, after all, a pretty fair image of her.

One thing we are led to believe is that she was a person of mild and winning nature,

drawing those around her insensibly into a rarer atmosphere by the very patience and quietude stamped on her aspect and demeanour. And she had already become a subject of grace, passing into it by the sure but gradual process of advancing light, as of the morning without storm or sudden eclipse. Her dowry was Christian faith and hope (for she brought nothing else to her husband), but they were backed and brightened by the patience due to the example of a good Christian home. How such a woman ever came to wed a free and careless man, as Bunyan then was, is a puzzle; but in the moral, as in the physical, world things of opposite nature seem to mix and harmonize according to a law that is inscrutable.

"Apparently she was an orphan," writes Mr. Brown, "and a native of some other place than Elstow, for she used to talk to Bunyan about her father as though they were unknown to each other, telling him 'what a godly man he was, and how he would reprove and correct vice both in his own House and amongst his neighbours; what a strict and holy life he lived in his Days both in Word and Deed. . . . Her advent brought to Bunyan what he had not since his mother's death—a real home brightened by the presence of love. Though the young wife brought no dower of wealth to her husband she brought to him that which wealth cannot buy—saintly memories of a godly home and trained instincts for good; and she would beguile their summer evening walks and their fireside winter talks by memories of the good man, her father, who had gone to heaven. She brought with her also two books which had been his, the one 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' by Arthur Dent, the parish minister of Shoebury, in Essex, and the other 'The Practice of Piety,' by Lewis Bayly, a bishop of Bangor in King James's time. 'In these,' says Bunyan, 'I should sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasant to me.'"

Bunyan, we learn, had almost forgotten how to read at the time of his marriage; but in his wife he no doubt found a tutor, if in a good deal else, both now and afterwards, she was an apt pupil; and, having found something attractive in the books, he read them over and over again, probably with his wife for listener—not unprepared with remark and reflection.

Already she thus discoursed to him of a Pilgrim's Progress, and no doubt found quaint illustrations and commentary in their common reading; and if as yet Bunyan's intellect and fancy only were deeply interested, the seed of the great harvest was now certainly sown. It is impossible to conceive that such a ministry as this could have been lost on the mind and heart of a man like Bunyan. Certain words that Bunyan himself used in speaking of the vigorous efforts of his second wife Elizabeth before the judges would support this view, and nice instructive discernment is shown by Mr. T. T. Lynch in his acute and beautiful fancy that in Christiana Bunyan idealised his shrewd and courageous second wife Elizabeth, while in Mercy he recalled his meeker and more retiring first wife.

After his marriage and the reading of his wife's books, Bunyan had begun to go to church "twice a day." Then, before long, his conscience began to smite him, and he became concerned about the share he had taken in Sunday sports. The doctrine—that grand old Puritan doctrine which has done so much to awaken and to arouse—Bunyan accepted from his wife, acted on his peculiar nature in its own way; it consoled and cheered him at one time, depressed him and darkened all his horizon at another. The letter of the Bible killed, while the spirit was struggling to give life. He rushed from the one extreme to the other, and saw a sin of as deep a dye in an innocent walk on a Sunday afternoon as in a lie or a blasphemy. With the true Puritan in such a mood there is no scale, all is confounded and wrapt in one black shadow of eclipse. The "somewhat laborious diversion," as Mr. Brown calls it, of ringing the bells in the tower of Elstow Church, which had hitherto had the greatest fascination for him, he began now to look upon as wrong, and it was given up, though not without lingering regrets. From many references in his writings, it is clear that he loved a good peal of bells, and that often they were, in fancy, sounding in his ears. When, for example, he brings his pilgrims near to the Celestial City, he makes all the bells therein to give them a merry peal of welcome, and when they pass within, leaving him without, he heard in his dream that "all the bells in the city rang again for joy." But, when he was first awakened to his position as a sinner, he shut the door between himself and the most simple and harmless pleasures.

Mr. Brown has set forth with concentrated power and fine insight the strange and stormy experiences to which Bunyan was then subject. "Strange alternations of gloom

and glory," he writes, "came over Bunyan. Sometimes his soul was visited with such visions of life and hope that he could have spoken of God's love and mercy to the very crows on the ploughed land before him. He thought, then, that he should never forget that joy even in forty years' time. But, alas! in less than forty days the vision was all faded and gone. Worse than gone, for there now came down upon him a great storm of conflict, which handled him twenty times worse than before. Star after star died out of the firmament of his hope; darkness seized upon him, and to his amazement and confusion, a whole flood of doubts and blasphemies poured in upon his spirit. They seemed to be coming in from morning to night, and to be carrying him away as with a mighty whirlwind. Yet even in that dark time of despair there was this redeeming gleam of hope, that while dreadful things were pouring into his soul, there was something within him that refused to tolerate them. If he is borne along, he goes struggling and crying for deliverance like the child some gipsy is carrying off by force and fraud from friend and country. A man is safe so long as the citadel of his own will is kept. There is the turning-point of destiny, the centre of life's mystery. And all was right there."

Bell-ringing in the Tower of Elstow Church

As at the time of their marriage Bunyan still bore an indifferent character, the very fact of his wife's acceptance of him proves that she had a shrewd discernment of character, for it is hardly possible a woman like this could have given herself to such a man without strong faith in possibilities in him other than those that had as yet found expression. At all events, she played the part of a wise guide and cheerful companion. Her faith was strong and her hope for him failed not. She bore with him patiently from day to day; her whole life was full of suggestions to good; and when Bunyan had come fully under the influence of that power which bends and breaks down the strongest wills, she could at once support and console. As he toiled with his heavy burden through the Slough of Despond, she was at his side; she was not far off when he was caught in the grip of the "Giant Despair." And we may rely upon it that, unlike the bulk of women of her class at the time, she was able to quote texts and cite extracts fitted to speak to the needs of a tempest-tossed soul. We picture her goings out and her comings in with a "low voice," that exquisite thing in woman—and sweet ways, and then the desolate hearth when she was taken all too early, leaving to her husband's charge four children, one of whom, a daughter, was blind. We are told that no tiniest insect that flutters for an hour in the summer sunlight, no minutest leaf that quivers for a brief season to the balmy air, but leaves its enduring impress in sand or

rock, and though no particulars of this woman's life are now existent, her spirit and influence still speak and work in every reader of that immortal allegory. But for her it would not have been as it is; nay, it might never have been at all.

Another point we may dwell on for a moment. As in the case of all great books, that lay hold from whatever side of the radical principles of human nature, and are not spun out of the fancy or the merely imitative faculties, certain similarities with other great books will inevitably be traced. The area of original thought is really not so wide as it seems. True originality lies rather in method and plan than in separate details or images; in effective use of the old, with freshness and point, than in positive creation. Now and then we have heard from scholars and ingenious critics of remarkable resemblances between "The Pilgrim's Progress" and earlier books. But these, when carefully looked into, are found to resolve themselves into mere coincidence in subsidiary points. The latest effort of this kind, of which we are aware, is that of an American writer, who with not a little ingenuity, has endeavoured to prove that Bunyan had read Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and had not altogether unconsciously drawn from it the suggestions for his "Pilgrim." Amongst other points this writer dwells on certain resemblances in the two descriptions of "Giant Despair." Spenser thus introduces the Giant in the ninth canto of his poem:—

"That cursed Wight, from whom I scapt whyle are
A man of hell that calls himself *Despayre*."

The Red-Cross Knight seeks the cave of this demon in order to deliver his victims if possible. The home of Despair is found, and thus described with its dismal inhabitant:—

"And all about old stocks and stubs of trees
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen
Did hang upon the ragged, rocky knees:
On which had many wretches hanged been
Whose carcases were scattered on the greene
And thrown about the cliffs. * * * *
"That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man low sitting on the ground
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesley lockes, long growen and unbound
Disordered hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through all his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes through penury and pine
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dine."

Is not this, asks the writer, the terrible being whom Bunyan personified, who drove Christian and Hopeful before him to his castle and to a very dark dungeon, "where they lay without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, and where Despair beat them with his 'grievous crab-tree cudgel,' and told them that since they were never likely to come out of that place their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves either with knife, or halter, or poison," and where he took them into the castle-yard and showed them the bones and skulls of those he had already dispatched, and sought to make them believe that ere a week came to an end he would in like manner tear them to pieces?

And then our American writer further follows out the search.

After many adventures the Red-Cross Knight is conducted by Una, who symbolises true Christian faith, to the House of Holiness. The door was fast locked when they arrived, for fear of many foes.

"But when they knockt
The Porter opened unto them streightway.
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,

Old Porch at Hillersdon.

Discontent.

Hight Humilita. They pass in stoping low,
For straight and narrow was the way which he did show."

In the house they are received by two kindly hosts, Zele and Reverence, and are soon introduced to "two most goodly virgins" who came in,

"Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise,
With countenance demure and modest grace
They numbered even steps and equall pace."

These were Fidelia and Speranza, and were afterwards joined by Clarissa, Faith, Hope, and Charity. To their instruction and discipline Una commits the Red-Cross Knight, and under their teachings the Christian hero gradually improved in heavenly knowledge and virtue, and is further disciplined by bitter Penance, and Sharp Remorse, and Sad Repentance, until he is fit for the lessons of Wise Patience, and for the reading of "An auncient matrone,"

"Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde:
Her name was Mercy: well known over all
To be both gracious and eke liberall."

Thus he is conducted on his way to sanctification until he is brought "to the highest mount," from which he is permitted to catch a view of the city of the Great King, and here the description rises to a lofty height—

"From thence far off he unto them did show
A little path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his view,
Whose wals and towers were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell:
Too high a ditty for my simple song!
The Citty of the Great King hight it well.
Wherein eternal peace and happiness do dwell."

And afterwards the Red-Cross Knight continues his journey.

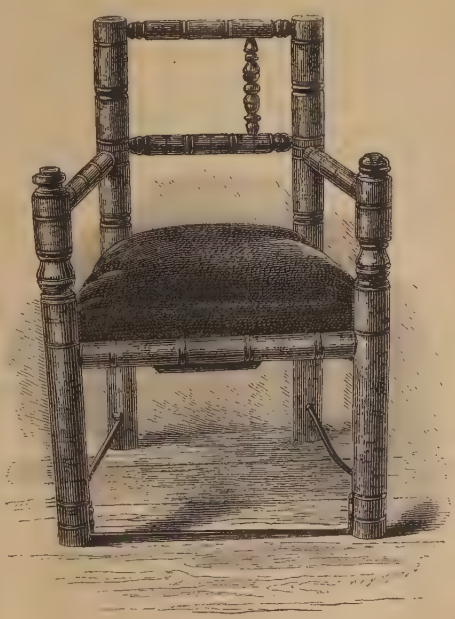
Doubtless there is such a resemblance between "The Faery Queen" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" as is inevitable in two minds of imaginative cast dealing with the main topic of Christian pilgrimage. But, as we think, there is nothing more than this. Bunyan may have read Spenser's great poem or he may not; if he had ever essayed the task, we are afraid he would have stopped short long before he had reached the parts which are chiefly founded on to establish coincidence. He would have deemed the dreamy over-refinement and fanciful ornamentation something of solemn trifling with sacred things. At all events, the genius of the two men is so totally distinct, that even if it could be demonstrated that Bunyan had read and found suggestions in Spenser's great poem, his claim to originality would remain unaffected. Spenser was the fanciful, fantastic allegorist, weaving his shining web of many colours totally apart from the stream of active life. Bunyan was the practical teacher and preacher in whom the allegorist was subordinate. His characters were real to him—actual men and women—and this is the secret of his power. This is the reason why "The Pilgrim's Progress" differs from every other allegory ever written.

Certainly the one great cause of the lasting popularity of the book is that it is

Hypocrisy.

at once the most graphic of allegories, and the most faithful picture of human life as it is. Along with the spiritual truths pointed at, we are introduced to types of the most familiar every-day characters—characters that go in and out, that jostle us in the street, meet us at the church door or in the public hall, and discuss matters with us, that deal at the shop across the way and sometimes give us a bit of their minds or outwit and defeat us. We all know Mr. Worldly-Wiseman and Mr. Discontent; we have gone on little journeys with Mr. By-ends and with Mr. Pliable; we have met Mr. Hypocrisy and shaken hands with Mr. Timorous, and been put to sore trials by Mr. Talkative many a time. And who has not had visions of the House Beautiful, and been beguiled in weariness by the words of the Interpreter, and wandered for a little while on the Delectable Mountains?

"What a world of thought flows behind all that quiet exterior! What stern tragedy unfolds itself, what unfathomable depths lie yawning, what delectable heights rise gleaming when the sober grey uplifts itself! The matter-of-fact people met on the road between Bedford town and Elstow village take their place in the great Commonwealth, and are the revealers of humanity in its grandest aspects and its most sublime relationships. Behind them are the stars, and behind the stars, height over height, are the angels of God. More than half-a-century ago Macaulay pointed out that 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is the only book of its kind that possesses a strong human interest, that while other allegories only amuse the fancy this has been read by thousands with tears. It not merely gives pleasure to the intellect by its wit and ingenuity, it gets hold of the heart by its life-grip. With deepest pathos it enters into that stern battle so real to all of us, into those heart experiences which make up for all the discipline of life. It is this especially which has given to it the mighty hold which it has always had upon the toiling poor, and made it the one book above all books, well thumbed and worn to tatters among them."



Bunyan's Chair.

Bunyan's spiritual experience, his inventive fancy, and his memory of past days, ran strangely alongside each other, and combined to impart enduring reality to his great work. Mr. Brown's volume, after all that has been written about Bunyan, would have a good justification were it for nothing else but the manner in which he successfully traces up many of the finest points in the "Pilgrim" to their source in the actual facts of the author's life and his surroundings at different periods of his history. What an interest, for example, is imparted to the old porch at Hillersdon—which Bunyan must have often looked at from the high-road and admired, as he passed and re-passed on his way to or from home—when we learn that it is most probable recollections of it suggested the conception of that "very stately palace the name of which was Beautiful, which stood just by the highway side."

Surely, considering all this, Lord Macaulay said well that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds that possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree—John Bunyan and John Milton. And it is not too much to say that of the two, the tinker-preacher and not the statesman-scholar has the broadest, the surest, the most lasting hold on the sympathies, the fears, the hopes and beliefs of the great mass of mankind.

Beyond this, Bunyan is the most direct power for practical goodness of all English writers. He searches the heart and motives, and penetrates the soul; and while he does so, he never forgets the cunning appeals to the lighter sensibilities, which are, in his hands, as feathers sending the arrow home. He is a humorist as well as an ob-

server and allegorist; and makes grand use of the faculty in which Milton was so conspicuously lacking. His "sense for conduct," in Mr. Matthew Arnold's phrase, was as keen as his religious convictions were deep: he thus united two things sometimes said to be mutually destructive: quiet humour and intense religious faith. M. Taine has tried to account for Bunyan's popularity by saying that Protestantism finds in him the fullest, the most effective and artistic expression of the doctrine of justification by faith, but M. Taine forgets that Bunyan is as much read and as much enjoyed by those who do not accept that doctrine as by those who do. A Roman Catholic edition of the "Pilgrim," with the passages about the Pope left out, finds its greedy readers and devout admirers among Catholics. There is no wonder that the deepest curiosity should be felt about such a phenomenon of genius and power. Every trifle connected with Bunyan will be lovingly cherished, and every new memorial of him, however slight, will be heartily welcomed. It is because of this conviction that we gladly avail ourselves of the privilege of here presenting to our readers the authentic drawing of John Bunyan's cabinet, staff, and chair, for which we are indebted to Mr. Brown's volume.

THE SERVICES OF THE DESPISED.

By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

John vi. 8: "One of His disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto Him, There is a lad here, who hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?"

YOU are all familiar with the passage from which this verse is taken. The multitudes flocked to Christ because they heard from Him the words of life. He flung to the winds the scrupulosities and traditionalism of a Church which was dying of respectability, of conventionality, of conscious and unconscious hypocrisy, and the people heard Him gladly because He spake with authority, and not as the Scribes. They were in a desert place, for He was under a ban; they had come to Him from far, and listened long, not knowing when they should hear again the words of life. He pitied their hunger, their thirst, their weariness, and His disciples had nothing to suggest but that they should be sent home, till—with a glimmering of faith—St. Andrew pointed out that the lad who attended them had five barley loaves and two small fishes; "but," he added, half despairingly, "what are they among so many?" The answer of Jesus was instantaneous. "Make the men sit down." Very humble, as well as fearfully scanty, was the sole apparent provision. Barley bread was so coarse that even the hardy Roman soldiers were only required to eat it by way of punishment, and fish was the commonest and cheapest kind of food. But so Jesus lived, and His apostles, and those among whom they taught. He was poor among the poorest. Not for Him was the purple and the feast of Dives. He did not come to pamper the luxury or allure the appetencies of idle men. Barley loaves and only two small fishes!—but it was enough for the Lord of all; and with that scant, poor food, blessed and multiplied, He fed the hungry, and refreshed the weary, and spread a table in the wilderness, and made them sit on the green grass in the sunset, and gave them that which, to their hunger, was sweet as manna, and sent them rejoicing on their way.

2. We are in the wilderness, the day is far spent, the night is at hand, on every side of us are the hungry, and the thirsty, and the weary; we feel ourselves utterly helpless to help these helpless; we have not two hundred pennyworth of bread for them, and even that, if we had it, would be insufficient that every one of them might take a little. Yes! but have we tried to use the poor and scant store which we have? Have we, like that lad, offered our barley loaves for Christ to bless? If not, can we expect that they should be used? Still less can we expect that they should be multiplied?

3. The lesson I would draw from the scene is, on the one hand, the lesson of Christ's own gospel to poor, humble, ill-endowed, ungifted persons, and at the same time the encouragement, the blessing, the multiplication which He gives to little things. These ought not, I think, to be fantastic or meaningless lessons for us. For the immense majority of us are neither great, nor rich, nor noble, but just such humble, unknown persons, and very few among us have more than little gifts to offer—little, I mean, not with reference to God's infinitude, to which it would be no gift at all if cedared Lebanon

were a burning altar, and we could offer on it the cattle on a thousand hills—but little, I mean, even in comparison with what some of our brother-men can give.

It is a blessed thing to offer some consolation to the despondent and the disappointed, to the afflicted and bereaved. To-day, in Christ's name, I would offer glad encouragement to the lowly, to the unimportant, to the insignificant, to the commonplace, to the great mass of ordinary, every-day men and women in struggling positions, of very moderate capacities, without any genius, quite unlearned, never heard of perhaps half a mile from home. Yes! I would speak to the masses, the million, the undistinguished multitude, to which the bulk of my readers must belong; to such as Christ fed with barley loaves in that desert place; to such as He addressed on the Mountain of Beatitudes; to such as those among whom He lived all His life long—in the carpenter's shop at provincial Nazareth, in the fisher's boat upon the inland sea.

4. My friends, for all these, for you and me, for the world in general, there is either no gospel or it is Christ's. If His gospel be not true, there is no gospel at all to offer you; neither for us, in the darkness and in the desert, is there voice nor any to answer, nor is there any honour to God from those whom men oppress, glory from God to those whom men despise. For the world, in spite of its hypocritical pretensions, does despise as well as hate all that is not of it. The world of wealth, the world of power, the world of brute violence, the world of sceptical intellect, is inflated with its own arrogant self-importance. It is at once insolent and cringing; it flatters and it sneers. It shouts for the popular, it hisses the defeated; it crowns the victor, and tramples on the fallen. Pride is the very badge of the world, the flesh, and the devil. The haughty beauty in her jewels curls her lip at the plain, neglected girl; the proud aristocrat is ironically patronising or openly contumelious to all below his own caste; the conceitedly clever man will revel in his power to humiliate and to wound the inferior capacity. Unless a man has God's grace in his heart, then, when he pushes himself an inch higher than his fellows, he looks down on them superciliously from his mole-hill altitude. Yes, and thousands of times the worse man, the meaner man, the falser man will despise his superior in worth and goodness from the whole height of his own inferiority.

"This multitude, that knoweth not the law, are accursed," says the religious world. "These persons are not in society," sneers the fashionable world. "Mankind is composed of one thousand million persons, mostly fools," sneers the intellectual world. "They are the vulgar, the unwashed, ciphers, mere nobodies; let them know their place," says the vanity of place and riches. And all these forms of pride are pitiless and selfish, and He who was Lord of all declared Himself utterly against them. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and the meek." Ah, my brethren, be sure of this, that scorn of anything but vile and depraved wickedness is devilish, though there is nothing which the world more admires. See how Christ, in every word and action, set His face against it. Was Galilee despised? Then Galilee should be His country. Was Nazareth a byword? Then Nazareth should be His home. Did the pupils of the Rabbis look down on the untaught as mere dust beneath their feet? Then Christ would not be a pupil in their schools. Had the rich grown insolent in fooling? Then the manger should be His cradle, the cross His bed of death. Did they that wore soft clothing live in kings' houses? Then He would be a wanderer, and not have where to lay His head. Were women in the East a sad, downtrodden sisterhood, so that when they approached the Pharisee drew in his floating robes? Then, to the astonishment even of His disciples, He would talk to a woman at the noonday well. Were children neglected? Then, hallowing all infancy, He would take them in His arms, lay His hands on them, and bless them. Were lepers shunned like the pestilence? Then, despite all ritualism, He would touch the leper into health. Did man trample with pitiless execration on the afflicted and the fallen? Then, unreproved, the woman with the issue should grasp the tassel of His robe; unreproved the harlot should wash His feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head; and to the pardoned adulteress, as she sobbed in the Temple, a dishevelled heap of shame and misery, He would utter, in the accents of tender mercy, "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

5. Thus did Christ brand pride, and the cruel indifference to the feelings of others which is the twin-sister of pride, with the stigma of His indelible abhorrence. Surely, my friends, if we miss the lesson which, by His words and His life, Christ would thus

teach us, we must be blind indeed. It is not only the lesson of love, it is not even the lesson that He loved as man had never loved before, but it is that He loved those whom none had ever loved before. He made His grave with the wicked. He pardoned even on the cross the dying malefactor. He took His example of virtue from the hated, heretical Samaritan. He came to the sick, not to the whole; to the sinners, not to those who thought themselves righteous; to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Amongst the diseased, amongst the unlovely, amongst the despised, amongst the powerless, amongst those whom all classes united to insult and hate, He took His place.

He stopped beside, He pitied, He saved, He tended the robbed and wounded wayfarer whom the priest passed with indifferent step, at whom the Levite gazed with unpitying stare. He was "the friend of publicans and sinners." What can I say more than that? Everywhere and always He saw what the world never sees—the soul of goodness in things evil. The way of the world is the very opposite. Like the flesh-flies which settle on a sore and the foul creatures that ever buzz where they can find or make corruption, the world's children always fix on any spot of weakness in the strong—of unworthiness in the noble. They know nothing of the sun, except its spots. If they cannot find spots, even with the strongest telescope of their malice, they will lyingly invent them, hating that anything should shine on their darkness. Does a good man commit one fault—they do their best to make him known for ever by nothing but that fault. Does a great poet write one bad line—they will make that line better known than all his golden words. In a good book is there a trivial error—they seize on it with avidity to deny all merit to the book. Now see the difference between the world and Christ. I must tell the story again though I have told it before. By the wayside, in the dust, under the blinding glare, lay a dead dog; a thing which in the East is a proverb of the extremest vileness. Round it, with the aimless delight in degradation and decay, gathered a group of the lazy, worthless idlers of an Eastern village, staring at it with looks of loathing, pointing to it with disgustful scorn, uttering about it every word of execration and of contempt, with idle laughter. Then suddenly there was a silence among them, for they saw Jesus approaching, and some of them stepped a little aside, and gazed and wondered. And the Master came up to the heartless loiterers, and looked for a moment at the carcass of the poor dead creature which God had made, as it lay in the dust under the blistering glare; and He was silent. And then, amid the silence, He said, "Its teeth are as white as pearls;"—and so he passed on. Where all were jeering and execrating, He would utter the one word of pity; where all had no eyes but for what was disgusting, He would see nothing but the one redeeming touch.

Oh, world, such is thy Saviour; and such art thou!

6. I know not, my brethren, whether you care for this truth—the acceptance by Christ of those who morally, or intellectually, or spiritually, no less than physically, are the blind, the halt, the maimed, even the lepers of our poor humanity. I only know that I care for it immensely. It is to me of the utmost comfort. In all limitations of power, in all sense of weakness, in all tauntings about deficiency, in all consciousness of numberless imperfections; whenever we have to meet the proud man's scorn, and the base man's sneer, I think of Him, I turn to Him who took His place among the humble, among the insignificant, among the defeated; to Him who loved mankind in spite of all its sins and all its shame; who honoured man, not for the honours which were without him, not for the gifts of Providence, or for the accidents of favour, or the little brief authority of place, but for this only and simply, because he was man, and because he was miserable and needed help.

7. And as the love of Christ for small ungifted, humble, faithful persons is a transcendent comfort, no less comfort is the acceptance by Christ of little things, the pity of Christ for evil things, the tenderness of Christ for things despised. He instantly made use of the poor lad's five barley loaves and two small fishes. His symbols for the kingdom of God were the handful of leaven which the woman took and hid in three measures of meal, and the grain of mustard-seed, which is the smallest of all seeds.

He is sitting in the Temple; the rich are ostentatiously casting into the treasury their splendid gifts; the poor widow comes, and, in frightened shame, casts in her smallest of all coins, her least of possible offerings, the two mites, which make one farthing; and Christ joyously declares that, because she was so poor, she had cast in more than they all. The thrones are set; the Great Assize is opened; the dead, small and great, stand before the throne, and, lo! they are judged, not about ritual observances or theological

orthodoxy, but about little deeds of kindness, by Him who said that if one should but give in His name a cup of cold water to one of His disciples he should not lose of his reward. At a flower festival not long ago, among choice fruits and exotic flowers, one little shrinking child laid on the altar step her tiny offering—it was but a single daisy. The little one had nothing else to give; and with even such an offering, given with a single and a simple heart, Christ I think would have been well pleased.

8. Are not the resultant lessons plain? By far the most of us have not ten talents to offer for Christ's use, nor even five talents; we have at the best but one talent, and perhaps not even that. Well, the world thinks everything of this, but God thinks nothing of it. When the Master comes He will not ask how great or how small were our endowments and capabilities, but only how we have used them. If we have not neglected our one poor talent, or even fraction of a talent, we, no less than the most richly gifted, shall be thrilled with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" which will atone for ever for all afflictions. He who has but one talent makes sometimes ten, and he who has the ten sometimes makes them worse than one, using them not for God's service and man's good, but to God's dishonour and man's destruction.

At Westminster we are surrounded by the memorials of kings, and poets, and heroes—the successful, and the mighty, and famous men; and, perhaps, we are discouraged, thinking, with a sigh, that we can never be as these. Nay, but they should rather encourage us, as they encouraged the poor bookseller's boy, who one day, just a hundred years ago, sat down by that north door weary with his load of books, and burst into bitter tears at his prospect of a dreary, toiling life. But as he gazed at the statues of men who had fought bravely the battle of life he took heart of courage, and went his way, and after many struggles became, in our Indian Empire, a great benefactor of mankind. But they should encourage us in quite another and surer way, even while we recognise that we can never be as the least of these. For the least of us may be as much greater than many of these, as goodness is a greater, better, and more eternal thing than any earthly greatness. We cannot be like yon great orator, Chatham, who swayed the heart of his nation like the heart of one man. We can never be as yon great musician, Handel, whose strains still lift our souls heavenwards on the golden wings of music. We can never be as yonder immortal ones, who, in a world so little and so mean, have given us noble loves and nobler hopes,—

> "The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

Well, be it so; but, on the other hand, we can be as good as any poet, or musician, or cunning artificer, or eloquent orator that ever was, in that which is best and greatest, and most dear in God's sight—in that, indeed, which is alone of any eternal significance; and many of these whose statues rise around us would lay aside their wreath of fame for the simple goodness which is possible to the very least among us all.

> "Here on earth,
> How many take themselves for mighty kings!
> Who there below shall wallow in the mire,
> Leaving behind them horrible dispraise."

9. Yea, the last may be first, and the first last. Was it not so with those whom Christ chose and loved? Peter, what was he but a poor Galilean fisherman? Andrew, what was he but Simon Peter's brother? Simon, once a hot-headed zealot; Matthew, once a scorned and hated publican. Every one of them dull and ordinary men, as the world thought; unlearned and ignorant, only noticed at all because they had been with Jesus.

So was it with nearly all those early Christians who renewed and evangelised the world. Not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty were called. They were for the most part slaves, and artisans, and feeble folk. Look even at their writings. The Christian apologists had none of the keen, flashing intellect or powerful ability of men like Lucian or Celsus, who wrote against them; nor any of the haughty compression or suppressed fire of Romans like Tacitus and Juvenal, who scornfully thought that their doctrines could be held by no sane man. How, then, did they "so get the start of the majestic world"? these lowest of the low?—these hedgers and ditchers?—these wretches who worshipped in the catacomb and died in the amphitheatre?—these *sarmentitii* and *semaxii*, as they were called from the stakes to which they were tied and the fagots with which they were consumed? The answer is easy. It was by innocence; it was by virtue; it was by goodness. Intellect disowned them; scorn spat on them; malignity searched them with candles; power trampled them into the dust. Yet these foolish things of the world confounded the wise, and by the irresistible weakness of holy lives these men with nothing but barley loaves built up a better, stronger, purer world, while—

"Rome, which mightiest kingdoms curtsied to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Did shameful execution on herself."

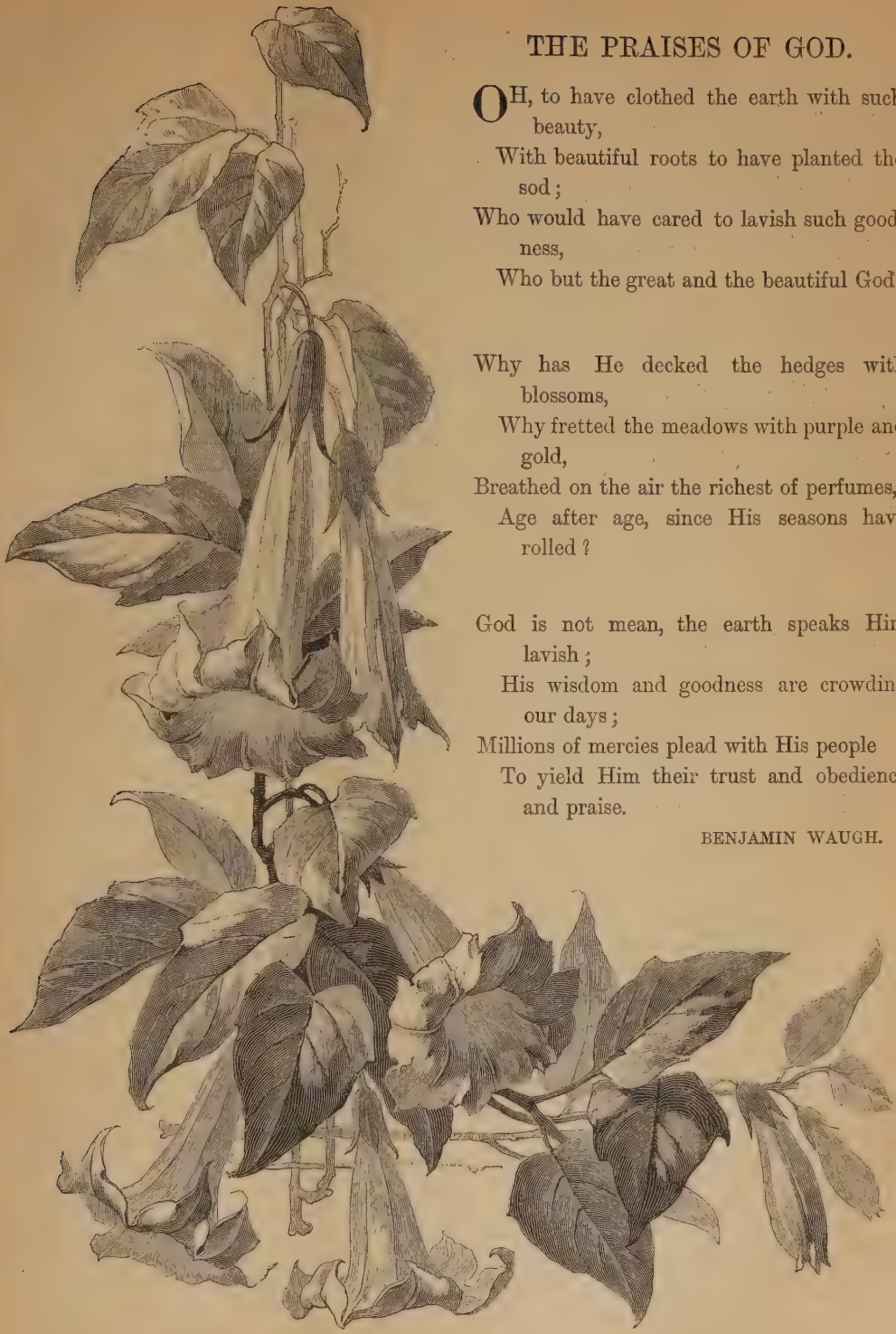
10. Why, then, should any one of us sorrow for, or be ashamed of, his earthly insignificance, or care how much the world despises us? Ours, as much as any man's, may be the most inconceivable of all blessings—the peace of God here which passeth all understanding, and hereafter a blessedness which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. Be we high or low, rich or poor, clever or stupid, for which God cares nothing, it is equally possible for the humblest of us all to do our duty. It is true that we have but our five coarse barley loaves and two small fishes. In themselves they are useless. Well, then, let us give them to Christ. He can multiply them. He can make them more than enough to feed the five thousand.

A cup of cold water? Well, will the world ever forget the cup of cold water which David would not drink, but poured upon the earth, because his men had risked their lives to fetch it him? or the cup of cold water which Sir Philip Sydney, athirst and dying, gave to the worse-wounded soldier, who eyed it eagerly on the field of Zutphen? A grain of mustard-seed? Well, when Count Zinzerdorf was a boy at school he founded among his companions a little guild, of which the badge was a gold ring, and he called it "The Order of the Grain of Mustard-seed," and thereafter the seedling grew into the great tree of the Moravian brotherhood, whose boughs were a blessing to the world. The widow's mite? Well, when they laughed at St. Theresa because she wanted to build a great orphanage and had only three shillings to begin with, she answered, "With three shillings Theresa can do nothing, but with God and her three shillings there is nothing which Theresa cannot do"

11. Do not let us imagine, then, that we are too poor, too stupid, too ignorant, too obscurely situated, to do any real good in the world wherein God has placed us. Christ loves the humble and accepts the little. Is there a greater work in the present day than education? Would you have thought that the chiefest impulse to that work whereon we now annually spend so many millions of taxation was given by the poor illiterate Plymouth cobbler, John Pounds? Has there been a nobler work of mercy in modern days than the purification of prisons? Yet that was done by one whom a modern writer sneeringly patronises as a dull, good man—John Howard. Is there a grander and nobler enterprise than missions? Well, the missions of England to India were started by a humble, itinerant shoemaker, W. Carey. These men brought to Christ their humble efforts, their barley loaves, and in His hands and under His blessing they multiplied exceedingly. We can never hope, you say, to lead to such vast results. So they thought. Do you imagine that they ever dreamt of what would issue from their little efforts? But besides, the results are nothing, the work everything; nothing the gift, everything the willing heart. But have you ever tried? If you bring no gift, how can God use it? The lad must bring his barley loaves before the five thousand can be fed. Have you ever attempted to do as he did? Have you, even in the smallest measure, or with the least desire, tried to follow John Wesley's golden advice?—

"Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."

Or, if you have not attained to that rule, ask your own consciences, not conventionally, but honestly and searchingly, not as before a self-deceiving soul, but as before God, whether you have done, or are doing, apart from a mere selfish or domestic routine, any good at all, at any time at all, to any human being whatever? Take but one instance—kind words. A kind word of praise, of sympathy, of encouragement; it would not cost you much, yet how often does pride, or envy, or indifference prevent you from speaking it? The cup of cold water, the barley loaves, the two farthings, how often are we too mean and too self-absorbed to give even these! And are we not to give them because we cannot endow hospitals, or build cathedrals, or write epics? Ah! if we be in the least sincere, in the least earnest, let us be encouraged. The little gifts of our poverty, the small services of our insignificance, the barley loaves of the Galilean boy on the desert plain, the one talent of poor dull persons like ourselves, are despised by the world, but they are dear to, but they are accepted of, but they will be infinitely rewarded by Him who, though the coneys are a feeble folk, gives them their homes in the rocks; without whom no sparrow falls; who numbers the very hairs of our heads; who builds the vast continents by the toil of the coral insect, and by His grains of sand stays the raging of the sea.



THE PRAISES OF GOD.

OH, to have clothed the earth with such beauty,
With beautiful roots to have planted the sod;
Who would have cared to lavish such goodness,
Who but the great and the beautiful God!

Why has He decked the hedges with blossoms,
Why fretted the meadows with purple and gold,
Breathed on the air the richest of perfumes,
Age after age, since His seasons have rolled?

God is not mean, the earth speaks Him lavish;
His wisdom and goodness are crowding our days;
Millions of mercies plead with His people
To yield Him their trust and obedience and praise.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FROM PRISON WALLS.

By the Rev. J. W. HORSLEY,
One of the Chaplains of H.M. Prisons.

IN no respect is the *cacoethes scribendi* more deserving of its name, than when it prompts the illiterate or the snob to leave a record of his unimportant or undesirable presence. But there are inscriptions where none of the beauties or solemnities of nature are to be outraged. It is not here that "every prospect pleases," and only man is displayed as vile by his inability to appreciate it or depreciate himself. In some cases even they have a moral purpose, and aim at the interests of others, not the glorification or obtrusion of self. They occasionally reveal sentiments which one could not wish absent, even though one fails to see why they should be published in this particular way. There is a creditable absence from them of the sheer silliness or mere dirt which is the staple of inscriptions elsewhere, which are more than records of names and dates. Finally, they are produced under circumstances of braving afflictive dietary results, which cannot unfortunately affect most of our public scribblers. I allude to the inscriptions by the inmates of prison cells. As Hepworth Dixon says,—"It is a curious subject to seek into the motives which impel men to write their names on the stones of their prison-houses. Men of all ranks and characters do it: the noble in the Beauchamp Tower; the felon in the house of correction; the murderer in the cell at Newgate. Perhaps it is the mere instinct of activity, denied every other mode of expending itself." Michael Davitt, however, ascribes it to "that weakness or vanity which induces travellers to carve their names upon the pyramids," yet adds later, that he adorned the waiting-room at the Old Bailey with the record that "M. D. expects ten years for the crime of being an Irish Nationalist, and the victim of an informer's perjury."

I do not purpose, however, to speak of those inscriptions which are of some historic interest in older prisons, into which in the bad old days came men for the crimes of being Churchmen or Nonconformists (according to whether the Independents or Churchmen were in power), or for being loyal to their monarch in adversity. Much might be gathered of interest from the Tower of London, parts of which have been covered with inscriptions, of which I will only quote one from the Beauchamp Tower—

"The man whom this house cannot mend
Hath evil become, and worse will end."

Much more interesting information may be gathered on this point from Hepworth Dixon's "The London Prisons," or by a personal visit to the Tower. Nor should one omit the records in the wrongly-named Lollard's Tower in Lambeth Palace. My purpose is, however, to speak only of what has come under my own notice, and to give some account of what I have transcribed from time to time from the walls of my own prison. Pencils are contraband, writing materials only lent for a time when a letter has to be written, and all defacing of the walls would be a prison offence, yet such power has the *cacoethes scribendi* that the whitewash or paint is hardly dry in a renewed cell before the crop of inscriptions begins to appear. Let me attempt to classify and describe some of them.

There are those which would certainly puzzle a future antiquarian who was learned in the tongue of the Victorian Age, from the number of words they contained unknown to the pulpit, the bench, and even to Parliament. Society, Religion, Philosophy, have each a slang and a cant of their own, in which they abuse the slang and cant of others; but the *argot* of the gutter, the market, the registered lodging-house, and the prison, is a separate tongue, or rather amalgam of tongues, more venerable as to antiquity of origin, and more useful from the point of view of Talleyrand's dictum that language was given us to conceal our thoughts. It has also the advantage of a condensed brevity unknown to other systems of communication, except telegraphic codes. Thus, "Fullied for a Clock and Slang," reveals the fact that the writer stole a watch and chain, was apprehended and has been fully committed for trial at the next sessions or assize. "Long bil expects bolt," informs the sympathetic or rejoicing reader that one William, whose stature exceeds that which is common among the stunted members of the criminal class (a man of six feet is a rare phenomenon in prison) expects to be sentenced to penal servitude. "Neddie, from City Road, smugged for attempt up the Grove, expects a sixer," means that a misguided Edward has been apprehended while promenading outside

Whiteley's, and investigating the contents of ladies' pockets, and is reconciling himself to an absence from his oriental home for half a year. "Take my tip and turn square from a hook who is going to be legged," would be in common parlance, "Take my advice and get your living honestly," says a pickpocket who is expecting penal servitude.

As most consider it the thing to append their address after a fashion, it becomes very easy to compile a list of the streets or lodging-houses most affected by the criminal classes; and these would be—in the Western district: Bangor Street and Crescent Street, Notting Hill; in the South-west district: Pye Street and Peter Street, Westminster; in the East: Flower and Dean Street, Kate Street, and the Beehive lodging-house in Brick Lane; in the East Central: Whitecross Street and Golden Lane, St. Luke's, Lever Street, New North Road, and the streets between it and Hoxton Street on the east and City Road on the west, and notably Blind Con's lodging-house in Golden Lane; in the West Central division: Eagle Street, Holborn, Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, the Empress Chambers, and Fullwood's (or Fuller's) Rents; across the Thames: Mint Street and Tabard Street, in the Borough, and East Street, Walworth. These names come over and over again, and often afford a useful clue as to the habits of the writer. True, as a prisoner from a particularly low lodging-house once remarked, "A man ain't a 'orse because he lives in a stable;" but it is true also, as I rejoined, that he has no great objection to the company of horses if he chooses such an abode.

It would be naturally imagined that the great food question would be referred to in these mural records, and therefore we find such remarks as the following:—"Here's luck to the pint of skilly!" and for the benefit of the next occupant of the lodgings, "How do you like skilly, old boy?" Or, again, "Come to this place, and then you will see what sort of food you will get;" to which the answer might be, "Such as is sufficient to keep prisoners what they are—the most healthy class in England." Therefore, "Lord save me from starvashun" was an unnecessary prayer while the writer remained in prison. Yet visions of luxuries and excess will enter the mind, and therefore we find, "One more month then out we go, Then for feed of Hot Coco; Fried Bread and steak, Plenty of beer; Better luck than we get here." A somewhat carnal and despairing view of prison life is indicated by "Lads, your only friend here is your brown lofe and pint of thick." The following remark dates from before a uniform system was introduced, by the prisons coming under Government: "This Prison is worse then Maidstone; Prisoners Diners at to Clock, and very bad then." Yet the variety of diet is beneficial from other points of view than the physical one—anything to minimise the horrors of monotony; and so one wrote, "Cheer up, boys, down with sorrow; Beef to-day, Soup to-morrow," which again does not sound as if "stir (*i.e.* prison) means starvation" were the expression of a fact whether etymological or physical. A common yearning during the first part of an imprisonment would be expressed in "O for a pot of beer," or the artless poem, "O who can tell the panes I feel, A poor and harmless sailor, I miss my grog and every meal; Here comes the blooming jailer."

But those inscriptions are of more real interest which show that the quiet and solitary life had begun to arouse reflective powers, and that reason or conscience, long dormant or drugged, again make their voices heard. There are very few people who would not be benefited by a month in prison if they had the sense and the grace to use the opportunity thus afforded for meditation and resolution. They might doubtless make for themselves the same opportunities in some external retreat, but then they generally will not, or at any rate do not. Plainly a step forward and upwards has been taken, albeit a minor one, when the prisoner has begun to search out the cause of his position, as had those who wrote, "I advise you to keep away from bar; be a teatotler," or "Good-bye all. Give up drink," or "Take my advice and keep from drink, for it 'as been the ruin of me; it will be a warning to me for life," words which might impress another prisoner more as coming from one in his own condition than if they came from the chaplain. Or again, from the female side (in which inscriptions are much rarer), "I, Eliz F., take an oath I never touch drink again with the help of God." Prison resolutions are no doubt mainly equal in value to sick-bed resolutions, but yet from both there comes a percentage of permanent good, and it is by no means rare to find that the compulsory abstinence of a prison has been the prelude to voluntary abstinence outside, which had seemed or been thought impossible before. Again, "A prisoner's advice: sign the pledge," which had been anticipated or acted upon by another who deposes "½ pint whiskey brought me here—took the pledge for 2 years—renewable for ever." Should it be objected that prisoners

seem to ascribe all their crimes to intemperance, the answer is that in seventy-five cases out of a hundred this is so, by a computation that is below that of many cognoscenti.

Again, a step of solid value has been taken when reflection leads one to consider how little evil pays after all, even on commercial principles. A further and higher application of the question, What shall it profit a man? becomes more easy after this first step. Of course we meet with the stock adage, which bears on this point in the words, "Take advice from a convict—honesty is the best pollicy, my boys;" but there is candour or humour in the variant form, "Honesty is the best policy for a little while." Many have reached the point of considering how much money they lose by what they take, as evidenced in "Babzey from the Kate (*i.e.* Kate Street, Spitalfields) 7 yrs. for £33;" or "Ten days and ten years for a box of money with 9/7 in the box;" or "Harry, the painter from Strand, expects 6 months for 5 bob;" or the melancholy reflection on the depression of trade, "Burglary is a poor game nowadays." Another moralist is moved to poetry, "When I get out I do intend My future life to try and mend, For sneaking's a game that does not pay; You are bound to get lagged, do what you may. Written by one who knows it to his sorrow, Who expects 12 months for only a borrow." (Cf. "Convey, the wise it call.") A similar thought occurred to him who wrote, "For seven long years have I served them, And seven long years i have to stay, For meeting a bloke in our alley And taking his ticker away."

Then there are moral remarks of a more varied kind, such as this, by one who probably bewailed the lack of visitors, "lads, wen your outside & got money your got frends, but wen your here an got no money, you got no frends;" or the sneer of another pessimist, "What a happy world this is!" (Pretty much what we choose to make it, my friend; man makes his circumstances more than circumstances make the man). "Cheer up, girls, it's no use to fret," may be the utterance of a better spirit or the vain attempt to drown remorse or shame. "I hope the best, but dread the worst" is a natural remark; only acquittal, by which probably "the best" is meant, is not always a boon in the long run. "Chambre de la méditation" is an appropriate description of what a cell may be to the benefit of the inmate. "Return good for evil"—let us hope this was not mentally addressed to the prosecutor, but was a personal admonition. "Vincit qui patitur" reminds us that it is not the uneducated only that fall into crime. But reasoning power seems to have been absent from him who wrote, "All in lonely cell I lie, No better I deserved. It will make your blood run cold To think how I got served," wherein it is difficult to see whether the acceptance of penance or the spirit of rebellion against it was the innermost thought. "Law for the rich, but none for the poor" is a maxim that derives its sting from its truth not having passed away with feudalism, though sometimes quoted to justify absurd complaints. Was it a visit or the absence of a visit that inspired, "Oh, what is love, if not the same in wealth, prospearety, advercety, & shame?" Certainly from prison walls come very touching examples in every-day life as in history of the adage that love will go to the gallows. The application "Wen your Neighbour's house is on Fire, mind your own" requires explanation that only the writer could give. Was "In speaking of another's faults Pray don't forget your own" an attempt at self-consolation on the part of a prisoner who had been reprimanded for some breach of rules? "Cheer up, lads, time flies" was written by one who would better have remembered the entire adage of the dial "Pereunt—et imputantur." "You are a lot of fools to get in here, myself included," is frank, but oblivious of the fact that rogues are invariably fools sometimes—happily for society. If this is not mere sentimentality, there is pathos in its sentiment—"The heart may breake, yet may brokenly live on."

Evidence of memory and the power of application is found in such inscribed quotations as this from an old English ballad, which is pathetic when found in a female prisoner's cell. "I wish to God my baby was born, And smiling on its father's knee, And I, poor girl, lay in my grave, The green grass growing over me." The inevitable "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" is, of course, found, and the equally inevitable "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Politics are, happily, left outside, and do not disturb our tranquillity or embitter our fate. The only inscription of this sort being "Vote for Dilke and Firth," which was not, I presume, inspired by any knowledge that I was a voter in the Chelsea Division.

The oppressiveness of time, which is the real punishment of prison life to most, finds a striking record in such words as these: "21,000 times have I walked round this cell in a week"—a self-imposed tread-mill,

which speaks expressively of the pains of anticipation and unrest; or in these other rosaries of despair: "3,330 bricks in this cell;" and in another place, "131 black tiles, 150 red tiles in this cell." Birds could not sing if they were reduced to counting the wires in their cage, in the hope of drowning thought. Certain generalisations of observant and experienced men appear in the descriptions of the productive qualities of various places, to wit, "London for sharpers, Brummagem for thieves, Paris for flymen, Sheffield for pitchers of snyde (coiners and utterers), signed by Darkey, the gun (or gonoph, *i.e.* thief), from Wandsworth Road, for a bust." Or, as regards the ultimate destination of these gentlemen, we find that the convict establishments have Murrays of their own, who say—

> "Dartmoor is a tidy place,
> Chatham is the terror of our race,
> Portland is not quite so bad,
> Broadmoor is for those stark mad,
> Pentonville is the hill of London,
> Borstal if you're there you're undone,
> Portsmouth is a noted shop,
> Brixton is a regular cop."

Or, as a more fleshly poet writes:—

> "Millbank for thick shins and graft at the pump,
> Broadmoor for all laggs as go off their chump (become insane)
> Brixton for good toke and cocoa with fat,
> Dartmoor for bad grub but plenty of chat,
> Portsmouth a blooming bad place for hard work,
> Chatham on Sunday gives four ounces of pork.
> Portland is the worst of the lot for to joke in,
> For fetching a lagging there is no place like Woking."

I have left to the last the by no means least instructive class of inscriptions, the religious ones. Many of them may be the expression of hypocrisy, for the prison world is not much better than the external world of undetected persons; many may record an emotion that dies almost at its birth, like the resolutions that are born in church and buried in the churchyard; but yet it must be remembered that they are not meant to catch the eye, and thus curry favour, for what they would gain would probably be a day's bread and water for defacing the cell contrary to regulations, or being in possession of a contraband pencil. In not a few cases, however, they spring from a revived or newborn emotion, that convinces or calms, softens or makes brave to endure. Instances of these inscriptions are: "Keep your sins ever before thee;" or "Fear God and scorn the Devil, then you will not be here again;" or (with another suspicion of the dualist heresy) "The Almighty for master, the devil for servant. Amen." In which case the love of antithesis has proved fatal to the theological accuracy, or even the common sense of the author. "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, even so do it unto them" may have reminded the prisoner of the innate selfishness of criminality, or have been meant as a reminder to the officers of how mercy must rejoice over judgment, and kindness accompany the discharge of duty. Was some David striving to be his own Nathan when he wrote "Thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thee"? And certainly the hymn based on Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" has rarely found more striking application than when it was written on a cell wall. "O Jesu, Thou art standing outside this fast-closed door," and the rest of the poem followed. And the city motto, "Domine dirige nos," was certainly more in place here than when I observed it under the City arms on the doors of a gin-palace in the City Road. Nor are the cases unknown in which real good comes out of apparent evil, and the prisoner can honestly and thankfully say, "The Lord saith, It is good to be here." Says another, with doubtless a good intention, "Brethren in adversity, turn your heart to God and be happy." Pregnant, and not selfish, is the prayer and intercession, "God help me, God help you." Useful the reminder, "The Lord's eye is everywhere." Or this, "It's never too late to mend; God help us to do so. Amen." Was that man hardened who wrote, "God bless my wife and children," as a relief to a heart that ached for the aches it had caused to other hearts? And, finally, the inscription, "I was in prison and ye visited me," may help to remind my readers of how it is easier and more common to give prisoners contempt or blame, or to let them drop out of public or private prayer, than to obey the Master's command in spirit, if it be impossible according to the letter.

SPONGES.

By A CITY NATURALIST.

SELECT one of the masses of sea-squirts which the dredge has torn from the harbour floor, and among their roots you are almost sure to find a small sponge, greyish-white, rough, tubular, tapering to an open mouth, which is neatly finished off with a ringed coping. *Grantia ciliata*, or *ensata*, is its name. You will find all the species beau-

tifully figured and concisely described in Bowerbank's "British Sponges," a book in four goodly volumes worth looking at, if only as an example of what patience and a passion for accuracy may accomplish in the course of a long and honoured life. Grantia is small enough to be placed in a thin trough, and there, if it has been judiciously severed from its original home and quickly removed to a new microscopic ocean, it will carry on wonderful pumping and feeding processes. Out of the mouth a continuous, though somewhat jerky, stream will flow, proving that life of some kind is busily at work within. The furry exterior of the little sponge will resolve itself under a direct light into a multitude of cunningly interwoven, yet bristling, spicules of flint. A careful dissection of the colony —for now we have come into the region of associated life and co-operative labour—may result in a partial unravelment of the interior mystery. A small portion of the slimy sponge-flesh lining the inside and overflowing the outside of the flask-like structure, examined under a high power, will be found to consist in part of formless life, differing but little from the white corpuscles which mingle with the curious red discs forming the main constituents of blood, or from the larger amœbæ which lead a simple solitary life in ditch water, and more rarely among the seaweeds at low-water mark. Analogy tells us —and what follows is true of all sponge-sarcode—that these amœboid specks have powers of contraction and expansion, of absorption and exhalation, of assimilation and reproduction. They can appreciate the oxygen which comes in minute silvery globules from the vegetation around. They can seize the infinitely small atoms of infusorial life which decay nourishes, and can extract from them starch, albumen, nitrogen, colouring and mineral matter. From the water they can secrete lime, silica, or the curious substance of which the tough horny silk of their house is spun. They are sensitive to temperature, pressure, light, and poisonous gases. In respect of these conditions treat them well, that is to say, as Nature herself treats them, and they will live and carry on their work. Treat them ill and no form of life will more quickly die. They are obedient to a law which for them is complex, for it adapts itself to the imperious demands of an ever-changing environment, and therefore enjoins the abandonment of original form and function in favour of something quite new and diverse. From one nucleated speck of amœba, by cellular division, comes a packed oval mass of orderly arranged atoms, like a shelless egg. From the tip of each atom, or monad, on the outside layer or ectoderm, as it is called, comes a waving cilium. The inner layer, or endoderm, at this stage is amœboid and not visibly ciliated. At the obtuse end of the whole egg-like mass a ring of sucker processes is developed. At the more pointed end preparation is made for a mouth. By the ciliary motion of the ectodermal members of the colony the whole structure rushes through the waters, feeding and thriving as it goes. Presently comes the mandate of that instinct which eludes experiment and baffles even imagination, and the sucker-ring adheres to weed or rock, ascidian or crab-shell, and the mature sponge-life begins. Meantime change and decay, the development of new processes, and the accumulation of totally different materials, have wrought a magical transformation. Just as ants lose their wings, and larval barnacles and zoophytes their eyes, and most embryonic forms of life some organ or organs when they have fulfilled their purpose, so the outside sponge-monads lose their cilia as soon as the itinerancy is exchanged for permanency of abode. They revert, in fact, to the earlier and simpler amœboid form from which they sprang. But cilia are still needed. Indeed, it is probable that no form of life on land or sea can exist without the rhythmic ciliary movement. From man downwards, through all grades of animal life, it reigns—a mystery accounting for a thousand processes, but itself an insoluble elementary factor, in presence of which the profoundest investigator of ultimate causes can only bow down in speechless awe. Analogy, to which we are indebted for so much knowledge and for not a little of our most probable surmising, would suggest that even in the amœba itself, possibly also in the white corpuscles of our own blood, there is inconcievably fine ciliation. Even from plant life it is not excluded, as those know full well who have watched the green fairy-like globes of *Volvox globator*, rolling round and round and on and on through the water of a microscopical trough. Some day it may be possible to demonstrate that, in the ascending and descending currents which make the interior of every tree and flower a world of wonder, the same ciliary movement holds a high elementary place akin to that which it holds in the epithelium of the larynx and bronchial tubes. So far as processes are concerned, nothing must be admitted to be impossible of achievement. It is only when we stand on the very threshold of life and ask, From

whence? that science and experiment are at fault.

But to return. It is certain that the fixed sponge can no more feed and build and weave without ciliary action than the embryo sponge can move towards its destined home without this same motive power. Only now the ciliation must be inside the expanding structure. Its outside function is exhausted. But, first, what has been accomplished in the all-important business of sponge-building? Here are a number of sponges dredged last autumn from the deep waters of the English Channel for the service of this article. There are brown, elongated, pillar-masses, one of them attached to a mussel-shell, others rudely torn from rocks. There are dark grey, soft sheets with crater-like mouths—Icelandic geysers in miniature. There is a lighter, fawn-coloured, bread-and-jelly sponge, filling up the interstices of a huge mussel, which is covered with barnacles, tunicata, zoophytes, and polyzoa. There are many Grantias, some of them minute, others half an inch or more in length. There are flat, grey patches, curiously honeycombed and ridged, which were loosely attached to the rocks, over which our trawl dragged its way for a mile or more in many fathoms of water off the Dorset coast. There are stones covered by thin, dense, richly-coloured sheets, which no one, except a naturalist, would dream of calling sponges. There are old oyster-shells, pierced with small, perfectly round holes, in each one of which, when the shells rolled out of the trawl, was a *cliona*, or part of a ramification of *cliona*, which had bored its way into the hard mass of lime, and tunnelled out a network of cells and passages out of sight. And, not to exhaust our list, there is a little sponge, big and soft enough to have washed the face of the baby Buckland on the day of his birth. Were we to explore the whole extent of our English Channel, and search the rock-pools and oolitic ledges of the Dorsetshire coast, or the still richer preserves of North and South Devon, made for ever famous by Charles Kingsley and Philip Henry Gosse, we should find many other varieties, some of them extremely beautiful, both in form and colour.

For the service of the present race of man few of these sponges are of any direct use, save as beautiful objects in a museum or drawing-room cabinet. It is only the finer sorts of horny sponges, free from sand-grains and lime or flint spicules, which reach the world of commerce, the bath of the water-lover, or the coach-house of the wealthy. But it may be that even now, as in past geological cycles, the great flint-secreting sponges, with their strange assortment of triangular, sexangular, spear-shaped, star, anchor, or trident-like spicules, in co-partnership with other living builders, are slowly accumulating the materials out of which will arise the mountains and rolling downs of the new earth. He who at the first made all things is "laying the beams of His chambers in the waters."

This rapid review of the various forms which sponge-builders devise may suffice to give some idea of the important work which our newly-matured and located *Grantia*, has commenced. Its flesh has increased by constant subdivision and expansion. The outer flesh is partially severed from the inner. The outer is thin, soft, slimy. The inner is of a somewhat firmer texture. Most of the atoms of which it is composed have a definitely pear or bottle-like shape. Each monad contains a nucleus, and emits a cilium. All the whip-like cilia point inwardly. They wave rhythmically, always in one direction, and with one simple end in view. Their purpose is to drive forth through the open crater-mouth all the water, which streams into the inner chamber of the flask, through the fine pores which pierce the outer wall. The water, when it flowed in, was charged with minute atoms of animal and vegetable life, and was aërated with oxygen. The amœboid forms, and also the monads, seize these food supplies, together with all they need of purifying gas and soluble mineral matter. As the water is driven forth it bears with it all undigested particles. Thus life is maintained and living substance grows. But the greatest wonder of all is the wall-building, which goes on apace between the two ecto- and endo-dermal layers. It needs to be a strong wall. The exigencies of the colony demand also that it shall be shapely, and always of one shape, the type of which, at all events so long as the outward conditions remain undisturbed, shall never be lost. Moreover, it must be so constructed as to teach a severe lesson to the mouth of any hungry fish or crab who may attempt to dine on the flesh which it guards. Yet it must not be dense. Strength, lightness, beauty, insolubility, porousness, and power to protect—these are the qualities which are essential. And, with an adaptation of means to many and complex ends, which makes it infinitely easier to believe in the "finger" of an intelligent Designer than in any fortuitous or even mechanically legal concourse of atoms,

it is done. Spicules of lime, the beauty of which no words can describe, are loosely, yet according to well-considered plans and specifications, built up in the interior between the two flesh walls; and so the sponge comes to be a well-defined, admirably protected, and sufficiently stable colonial settlement.

THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

THERE'S a light in the fisherman's dwelling,
And a gleam in the fisherman's home;
It beckons him over the waters,
Athwart the mist and the foam.

There's a song in the fisherman's dwelling,
While the good wife makes it fair,
For the love that lightens labour,
And the joy of love is there.

There's a lullaby soft and tender,
As she hushes her babe to its rest;
Her thoughts are all with the fisher
In his toil on the ocean's breast.

There's a prayer in the fisherman's dwelling
For one on the stormy deep,
Through the hours of weary waiting,
Through the babe's unconscious sleep.

Cradle him, ocean billows,
Cradle him, ocean foam,
Waft him, O favouring breezes,
And bring the fisherman home!

C. T.

A GIRLS' MOVEMENT.

By ELLICE HOPKINS.

I KNOW no more pathetically fair a sight than a large meeting of educated girls, such as I am accustomed to hold all over England. There they sit, rows and rows of them, with "eyes of early spring" and hair with that daffodil gleam which no storms of life have dashed, no snows of winter and rough weather have dimmed, looking more like incarnations of Balder, the god of the spring, than anything made out of our poor earthly clay.

Coming up as I do, like Dante, "tutto smorto," from that dread under-world of woe that underlies the shining surfaces of life, I gaze on those fair young things and think with what love and beauty and gladness we are able to surround them. Every morning brings to them her gold and frankincense, but lays her chill dews on other heads than theirs. Would they work? A score of interesting studies open before them. Would they play? Lawn tennis is there to exercise their young limbs, and enable them to work off their bright animal spirits. No breath of the world's pollution is allowed to cross their spirits; our garden lilies smell but of the rain and the dew. The monotony of life, the grey grind of toil, never presses on them, for a hundred pleasant breaks come between them and the leaden-footed hours—music and dancing, bright holiday and gay festivity, pleasant seaside trip and mountain excursion. Doubtless they have their girlish troubles, all the more, perhaps, with many because their life is so full of purposeless brightness and empty sunshine. But, anyhow, with all of us it is an accepted thing that brightness and purity should surround our girls, and pleasures should fetch their "day about from sun to sun, and rock the year as in a delightsome dream."

But side by side with this fair English girlhood, is another girlhood, one touch of nature making it kin, fashioned wondrously alike under the cheap print and coarse jacket, and just as dear to the heart of God. Let us have a good look at this other girlhood. A huge barrack building flares out on the winter dusk, with its tiers of uncurtained gas-lit windows. Alas, it is not a high-class factory; but then there are many such. A door opens and out a host of girls come pouring. Among them are elder women; but the mass are young. Their dress is—well, what M. Taine would stigmatise as English; the indigent ostrich feather, much depressed by our alien climate, its charms further enhanced by a dirty artificial rose or two; their

"Waft him, O favouring breezes,
And bring the fisherman home."

Page 176.

jacket, as a French friend of mine puts it, often "in a disgusting state of bustification" under the arms, with a pin or two doing duty for hooks, the colours of the whole generally not on speaking terms with one another. They are laughing and talking very loudly;—these girls have not got that excellent thing in woman, a low soft voice. Some young men come by and rudely jostle them, half in rough fun. One of them turns round and gives the nearest offender a slap on the back, which does credit to the strength of her fair arm, and this leads to a good deal of pulling about and rough horse-play. The others laugh, all the more loudly when a coarse expression is used. Home one after the other they stream. But what is their home? Some of them live with their parents; but to some of them home means a fireless bedroom, or rather, generally, the corner of one, and a meal which has to be taken anyhow in a house where they are not particularly wanted. These girls' over-strained bodies need food—well cooked; but the mother of the house was a factory girl herself; she never learned to cook, and she is too old and tired to learn now. They need quiet and rest after the long day of jarring noise; but all their life is full of noise. With half-a-dozen people in one small room there is not much chance of quiet. They want recreation after the hard hours of toil; they are full of pent-up spirits. When our girls have done their morning's lesson-work, we hear a babble and a laughter on the stairs, a rush as of many wings in the passage, the garden door bursts opens, and we see them tearing round the garden, "drinking the wind of their own speed." What are they doing? Letting off their spirits, you say with a fond smile. But where are these girls to let off their spirits with which nature has as plentifully endowed them? In the streets. Where can these girls find recreation, which you do not expect your girls to do without? In the streets. They have two hours free; where are they to spend them? In the low Music Hall, when they can afford it, the dancing-saloon, the public;—these are their recreations. Is it any wonder that with the same thoughts in their hearts as other girls, that they can only be young once, with the same girlish longing to have a good time of it while youth lasts, and with only the streets for their drawing-room and recreation-ground—that, or the alternative of a Bible-class or sewing-meeting held by elderly ladies—is it a wonder that so many of our factory or shop-girls take up with a Bohemian life, that either sinks them to unknown depths or leaves them to hand on damaged traditions to their young girls after them, gradually giving rise to a lowered womanhood, which in its turn drags down the manhood of the country?

Now is it not obvious at the first glance that these two girlhoods were meant by God to be the complement of one another, and that we have divorced what He has joined together? Were not our girls meant to gain a sense of the realities of life, the grit of character—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,

that forms

> A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort and command"—

to gain this through bearing the heavier burdens of their working-class sister, and were they not appointed to be the purifying, brightening influence in her days of toil, to bring beauty and culture into the lives of the girls of the people, and by their unconscious affection, without a word being said, make them ashamed of everything low and impure in their lives? Why has all this culture and brightness and purifying influence been given to us upper-class women? Why are we able to lavish it on our girls, except that we and they may be the better able to help, than if we were all ugly and dirty and vulgar in back streets together? As there is a Father, a Heart above us, who loves His children all alike, is it possible that it can have been given us for any other purpose? Is not life purposely made on this terribly unequal plan in order to make it impossible to accept it for us or for our children on a self-basis, except at the cost of inner baseness? And if we do so accept it for them, letting them spend their trust-money on themselves, do we not unconsciously develop in them a likeness, as I venture to tell my young girls, to Sarey Gamp, who pillowed up her own back with the pillow snatched from under the dying head; do we not unconsciously place them in the position of a man who, in a starving, besieged city, should scrape all the food he could find together for himself, and while the hungry faces glared in at him through the windows, should sit gobbling it up alone? Do we not unconsciously make them like a ship which, with colours flying and band playing, should pass by a group of sea-drenched sailors clinging to a wreck, and refuse to let down the life-boat and take them off?

If we do not feel this, thank God our young girls do. They are beginning to feel earnestly after a more organic Christianity

as the only condition on which they can believe in Christianity at all in the face of the tremendous inequalities of life. They are beginning to grasp what is the central truth of Christianity, not what we have made it, personal salvation, saving our own souls, making ourselves comfortable in this world and safe in the next, but what is the central truth of Christianity, whatever we make it out to be, a life poured out for the good of the world, and personal salvation in order to have a life to pour out.

The "Girls' Movement," as I may call it, began among a number of highly-cultivated girls in Nottingham of their own unaided initiative—young girls who felt that they could not go on accepting all that life gave them without holding it as a trust for the hundreds of rough girls with whom they found themselves surrounded in that great centre of female industry, many coming from the whole country round. There they were by scores and scores, many a young girl far away from her own home, and living in lodgings, with none to guard her, guide her, help her, the hands held out to her too often held out to drag her down, and then "alone when she falleth."

So these young educated girls, guarded, guided, helped by all that is best and purest and highest in life, did what our rough sailors do when a poor shipwrecked creature is being dragged, and tossed, and torn in the surf close on shore, yet perishing for the want of a strong grasp—they clasped one another's hands and made a living chain, and each one holding on hard to the other, stretched out a helping hand to those in peril. They formed themselves into a band, so that they might not break too much into their home evenings, and opened an evening room, as they called it, denying themselves this expensive knick-knack and that in their dress to afford the money to make it bright, and sparing some of the pretty things out of their own room to bring a little culture and beauty into these toiling lives that had so little of either.

Their next step was to get leave from one or two of the employers to speak to the girls at their meal-time in factories where they felt they especially needed a helping hand. This was most courteously accorded, and they were able personally to tell the girls that they wanted to be their friends, and, as they were all girls together, to see whether they could not help one another. Working class girls, especially factory girls, with their fearful and wonderful independence, are extraordinarily sharp to see whether it is the young lady come to patronise and preach to them, or the human friend come to love and help them, and they saw that here was "love without dissimulation," and gladly accepted the invitation to the opening tea, which was accordingly crowded. Here a club was formed, a small weekly payment agreed on, some very simple rules submitted and passed by show of hands. The educated girls arranged to take it two and two an evening. Classes were opened and plenty of bright recreation provided, the piano proving the greatest attraction, as it always does in the musical north. The evening finished with a hymn and a simple prayer. At first anything like order was very hard to keep, but gradually intercourse with refined and educated girls proved the softening and civilising influence that was so needed, but never known till now, and a higher tone soon made itself felt. The highest aim was always kept steadily in view, while they did not forget Simeon's advice to the pious lady who asked him, "Ought we not always to be talking about religion, dear Mr. Simeon?" "No, no, my dear madam," the holy man answered somewhat precipitately, "seasoned with salt, seasoned with salt, not a whole mouthful!" Individual dealing was secured by one of the workers giving up an evening to an "at home" once a week for any who might wish to ask counsel or help in any difficulty. And little by little they could joyfully point to one girl after another who had become, what a dear old charwoman of mine used to call expressively, "a come-out Christian."

Before long the numbers joining made it necessary to open another, and another room, to one of which respectable lodgings were attached, a far more ambitious undertaking, but one which yet waits the genius for managing who will solve the difficulty how to make it self-supporting after the first outlay.

And all this was managed exclusively by girls with but little experience of life. Two precautions they take, indeed, against that inexperience. Their secretary is rather older than the rest, and as their president they chose, not an older woman, but a "Father," a kind, elderly man, who meets them once a quarter, trains them in good business habits, teaches them how to keep minutes, audits their accounts, and serves as a guarantee of good management to the outside public. And a very pretty sight it was to see him seated at the head of the table, with his large family of blooming daughters ranged all down the room, and plying him with questions some of

which dived to such feminine depths that once I had to come to his rescue.

Now why should not these clubs or evening rooms for our tired factory girls, as well as our shop girls where shops close sufficiently early, be multiplied in all our towns? Thank God the movement thus initiated by the educated girls of Nottingham has spread to a large number of towns, chiefly in the north; but why should not we teach our girls to hold their culture and bright purity as a trust for those who are bearing all the hard work of life for them, that they in their turn may minister to them its beauty and refinement?

I am told that young ladies think now only of their amusement. I can only give my experience, which is this: that I have at times appealed to women of my own age in vain, though not often. I have never appealed to educated girls to come forward and help girls like themselves in all but the fact that they are poor and uneducated and reft of bright things in their lives, but they have responded to my appeal and come forward generally in troops. May it not be that the work we cut out for them is not altogether adapted to call out their generous young sympathies? Surely we have not travelled so far from our own youth not to know the charm to young things of something that is all their own, and that they can work in a bright company of girls like themselves with all that delicious *chuchoterie* and bubbling laughter and irrepressible fun and earnestness combined which characterizes them.

The band of young workers ready and eager to begin, the next question is where the club can be held. Of course if the funds are forthcoming to rent a small place of their own, it is much best. Sometimes a disused workshop can be found which will answer the purpose capitally. The walls blue-washed, and a cornice of red paper with good striking mottoes in white letters gives a very warm bright look to the room, and is cheaply done; but in cases where a room cannot be rented on purpose, an effort must be made to get hold of a school-room or a mission-hall. Nothing is sadder than the number of our unutilised public buildings, and before long we may perhaps see the suicidal folly of forcing our young folk to find their recreation in the streets or in low music-halls. The application should of course be backed by one or two people of influence who will guarantee the *bonâ-fide* nature of the undertaking.

The difficulty about the room met and conquered, the girls are easily got at in the way adopted by the Nottingham workers, and a personal invitation given to the opening tea with spruce little tickets for those who wish to come.

To get the girls is easy enough. But the success of the club lies in keeping them. For a successful club three difficult corners have to be turned.

First, you must make up your mind to democracy pure and simple. If, like certain young ladies I know, whose club, once flourishing, is now only attended by children, you mean to stand on your dignity, you had better remember that that tripod is in these days decidedly rickety about the legs and will certainly let you down into the dust of failure. The sooner we read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest a little eastern apothegm of Howard Hinton's the better:

"Two balls were together in a box, a gold and a gilt ball. The gilt ball was carefully done up in tissue paper and securely wedged into one corner; but the gold ball was loose and went rolling about with every movement of the box.

"'Oh, please do take care of yourself,' said the gilt ball, peeping out apprehensively from the folds of the tissue paper.

"'Why, where's the harm?' answered the gold ball as it took a fresh lurch to an opposite corner.

"'Oh, how can you?' cried the other, 'you'll rub it all off.'

"'Rub what off?' asked the gold ball."

Let us be the gold and not the gilt ball, the real educated and cultured lady, and we can form the tenderest friendship with a working-class girl and she will always give us our due. We needn't give a thought to keeping up our position. The gold won't rub off, only the gingerbread gilt.

The words of the stern old monk, Thomas à Kempis, are golden words here, and contain the whole secret of success, "he doeth much who loveth much." We must draw water out of the well of the heart of God; we must love even as we have been loved, loving the more that these girls are rough and rude and so need our love, and have such rich hearts with which to pay it back. I do not mean by love that wretched counterfeit of "petting" which I have seen at one girls' institute, where they were allowed to insult those who had come to try and help them, and make the rudest remarks on their personal appearance. Those girls were petted, not loved. There was no real friendship there. We have to remember that our

womanhood has to be to them a fountain of fine manners, as well as of pure thoughts, and right action, patiently "looking up and lifting up" till their womanhood, too, grows a benediction.

The second difficult corner is as yet very imperfectly turned at all. It simply amazes me the way that we ignore that our girls have any legs. Let a girl once be a working girl and every spiritually minded woman seems to contemplate her as a sort of barnacle which, when full grown, sticks its foolish head against a rock or a timber, till it grows there, and uses its legs, or what remains of them, to kick its food into its mouth. We forget that even the young barnacle in its "Nauplius" stage is a most active creature chiefly made up of legs, and cuts about its crystal pavement in and out of the lovely sea grottoes with amazing rapidity. Young Men's Christian Associations recognise this fundamental fact of the manly frame; many of them have splendid gymnasiums attached to their premises. But for our poor girl-Nauplius, tingling as she is with animal spirits and full of what I call the "black kitten," we have nothing more exhilarating to offer than a sewing-class, or "quiet games." Should we expect our girls after a hard day of lessons to unbend over a sewing-class, or find their sole relaxation in reading the holy Scriptures and singing Moody and Sankey's hymns, though their lives are far less monotonous even in their work than a working-class girl's? No wonder that a beautiful educated girl who was much moved by my address, afterwards confided to a friend of hers, "I was within an ace of giving in my name and joining them; but then you see it would only have thrown me in with the dismal folk and I knew I could not stand it!"

Now how is the fundamental fact that our girls are still in the Nauplius stage, and have got legs with a strong desire to use them, to be met? At a charming club at Edinburgh, frequented chiefly by printers' girls, they had quiet games and books at one end, a piano in the middle of the long low room—a disused workshop—and they had fitted up two swings at the farther end suspended from a massive beam. Those swings were an infinite attraction. Sometimes this might be managed with the ordinary gallows-like frame used for a swing where it cannot be safely suspended from wall or roof. A Giant Stride would be excellent, but I fear it is a very expensive thing to purchase. A skipping-rope would always be possible. But if we decide against ordinary dancing—and I allow that it is a most difficult question—then I am quite sure we shall not be able to solve the problem satisfactorily without adopting some form of marching and singing to music.

At Müller's Orphanage, Bristol, they have all sorts of pretty marches, the girls singing and performing lovely arabesque figures which wind and unwind to music. These could certainly be procured. Could not also some of our musical friends help us from operatic music and give us some good marches, the performance of which would not be too difficult? Lastly, "Sir Roger de Coverley," or the old country dance, would surely be allowed.

I should also suggest the Cotillon, with its quaint ways of choosing partners, sometimes half going out of the room and sticking their hands in at the crack of the door, each within seizing a hand; sometimes a girl sitting in the midst with a looking-glass and her partners passed behind her for acceptance or rejection; sometimes fished for by a biscuit at the end of a string, the skilful snapper who seizes the bobbing bait winning the angler, and so on. If round dances are objected to, the girls might simply "chasser" round the room in couples.

It is not only a question of making our clubs popular; but as long as we are the "dismal folk" I feel we lose the high-spirited ones and let the girls of the finest stuff escape, the very girls who would be ring-leaders for Christ, if we did not associate His bright eucharistic religion with all that is dismal.

The third difficult corner which is not only imperfectly turned, but round which we are only just beginning to venture to peer with the utmost apprehension, may be tersely summed up as what in Cambridgeshire we call "the min." God has formed our human life on the pattern of the family, for the man with his greater strength to be the head of the woman, protecting her from all that wounds or lowers or wrongs her, and makes her unfit to be the mother of our redeemed race, and for the woman to be the heart of the man, to inspire him with all pure and noble purpose, and both to help one another Godward. But man thinks this a very dangerous idea on the part of his Maker, and proceeds to correct it by the safer plan of separating what God has joined together. The extent to which our Christian work is founded on the old monastic idea of the separation of the sexes is quite curious. "What are you going to tell the girls to-night?"

said an orthodox lady to me before one of my great mass meetings of girls. "What can you tell them except just to take care of themselves and keep the men at arm's length?" Admirable. Only unfortunately it cuts right across the very purpose for which God made us, which is to be the help-meet of the man, and use our soft woman's arm not "to keep him at arm's length," poor creature, but to link it in his and lead him upward. And I plead that as long as in our G.F.S., in our Y.W.C.A., in our clubs, we tacitly teach our girls that men are rough, coarse, unclean creatures, whom they may meet in the "public," in the dancing-saloon, in the music-hall, and in the streets, but into their Christian club they shall not come, we are leaving the citadel untaken, and we are working on the lines of monasticism, and not of the family, on man's lines, not on God's. Meet men girls will; working-class girls can no more do without the society of men than we expect our girls to do without. Had we not better make up our minds, therefore, to sanctify and raise their intercourse with the other sex?

What I would suggest would be frequent open evenings where the educated girls would bring their brothers, fathers, or lovers, and the girls bring their brothers or sweethearts, and let there be a display of native talent with singing and recitations. Our factory girls would quickly catch the manners of a lady with men, and would see that we do not indulge in sounding slaps on the back, and various other amenities not exactly conducive to "sweetness and light;" and the mere recognition of their ties with men would itself do much to raise and purify and enable a working girl to speak of her lover with womanly dignity, and without that insane giggle which the mention of him evokes at present, as if he were a bad joke.

As to the best way of helping them to take higher and purer views of these relations, whether in dealing with our own girls or with working-class girls—for both alike need it in different ways—I am convinced that the key of a woman's nature will always be found in that element of divine motherhood which there is in every woman worthy the name, not in telling her to take care of herself, but to take care of others. I would get well into them the old saw that "a man is what a woman makes him," and if there were less low womanhood in the world, there were fewer low men. I would try and make them realise the responsibilities of their womanhood, all its "divine possibilities;" that they have got to "mother," to guard, all that is best and highest and purest in the men they are thrown with, whether their own brothers or the men they work with; I would say to every girl who is tempted to do what is wrong, "Don't do it, for his sake; don't do it because you are a woman; don't do it, just because that man cares for you, and just for that reason God has trusted you with all that is best and highest in him. Don't you be the means of bringing an awful sin on his soul." I would make every girl realise that a noble man is almost without exception the shaping and moulding of a noble woman's hands, a noble mother or a noble wife or a noble sister.

I do not say but that I should often use the lower motive as well: that the girls whom men respect, and who get the steady men, the men worth having, for their husbands, are the girls who respect themselves; but the chief stress I should lay on the higher teaching. "There are two rocks, in a man's life," says Frederick Robertson, "on which he must either anchor or split, God and woman." And I would plead with them to make their womanhood not a rock of offence, but a rock of salvation, bearing a steadfast light for all in peril on the sea.

The roughest girls respond to this teaching. Addressing a number of very rough low-class factory girls, who had come anyhow in their working clothes to hear me, without caring to tidy themselves, one of them went home and startled her mother by saying at half-past nine o'clock at night, "O mother, I have heard an address from a lady that has made me feel I must clean myself and put on my Sunday best."

I never had a greater compliment.

And beneath all this appeal to their higher nature must ever be, both with our own girls and these more unsheltered ones whom they have to help, the teaching of the sanctity of the body as the temple of the Holy Ghost, that from the crown of their heads to the sole of their feet, those bodies belong to Christ, and must be kept pure and clean and lovely for Him.

I have dealt in this paper only with the strictly practicable. I have not indulged in counsels strictly of perfection. But few of us are in the least aware of the wild life of dissipation into which many—I fear an increasing number—of our shop girls are being driven: not from any inherent viciousness but simply from their having no place of social resort but the streets, unless they have an inherent taste for sewing classes or Bible classes.

I am, of course, aware that the great difficulty lies, not with young girls, but with parents, and their reluctance to let them undertake any of the work I have sketched out. You fear their contracting defilement from the knowledge of the world's evil; you fear their catching something infectious; you are reluctant to spare them in the evening when they are wanted at the late dinner or the little music after it. Nay, one father I knew, who always went fast asleep on the Sunday afternoon, would not let his daughter teach in the Sunday-school because he liked to feel that she was in the house the last thing before he dosed off.

Be it so. But I can only respectfully remind parents that there is but one condition of discipleship, if they want their girls to be Christians. "As the Father sent me into the world, even so I send them into the world." As the Christ was sent into the world to suffer and to save, so the humblest follower of the Christ must be sent into the world to bear its pain and wrestle with its evil; to suffer and to save. Every parent's heart is called upon to repeat in some faint degree the sacrifice in which the Church was foreshadowed, on which the Church was founded. "Because thou hast not withheld from Me thy child, therefore with blessings I will bless thee and her."

In every father's and mother's heart there must be some faint showing forth of the great eucharistic sacrifice, showing forth the Lord's death till He come, in giving up their children to Him who freely gave up His only begotten Son for us.

If you will fairly face the issues, what it is to shut the door of discipleship on your own child, I do not think that you will hesitate. "Behold, I and the children Thou hast given me."

A NAVVY MISSIONARY OF THE SOUDAN.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

NOW and again there comes before us in this nineteenth century, busy, rich, ambitious, rapid as its course is, a manifestation of the existence of an under-current of life—eternal life—little recked of by those who only scan its surface. The force of this under-current, though little suspected, is very great, and is the factor which keeps our England from moral death. In old-fashioned but noble words, we call it the grace of God. The grace of God in each single soul, which goes to make up the combined whole, is sufficiently large still to be the salvation of the nation. What this "grace" does for the whole Church is done by its force ennobling each individual character in it. It exalts a man's aims, purifies his being, and renders an ordinary person heroic in devotion to duty.

Seldom has this truth been more distinctly shown than in the case of William Moorley, the navvy missionary at Suakim. He was born in the year 1846, at the village of Risley, near Derby. His father was a labouring man, and William was the second of seven children. Both his parents were upright, God-fearing persons, respected for their honest lives and the admirable way in which they brought up their children.

Wages in those days were very small, and it was a hard matter for one pair of hands to fill so many mouths. As soon as the children could earn even a few pence weekly by being sent into the fields to frighten birds or pick up stones or weeds they had to go; and perhaps it was, after all, as good an education for them as much book-learning, little enough of which they got.

William was a mere mite of a child when he began to labour, out in all weathers, and early inured to exposure of all kinds. As his brother testified, "he did a deal of work for a many years for very little money;" and in answer to the question, "How old was William when he began to work?" his mother said, "Indeed, she hardly knew when he began;" but he was always a contented child, with a sweet disposition and a cheerfulness which grew with his growth, and in later years, as then, endeared him to all who knew him. After a time, his eldest brother had quite a rise in life; he got the place of boy to look after a pony and help in the garden at a respectable house in the neighbourhood. At the end of two years, when he left, William succeeded him. There he remained three years, and then his next brother succeeded him. From one place to another he went as time passed, and it shows what a good opinion his employers entertained of him, for in three places his brothers followed him.

In the year 1881 the call for which he had been waiting came, and he was appointed one of the missionaries of the Navvy Mission Society, and on 24th June in that year began his work, under the venerable and saintly Canon Jarrett, at North Cave, on the Hull and Barnsley line, who was so anxious about the large number of men working in his parish that he provided the whole of the missionary's salary.

At last Moorley was at work all day and every day for the Master whom he loved. There was no need to ask if he was a happy man; his smiling face spoke louder than words. His pleasant words and deep sympathy soon won his way with the men. He found his work very varied. First, there was a long stretch of line to walk along, giving the men tracts (which are always welcome) and a kindly word, and, arriving at the dinner hour, at first one gang and then another, giving short addresses, inviting the men to the services, night-schools, &c. Once a week he walked to the extreme end of his section, and met the missionary of the next section, when both held a large noontide meeting in a coffee-room erected by Mrs. Barkworth; often a hundred navvies would be there. At the cuttings he would get an audience of from twenty to fifty. "I was very pleased," he said on one of these early days, "to see some of the men from a distance bring their dinners near to where I stood that they might hear." Another part of his duty was to visit the women and children, and the sick men in their homes—tents, huts, or cottages, as the case might be—to kindle the fire as winter came on, and light the lamps in the mission-room.

Sometimes a man would be killed on the works, and Moorley feared with a sickening dread that he was not fit to die; or a man whom he had rejoiced over as one entering the Father's kingdom would turn back again to sin. Now and again he would be pained by the arguments of infidels; some were exceedingly stupid. One of these would not believe in the existence of any place he himself had not been to. Others were followers of Bradlaugh. Moorley's refuge was to confront them with the Bible, and the divine Word often carried conviction, or, at least, secured silence. With men whose temptation was drink he had keen sympathy. When he saw lads gambling he would go up and say cheerfully, "Come, mates, let us have a sing. It's a pity to see such fine young characters as you wasting your time. If it would do you any *good*, I'm sure I'd be glad to take a hand with you, but it *won't*." And then he would "strike up," and they would all join in. Navvies love music, and Moorley did too.

Sickness or accidents, too, had spoken in louder tones than the calm preaching of the word. One man, John Dorrell, was so spoken to by God Himself. Moorley visited him, and had the joy of seeing him come to Jesus. Little did the missionary think what a close companionship the future would bring. Little did he guess that one day, out in a burning, eastern desert, Dorrell would be his best friend, or that in the hold of a pestilential transport ship that navvy would face death itself to minister to him, and that the last friendly voice he should hear on earth would be the parting farewell of that brave, true friend. But so it was.

Another man, Tyneside Jem, he lost sight of. Months passed, and then one night, when in the mission-room, "to my joyful surprise, Tyneside Jem came in a *new man!* a child of God." Then there were "Somerset, Nottingham, Cambridge, and Fred—true *models* of men, all so different, but at the same time all so *very* real." Then he speaks of others as "seeking Jesus."

So three years passed, and the line neared completion. Moorley's services were no longer needed at North Cave, and being well fitted by his sweet temper and reliableness for the post, he was appointed by the Navvy Mission Society as its Itinerating missionary. His work was to visit places where navvies had arrived but where arrangement had not yet been made for a permanent mission, to start the whole machinery, see his successor settled, and then move on to somewhere else. In the month of February, 1885, Government had engaged Messrs. Lucas and Aird to make the Suakim and Berber railway. It was known amongst the men employed by this great firm in the construction of the Hull and Barnsley line and the Tilbury Dock that many hundreds of picked men would be needed. The wildest excitement prevailed. All the material was being gathered on the works and shipped in hot haste—in some cases the wheelbarrows were taken out of the men's hands as they were being used. A new model carriage, intended for the opening of the new line, had "Suakim and Berber" painted on it in place of "Hull and Barnsley," and was packed off before their eyes. Time was everything, and whatever delay Government had shown in their Eastern operations, the great contrac-

A Soudan Native Warrior.

tors showed that their firm could rise equal to the occasion. Ships by the dozen left the ports with "plant;" men volunteered in crowds; one engine-driver offered to go for less than he was getting at home, and yet he had two children and a wife. Five hundred picked men were shipped within the month; but when the moment of parting came, and they had time to think of the dangers before them and the loved ones left behind, strong men shed tears as they bade their friends farewell. As soon as the advertisements for men were published and the men began to volunteer they came to ask that one of "our own" missionaries might go out with them, and the Committee at once took steps to meet the desire. William Moorley was offered the appointment in a letter, which represented to him all the difficulties and dangers to be encountered, and left him perfectly free to go or stay.

In the meantime every few days large bodies of men were being shipped, and our missionaries at Tilbury found their hands full. Just as the train started one man handed Mr. Nicholls £6 and a bank book to take care of, another £10 to Mr. Burton. They had to draw up many wills, nearly always providing that the mother was to draw part of their pay while they were away, or, in the event of their death, to receive the money due to them. They were on one occasion kept waiting some hours at the station, and one man proposed that some of them should form a deputation, and go to the office and ask for a gift of drink-money; but Mr. Burton spoke to them, and not one man would join the proposer, so they left sober. A navvy at Hull sent as a present to his mates a large illustrated Testament. It and a large bag of books came after the men had gone; but Mr. Burton hurried down to Greenhithe, off which the ship was lying adjusting the compasses, and took them. He

A Chief's Wife, with sphinx headdress.

was royally received; the men all came crowding round. The Testament was given in charge to "Sweeney," and he proceeded to wrap it in many covers, and put it under his bed.

"Come, old boy," said Mr. Burton; "lend it."

"Well," he replied, "I thought they'd spoil it, and I'm saving it for Egypt."

"Ah," said another man, "when I get *there* I mean to lead a new life too."

In a remote corner the missionary found two men bending over a book; one could read, the other could not.

"What have you got there?"

"One of the big Bibles, sir; I'm reading him the Parable of the Prodigal Son."

"*I'm* a wanderer," said the other man, "and now I want to wander back again."

On the voyage out, in two of the ships navvies turned missionaries, held meetings daily for the reading of the word and prayer. In one case that we know two men became changed before they landed. In another ship, which arrived on Good Friday, were some Christian men from Hull. They wrote home: "So we went to church three times, for it may be a long time before we have another chance." "Do let us have a mission man, for there is a deal of danger."

In the meantime the Committee had in vain applied for a free passage for a missionary. A lady at Brighton and some other friends came forward with the money, and a passage was engaged by the Peninsular and Oriental line.

On April the 1st, W. Moorley sailed. He reached Suakim, April 21st, in excellent health, where he found over two hundred and fifty navvies, with two army Scripture readers, a clergyman, and a devoted Christian colonel looking after them along with the soldiers there. He learnt that the lines were laid twelve miles out, as far as Handoub Wells, and that there were already sixty bell-tents occupied by five men each. He

had been left perfectly free to act as he thought best, so unhesitatingly he chose the path of self-denial and danger, and went to the front that afternoon, where on every side stretched the hot desert, its bare expanse broken only by a few shrubs, which were soon torn up for firing. No tree or sign of verdure was to be seen, though, as the line advanced, we find expressions in his journals which recorded the "beauty" of the scene, beyond the desert expanse—sometimes marred by the signs of carnage, vultures and clouds of carrion birds; now narrowing in, now at some distance from each other towered a chain of hills. On the foot hills the guarding corps of the army was camped; then came the camp of the friendly tribes, numbering five hundred Arabs, accompanied by their wives and children, the cattle and camels. In the centre were the white tents of the navvy encampment and the new line with the Gatling guns on the break-vans. Water had by this time been brought to the camp, and was supplied into tanks; before this was the case the soldiers' allowance was only two quarts a day for every purpose. Moorley gives an affecting account of the Australian column marching past, coming in sight of the tanks, and being so mad with thirst that they broke ranks and, with a rush, dashed to them, scooping the water up in anything they could lay hold of. Here he lived amongst the men, never leaving, save to journey down to Suakim once a week to visit the sick in the hospital. He gained permission to hold services in the mess-house, a large, cool place made of some upright posts and covered in with mats.

The mess-house would hold over three hundred; so he at once began a series of meetings. Four nights in the week, and three times on Sundays, he proclaimed the good news of Christ. He led the singing on his concertina (having taken a good supply of Moody's hymns, with which the men were familiar, and in the choruses of which they could join, even if unable to read), then preached earnestly and heartily free salvation and all-sustaining grace. He *never* had a poor meeting, and often the place was crowded. The soldiers, between whom and the navvies there was always a good feeling, also came to the services, and for prayer and conversation afterwards to his tent; even the colonel in command, on one occasion, stopped Mr. Moorley to express his pleasure at "such good hearty meetings." Besides his services, he regularly distributed tracts in all the tents, ministered to the sick in camp, visited up the line in the early morning, and when it became so hot that the men *could not touch the metals*, and were in their tents from ten o'clock till two, *he* did not rest, but spent his time in tent visitation or writing letters for them and helping them; in every way trying to win them to Christ. "It makes me very happy to find the men come to me to do things for them; often as fast as one goes another comes." "The day before the mail I spent a deal of time in writing letters for them—thirty-one yesterday." Another great pleasure he had was that God sent him some Christian friends. John Dorrell (Jolly), the navvy whom he had led to God at North Cave, proved a most valuable friend—made Moorley a little table, &c. A Hindoo, who was a Christian, acted as his interpreter when he preached to the coolies.

Every week the camp moved, and there was a general commotion. First marched the soldiers; then came a convoy of camels with the tents, &c., &c.; then the navvies; then the friendly tribes, who worked themselves up into such a state of excitement that they often closed the day with a "war dance." Sometimes the camp was thrown into a commotion of welcome by the arrival of more men from England. The heat became awful; it rose to 120° out of doors and 83° in the tents. Mr. Moorley writes, "There is much noise—camels screaming, drums beating, bugles calling, *and* the filthy conversation of our men; but we have some happy prayer meetings in my hut after the service, five to-night." "A very good time in my tent, four navvies and two soldiers."

When he spoke to the Hindoos through his interpreter, some said "they dare not become Christians on account of their friends."

The soldiers knew and loved him too. One young soldier came to his tent at night to tell him "that on the Rock of Gibraltar he had found the Rock Christ Jesus."

By May 1st the camp was at Otato. The heat was increasing. If a cow was killed, in a very short time the flesh would turn black. A man taken ill on May 6th died that evening. Another died on May 10th.

The sickness at the Suakim end of the line was increasing, and no wonder, seeing a man wrote home—

"We are living on an island where the ex-Pasha's army was cut up in '82. They are all buried here, and our tents are on the top of them. When it rains and the sun shines on it, it does make a horrible smell;

"Signs of carnage, vultures and clouds of carrion birds."

and then the water has a horrible smell." (Surely *this* wicked carelessness might have been avoided.)

Yet Moorley could write—

"I am not anxious about a *single* day beforehand. '*As* thy day so thy strength shall be' is a promise I claim as my own, feeling assured that God will keep it to its utmost limit."

By May 13th sixteen men were ill in camp, besides those sent to the Suakim hospital. The heat was 133° in the sun and 103° in the tents.

When twenty-two miles of line were finished, there came orders that all was to be abandoned, though there were thirty unloaded vessels in the harbour, and the men were to return home.

On May 12th Moorley was ill with the fever. With a shaking hand he traced the loved words, "His grace I find *sufficient*, and His strength perfect in my weakness; thus I try and find Him *faithful*."

The next day he was better, and, weak as he still was, managed to go to the mess-house and hold service. On May 21st the camp was broken up. He was too weak to pack his tent, &c., but his friend Dorrell and two other men did it for him, and then he was placed on a truck for removal. There was a stoppage of two hours, and he crept under the waggon, and some one gave him a bit of biscuit and cheese.

He became better again at Suakim. The bustle of going home, the lawlessness and confusion of the place excited the men, and it was useless trying "to do much."

"Sunday 24th. Went from tent to tent till *very* tired" (this is the only time he complains). He spent the afternoon in visiting the sick. In the hospital were Harry Edmondstone and William Standhop. He stayed till William died. At night he held his last service in an empty mess-house, and felt disappointed that only twelve came. One of these went, as he said afterwards, "to make fun, but God smashed me;" and he sought his hitherto rejected Saviour with bitter tears. Another waited outside to beg the missionary for a Testament, which he promised always to read. So the Master rewarded His servant's last service.

On May the 26th, having made all arrangements for returning home, Moorley passed out of the noisy confusion of the town, and visited the burial-ground with its forty-one graves of our men—fine strong men only four weeks ago—a bitter visit to their missionary.

Mr. Moorley might have returned as he was sent, with every comfort, but he elected to come home as a navvy, in the transport *Tiverton*, with four hundred men on board. The ship sailed on the 28th, and on the previous day he wrote to me, saying he was quite well and looked forward to working for Christ on the home voyage.

But on that day he slipped down the companion and sprained his ankle. Dorrell, who was happily with him, bathed his ankle, but he was too ill to do anything on Sunday. And it shows how right Moorley was in electing to come back with his men to minister to them, for no kind of service was held with them, no word for God and their souls spoken to them, though man after man sickened, until there were twelve down with the horrible enteric fever, and lying in that pestilent hold ill until the 17th of June, when the *Tiverton* put into Plymouth Harbour.

On the 2nd of June William Moorley was taken ill. It was a fearful time. He lay in his cot, his Bible always by him, very patient, and, when conscious, cheerful. In his delirium he talked about his beloved work, and wearied that "there could be no service to-day and it Sunday." There was no fresh milk (why?), and no proper beef-tea, of course. All the sick loathed the tinned milk. They felt dreadfully, too, the rolling of the ship, which increased their sickness and pain. They quickly became emaciated to skeletons. Then it was that the love of Christ imparted to John Dorrell made a hero of him. At the risk of his own life, day and night, he nursed Mr. Moorley. No words can describe the horrors of that illness or what Dorrell did; for six nights he sat up, and another man took the alternate five. All day long he never left his friend's side, and did everything for him. He nursed him with the patience of a mother, and with rough but indescribable tenderness and devotion.

The ships neared the English shores; in the two were seventeen men ill from enteric fever; it was thought best to remove them to the Military Hospital at Devonport.

Dorrell dressed Mr. Moorley, and asked him if he should write to any of his friends; but Moorley said, "No; he hoped in a few days to be able to do so himself." But he never spoke again after leaving the ship. He was carried on a stretcher to the hospital. Alone, without one friend but his faithful Master by him, on the night of Wednesday, June 19th, he "laid down his life for his friends."

THE SUMMER TIME OF 1665.

By ROBERT WOBURN.

SPEAKING of the evils of our modern literature, Cardinal Newman once said that they largely arose from the facilities of publication. "Every season bears its own crop of books, and every fresh season ousts the foregoing." On this account cheapness in books is not of necessity a recommendation; but books which, whilst they are cheap, have also in them that quality which has survived through centuries, instructing and cultivating their readers through them all, should be looked upon as public benefits.

Such are the series known as the Universal Library, in which the writings, travels, and histories of many of the old English, Continental, and even Oriental authors are at present being published.

The plain cloth covers, the clear type, and the often quaint contents of these books, all help to turn our thoughts back towards the past. Amongst them, perhaps, none are of greater interest, more especially to the people of London, than Defoe's "Journal of the Plague."

At the time of the Plague, Daniel Defoe was four years old; his memoirs of that terrible visitation were written from facts and details collected during his lifetime, and published in their present form between 1719 and 1728. The journal has been slightingly spoken of as an "artistical but *imaginary* history." But the results of the careful distinction he made between the incidents he records and those he rejects; between, on the one hand, mere rumour and, on the other, statistical calendars and official reports, can hardly be termed "imaginary;" nor can the terrible simplicity with which Defoe tells us that, "Many consciences were awakened, many hard hearts melted into tears; and many a penitent confession was made of crimes long concealed," be imaginary.

The story of the Plague and of the Great Fire are scarcely familiar, but the kind of city which the flames destroyed is still less familiar.

Mediæval London was fast passing away in the reign of Charles II. A century before, the country had suddenly thrown aside the forms of the religion of her fathers; ancient sanctions of belief and conduct gave place to newer and as yet weaker ones. Out of contempt for its sacred places, the city had turned the old chapels and chantries into lumber shops for "fir poles," "ladders," and suchlike things; and at the Restoration, "vaults were hired by carpenters and wine-merchants for cellars, and warehouses were made out of the resting-places of the dead." It was commerce, not religion, that now carried all before it. The high walls and embattled towers of the city, with their sloping riverside lawns, were fast disappearing before warehouses and wharves; and merchants' barges already floated where only swans had sailed.

But the city both within and without the walls was still picturesque; its gates and towers, its crooked streets, and gabled houses, huddled together around the tall cathedral spire, were as yet little altered, save that St. Paul's was "the common resort of the gay and idle, politicians, newsmongers, and fashionable men;" and in the upper choir of that church, "where communion table doth stand, there is such irreverent people walking with their hattes on their heade commonly all service time."

With disrespect for the cathedral and chantries came plenty of "gaming-tables, dancing-rooms, and music-halls;" and instead of the celebration of the mass, there were "plays and interludes, after the manner of the French Court."

To the city so secular, frivolous, and gay, in the early part of September, 1664, came tidings of how a plague had broken out again in Holland; but the rumour soon died away, and Defoe tells us, the "people began to forget it, as a thing we were very little concerned in, and that we hoped was not true."

Towards the close of November, however, its forerunners were here; there died in Drury Lane two men, unmistakably of the plague, and the weekly bill of mortality for the parish of St. Giles opened the terrible lists of the coming Angel of Death.

Plague—2.

Parishes infected—1.

Little by little the distemper crept eastwards, and in the early part of May of the following year, "to the great affliction of the city, one died within the walls." Defoe quaintly tells us that at the shock of the coming trouble a new mood of life spread over the doomed city, "everybody was at peace; there was no occasion for lawyers."

Merchants and tradesmen suspended their business. Men had no longer need for bangles and broideries, for, indeed, anything save the bare necessities of life; and thus, though

the well-to-do had more than enough, many, thousands of "riband weavers, gold and silver lace makers, upholsterers," also "bricklayers, masons, carpenters, and the like were left destitute." For safety, multitudes betook themselves to the water. Seen from the hills at Greenwich, the river rapidly became a strange sight. Long lines of vessels, to which those who could fly had fled, were riding at anchor two and two in the middle of the stream, a forest of tapering masts and spars as far as the eye could reach towards the ocean.

When the terrible pestilence first breathed upon the people, there passed one night over the city a comet "of a faint, dull, languid colour, and its motion very solemn and slow." What may be thus described has been seen since, but in an age of "fortune-tellers, cunning men, and astrologers," this event gave birth to many strange stories and predictions, to dreams and interpretations of dreams, and to a great dread amongst the simple and ignorant, and even the educated people.

In this hour of terror the turn of these money-makers had come; grave men in velvet jackets, bands, and black cloaks frequented the streets; their houses were hung with signs and inscriptions. "Here lives a fortune-teller; here lives an astrologer; here you may have your nativity calculated," and so on. And from the doorways, here and there, one saw the sign of "Friar Bacon's Brazen Head," or that of "Mother Shipton," or the "Merlin's Head." To the proprietors of these newly-hung signs terrified people flocked in great numbers; poor maidservants of the richer folks, running and saying, "Oh, sir! for the Lord's sake, what will become of me? Will my mistress keep me, or will she turn me off? Will she stay here, or will she go into the country; and if she goes into the country will she take me with her, or leave me here to be starved or undone?" How terrible these simple questionings! the issue would mean to her life or death. The streets, with their shops and mansions side by side, which a few weeks before had been gay, with throngs of effeminate courtiers and dandies, old soldiers, wealthy citizens, and whistling apprentices, were now thronged with waggons, carts, and coaches, loaded with women and children, with tents and bedding; and numberless men upon horseback clattered over the stones, some with and some without servants, carrying baggage, all hurrying away from the doomed city.

Morning, noon, and night, the Lord Mayor's door was besieged with people, eager for passes and certificates of health; and morning, noon, and night, the city rapidly emptied itself.

The death messenger which had been daily coming eastwards, creeping up through the parishes of St. Giles', St. Andrew's, Holborn, and from Westminster, towards the City, by way of Clerkenwell, Cripplegate, Shoreditch, and Bishopsgate, finally crossed over the river to Southwark.

The gates were closed in vain, the walls had withstood armies, but death crept through them, over them, under them, stalked in the streets, stared through cottage and palace window alike, and before it pale people fled. Adding horror to all this confusion, there ran through the streets distracted creatures proclaiming the destruction of the City, and one was reported to have run almost naked, "with a voice and countenance full of horror," repeating continually, "Oh! the great and the dreadful God!"

We are told that at the coming of the terrible realities of the visitation, sectarian distinctions sickened and died away. Denominations were reconciled, "the people flocked without distinction to hear the preachers, not much inquiring who or what opinion they were of. But after the sickness was over that spirit of charity abated."

So commenced the Plague, while all who could afford to fly had fled before it, which after all was very few compared with those who remained. Quickly people died in such numbers that they could no more toll the bells or even bury the dead in coffins.

Like a fire, the distemper raged most fiercely in lines, one house conveyed it to the next, leaving ruin and desolation behind, and devouring street after street till the whole town was wrapt in the burning of its dreadful flame. About June, the Lord Mayor, Sir John Lawrence, and his aldermen prepared, and on the first of July published, compulsory "orders" for the ninety-two parishes within the City itself.

By these regulations all infected houses were to be shut up and guarded by specially appointed "watchmen," one by day and one by night. No one was suffered to leave these houses, and it was thereby hoped that the plague might be stayed, "if it should so please God." Examiners were appointed in every parish, to record as best they could the deaths of each district.

For overlooking the dead, "women-searchers," "such as are of honest reputation, and the best sort as can be got in this kind," were to be engaged, and for their better as-

sistance "chirugeons," at twelve pence a body.

There were orders concerning "houses and persons sick of the plague," "cleaning and keeping the streets sweet," and "concerning loose and idle assemblies." Under the last of these sections, no one might come into "any tavern, alehouse, or coffee-house to drink *after nine of the clock in the evening, according to the antient law and custom of this City!*"

The noble conduct of the Lord Mayor and his officers strangely contrasted with that of the King and his court, who all fled away at the beginning and left things to look after themselves. During September the plague reached its height; there died as many as a thousand a day, and the bills of mortality for the months of August and September registered 59,870, from *all* diseases. Including two days which the bills are short of the two months, there died of the plague alone the terrible sum of 50,000 people.

Yet was it impossible that these accounts should register the true tale of death; hundreds whose names were not known perished in the river, voluntarily quenching their burning agonies in its waters. What could read more pathetically than this? "It was known to us all, that abundance of poor dispairing creatures, who had the distemper upon them, and were grown stupid, or melancholy by their misery, as many were, wandered away into the fields and woods, and into secret uncouth places, almost anywhere to creep into a bush or hedge, and DIE."

The people grew very humble and helpless and broken-hearted, as their poor bodies showed signs, and were covered with sores and terrible swellings, generally about the neck or groin, which grew harder and harder, until unable to bear the fire and torment of their limbs, some would throw themselves out of the windows, or rush past the watchman out into the street, venting "their pain by despairing roarings, and such loud and lamentable cries were to be unceasingly heard as we walked along the streets, that would pierce the very heart to think of."

In the thoroughfares long rank grass waved between the paving stones, and in many places the doors and casements of the houses on either side of the road hung wide open; all its inmates were dead. Death reigned supreme. The terrible silence was broken only by the buzzing of flies, very busy in the sunny, silent rooms, with the bodies of the dead through the day; and at nightfall and just before sunrise, by the bellmen, followed by the rumble of the wheels of dead-carts, and the footfalls of the bearers on the streets.

Men, had it not been that starvation was their alternative, for there was no other work, would have hardly been found to do a work so loathsome. House by house, alley by alley, they gathered up with their strange instruments bodies which scarcely held together. From parish to parish, by ghastly torchlight, they collected till their carts overflowed with their burdens for the pits.

A sample, perhaps the most terrible one, of "the pits," was that in the churchyard of Aldgate, adjoining the parish of Whitechapel; forty feet long, fifteen feet broad, and some twenty feet deep. This gaping, ever-open grave received, from the 6th to the 20th of September, 1,114 bodies; some naked, some wrapt in a blanket; rich and poor alike, piled one upon the other, to within six feet of the surface.

Night by night around these trenches lanterns and candles were glimmering, and as each cartload rolled in, on the newly-added heap the buriers laid coverings of earth. According to the City records, the distemper destroyed 68,590 persons in all; but this figure, prodigious though it is, for the reasons assigned above is probably far below the actual number.

Defoe points out that of this 68,590, according to the official mortality bills themselves, 50,000 perished during August and September; taking into account those who died unknown and unheard of, and the poor little infants who perished almost ere they had lived, who were born only to be pitched with their mothers into the grave, it is more than probable that one hundred thousand souls were swept away during that brief but terrible visitation of 1665.

Then the plague abated. From the last week of September to the close of October it departed with as great a rapidity as it had appeared. When the mortality bills first fell, the people were as joyful as at the raising of a siege; they were less shy one of another, and faces were no longer utterly hopeless; day by day, as the winter advanced, the terror passed away; merchants and tradesmen once more returned to the wonted scenes and occupations. By the month of February, 1666, the City was considered quite free from infection, and the people once more thronged the streets so soon to be destroyed for ever by fire.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

By CLARA THWAITES,

Author of "Songs for Labour and Leisure."

THE sunset fires are fading o'er the heather,
The flames of gold and crimson burn away,
Upon the lea the purple shadows gather,
And silence soothes the pulses of the day.

Toll, curfew, toll! The day of toil is over,
Recall the banished who aweary roam;
Chime! bells of peace, and wanderer and rover
Will fondly turn their eyes to rest and home.

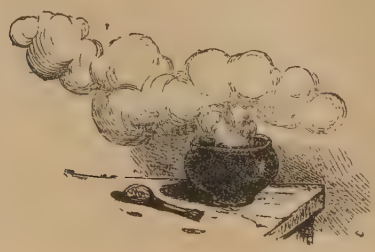
The morning gave us songs and joy and laughter,
The day was feverish with toil and care;
The night is cool, we think of rest hereafter,
And sing our twilight songs upon the air.

Toll, curfew, toll! And still our fitful fever,
Cover the fires of anguish and of pain;
Peace shall be ours for ever and for ever,
Sorrow shall never tell her tale again.

Not yet the stars of heaven in their splendour
Reveal infinity in glorious heights,
Not yet their radiance meets us, pure and tender,
Their rising we await, between the lights.

Ring, curfew, ring! But not with voice of sorrow,
Utter melodiously our soft farewell
To all that grieves us, for our fair to-morrow
Will fairer be than sweetest tone may tell.

"Between the lights" we watch, we wait, we ponder,
Till beck'ning gleams from far-off worlds arise;
In hush of spirit we await with wonder
The starry revelations of the skies.



"Between the Lights."

FROM THE CRESCENT TO THE FULL.

Illustrated by Recent Drawings.

By E. W. MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

"Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well."—Ps. lxxxix. 14.

PART II.

BUT as the week draws to a close—some three or four days, that is, after the full—the shadows begin to be again perceptible; but they fall now in the opposite direction to that which they had before. Gradually changes similar to those of sunrise are noticed, but in a reverse order. The inner slope of the left-hand side of the ring begins to get rugged, and its precipices and terraces come out into strong relief; then the outer slope of the opposite side follows suit, and the short, blunt, black shadows of its peaks grow long and sharp, and stretch themselves along the floor of the basin till they fill it. Slowly creeping towards the formation comes the "terminator," the line where daylight ends and darkness begins, and now once again we have a ring of gold, standing out from the moon, on the background of the darkness beyond. Fig. 5 represents a ring-plain called Firmicus, some thirty-eight miles in diameter, as it appears shortly before the sun sets upon it. Then the side of the ring which was first to catch the rays of the rising sun, begins to be broken up by the rapidly rising shadows, broken lines die away to points of light, and these, one by one, fade and disappear. But still, the other half of the ring remains, now seen in wonderfully strong relief, till the daylight fades from the plain at its feet, and it stands a line of light, quite clear of the general body of the illuminated moon. And now the darkness begins to climb its outer slope; breaks in the line mark the places of passes in the range; these widen and multiply, till at last only the star-like point of light that shows the crest of some towering peak remains, in its turn soon to be lost to sight, until a fortnight later brings the dawn of another lunar day.

But all these changes, however beautiful as spectacles, would never secure for the moon so devoted an attention as it receives from so many astronomers. It is not just to please his eye with pretty sights that the astronomer turns his telescope towards the midnight sky, and if he had not at least the hope of learning something of its past history, and of watching actual changes take place on its surface, he would soon cease to regard the moon as more than a natural chronometer. These motives, and particularly the latter, are far more powerful in securing the attentive study of the moon, than the first one we mentioned, of its beautiful appearance, and the interesting spectacles afforded by the progress of its day.

The biography of the moon, as afforded to us in the different features of its surface, is not a subject to be compressed into half a dozen lines and it might well form the subject of a separate paper. The feature, however, which at once strikes the observer is the infinite number of so-called "craters," which stud its surface from edge to edge, and which Galileo most aptly compared to the "eyes" of a peacock's tail. Many of these so closely resemble our own volcanoes in shape, that it is scarcely possible to resist the inference that they were formed in the same way; and as these cup-shaped hollows are found of every conceivable size, from the minutest point the telescope can show up to objects large enough to be seen with the naked eye from our globe, a quarter of a million miles away, many have come to the conclusion that volcanic action will explain everything we can see on the moon.

"If there were volcanoes once, may there

Fig. 5.

not be some now," is a natural question to ask, and astronomers keep a sharp look out in order to detect, if possible, any signs of

activity, and never was care, experience, and patience more needed than in such a search. Besides all the changes which, as we have seen, take place in the appearance of a district during the progress of a lunar day, the moon has its *seasons*, like the earth, which introduce another confusing element. Not that there spring means the opening flowers and budding trees, summer the waving corn, autumn the golden fruit, or winter the white

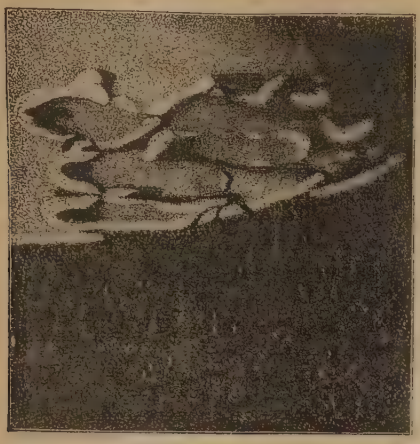


Fig. 6.

snow; but that the moon presents itself in a slightly different manner to the sun at these times, so that the lights and shadows fall somewhat differently. Then, again, although the moon always turns the same face towards us, yet it sways to and fro a little, as it were, so that we catch a glimpse, first a little way round this side, then a little way round that. This apparent rocking, libration as it is called, enables us to see more than half the surface of the moon, so that the area seen at one time or another is as much greater than that never seen as 10 is greater than 7. But this libration has another result. A ring-mountain which is near the centre of the moon at one time, will be seen a good way from it at another, and it is therefore seen presented fully to us at one time and somewhat foreshortened at another. Corresponding differences in the mode of presentment are of course displayed by every portion of the surface, and the changes in appearance thus produced are often very confusing to an inexperienced observer, and these, as well as the alterations produced by the varying angle of illumination, have to be carefully studied and duly allowed for.

The effect of foreshortening is well shown by two other drawings of M. Stuyvaert, Figs. 6 and 7, which represent districts near the edge of the moon's disc. Fig. 6 represents sunrise upon a cluster of circular plains, seen by us at such an angle that they look more like narrow valleys. It should be noticed that the dark part at the bottom of the diagram does not represent the unillumined part of the moon, but the sky beyond the edge of the moon's disc. One of the peaks in this diagram is 11,000 feet in height, others are 8,000 or 5,000, and yet despite their height, it is exceedingly difficult to find some of these formations when the moon is full, so great is the change in appearance brought about by the change in the angle at which the sun's light falls upon them. In Fig. 7 the dark part of the diagram represents the sky. This is a nearly circular plain 111 miles in diameter, its oval form being due solely to the foreshortening. This plain has a singular position. It would be possible on certain occasions, could we stand on its central hills, to see the sun rise slowly over the wall of the plain 55 miles away, on the one side, and the earth, then but little past the full, rise on the other, whilst all the plain around lay plunged in darkness, the only light being reflected from the distant mountain peaks which formed the rampart of the vast enclosure.

But there are instances of change which cannot well be ascribed to any one of these causes, and which those who have studied the moon the most carefully believe, almost without exception, to indicate real changes

Fig. 7.

in its surface, and it is the hope of detecting such changes that lends to the study of the moon its greatest charm.

One of the most famous cases of supposed change occurred in a crater called after the great Swedish botanist, Linnæus, or Linné.*

* The change in this formation is disputed by some, but I think on insufficient ground. The evidence brought forward against it would prove, if anything, that it was not the first time that the district had been upturned.

This object had been frequently observed in the years 1840 to 1843, and then it was a crater of a very considerable size, some six

Fig. 8.

or seven miles in diameter and 1,000 feet deep. On our earth this would indeed be a gigantic volcano, and though there are numberless craters on the moon larger by far, yet it was quite big enough for it to be a very conspicuous object in a fairly good telescope. But in 1866 it had gone, and a white spot marked the place where it had been.

This strange discovery caused a great deal of attention to be paid to the place, and two or three months later, a little hill was seen in the spot, with a tiny crater on its summit, only a twentieth as broad as the old great crater, and not nearly so deep.

What could have happened here? It may be that the hill was the result of a volcanic outburst, accompanied probably by an earthquake which shook down the walls of the old crater, just as part of the wall of the old crater of Vesuvius was destroyed by the eruption which buried Pompeii. Or, and this is more probable, the crater walls, which seem to have been very steep, may have fallen down of themselves, and the little crater may have been there before, but have escaped detection from its minuteness, until the reported disappearance of Linné called forth a more careful examination.

M. Stuyvaert, however, presents us with an instance which seems to show that volcanic action is not yet extinct on the moon. Fig. 4 showed a small ring-plain, some fifteen miles in diameter. Hitherto this has been represented as perfectly plain inside, but M. Stuyvaert sees now a small crater within it. By "small," of course *comparatively* small is meant, for such a crater would exceed in diameter that of any active volcano the earth could show. It is scarcely possible to imagine if the crater was there before that it should have escaped notice, for every square league of the visible hemisphere of the moon has been repeatedly mapped with the greatest care, and the singular position of the little crater within the large one would make it difficult if not impossible for any one who observed the larger to fail to recognise the smaller too. Fig. 8 also shows a small crater which M. Stuyvaert finds to be recorded on no map; it is the one just above the principal crater. So likewise in Fig. 1, there is a tiny rounded hill, and a long straight rift or ridge within the ring-plain, which would seem never to have been seen before. In these two last cases, it would seem possible to suppose that, carefully as both districts have been examined from time to time, the supposed new objects had been simply overlooked before.

Another instance of supposed change is shown in Fig. 9, which represents a very remarkable pair of craters called after the astronomer Messier. Two bright parallel streaks stretch from the right-hand crater. These streaks caused two of the most careful

Fig. 9.

and painstaking of lunar observers to examine this region more than 300 times between 1829 and 1837, and during the whole of this period the two craters appeared to them to resemble each other perfectly in every respect, size, shape, height, depth, colour, and position of the peaks on the crater walls. In

1842 another astronomer pointed out that they were not exactly alike, and now, the left-hand crater is smaller than the other and decidedly more oval.

The evidence for change in this instance is perhaps stronger than in any other which has yet been brought forward, but astronomers have not laid much stress upon it hitherto, chiefly because it seems impossible to devise any satisfactory theory to explain how a crater nine miles in diameter could so change its shape and size. The evidence, therefore, as to changes of this kind having taken place recently is very slight, but on the other hand it is impossible to say that they have not occurred.

DINAH MITE.

A Story for To-day.

By "BRENDA."

CHAPTER VII.—IN THE VICTORIA WARD.

HALF an hour later Bridget found herself lying in a vast, light, high place, as wide and as long, it seemed to her, as Tripe Court itself. There were windows as lofty, she imagined, as the side windows of St. Peter's Mission Church, running from end to end of the whitewashed walls on either side, and under the windows rows of narrow beds, as white, they looked to Bridget, as the driven snow, each bed with a head upon its pillow, and at the foot a little red shawl, folded square, giving a bright patch of colour to the long, regular lines of snowy counterpanes. There were miles, it seemed to Bridget, of bare boards, without a speck on them, and down the centre of this wholesome floor, in the wide spaces between the rows of beds, there were placed at intervals large, spotless, wooden tables, having, as their one ornament, in the centre a mug or jug of simple, bright-coloured flowers. There was a stove at either end, and the air was pleasantly warm, though the large ventilators in all the windows were open. On the walls hung large illuminated texts, and pictures in plain frames representing scenes in the life of our Saviour. Two or three old women, in grey workhouse clothes and close caps and felt shoes, were passing to and fro, fetching and carrying; and more noticeable still, flitting in and out amongst the snowy beds, were two young women in black gowns and linen bib aprons and white caps, whose stiff little edging of gauffered frills set off becomingly the fresh-complexioned faces underneath. These were "Sister Anne" and "Sister Mary," nurses; and the place where Bridget found herself was the Victoria Ward, the largest in the workhouse infirmary. Here were gathered together all sorts and conditions of women, and contrasts of every kind were to be found in close proximity to each other. Here in this bed was the brown, battered-faced old woman, accustomed to call apples and oranges in the street, balancing a basket on her head, her lips, nose, and mouth all widened out in straight lines, as if the weight of the basket had flattened her features generally. There in the next a young, fresh-faced girl, an actress, who had fallen from a height in one of the theatres and injured her spine; in the bed next to her a degraded-looking French-woman, whose language and behaviour at times shocked everybody; next to her a silvery-haired elderly woman, who had been once, before sickness broke her—oh, the sorrow of it!—a governess in a nobleman's family. She was there, with all her instincts fine and gentle still; and wonderful memories of old grand times in the past—of which she never spoke. The nurses and doctors knew, however, she was different from the rest, though she lay between the same coarse sheets, and ate the same food, and fared exactly with the others. There was her voice to tell them, for one thing—no truer indication of breeding is there than the voice—and there were her long, refined hands, and that subtle something about the gently-nurtured which asserts itself without effort of its own, no matter what its company or what its surroundings; in the prison, in the barrack-room, in the workhouse, detection is sure. Next to the governess a wrinkled old creature they called "Biddy," a cigar-light seller, who had spent half her life in prison for drunkenness. She was eighty now, and blind and light-headed; so she was here; and so on. A strange, mixed crew, representing nearly every class, and full, as I have said, of striking contrast—the old and young, the lovely and the unlovely, the murmuring and unthankful, and the patient and grateful (very few of the latter), and almost every

other contrast save rich and poor: only one of those estates was represented here, and that largely; everybody was poor, but nobody was rich. Poverty was the common ground on which everybody met; poverty had mixed them up together in this way, regardless of social distinctions and natural preferences. However taciturn and reticent any one might be about themselves, the inquisitive and curious about them could be certain of this much, that one, at least, of their ailments was named poverty. Poverty here was an accepted fact, there was no blinking at it or hiding it, and though in this case it dwelt in such a large, beautiful, healthy building, it made its grim presence felt in the deep undertone of sadness and discontent which pervaded the whole atmosphere of the place. Content was found here and there, it is true, but they were isolated cases; discontent was the rule of this great workhouse hospital. Dire necessity had brought nearly everybody under its broad roof. They had fought against coming till the brokers at home had seized the bed underneath them, till the last crust had been eaten, till the last penny had been spent, till their last friend had deserted them, till, as in Bridget's case, they were unable to do another stroke of work; and though, in comparison to the home they had left, the Infirmary was a palace, and its food sumptuous to the starvation fare they had left behind them, there were few who would not have returned to that home if they could, with all its squalor and all its misery and all its starvation, just because it was *home*. This Infirmary was a beautiful place; what could they want better as a residence? Why, some people wondered, could not they settle down, and accept it as home? Yes, but *places* do not make homes; homes are made up of loved, familiar presences; of little children's prattle and sweet caresses; of little hopes, little joys, little troubles, little disappointments, and all the greater vicissitudes of life, shared with and borne by hearts whose sympathies and interests are identical with our own. The people here found themselves in a palace of strangers, and therefore did not feel it to be a palace, much less a home, but rather a place of punishment, into which the hard treatment of an unkind world had at last forced them. And so the greater number of them lay with sore, rebellious hearts, murmuring against God's decrees and chastisements, and longing, oh, longing so! to be back in the little old, dirty, familiar spot, where the frosts used to bite them, and hunger pinch them; yet it was *home*. Bridget Mite, laundress, was, like all the rest, unreconciled to the parish's magnificent hospitality, deeply lonely in its crowd, and feeling exactly as if she had come to a place of punishment. Parted from her baby—the most dreadful thing that could possibly happen to her, she thought—poor Bridget felt that the last drop in her most bitter cup had been added—sorrow could go no farther—and there was a despair at her heart when she was carried away, after parting with husband and child, that only God knew the depth of. She had reached the darkest point in all her dark life: on the ocean of her troubles the last little ray of light had gone out; she was left lonely amidst the waves, only the sound of their restless surging in her ears, and no gleam in the east. No, no gleam in the east yet; but sunrise was nearer at hand than it seemed possible it could be. It is always darkest before dawn, and over the waste of dreary waters God was leading her, by her very helplessness, into safe anchorage and transcendent light. It is often so in God's dealings with men and women, especially with those who are naturally strong and energetic, and independent in character, and who, finding the world going against them, try to fight it, and shape their own destiny, not discerning that their chastening is from God, and therefore never learning the lesson it designs to teach—

> "... The soul's surrendered choice,
> The settling of the will,
> Lying down gently on the Cross
> God's purpose to fulfil."

Not very often till they are divested of everything earthly, and they feel themselves crushed and ruined, and they are obliged to own themselves helpless and undone, will men and women give up the blind struggling and contending with the world, and yield themselves, still and submissive, into God's hands, there to be treated as it seems to Him best. For the first few hours after her arrival in the Victoria Ward of the Infirmary, Bridget was in too much pain of body to think much. She was undressed at once and put into one of the snowy little beds. She was given a tumbler of milk to drink, of which she was glad, for she was feverish and thirsty. Then the doctor came and examined her injured limb, and after that she was conscious of having lotions and bandages applied by one of the fresh-complexioned nurses in white bib apron and cap. The jolting in Jemmy Wiggles's cab, and the movement of the journey generally, had increased the inflammation in Bridget's leg, and she

lay with puckered brow and tightly closed eyes and mouth, trying to keep in the groans that now and then escaped her, when the sharp stabs of pain came, and made her wince. She felt feverish and hot, and longed for a drink again—oh, that milk they had given her before, how delicious it was! so cold and refreshing to her parched lips! But she was suffering too much to ask for anything. It was all she could manage to do to lie there quietly and stifle her groans; from a feeling of shyness she desired to make no noise. Bridget was a sensitive woman, and wished to avoid the attention of the strangers around her. She opened her eyes once, and saw they were all observing her from their pillows opposite. She closed her eyes again, now tighter than ever, and was conscious of a new, keen sensation, that of publicity, which is indeed veritable pain to some natures, to the sensitive and home-loving. Presently dinner came, old women in workhouse clothes brought it in on large trays—steaming boiled mutton to-day for the majority, and potatoes and huge hunches of bread, and beer; for some beef-tea and chicken, and barley-water. They carried a portion to each bedside in turn, and those who were able sat up and partook of it, wearing the little red shawl that lay folded at the foot of the counterpane. A nice little bed-table was supplied to each patient, and those of them who were too ill or too old to sit up were fed with spoon or drinking-cup by the nurses. There was nothing lacking at this feast in quality, quantity, and comfort, all were good; yet there was not general content. Sisters Anne and Mary sang grace, but few joined in it, few closed their eyes and said "Amen." The world's spirit of rapacity and greed now showed itself. Certain of the women scanned their neighbours' plates, and angry voices were heard complaining that their own plates were not so full. "They'd have their food weighed;" "They'd complain to the Board;" or "The beer was short measure—Mrs. Brown's there was up to the brim, *theirs* didn't touch it, though it was frothed;" or "Why should Peggy Lee have chicken and they not? Doctors had ordered it? Then doctors favoured her, and they'd complain to the Board;" and so on all about the ward. The complaints were made to, sometimes hurled with an oath at, the nurses, who took them for the most part patiently; they were so accustomed to hear the food grumbled at, and the relative quantities questioned, it seemed hardly worth while to take any notice. Dinner was brought in turn to Bridget, but she could not eat anything; she drank the barley-water offered, and that was all. More hours passed, afternoon hours, in which most of the patients dozed—those of them who could. Some, like Bridget, were in too much pain to sleep; others, principally the very aged, seemed somehow unable to do so, though they were trying their best, and were weary enough, as was evidenced by their frequent yawns, ending in a kind of worn-out groan, that very old people indulge in when they are tired. The little women in grey clothes took chairs close to the stove, and soon their close-capped heads were nodding, first to one side and then to the other, in sound sleep. Sisters Anne and Mary wrote letters at the table; and so the afternoon passed. Twilight came, the gas was lit, then everybody who had been sleeping woke up, and the same women who had clattered in with the dinner now clattered in with the tea on large trays. Mugs full to the brim of steaming tea, and plates of thick slices of bread and butter, were served out at each bedside, bed-tables were put across, red shawls put on again. There was less grumbling at this meal than at dinner, though the quality of the tea was denounced by some as "rubbishy trash, and couldn't be fourpence a pound! They'd have it out with the Board, see if they wouldn't!" and so on, in the old style of ungrateful murmuring at good provision. Bridget again ate nothing, but drank the tea to the last drop. Her hot, flushed face attracted the attention of the woman who brought it to her.

"Are you so hot?" she said wonderingly, screwing up her little squinting eyes at her. "Do you feel bad?"

"Yes," nodded Bridget.

"Well, the doctor 'll be round again soon," said the woman, shuffling away in her felt shoes to somebody else.

More hours passed, during which the doctor did come again, and ordered fresh treatment for Bridget. The lotion was to be changed to one more soothing, the leg was to be dressed in a different way, and she was to have a draught that would quiet her nerves. At last a great bell rang somewhere in the building, an aggressive, hurry-scurry sort of bell. That was the signal for the gas being lowered, and all the attendants leaving the ward save one in workhouse garb, and Sister Mary, who were on duty yet for a few more hours. Then silence reigned, and night fell on the Victoria Ward, bringing to most of the strangely assorted company gathered there

night's blessed accompaniment, sleep. Then the company dreamed: the battered-faced old apple-seller that she had made a good bargain with her oranges, which she had boiled to look worth twopence; the fresh-faced actress that she was in the theatre, poising herself to take the dangerous leap which had resulted in fall and injury; the Frenchwoman that she was in the gay, lighted streets of her capital again, revelling in the glare and the glitter and the falseness of its show. The silver-haired elderly woman, the ex-governess, lay with a smile on her lips—ah, poor lady! she was doubtless living over again, in her dreams, some of those old grand times in the past; she was back, perhaps, under the shade of the broad chestnuts in a nobleman's park, having tea with the Ladies Mabel and Flora, on a summer's afternoon, the birds singing overhead, and the deer feeding away there in the glades; or, attired in soft silk, she may have been treading the wide staircase in a nobleman's mansion, on her way to the rose-scented drawing-room, there to charm noble lords and ladies after dinner with music of piano and harp. Who would have thought that those gentle white hands would one day lie on the coarse sheets of a workhouse! that that graceful girl, with whom some of the most exalted in the land did not feel it derogatory to shake hands, would one day be taking her sleep beside a crazy old creature of the gutter, whose dreams were all of gin-palaces and adroit evasions of the police!—for "Biddy," the drunken old cigar-light seller, lay in the next bed. Yes; the kind, soft angel, Sleep, passed swiftly through the ward, and touched most pillows, yet not all. She passed over some, amongst them Bridget's. No sleep came to hers. At the fall of night she grew to be in less pain, the doctor's orders had been carried out, the lotion and the draught soothed her, the flush left her cheek, and the stabs in her leg gradually ceased; but still she did not sleep. With the soothing of her bodily her mental being awoke into activity, and the stabs came to mind and heart instead. She began thinking of them all at home, and when she did that a thousand questions pressed on her brain to disturb and harass her. Had Tom got back safe with baby, and, if so, how were they managing? Would Polly remember, she wondered, to put the shawl over the head of baby's cradle when they laid it down, to keep the draught out? Would anybody remember to stop up the great hole in the wainscoting that that big rat came out of the other day? Had she made it plain to Tom about the money and those debts that were owing her? What food would they give baby? Would Poll have the sense to ask Mrs. Job—would they know how to soothe it if it cried? Ah, her poor little precious, darling baby! She heard its cry in her ears; she felt it in her arms, pressed close up against her. Whenever she looked down through the silent night she saw its little pale face, and its little bright black eyes looking up at her out of the darkness. She thought of it as she saw it last, making "the pitiful lip." Then—there was no one to see her now, everybody was asleep, and darkness covered her—poor Bridget began crying softly to herself. But not everybody was asleep, some one else lay wakeful too on her bed, a woman next to her, on the left, who caught the sound of Bridget's sobs. She rose up on her elbow, and leant over towards Bridget's bed.

"Ma'am," she whispered low, "can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you," sobbed Bridget, turning her head to see who had spoken. She could not make out much, just a very small face bent towards her in the darkness, and a little hump in the bed, as if the figure on it were very small.

"You feels a bit lonely and strange, ma'am?" whispered the neighbour. "The first night and all, away from home. You leave husband and children perhaps?"

"Yes," sobbed Bridget, "and a baby not weaned, and I don't know how it'll get on to-night, or who'll take care of it time I'm away."

"Do you know them verses, ma'am," pursued her neighbour, "that begins 'There is an eye?'"

Bridget nodded "No."

"Well, then, I'd like to say them to you. There's a wonderful deal of comfort in 'em, I always think."

And the woman repeated in a low husky voice the beautiful hymn—

"There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

"There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

"That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

"But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach
That listening ear to gain.

"That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the Throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
And brings salvation down."

She paused after saying it. Bridget only sobbed, not having got much comfort out of the words. She was not a religious woman—she would have said she had no time for being that. The faith she once had, as a child, and as a woman before trouble overwhelmed her, seemed dead within her, and she had left off praying a long while ago.

"I," said the little woman softly to Bridget, "will wield that power for you to-night. I will pray that that eye, that arm, that love may reach and be around your little baby to-night, and I'm just as *sure* that no harm will be allowed to happen to it, and that it will be taken care of, as I am that there is a God in heaven." Bridget was conscious the next minute of a kiss on her forehead. The little woman had shuffled with difficulty out of bed to give it her. "There," she said, shuffling back again, "I should be scolded if I were caught, but I couldn't help it. I would have given anything, twenty pounds if I had it—for somebody to have kissed me the first night I came in—I was like *you*, ma'am, fit to break my heart, and nobody spoke to me a kind word." It was only a *stranger's* kiss! not like that of kith and kin,—yet the touch of human lips was a comfort to poor Bridget. She dwelt on the thought too, that some one was going to pray for her baby, though her faith in prayer and in Jesus, our great High-Priest and Intercessor, was so faint and cold. And by-and-by Bridget's sobs grew hushed, and at last she too fell asleep and dreamed.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MUSIC OF THE GOSPEL.

For several days after her admission into the Infirmary, Bridget Mite lay very ill. Fever and inflammation ran high, and it seemed at one time probable that she might have to lose her leg altogether. Impure air and poor, scant food had combined to make her general condition of health so bad, that the wound seemed unable to heal; mortification was feared, in which case amputation of the limb would have been found necessary. In the intervals of her sufferings, when she was able to look about her and to notice things, Bridget discovered that Mrs. Treeby's description of the workhouse Infirmary was all true, a fine, big, airy place, it was, "and clean," and Bridget saw the contrast between it and her own place—yet still she was unreconciled to being there. She thought of the little close, dark room smelling of rats and mice—"her pigstye of a place" as Mrs. Treeby had unfeelingly called it, in Tripe Court—with ardent affection, and pined to be back; not because she preferred dirt to cleanliness, darkness to light, the smell of rats and mice to the smell of flowers and fresh air—oh no, no!—but because she pined for a sight of the home faces, for a sound of the home voices, for a touch of home hands. She inquired so often of the nurses "when they thought there'd be visitin' days again," that they grew tired of making the same answer, "When smallpox is better," and at last told her not to bother them with that question again. The only person who tried to comfort her on the point, and did not mind answering her twenty times a day if she asked about it, was that little woman in the bed on her left, who had prayed for her and kissed her the first night of her arrival in the Infirmary. During those days that Bridget lay so ill, this little woman, Mrs. Cherry, as she was called, seemed to Bridget to be keeping watch by her. In her moments of ease Mrs. Cherry rejoiced and thanked God for her; when in her greatest pain, Mrs. Cherry encouraged her; when the nurses spoke sharply to Bridget, Mrs. Cherry smoothed down their roughness with the balm of her own kind words, and every night Mrs. Cherry repeated aloud to Bridget that hymn—

"There is an eye that never sleeps,"

and every night prayed for her home and baby, so that Bridget got quite to lean on the little woman, and if anything had happened to remove her from her side Bridget would have felt she had lost a friend. This little Mrs. Cherry seemed a general favourite in the ward; she was one of the contented ones, and never gave unnecessary trouble to either doctors or nurses, with whom she cracked her merry little jokes, and to whom she was always polite and grateful. The other patients liked her, and called her "Dolly," she was so small and had such a pretty little face of her own, and eyes that looked to have a light in them other than that of earth, just such eyes as one would expect the pure in heart to have, who one day "shall see God." She had her suffering times, though, with the rest: there were days when poor little Mrs. Cherry was silent, and lay with her small face pinched and white on the pillow, and everyone knew she had one of her "bad turns" on. Her complaints were a diseased hip joint, paralysis of one arm, and poverty of course. In the afternoon hours of one

day at the end of the week, when most of the patients were dosing after dinner and the ward was very quiet, Bridget turned her hot face round towards Mrs. Cherry, and asked "How long have I been in now? Can you remember, ma'am, when I came?"

"To be sure, ma'am," said Mrs. Cherry, "you came in Tuesday; this is Saturday; you've been in just four days."

"Only four days?" said Bridget wonderingly; "dear, dear, it seems like four months since I left 'em all."

"Yes, ma'am, because you've been so bad and suffered such a deal, poor dear," said Mrs. Cherry soothingly, "the time do seem long at first."

"I feel," said poor Bridget, "as if I'd done something wrong and I was in prison."

"I understand your feel *perfectly*, ma'am," returned the little woman; "and yet there's a deal to be thankful for."

"How long have *you* been in, ma'am?" inquired Bridget languidly.

"Seven years come next August," replied Mrs. Cherry slowly; "I was five years in the old Infirmary before this new one was built, and I've been here two. Yes, seven years in August it'll be, and it's not likely I shall ever go out; yet there's a deal to be thankful for! I used," she continued cheerfully, seeing that Bridget was somewhat easier, and thinking to distract her mind with a little pleasant talk, "I used to live in the Vale of Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire. I kept a turnpike gate there for many a year along with my husband, and a rare pretty little place it was, on a fine white road, with lovely tall trees running along it both sides. We sold Banbury cakes and ginger-beer, and sweets. The only trouble we had was the *boys*. They used to come along our way after school sometimes, and creep up to our bit of a window and tap, tap at the panes with their sticks a purpose to upset all the bottles of sweets and ginger-beer and things on the ledge. Oh! me and my old man used to get so wild; we used to run out with broom, or poker, or anythink we could catch up, and try to catch 'em. But the young rascals would dodge round the place, that wasn't much bigger than a sentry box, as quick as cats, and keep us running round and round it at the try-to-catch game till we were ready to drop! Oh! the boys *was* a plague. Bless their young hearts, how they used to laugh when the hard-bake, and then the brandy balls, and then the peppermint sticks, and then the bulls' eyes, and then the bottles of ginger-beer used to go *crash* on to the brick floor inside. I can laugh now when I think of how *they* laughed, and the mad sort of scuffle, and tumble, and yelping there used to be when they saw the big stick or the poker coming round the corner at them! I wonder where them little lads are now," pondered Mrs. Cherry; "all grown men, of course, I dare say telling their children sometimes of the pranks they used to be up to at the turnpike gate when they was boys."

"Had you ever any children, ma'am?" asked Bridget.

"Yes, four sons, and I buried 'em all same day as I buried my husband," said the little woman impressively. "After we left the pike, we went into the oil and tallow-candle line in London, and one December night, when I was away on a visit, our house and shop caught fire, and my poor husband and four boys were all suffocated in their beds. There was all about it in the newspapers. It was the cause of this arm being paralysed and the commencement of all my illness. Well, people were very kind; they sent me money through the clergyman—quite a nice little sum it reached. My brother-in-law had it to invest, and somehow it got lost [Mrs. Cherry had forgiven the wrong long ago, so did not mention what was the fact, that her brother-in-law had robbed her of the money], and after that I got into poverty, and at last had to come into the House. But there," she said again with a bright look and heartily, "I have so *much* to be thankful for. I can never go out, but in the summer time from my bed here, when the window's open, I can lie and look at the daisies growing in the field there, and it's so beautiful. Yes, God is *very* good to me, bless His holy Name."

Here was a lesson for the grumbling and discontented: this poor little woman, paralysed and diseased, and never likely to be any better, doomed, probably, to lie on a workhouse bed till the end of her days, praising and blessing God for the sight of a few field flowers! How true the words—

> "Some murmur when their sky is clear,
> And wholly bright to view,
> If one small speck of dark appear
> In their great heaven of blue:
> And some with thankful love are filled
> If but one streak of light,
> One ray of God's good mercy gild
> The darkness of their night."

Mrs. Cherry talked no more now. Bridget had closed her eyes, and her face was drawn again in pain.—Sunday came; church bells were heard ringing in the distance; the nurses came out in their clean white caps, there was better dinner fare, a pudding after the

meat, and to many, the lower-natured greedy ones, this pudding made the whole point of Sunday. To these it did not much signify that visitors had been forbidden for the present; there was always the pudding to look forward to. To some, however, the point of Sunday was very different; it occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon for *them*. All the patients of the Roman Catholic faith were together in one ward; those in the Victoria Ward had professed themselves on entering the Infirmary as belonging to the Church of England, such, at least, of them who claimed to be of any religion at all. And so, at four o'clock, the gas having been lit and all made ready, one of the clergy from a neighbouring church, who acted as chaplain to the Infirmary, accompanied by four fresh-faced little boys in surplices, entered the ward and held a short service. He began with some of the Church prayers, then he prayed in his own language for the people he was amongst. This minister of consolation knew that he had "all sorts and conditions" before him, and he tried as far as possible to think of each one's need. He prayed for those dead in trespasses and sins who rejected and denied Christ, that they might be converted and brought into the true fold at last; he prayed for the very aged and sick who were unable to pray for themselves; he prayed especially for the lonely ones. Ah! he knew so well that *loneliness* was the fashion of this place—and for the broken-hearted and afflicted that they might learn to find communion and consolation in Christ, who, Himself a man of sorrows, could feel for each one as no earthly friend could, since

"None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction,
None ever felt a grief like His
In that dread Crucifixion."

He prayed for those who had once held the faith and lost it, those who had once known Christ, and had fallen away in the hurry and turmoil and fever of life, and he prayed that these might be restored and uplifted, pleading the words, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," and that the music of the Gospel might lead the despairing and weary ones home. Finally, he commended all those poor people for whom he had been praying, to the care and keeping of Him, who was able "to save them to the uttermost," and present them "faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." The prayer ended, the four fresh-faced little chorister-boys stood up and, in full-throated, rich tones, sang the hymn:—

"Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

"Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

"Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

There had been many in the ward this afternoon too sick or too careless to listen much to the prayers, but at the sound of the boys' singing, every one's attention was arrested, every one lent due ear to *that*. The most suffering and the most careless, even the flippant Frenchwoman, listened. Poor Bridget turned her aching head round on the pillow and drank in the sounds. She had not heard anything like them for many a day, for she had long ago given up going to church. She had no *time* for it, she would say, in the week, and on Sundays, well, she was always too dead beat, too utterly done, to make the effort. Ah! poor Bridget! she was one of those brought before Christ in the chaplain's prayer, "who had once held the faith and lost it, who had once known Christ and had fallen away" in the hurry and tumult of her feverish life. As the hymn proceeded, her dark, anxious eyes filled with tears, and by the time the last line was sung—

"And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last,"

they were falling in large drops down her cheek. She saw the chaplain afterwards go down the long line of beds opposite, and say and give something to each patient in turn. Then he came over to the other side of the ward, and did the same. In turn he came to Bridget's bedside and gave her a little card with the words illuminated on it, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And the chaplain said, lowly bending over her, seeing her tears, and her poor, harassed, weary face, "Dear sister, tired and heavy laden, Christ has sent you this message to-day, '*Come*,' and he promises to give you *rest*. Cast yourself and your burden, whatever it be, at the foot of the cross this day in obedience to His message, and contemplate Him as your risen Saviour and find all your rest in Him." Then he passed on to the next bed, and so on all down the ward till he reached the door, where he turned and pronounced the blessing, "The peace of God," &c. Then the chaplain and the little choir-boys disappeared, and the old women in grey

came running in with the tea-trays. At the sight of the food, many tucked their cards away hurriedly under their pillows; the Frenchwoman tore up hers into atoms, but Bridget kept hers clasped tight in her hand.

It happened this Sunday night that poor little Mrs. Cherry had one of "her bad turns" on. Since tea-time her chirruping bright little voice had not been heard in the ward, and everybody saw that her face was the colour of wax as it lay on the pillow. At night she was not able to say the usual hymn to Bridget or to pray for her; it troubled her that she could not; she thought Bridget might be depending on it, for she had told Mrs. Cherry she never prayed herself now; she had *once* done it, oh! yes, when she was a child, and after she was grown up awhile, but not of late years; she had lost her belief in prayer somehow, and, another thing, she had never any time.

In the silence of this Sunday night anyone watching beside Mrs. Cherry would have seen suddenly a bright look come over her pinched little face, as if a piece of good news had come to her. Was she hearing the choir-boys singing again in her dreams? No; Mrs. Cherry was not sleeping; she was awake: what caused her face to shine at that moment was a sound she caught in the stillness, close beside her, a voice saying in a feeble, stumbling sort of way, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It was her poor friend, the laundress, Bridget Mite, comforting herself with the words of the message that had been brought to her that afternoon.

As the days went on the good, regular food, the light and pure air and cleanliness, and, above all, the quiet and bodily rest of her life in the Infirmary, told favourably upon Bridget, and she began gradually, but surely, to improve in health. She lost her severe pain, her leg commenced to heal, and she had an appetite for her food, though her enjoyment of it was ever marred by the thought of hungry faces and an empty larder at home. With leisure to notice the cleanliness and order and airiness of the Infirmary as she lay on her bed in these recovering days, Bridget began to take herself to task for not keeping her place in Tripe Court better. She told herself she might have kept the floors better scrubbed; the Infirmary floors were only wooden, yet how beautiful they looked because they were so well scrubbed; and she might have put things tidier and set the window open to let the air and light in to purify it sometimes. When she went back she would try to do all these things and make the home a little nicer for "them all," meaning her husband and children, of whom she thought so often and with such a continued and yearning affection. Yet she no longer fretted as she had done in the first days of her entering the Infirmary. She seemed to have cast her burden somewhere, and Mrs. Cherry often heard her repeating again and again in the still night watches the message sent to her on that first Sunday afternoon in the Infirmary, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Poor Bridget knew it not, but the "music of the Gospel" was leading her —Home.

CHAPTER IX.—TOM'S INVITATION.

When the great gates clanged behind him on leaving the workhouse Infirmary that morning that Bridget entered it, Tom Mite felt as if he had seen his wife pass from him into another world; he felt as far separated from her as if the grave divided them. From the low, depressed condition to which drink had brought him, his mind took the gloomiest view of everything; and, instead of regarding the Infirmary as a place where people went to be made well, he looked upon it rather as a place expressly designed to kill them. And a great fear possessed him that he would never see Bridget again; that she would certainly die within the walls of that great, cold, prison-like building, and he would never be able to show his penitence, and make up to her for the wrong he had done her. It never crossed him to imagine the bright reunions that took place nearly every day in the week outside those gates, between Infirmary patients and relatives and friends rejoicing over their recovery. No, Tom Mite could only imagine dismal processions of coffins passing out of those gates, met by weeping husbands, mourning wives, and little children mourning mothers, who had gone, like Bridget, into that vast place, and had died. He stood for some moments in the cold, raw morning, after the gates had closed behind him, holding poor little Dinah, the baby, in his arms, feeling as miserable as ever a man could. He gazed dejectedly from right to left, apparently uncertain which way to go, and feeling a disinclination to leave the neighbourhood of the great building that held Bridget. He might have continued to hang about the Infirmary gates all day, but in his arms was the baby, the strongest link, it suddenly struck him, that he could have now with poor Bridget, and it

might get cold if he lingered, and hungry if it wasn't fed; he must go home and tell Mrs. Job it wasn't admitted, and see about the other children too. That was what would please Bridget best if she could know. On reflection Tom felt quite a comfort in having the baby, of whom he was sure Bridget was thinking every moment; it seemed to bring him nearer to her. Holding the thing in his arms that was so infinitely precious and dear to her, and about whom she would be continually thinking, Tom took a peep at its little face—it was sleeping—drew the woollen wrap Mrs. Job had lent tighter around its little body, and then stepped out to begin the homeward journey. He did not reckon how long a walk it would be when he began it; driving along in Jemmy Wiggles's cab, he had not taken much notice of anything, and had lost count of the distance altogether. It had been in reality a very long drive, from Tripe Court to the Infirmary, but to Tom it had seemed to be quite a short one. For the first mile or two he found the way not difficult; it lay through that new district of neat little houses I have described, and he traversed its long rows of streets with little Dinah asleep and cuddled up in his arms, meeting but very few people and pulled up by no obstacles at the crossings; there were no cabs and carts about; nothing from end to end of the long quiet roads was to be seen save here and there a costermonger with his barrow, crying cheap vegetables, or a man wheeling a tray of gay paper flags and windmills, farthing toys for the children. It was later, when Tom Mite got into the more populated parts, that he discovered what poor legs he had now for walking, and what a poor nerve he had for the crossings. Before he had gone a quarter of the way homewards his legs began to shake and feel feeble under him, and he would stand trembling on the verge of the pavement for five minutes sometimes before he would trust himself to cross to the other side. And he felt the same nervous dread and shrinking in the crowds hurrying past him in the streets; he felt as if people were going to knock him down every second, and if they brushed his shoulder ever so slightly, he trembled and felt overcome.

"It was all for the want of a *drink*," he supposed.

Conscience shouted in his ear—

"A thousand times No, Tom Mite! If it had not been for the *drinks*, you would never have felt as you do now: it's the *drinks* that have destroyed your nerve, and made you what you are, a poor shaky, nerveless creature, afraid of your fellow-men, and not able to look a jaded cab-horse in the face!"

He plodded on, but became conscious now of a new difficulty, that of "passing the corners," as Mrs. Treeby had called it. He had found the jostling crowds and the crossings stiff difficulties enough, but they were nothing to this new one. The manner in which after a time Tom Mite took to passing these "corners," or in other words public-houses, was like nothing I know of so much as a horse shying at a gate post. He made a kind of swerve in his course, not turning his head, but his eyes, round in the direction of the public-houses, whose great doors, as they swung backwards and forwards, emitted those peculiar intoxicating fumes, so repulsive and horrible to most, but so seductive and pleasant to the nostrils of drunkards.

Tom passed a good many public-houses in this fashion of "shying." He thought of Bridget each time as he had seen her carried away that morning out of his sight, with her shawl covering her eyes, and her bosom heaving. He thought of her meek, "All right, Tom," in the cab, when he had prayed for her forgiveness. He thought of that smothered sob he had heard after she had kissed her baby. Yes; the thought of those things made Tom Mite pass a great many "corners." As he proceeded on his way his nervousness and exhaustion increased; this was natural, for he had walked many miles, and he had had nothing in the way of food. But he never "shied" at the bun-shops; *hunger* was not what he felt.

At last somebody in the crowd really did push up against him, and as nearly as possible knock him down. He staggered, and his hat fell off, but he managed somehow to keep his feet. In picking up his hat, little Dinah, who had been sleeping heavily in his arms hitherto, was roused. She began crying lustily, and turning her little head about from side to side in the wrap that covered her. She was thoroughly awakened, and it was no good Tom's jogging her up and down, and trying to smother her up again to go to sleep. She wouldn't be hushed up, she wouldn't be quiet; she cried at the tip-top of her frail little voice, which could be very rasping and assertive when she wanted to be fed. And food was what the poor babe wanted; she had gone a good many hours without it, far beyond her usual time, and she was aware of it, and cried accordingly.

"Of course, it's a *drink* that she wants," said Tom to himself, hurrying along with

the baby screaming and battling with her hands under the shawl. "Nobody can get along without drinks. We *both* want a drink, that's the fact of it." Then a feeling of shame smote him, as he compared the babe's innocent craving for the food God had provided for it, with his own unhallowed craving for that which had been his curse, and which had been the indirect means of depriving the babe of its natural food. This recalled him to his better self. At any rate the baby should have *her* drink first; he had threepence in his pocket; it would pay for a drink for them both. But the baby first. So he stepped along on the look-out anxiously for a milk-shop.

Not all the din of the cabs and carts and omnibuses and noise of the streets could drown the sound of little Dinah's crying. People began looking at Tom indignantly, as if he were ill-treating his child.

"What are you doing to that baby?" asked a policeman at one of the crossings, while Tom was standing tremblingly on the brink as it were, afraid as usual of committing himself to the mighty stream of traffic which flowed between him and the opposite pavement.

"I'm a-doing nothing," answered Tom grumpily, scowling at the policeman.

"Then what's it screaming for like that?" asked the policeman.

"It wants a *drink*," said Tom; "that's why."

"Just what *you've* been having, I guess," mentally remarked the constable, as he condescendingly nipped Tom's coat-sleeve at the elbow, and piloted him safely across.

Tom came to a milk-shop at last; rather a nice one it was, with a golden cow in the window, and eggs, and two little shrub plants. The walls were all of clean blue and white tiles, and on the spotless wooden counter there stood big shining cans of milk, and beside them a row of glass tumblers. On Tom's entering the shop with his screaming baby, a smart little woman came out of the room at the back, leaving in her hurry the door open. And through it could be seen such a cosy little place, as clean as the shop, with a bright fire and a kettle singing on it, for it was getting towards tea-time, and the flickering of the fire light showed up a table set for the meal, and in a corner a cradle with a child tucked comfortably up in it.

"Milk, sir?" asked the woman, with her eyes fixed on his noisy parcel. Tom nodded and threw a penny down on the counter. The woman quickly ladled out a pennyworth of the sweet white fluid from one of the shining cans, and handed it to him in a tumbler. To her astonishment, Tom did not toss it off down his own throat as she had expected. He put his foot on a chair-bar, and sat the baby up, and proceeded to give the milk to the baby. The babe's mouth was wide open, crying, and of course the milk went into it at a good rate; it filled it in a second, and then began a gurgling and a spluttering and a choking that surprised Tom, and horrified the woman.

"Stop, man! Whatever can you be thinking of!" she almost screamed, running out from behind the counter. "Pat it on the back, it's *choking*, you stupid fellah!" Without waiting for Tom to do it, the woman snatched the baby out of his arms, and putting it over one of her own, thumped its little back with decision till it was somewhat recovered. Then—

"Whatever were you thinking of?" she asked again, looking up indignantly at Tom. "Is the child accustomed to take milk out of a tumbler?"

"No, of course it ain't," replied Tom, "it's not weaned, so of course it feels a bit strange with its lips against a tumbler."

"Then whatever do *you* do going feeding it?" asked the woman severely, still patting its back while she held it over her arm. "What's its *mother* about away from it, I should like to know? She ought to be *ashamed* of herself!"

This was too much for Tom's feelings. He burst into tears, and said in a broken voice—

"Don't, don't!"

"Is its mother dead then? Oh! I'm sorry, sir, pardon me," said the woman softly, and she turned the baby round and kissed it.

"No, not dead," explained Tom, when he could speak; "she's gone into the house Infirmary this morning; they wouldn't take the baby in—over age—and I was bringing it back."

"Poor little dear, it's hungry then, of course," said the woman, with all her best feeling aroused. "I'll see if it'll take a drink out of my child's bottle. Come in, sir, and sit down," carrying the baby and leading the way into her snug little room. It was very kind of the milk-shop proprietress this, for Tom Mite, with his dirty boots and ragged clothes and drunken-looking face, was anything but an inviting subject for hospitality.

She sat down with Tom's baby on her lap before the fire, and tried feeding it through the long india-rubber tube attached to the bottle of milk she had got already prepared for her own child when it should wake. She had no difficulty in making it take the milk in this way; Tom's baby was so hungry it sucked it all up to the last drop, and seemed disinclined to give up the tube when it was gone.

"I believe it would take more," said the woman, "but I won't give it now in case it should get stomach-ache. I have an old feeding-bottle," she continued, "with the tube in it and everything fit for use, that I'll give you for your baby, sir, and I'll put a drop of milk-and-water in it ready for it, when you get home."

Tom thanked her for her kindness, and with this good present in his hand, and a satisfied baby in his arms, he left the hospitable little milk-shop, and turned out into the streets again to continue his way home.

The afternoon was drawing in, foggy and bitterly cold; the lamps were being lit everywhere, and the public-houses were just a blaze of gas, enticing men and women by crowds out of the cold raw air to go in for warmth and drink. Tom passed two public-houses, shying, of course, after he had left the milk-shop, but when he came to a *third*, he seemed perfectly unable to get himself past. He wavered, and stopped in the very middle of the pavement; then somebody pushed him, but the push did not make him advance one step, though he got out of the way after that. There was a street lamp near, exactly opposite the public-house, and he went and leant against the lamp-post in full view of his great temptation.

"You have two pence in your pocket, Tom, just enough for a pint of beer," whispered the tempter's voice in his ear, "you have had nothing all day; you have fed the baby; who could blame you for taking now just two pennyworth of ale to help you along? There was your promise to Bridget, never to touch drink again; yes, but she didn't believe you, she'll feel none the worse to-night if you break your promise, it was only what she expected you to do! And if you go in there, you will get warm and cheered up, and you can sit as long as you like if you just take a drop. There is nothing for you to go home to, except wretchedness, with Bridget away and everybody scowling at you for your treatment of her. In *there*, you'll get to feel quite jolly again. You had better go in, Tom; you had, indeed."

Yet still Tom hesitated. He heard that sob of Bridget's again, he saw her great troubled eyes looking at him through the gathering darkness, he saw her overshadowing the baby in his arms each time he started to take it into the unholy atmosphere of that flaring gin-palace. He was thus being swayed backwards and forwards in his mind, propelled one minute towards those swinging doors, drawn back the next by a force as irresistible in power as the one urging him to sin, when suddenly as he leant there with little Dinah in his arms under the street lamp, a young lady, warmly muffled up, stepped aside from the crowd, and offered him a letter.

"It's an invitation," said the lady, answering his inquiring look. "I've got a party to-night, a great many people are coming; there will be light and music and warmth, and plenty of *drink*. You'll find all about it in the invitation—the hour, the place, and everything. I hope I shall see you there."

And before Tom could say a word either of acceptance or refusal, the young lady hurried off, and he saw her disappear, where do you think?—into the public-house opposite!

Tom unfolded his letter, and read under the gas in large printed words, "Sir, pray come to a party to-night that I am giving at No. 10, Blank Street, at half-past seven precisely. Come early. Wives and children will be welcome. Warmth, lights, plum-cake, and drink in abundance. Your sincere friend, Maria Hill."

Tom read it and re-read it. Thought he—"I think I'll go. It 'ud be one way of passing the time. And Poll and Sue 'll like the cake, if I take them. Unless it's a hoax. I wonder if it's a hoax."

But something inclined Tom to think it was not a hoax. At any rate he would have a try for this party, and as it was at half-past seven precisely, and he had got to get to Tripe Court—yet some distance off—to fetch Poll and Sue, and find his way back to Blank Street after that, he had not any time to lose. He began walking out again, resolved to defer his drink till later. The invitation promised "drink in abundance," would it be the right *sort* of drink, beer and ale? he wondered, as he sped on with his mind full of it.

"Yes," he thought it would; it looked so very nice and hopeful, the young lady having gone into that public-house.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By LADY ALICIA BLACKWOOD.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "We are but little children weak."
Lesson: Luke x. 25—37.

"DO unto others as you would they should do unto you." This is called "The Golden Rule;" and it is so precious that I think, if every word were really made of gold and strung together, it would make the most beautiful necklace you could wear. But there would be no use in wearing it unless you acted it.

Let us think about it this evening; and, to begin with, I will remind you that the second great commandment in the law is very much like it—"Love thy neighbour as thyself;" and there is also another little precept which belongs to the same class: "In honour preferring one another." Now let us put these three together—

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you,"

"Love thy neighbour as thyself,"

"In honour preferring one another,"—

and see, if you did the first, it would be because you did the second; and doing these two would prove you did the third.

I call this a very pretty chain, and I hope you will always try and wear it round your memory.

As to the first, you must think what you would wish your neighbour or your little friend to do towards you, and this must be your guide to do the same towards him, to be ready to help him in his lessons, or play with him, or do what he asks you, as the case may be.

In the second, if you love your neighbour or your playmate as yourself, you will certainly try to do him good, because that, of course, is what you would try to do to yourself. In the third, if you have a choice to make between your neighbour and yourself, it will be your duty to see how far you can benefit him and his interests before you think of your own. Put him before yourself, give him the best place, you take the second. By all this you see how selfishness would be overcome and unselfishness cultivated. Now let us give an example of this by a Bible story, and it will show you how God rewarded him who acted the unselfish part, while the one who thought to secure to himself much good was not only disappointed but came to great grief.

Abram's nephew Lot seems to have lived with his uncle for some years, first in the time of Terah and after his death. We read that Abram took Sarah his wife and Lot his nephew, and they travelled together to the land of Canaan; and when a famine arose there they journeyed down into Egypt; and from thence, after a while, they returned again and pitched their tent near Bethel, where Abram had rested before, and where he had built an altar to the Lord. So it would appear that Lot was indebted to his uncle for kindness and protection from the time of his grandfather's death.

Now Abram had become very rich, and so had his nephew Lot, and they had each of them flocks, and cattle, and sheep, and tents. But there began to be a strife between the herdmen of each. This was very distressing to Abram, who, being a godly man, loved peace; and so he said to Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. We must not quarrel: we are brethren. It is better to part than to quarrel. The whole land is before thee: separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right, or if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left." Thus Abram most unselfishly gave Lot his choice.

Now there can be no doubt what Lot ought to have done. He was the younger, and better able, probably, at this time to farm and tend cattle than Abram, and in deference to him he should have said, "Nay, dear uncle, the choice is yours; take you the right or left, and I will take the other." But this he did not say.

And we read that Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, beautiful as the Garden of Eden, fertile as the land of Egypt, fruitful and desirable—so he unhesitatingly chose this whole plain of Jordan. He journeyed eastward, and they separated themselves the one from the other. Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent towards Sodom.

In his eagerness to secure the advantageous ground, Lot either overlooked or did not heed the mischief at hand. That which appears the brightest is not always the best. You know the proverb, "All is not gold that

glitters," and Lot soon found this out. He looked for a home of prosperity, but he found it like a hornet's nest.

We cannot wonder at this, for Lot had not done as he would wish to be done by. He had loved himself better than his neighbour, and preferred his own interests to those of his good old uncle, choosing the best place for himself. It was sadly selfish of him so to do.

We may choose that which seems the best and most profitable, but unless the Lord looks upon it and blesses it, it is good for nothing; He it is that can make the desert like a garden for richness, and who can blow upon the most luxuriant garden and turn it to a waste howling wilderness.

Children who are always thinking of themselves and what they would like to have, selfishly helping themselves to the best of what is offered them—the largest cake, or the ruddiest apple, perhaps—are in their way doing exactly what Lot did. How many have pricked their fingers with thorns or nettles, or otherwise got into trouble, seizing some fruit or flowers—blackberries or roses, for instance—in their eagerness to get the desired object first, before their brother or sister or companion could reach it! and generally, when they have so got possession of it, it gives them no more pleasure than the plains of Jordan to Lot. And why? Because no gratification can come to a good child, that does not proceed from a straightforward and upright act. But when the motive for what you do is from a desire to follow the Golden Rule, or the two precepts which I put as its companions, then, my dear children, you have chosen the right thing, and you will soon find happiness bubbling up in your hearts, for right actions surely bring true joys.

Next Sunday we will, God permitting, go on with the narrative and see the results.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Christian children should be lowly."
Lesson: Matt. ix. 23—35.

We left Lot pitching his tent in the cities of the beautiful plain he had chosen; and, doubtless, his flocks and riches increased as he desired, but certainly his peace and happiness did not; for we read that he was vexed day by day with all the wickedness which surrounded him, for the people were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly.

What now of Abram? Scarcely had Lot separated from him, than the Lord God in whom he trusted spoke to him.

Lot had readily lifted up his own eyes to behold and to covet, and to take the plains of Jordan. But God tells Abram to lift up his. "Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward, and eastward and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee."

Was not this a great promise? Ah! great indeed; for it is one in which the whole world has a share unto this day. So Abram removed his tent and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, with the blessing of God upon him.

As for Lot, so far from our reading of any blessing on him at this time, it was quite the contrary, as we shall now see.

It does not state how long Lot dwelt in his new home, but, according to the dates given, we may suppose it to have been about three or four years, when the first great calamity befell him. There were four kings whose lands were away to the east and south, but they had conquered the five kings belonging to the cities of the plain where Lot dwelt, and consequently they had been made to serve Chedorlaomer, King of Elam, one of these four kings, and this they had done for twelve years, but now they rebelled. So Chedorlaomer joined with the three kings who had helped him before, to fight against the five, and they overcame them again. They fought them in the vale of Siddim, which was full of slime-pits, and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled and fell there; and the conquerors took all the spoil they could find in the cities; but worse than that, they took poor Lot and his family and all his goods, and carried them away captive. This was a terrible thing. But God, who is ever merciful, remembered that Lot was Abram's nephew, and He provided a means of rescue. He caused a man to escape from the battle and to run and tell what had happened. And so when Abram heard that Lot was taken captive, he armed his trained servants and pursued Chedorlaomer and the other kings, and smote them, and rescued Lot and brought him and his family back with all their goods; but he again dwelt in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Here another blessing was pronounced on Abram, for Melchizedek, the King of Salem, and priest of the Most High God, brought

forth bread and wine, and blessed him, and said, "Blessed be Abram of the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth: and blessed be the Most High God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thine hand."

But now a far worse calamity was to happen to Lot. He had again settled down in the sinful cities, but he could not be in peace; the wickedness of the people was so great that God determined to destroy them from off the earth.

With Abram, God renewed His blessing and made a covenant with him, in token of which He changed his name to Abraham, because he should be the father of many nations. And now He told him all He would do to Sodom and Gomorrah because of their sin. This was sad for Abraham to hear, and he seems to have stood solemnly silent at first before God, as well he might at such an awful announcement. And then he drew near, and pleaded with God; he did not know how great the wickedness was; he pleaded that the cities might not be destroyed for fifty's sake, for forty's sake, even down to ten. But, alas! ten righteous were not to be found, and the cities could not be saved from destruction. So God in His mercy sent two angels to take Lot and his family out of Sodom, but they would not all obey. Four only could be found to go out of the city, and even of those four, one looked back and remained on the spot turned to a pillar of salt; a monument of her own disobedience. For the angels who had set them without the city and brought them forth abroad, said, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." Already Lot had lingered; no doubt the thought of all he was to lose was heavy upon him. His selfish choice had done him no good. Poor Lot, where now were his flocks and herds, and tents, for whom he had so eagerly coveted the fertile plains, regardless of what his kind old uncle might need? He had lost everything, and barely escaped with his life.

Let this little history be a lesson to you, my children, for though you are not likely to be in the circumstances of Lot, yet the same temptation, in its degree, may very probably come to you, for no one escapes trials in this world nor temptations either, and these examples are put before us both as warnings and encouragements. If, then, a choice comes for you to make, think of the Golden Rule, that can never fail to guide you rightly; think of the love you should bear to one another; and then, as I said at the beginning, by following the two first, you perform the third. All looked bright and prosperous before Lot. But the sight of God's countenance was not there, and He brought a cloud upon it all. Nothing was said of Abram's portion to the westward. But the blessing of the Lord was there, and that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow therewith.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I think when I read that sweet story of old."
Lesson: Matt. xxi. 1—16.

It is very interesting to trace out how much there is in the Bible about God's love and care over children. This is very delightful, but it cannot surprise us when we think of His care over the whole creation. There is not a creature, however large, however small, but He made it and gave it life, provides its food, and watches over it from first to last. Therefore, if God makes little insects and cares for them, we may well know how much more He will care for little children, loving them and teaching them, that they may grow up to glorify Him.

Almost every remarkable man mentioned in Scripture has something of his infancy or childhood told us. We will name one or two, and begin with Moses. You know that when a babe he was surrounded with danger, for children were hunted out to be put to death by the wicked Pharaoh who reigned in Egypt at that time. But it was not chance that sheltered that child in his little cradle of bulrushes. Oh, no; it was God that hid him, and sent the very daughter of the king to take charge of him, because He designed him to be the future leader of His people.

Again, we will mention Samuel, how God loved him from childhood, and trained him up in the temple to be the judge and prophet of His people; and are you ever tired of reading the story of David, the "stripling" who fought the giant Goliath of Gath? David was the *beloved*, which his name means, and was raised up to be the type of God's own beloved Son. And there are many others spoken of in the Old Testament Scriptures who in infancy seemed especially guarded from dangers they knew nothing of, and whom God trained in youth that they might glorify Him in their grown-up lives.

It is good to be reminded of these things, that you may try and realise the fact that the same Almighty God who loved and guided them is the same Almighty God to

whom you pray every morning and every night, that He will watch over and bless you. And now if we turn to the New Testament Scriptures what have we there? Jesus, *Himself* a little infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, a child in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions; and then, when Jesus was grown up, how kind He was to poor sick children! We hear the earnest cry of a father, "Come down ere my child die;" and another, "Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son, for he is mine only child;" another has an only daughter dying—and Jesus heard. He loved them, and He healed them all.

Ah, see the interest Jesus takes in children; think of His condescending to be a little child Himself! He took upon Himself that form that He might know how children feel, and all they want. Oh, was not this kind? But more: here is an especial invitation to them from Himself: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom of heaven! think where Jesus invites you to come.

Now many people find children a great trouble, and often say, "Send them into the nursery or schoolroom, I can't have them here." But we do not find that Jesus ever sent the little ones away; on the contrary, He says, "Let them come to me;" and more than that, we read that He even took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them. And again, at another time, He took a little child and set him in the midst of a number of people, and told them that they must be humble, teachable, and submissive as that child, if ever they would enter His kingdom. Oh, can you think what a condescension it was of Jesus so to talk of little children? And how kind to like them to be with Him! It is no wonder that you should be fond of that beautiful hymn which begins—

> "I think when I read that sweet story of old,
> When Jesus was here among men,"

for surely it is one of the prettiest hymns that you can learn, and no doubt you all know it by heart. But when you repeat it, do you really think of all it means, and what it must have been to be so noticed by Jesus? I daresay the children of those days did not think more about it than you might do if a kind friend now invited you to come to him. It is most likely that many of them clung close to their mothers, and were frightened at a stranger touching them, just as little children do now, for they are very much alike in all ages and in all parts of the world. And many of them would be too young to know who He was, or to understand what He meant, any more than your own little brothers and sisters would; and, indeed, probably the parents could not tell them, for in those days they were comparatively few who knew who He really was, though many sought Him and followed Him because they saw what good He did them, by healing their diseases and feeding them when hungry. And so when He said, "Bring the children to me," it was very natural that they should do so, fully believing that good would come of it, but not, perhaps, because they understood what His blessing really meant. But you, dear children, who live in these days, know these things, and have been taught to know He was the Son of God, sent into the world to gather "little lambs to His fold," and you have also been taught how He suffered for our sakes, and by His terrible death brought life to us and redeemed or brought us back again to God's favour by the value of that death. And so, by trying to understand more and more of such love, you will know why He stretched out His hands and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." And the more you think about this the more you will love Him, for you cannot but do so; His gentleness and kindness will so attract you that if He were here now and would say, "Let the little ones come unto me," you would all be as desirous to get near Him and sit round Him as you are when your father or mother calls you to listen to some interesting story they have to read or relate to you. And the "May I sit here?" would be the eager question for a choice place. Some would like to sit in front to see Him plainly; some would like to be close to touch Him. Ah, now you can think what a beautiful picture that would make which placed Jesus in the midst with babies in His arms and little ones on His knees, and the children around Him, and well may you say—

> "I should like to have been with Him then.
> I wish that His hands had been placed on my head;
> That His arms had been thrown around me,
> And I could have seen His kind look when He said,
> Let the little ones come unto me."

Yes, dear children, that is a blessing that all may covet, and let me remind you it is a blessing all may have if they will. It is true you cannot now see Jesus with your eyes, but shut your eyes and try to see Him with your mind, and the more you try to see Him with your mind the more will you

love Him with your heart, and this will help you to pray to Him more earnestly, and then you will know better than any one can explain to you what it is to have His hand on your head, and His arms around you, guiding you now with His counsel, and afterwards leading you to glory!

FOURTH EVENING

Opening Hymn: "All things bright and beautiful."
Lesson: Matt. xxvi. 47—52.

There is a very familiar hymn which begins—

"Little children, love each other,
'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule;
Every little one his brother,
And his playfellow at school."

And what an admirable rule it is! This little hymn should not only be on children's smiling lips, but in their merry hearts, to make them merrier still. Nothing gives such cheerfulness as love and kindness. And when children obey that blessed precept they cannot but be happy, for in so doing they follow in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Himself, who went about doing good.

Last Sunday our subject was, first, God's love to children as narrated in the Old Testament Scriptures, and we named Moses, Samuel, and David as instances of how He watched over them in infancy, trained them in youth, preparing them to do those important duties in the world's history which are recorded for our example and instruction.

Then we considered from the Gospels the love of Jesus to children—His tenderness and condescension to them, especially in calling them to Himself, taking them up in His arms, laying His hands upon them and blessing them, like that good Shepherd carrying the lambs in His bosom.

This evening let us think of the return which should be made for such love. And what does Jesus say about that?

He says to His disciples (and surely you would wish to be among them), "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And after this He adds, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

This is the test of love to Jesus—it is the test of our love to every one; and surely it is a reasonable test. Let us apply it by a simple illustration.

What would be the use of your saying you loved your father and mother if you did not try to please them—did not do what they had bidden you to do? Who would care for such worthless love as that? Your parents say to you just what Jesus said to His disciples; in other words, "Show me, dear child, that you love me by obeying me." No child can love his mother who is constantly disobeying her, and giving her sorrow and vexation by naughty conduct. Nothing you could give your parents, even if you had anything to give them, could be of any value in comparison with an obedient loving heart. Obedience, therefore, is the test of love. Our Lord has made it so by saying, "If ye love me keep my commandments." You see it is the same thing. It is the only way by which we can show our love to Him. Ah! dear children, what have we to give Him but our hearts? The question was asked of old, "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousand rivers of oil?" No! "I will take no bullock out of thine house, nor he goat out of thy folds, for every beast of the field is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, saith the Lord."

"Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours from Edom and offerings divine;
Gems from the mountains, pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favour secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

Yes! it is our hearts that Jesus asks for; we are to show our love to Him by loving one another. He is in heaven, and we cannot reach Him to minister to Him now, or show Him that attention which some did when He was on earth; but has He not said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me?" And so it is the same if we are unkind to one another. Did He not say, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Thus you see what a beautiful lesson Jesus would teach us. See how kind and loving you should be; think how doing it to Him would keep you from many wrong things to which you might be tempted: for instance, how could you say any unkind word to your brother or sister, or little friend, if you remembered it would be saying it to Jesus? and, reversing this, how it would help you to kind thoughts, and kind words, and kind actions, if you heard the still small voice within your heart saying, "Inasmuch as you do it unto them, you do it unto me."

Try, therefore, to realise this sweet thought, for, indeed, it is a most precious truth, that Jesus sees Himself loved and ministered to, in and through those to whom we show kindness and love for His sake.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE great question of the time, beyond all doubt, is the condition of our working classes. Our eyes are open to perils which we ignored and evaded for long, and we are ready to consider remedies which only a few years ago would have startled and horrified us. Any one who can tell us how the facts really stand will be a true benefactor to the nation at large. Mr. Giffen, the eminent statist, has given a great deal of time and thought to the question, and he has published conclusions which are as unexpected as they seem encouraging; and did his statistics profess to represent the whole case, much of the anxiety which now prevails might be dispelled. He proves, and proves conclusively, that in the fifty years between 1833 and 1883 the average increase in the wages of the working classes has been over 50, and perhaps nearly 100, per cent.; while during the same period their hours of labour had decreased by 20 per cent. Nor has there been any rise in the prices of ordinary necessaries of life, except in the cases of rent and meat. And, finally, the average annual earnings of the labouring classes have risen from £19 to £42 per head. But averages and statistics unhappily will not show everything; they do not profess to do so. They do not show us the men and women out of work; the children whose parents cannot afford to pay even a penny a week for their schooling; the multitudes of the homeless and the unfed; the hosts that are driven by poverty into crime and shame. All Mr. Giffen's figures may be true, and yet, to quote the words of a writer of great power, there may yet be "a remnant of the thriftless and the weak to whom civilisation is more pitiless than barbarism." Though the world as a whole has risen in the scale, it seems as if many had sunk and were sinking lower and lower. The shifts and expedients of poverty are becoming scantier, while the pressure is harder and sterner. The race of life today demands more vigorous and varied powers than it has ever done before. Many must fail in the struggle; and while we rejoice over those who have risen, let us never forget those who have fallen. The Gospel of Christ is not a gospel for averages, but for individuals.

THE LONDON RIOTS.

At last our warning has come, sudden, stern, and clear. Others have heard it already; now it is our turn. Shall we heed it or not? The misery and the discontent seething in the depths of society, whose sobs and sighs till now have risen to stir the surface almost as lightly as the bubbles in the lake of Dante's vision, have at last found an outlet in convulsive violence. It is not Socialism that we have to fear, but wretchedness, ignorance, and vice. Had there been a spark of devotion to any social or political ideal, however fanatical and monstrous, in that violence which maltreated women and children, plundered shops, and made four millions of people tremble, we should have witnessed horrors indescribable—bloodshed, fire, ruin, and anarchy. What we saw was vice and crime unfettered for an hour, masking as honest want, bewailing its own destitution, and striving to drag others into the same abyss. It is sad, inexpressibly sad, to think of the harm which this violence has wrought. Those who were starving are starving still; it has not put a single loaf on a single table in an honest man's house. It has not made a single hearth, cold and empty before, glow with delicious warmth. It has not put a single rag on those who shiver in the cold with hardly enough to clothe them decently. The only people who have got anything by their wild work are those who prey upon society, rich and poor alike, and those who trust to the passions they inflame to lift them to power. A life's devotion and self-sacrifice would not atone for the terrible evil which a few noisy demagogues of the baser sort have done by their wild words. They have contrived to confuse the labouring with the criminal classes, and to make poverty mask as revolution. Those who will look below the surface will not be thus misled, but for those in a panic a single glance is enough. And so the world hopelessly loses its head. One gentleman, no doubt kindly and sympathetic in his ordinary moods, writes to the papers and dwells with enthusiasm upon guns and grape, which will mow down hundreds of souls, guilty and innocent alike, in a few minutes. Another, who suffered personally in the outrages, says that for fifty years he has been a generous subscriber to charities and hospitals, but that now he shall cut off all his gifts to an ungrateful people. Strange perversity, and stranger blindness! One would destroy the effect and leave the cause, heedless that carnage will make the harvest of pestilence and death only the richer and ranker; the other, for a single offence would shatter the links of love and sympathy that bind him to his fellows. It is a time to strengthen, not to sever—a time not to put an iron heel on misery and grind her lower in the filth, but with helping hand and loving heart to cry to her to rise up out of her darkness and to walk in the light with which we are blest.

CHILDREN'S BARRACKS.

The social reformers who have for long been fighting, and fighting almost in vain, against our foolish and wicked system of crowding together in huge barracks the children left in the care of the State, will gain new courage and hope from the experience of our Australian colonies. They have had to face the difficulties that beset us; they have tried the same systems, have made the same mistakes; but unlike us they have mended their errors and taken to new courses. A recently published Australian Blue Book, analysed by the Rev. J. W. Horsley in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, shows the conclusions to which

the authorities in all the three great Australian states have come, and describes the way in which they are now acting. The barrack system which prevails here they found expensive and inefficient for its purposes; the children grew up helpless and unable to do anything for themselves. The system of cottage-homes was better, but not entirely satisfactory; and so they came to the boarding-out system, under which the child is placed in a family, of which it soon becomes a part. Human beings are so social by nature that both the foster-parents and the child soon draw together as if they were united by ties of birth. One very important point in connection with this subject is often overlooked. If a child on whom the taint of vice has come is placed in one of these large institutions, it will in all probability not only continue viciously disposed itself, but will also corrupt others. But place it among new surroundings, give it the affection of the home and the love of the mother, and then, as Miss Ellice Hopkins has beautifully said, "The young life soon runs itself clear, and the mud gives place to the blue sky and the sunbeams." The barrack system must be doomed in the long run—cold, motherless, and miserable.

THE TRAMWAY STRUGGLE.

The tramway-men have every reason to be grateful to Mrs. Reaney for the bold and persistent way in which she has fought their battle. Her great success shows what may be done by a single person who is really in earnest. Last year at the shareholders' meeting she was in a pitiful minority; this time, she came with a large following, and armed with a voting power sufficient to bring the chairman and the directors to terms. Seeing what the issue of the conflict would be, the managers of the Company had already taken steps to diminish the pressure of work under which their servants have suffered for a long while, and at the meeting they pledged themselves, not perhaps in a very definite way, to make further reductions of work upon the tramway lines under their control. If they are prudent, they will give substantial relief; if they attempt to evade or to minimise the pledge they have given, the battle will be fought all over again, and as men of business they must be aware of the fact that there is nothing so ruinous to the success of any commercial organization as protracted internal strife. They cry out over a diminution of dividend and the consequent fall in the value of shares. If they are not careful, they will have to face both evils, a decreased dividend and a general sense of insecurity that will seriously prejudice their position. But probably they will have learned wisdom, and we sincerely hope that the incident will teach its lesson to directors and shareholders of other companies in other places, and that they will take warning in time.

EVENING CLASSES FOR WORK AND PLAY.

We are delighted to see that a scheme for organizing evening classes, which shall combine recreation with instruction, has been brought forward by several of our educational and social leaders who are most competent to carry the project out with success. Something of this kind is urgently needed to supplement our elementary schools. When school days are once over and life in the shop, the warehouse, or the factory begins, it is sad and strange to watch how soon the knowledge acquired with such effort slips away, and how the habits formed in childhood disappear also. It is here that we fall so far behind the Germans; they do not give their children so much better teaching than we give ours, but they contrive to keep a hold upon immense numbers of them afterwards, and in this way they are not allowed to sink back into ignorance. Of course it is essential for the success of such a scheme that the classes should be attractive, and that the subjects taught should not be too heavy; but music, singing, drawing, and carving might well find a place. Other subjects might be included if handled in a popular way, and it would be quite possible to give lectures upon history and literature that would impart a good deal of information without being dull. The experiment has been made at Nottingham, Newcastle, and elsewhere; and wherever it has been fairly tried it has succeeded. People are ready enough to be kept out of mischief if any one will try to do it; but they cannot find occupation for themselves, and empty evenings have been the ruin of many a promising young life.

THE NEW BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

The world is becoming a very small world now, and we have almost succeeded in obliterating the distinctions of space if not of time. We send our thoughts from one end of the earth to the other; one half of the globe helps to satisfy the daily and hourly needs of the other; and now, as we send out our best workers to labour far away from us, so we are beginning to call them back in case of need. Melbourne fills the gap at Manchester. About Dr. Moorhouse's appointment there can hardly be two opinions. Before he went to Australia he had gained large experience, and had proved himself able to win the respect and affection of those among whom he worked in London and in large manufacturing towns. He is by nature a man of large and generous sympathies, and they have ripened and mellowed under the congenial influences of the colony where he has for a time made his home. He will return to work in England with a new knowledge of men and their real needs. And though he will have to submit to restraints and restrictions unknown in Australia, he cannot entirely divest himself of habits of thought and work formed in the freer life of our kinsmen across the sea; he will bring new freshness and new faith to confront the vast and varied difficulties which lie in his path. One thing he must have learnt out there: that the true strength of a Church lies not in antiquity, tradition, or wealth, but in loyal devotion to its Head and Master and in the faith and love of its members. It must have its roots both in the human and in the divine.

EMPLOYERS AND THEIR WORKPEOPLE.

Mr. James Spicer, the head of the great firm of paper manufacturers, has made a very generous and a very wise gift to the people in his employ. He made over to trustees the sum of £5,000, on which he and his partners are to pay interest at the rate of 5 per cent., thus producing an income of £250. The income is to be applied for the benefit of the workers in the employ of the firm; to give them aid in times of sickness, to provide for the infirm, to pension widows, and to help orphans till they are of an age to help themselves. The gift is a large one, and it is the intention of the firm to add to it from time to time, so that it will ultimately reach to a much greater amount. This is the true policy of employers, to give their workpeople a share in their success. The ideal system would be one in which both employers and employed were joint-partners, sharing profits and losses proportionally; but there are innumerable difficulties in the way of such a scheme, at any rate for the present; when people have been trained to habits of prudence and foresight, the case may be different and obstacles may disappear. Meanwhile, the leaders of industry must do what they can to bring about a union and harmony of interest between masters and men. It is the one security against the development of socialism on an enormous scale.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY IN GERMANY.

Such gloomy pictures are sometimes drawn of the religious condition of Germany that it is encouraging to hear from so competent an authority as Dr. Simon, of Edinburgh, that the colours are darker than facts would warrant. In a most interesting account of religious life and work in Germany, he dwells upon the enormous development of religious agencies during the past five-and-twenty years, laying special stress upon the Deacons' and Deaconesses' Institutions, many of which are great organizations with wonderful working strength, upon the development of Sunday-schools and Home Missions, and upon the growth of Young Men's Christian Associations. But the most "characteristically German" society which he mentions is one which has for its object "The weekly Distribution of Sermons on Sunday Mornings." The society has not been very long in existence, but it has risen from humble and timid beginnings to a position of real power. All kinds and classes of people are to be found among its active workers and supporters, and the sermons that it distributes appear to be very welcome. Tract distributors among ourselves might take a hint from this example; very many people care but little for a tract who would be glad of a really good sermon.

THE SCANDALS IN BURMAH.

The news from Burmah during the last two or three weeks has been painful in the extreme for all those who care for the honour and credit of the English nation. The spirit of the native rulers seems to have survived them and to have tainted and corrupted their successors. We have not been guiltless, it is true, in our conduct to uncivilised races, but we have never gone quite so far as we have in Burmah. In South Africa, to our eternal disgrace, information was wrung out of the natives by fear of death and torture; and though the facts were denied at the time, subsequent investigation put them beyond all doubt. In Burmah the same thing has been done, and no denial has been attempted. There a new refinement of cruelty has been devised, and an English officer, charged with the duty of carrying out a sentence of death, has actually gone so far as to make photography an element of capital punishment. He admits the offence, but alleges in excuse, that the doomed man did not know that he would be photographed in the moment of death; he does not deny the charge that the man was kept standing before his executioner until the moment was favourable for taking an impression. Happily those at the head of affairs in India and at home took speedy and decisive action, and though the final award has not yet been made, it is certain that it will be long before any official ventures to offend in this way again. But the serious element in the whole affair is this, that it is clear that in dealing with nations which we consider uncivilised our own civilised instincts and habits often drop off and vanish; if we do not sink to their level, we are not much superior. Our contact is fatal to the natives, pernicious to ourselves.

THE INVASION OF THE EAST.

The great obstacle to the spread of European ideas in China and Japan is beginning to give way. Books have been printed in which the cumbrous and elaborate characters of the native literature have been superseded by the Roman alphabet. It has been found possible to represent the sounds of the vernacular language by these symbols, and the change has made a marvellous difference in the ease and rapidity with which the natives now learn to read and write their own tongue. Now that the first great advance has been made, events will move quickly. The cultivated classes in China will oppose the change, for it will strike at the foundations of their power. In Japan, on the contrary, the leaders of thought will welcome and hail the revolution. But in spite of favour or of antagonism the change must come. No power can stop it. And once let the thought of the West pour into the old world of the East, the fabric must give way; the old superstitions, the old prejudices, must melt, just as an ice-field thaws and breaks up and is shattered as the warm winds beat upon it. Books will do for China what armies have failed to do; they will make it a new world. But even in spite of the final result, which must issue in good, it is terrible to think of the terrible stream with good and evil so inter-

mixed and confounded which must flow from us to them, and one cannot but dread that they may take the most poisonous and deadly elements of European literature. Our one care should be to give the best books the start. Then they may be trusted to hold their own.

THE KAFFIRS AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

A new injury is being done to the natives of South Africa, and when we find that the *Times* and the Aborigines' Protection Society denounce it with equal warmth, we may be sure that the injury is a serious one. Indeed, it threatens to destroy not merely the peace but the very existence of the tribes on the other side of the Kei. When they came under the authority of the Cape Government they were solemnly assured that the liquor traffic should be prohibited among them. To allow the trade to exist was, as Mr. Sprigg once said, "To plant death in their midst." Yet now Mr. Sprigg himself, and the Ministry of which he is the head, propose, in spite of pledges and in spite of considerations of ordinary philanthropy, to allow the sale of liquor practically without restriction to these unhappy natives, who know that drink is their worst foe. The natives have met and entered their protest; it has been endorsed by their friends here; and if Christian people will show themselves in earnest, though the Government cannot enforce the withdrawal of the proclamation, it can advise that this course should be taken, and that will have the same effect. The new departure is supposed to have been made in the interests of the colonial distillers; but, as the *Times* points out, the Kaffirs, if allowed to fall under the tyranny of drink, will impoverish the resources and weaken the labour supply of the colony. The opium traffic, it thinks, is a complicated problem; this, on the other hand, is clear, and "prohibition the one endurable course." We endeavoured at the Berlin Conference to secure the Congo from the miseries which the traffic brings with it. Are we not bound to take the same course here?

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

Before now we had quite hoped that news would have reached us about Bishop Hannington, that the time of suspense would have come to an end, and that we should have heard of his safe arrival at Uganda. Unhappily, this is not the case; since the alarming telegram of New Year's Day, which reported that Mwanga, Mtesa's successor, had given orders that the Bishop should be taken prisoner on his journey and put to death, no fresh news of importance has been received. We know now what had occurred at Uganda previously, and that the King and his chief men had been alarmed by what had taken place on the coast and by exaggerated rumours of German annexations; but that is all. The authorities of the Church Missionary Society, while admitting the possibility of danger, are not inclined to fear the worst; and, as they point out, though the lives of the Mission at Uganda have often been threatened, both by this king and by his predecessor, none have been harmed, and "no missionary or traveller has ever been deliberately put to death by an African king." All will hope and pray that the native chiefs will act now as they have acted hitherto, for the loss of the Bishop would be most serious. He is a bold and enterprising leader in the missionary field, and this very journey which has brought him into peril was undertaken with the object of discovering a shorter and easier road to the Victoria Nyanza from the coast. He is a man who cannot be spared.

"PROTECTION" FOR GERMAN MISSIONS.

At a great Conference of missionaries held in Germany a short time ago, the question, Mr. Cust tells us, was seriously discussed whether in the new territories which have been annexed by Germany during the last two or three years since its new departure in colonial policy, any but German Missions should be allowed to labour. As Mr. Cust points out in one of those interesting little notes which he occasionally contributes, in addition to more elaborate articles, to the *Church Missionary Intelligencer and Record*, such a theory of selfish and bigoted monopoly could not even be propounded here in England; the mind of every Christian man would recoil from it with instinctive aversion. If as a nation we believe in Free Trade, we believe still more strongly in Free Religion, not only among ourselves but in our colonies. It is pleasant to find that the German Conference decided by a large majority against such restrictions, and that it put on record its gratitude to England for the assistance and defence given to mission workers in all parts of her dominions.

THE REV. GRIFFITH JOHN AT HANKOW.

The native Church at Hankow has been celebrating the thirteenth anniversary of Mr. John's first arrival in China, and the occasion seems to have called out an unwonted amount of enthusiasm. Mr. John has worked hard and worked well. More than 300,000 of his tracts are annually distributed through China, and his last task has been a new version of the New Testament in an easy style that shall suit the taste both of the scholar and of people of ordinary education. If the attempt is successful it will give him a new claim to the title by which he is described in the elaborate tablets presented as a congratulatory address at the anniversary meeting—"Benefactor of the Eastern Regions." When he settled at Hankow there was not a Christian in the province. Now all is changed. First one or two converts were won; then units became tens, and tens swelled into hundreds; and still the work goes on.

"I've been waiting here for hours," he said.

Page 220.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—"I DON'T UNDERSTAND THINGS," SAID GEOFFREY.

MISS O'DONNELL'S hysterics were proverbial, the slightest excuse sent her into them.

So accustomed were the servants of Inchfawn to this excitable and impulsive lady's cries and lamentations, that they made very little count of them.

On this occasion, however, Miss O'Donnell's conduct proved quite an exception to its general rule. She turned very white, and drew herself up straight, and first shaking her hand, a trifle tremulously, at the sobbing and frightened crowd of people, she went to Ellen and touched her on the arm.

"Your poor father has gone off his head, me dear child, and I must go and see to him directly."

On leaving the room she made a short remark to the retainers: "You needn't be so frightened. Try and restrain yourselves. Inchfawn is ill, that's all."

During the whole of this scene Arundel neither spoke nor moved—the tragedy, the despair of these most emotional people was more or less of a mystery to him—he felt his heart-strings stirred, and his own temperament, generally the reverse of excitable, was roused to sympathy. To comprehend this sorrow seemed possible to him, and although he was a homeless man he read in Ellen's eyes something of the agony of leaving a home. He came up now and touched her very gently. "May I take you into the parlour? I will come back directly and say a word or two to these poor folk, and so spare Geoffrey."

Ellen almost flung his hand from her arm. She turned round, with her blue eyes still wet, and the tears on her cheeks. "Where's the use of sparing Geoffrey?" she said. "He has got to bear it; we've all got to bear it. You must not mind my aunt, poor people. My father is not ill in body. It is all quite true, what he told you; there is nothing the matter with my father, except that his heart is broken."

Here Ellen's own fortitude gave way, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed without restraint.

The sight of these bitter tears, and the deep distress of this girl whom they all loved, did more to restrain the poor retainers' hitherto selfish grief than any amount of words could have done. They forgot themselves in trying to comfort Ellen; they flocked round her with eager assurances of affection, and eager words of false cheer.

"Don't you now, Miss Ellen; we'll have the Squire back again before long, Miss Eileen darling. Oh musha! oh alanna! that we should live to see our own Miss Eileen throubled like this!"

At last Mary Donovan, the quiet and gentle woman whom Ellen had rescued from starvation a month ago, fairly put her arms round the trembling girl, and laid her head on her breast. "There now, mavourneen," she said, "may the blessed Mother above comfort you, you poor motherless lamb, this night! Ay, and 'tis you deserves it, for you was good to me and mine, in a black day not long gone by. Little Mary, come here and kiss your own purty lady's hand. And Dan," added Mrs. Donovan, raising her voice, and looking at her husband, "if you could get all the folks to go away, we'd soon have our own Miss Ellen quiet and peaceful-like again."

"Yes, yes, we'll all go," said several voices. "Tisn't for us to be thinking on ourselves this black and dreadful night."

"Oh, thank you," said Ellen, as they were moving away. "Yes, I am better now, Mrs. Donovan. Yes, I forgot about God for a little, and things seemed so black; but I am better now. Good night, dear little Mary. Mrs. Donovan, you shall give me one kiss."

Ellen's sudden shower of tears was over. She turned to Arundel. "I am afraid I was rude to you a moment ago," she said. "I was quite overpowered; but I am all right now." She gave him a sudden and sweet smile, and they went into the parlour together.

Arundel stood silent by the hearth. Ellen's conduct had touched him more than he liked to own. Her sudden impulsive grief, and the almost as sudden mastery she had gained over her feelings, showed him that he had already read her character aright.

When they reached the parlour she seemed again to have completely forgotten herself. She built up the fire, and then ran up-stairs to find Geoffrey.

Poor Geoffrey was quite stunned. He came out of his father's room, with his cheeks still flushed and his eyes bright. "My father has dropped asleep, Ellen. The moment he

laid his head on the pillow he was asleep, and Aunt Bridget is now sitting by him. Aunt Bridget thinks he is very ill. Do you think so? She thinks that his mind went a little; and she does not believe that story; is that the case, Ellen?"

"No, dear Geoffrey, the story is true. My father has had a shock, but this sleep will do him good. Come away now."

"I must go back to the people in the kitchen," said Geoffrey. "If the story is true I must go back to them." He began to shudder, and his beautiful sensitive lips quivered.

"They are all gone, darling; they know all they need know to-night. Now come down to the parlour, and let us talk to Mr. Arundel."

"Ah! yes, I am glad Arundel is here," said poor Geoffrey, "but I confess I don't understand things a bit."

CHAPTER XX. — "THANK YOU FROM MY HEART."

It did not take long, however, for the people at Inchfawn to understand well enough how matters really stood. In a week's time every soul in the whole country round knew that Inchfawn was a ruined man, that the place, and the house, and the furniture all belonged to another. Geoffrey was heir to nothing but poverty, and the only income the family possessed was what could be derived from Ellen's ten thousand pounds. On this they must live, and the home of their ancestors was to know them no more.

After the first night, in which he had abruptly broken the news to his dependants, the Squire seemed sunk in a kind of stupor. He was quite indifferent to any plans for his future; he made no remarks of either regret or lamentation; it is true he went in and out amongst his tenantry, and heard their comments, and observed their sorrow, and took little notes of any special desires they might express, but he showed for himself neither softness nor emotion: he looked like a man simply indifferent to life. Only once during that terrible month which preceded the O'Donnells leaving Inchfawn did he exhibit a trace of any feeling, and that was when he came suddenly upon Geoffrey, who showed by his white and worn young face what he was suffering.

"Ah, my boy, my poor boy!" he said, laying his old hand heavily on the lad's shoulder; "it's the sins of the fathers, Geoffrey, my son—the sins of the fathers. Well, I'm glad your mother isn't here," and then he shut himself into his smoking den, and locked the door.

Miss O'Donnell, when she found that her brother's mind had not really gone, and that they were in truth "paupers," as she expressed it, became a source of almost ludicrous anxiety to her friends. The poor lady made up for all her previous calmness by violent hysterics, by sudden stitches in her side, which she said would assuredly end her days in the course of half an hour. When her physical pains became better, she talked in the most abject way about the poor-house, and wondered if they would treat Biddy O'Donnell, who came of a good old family, who could indeed claim royal descent, any different from the other paupers. She questioned Arundel most closely on this point, and much pained poor Geoffrey and Ellen by mentioning her immediate removal to the poor-house in the presence of the servants, and at every meal they sat down to. In vain her nephew and niece assured the poor old lady that there was no such prospect before her, and that with Ellen's five hundred a year they were all very far off from starvation, or from coming on the parish for help. Miss Bridget shook her head, and pushed her cap with its scarlet bow more crooked than ever.

"Ah, well, Mr. Arundel," she said, "it's like young folks to be hopeful, but the dear children can't do impossibilities, and we all know that when an ancient family is seized for debt, and the very sofas, and chairs, and tables obliged to be sold up, that there isn't much money to the fore. It's a dark and evil day that sees Biddy O'Donnell driven to the poor-house, but the Lord's will be done."

It was to be remarked, however, that though Miss Bridget made these ceaseless lamentations, and added in that way much to the trouble of the household, she did not forget to send to Derry for a new shape for her black satin bonnet, and she and her chosen special friend, Honora Macnaughten, spent many hours of each day locked up in the old lady's bedroom, sorting, sponging, and renovating what bits of finery she possessed.

"For even in the poor-house, Honora," she remarked, "Biddy O'Donnell may as well keep up a genteel appearance."

"If it comes to that," replied Miss Honora Macnaughten, who remembered the time when she and Biddy had been fine lasses together, "you shall come and share our house at Crorane; half my bit and sup and half my bed you shall have, Bridget O'Don-

nell, for it shall never be said in the whole country of Inishowen that a Macnaughten allowed an O'Donnell to want."

In this manner, and with many such remarks and violent showers of tears on the part of Miss Bridget, the old ladies passed their afternoons by no means so unhappily as might be supposed.

But all the arranging all the plans for their future actions came in reality upon Ellen and Geoffrey. The Squire knew exactly how long they were to stay. He had made rude marks on the wall of his smoking den, something after the fashion of a schoolboy, a rough charcoal mark on the wall for each day. Every morning when he got up he scored off one of these marks, and reckoned up the remainder in a puzzled, uncertain voice, often making mistakes, and going back again.

"Fifteen days—no, no, sixteen; how stoopid of me! it's only fourteen days—only fourteen days left."

Then he would smile vaguely, and go out to wander restlessly up and down the grounds, which were no longer his.

During these sad days Arundel found his interest heightened in this family. The scenes through which he was passing were something of a revelation to the Englishman who had never before come face to face with the passionate sense of clanship and love of home which characterizes the Irish. To them, the old proverb that "Blood is thicker than water," is as their very life, and Arundel read this fact in the sorrowful faces which met him on all sides. It was quite true that in leaving Inchfawn the O'Donnells felt themselves torn up by the roots.

Arundel had made up his mind rather unwillingly, on the night when the Squire had broken the news, to leave Inchfawn. He felt himself still practically a stranger to this family, and he did not think he ought to intrude on them at such a time. A selfish man would have wished to go, for there was little of amusement or diversion to be got out of the old place just then; but Arundel was unselfish, and he would have preferred to stay could he have found a reasonable excuse for doing so.

Ellen, in a few words, gave him the opportunity he desired.

"I suppose," she said, raising her eyes to his face, "you will go back to Dublin and to England now. It would be very dull for you at Inchfawn now."

"Perhaps, I ought to go," answered Arundel; "but I should not find it dull to stay."

"But we cannot make it pleasant at dinner time any more, and I am afraid if you tell us stories, we shall not be able to listen. You see," she added apologetically, "Geoffrey and I have so much to think about."

"Just so," said Arundel, reddening slightly. "Do you suppose I want to have dinners made pleasant for me, and to listen to my own tales?" He spoke indignantly, for he felt hurt at Ellen's misunderstanding him.

"Have I said anything rude?" she asked anxiously; then she looked in his face and added, "I know what I want to say."

"What is that?"

"I want you not to leave Geoffrey and me just now."

"Can I really be of use to you?" asked Arundel, his grey eyes beginning to shine.

"Yes, you can be of great use to us; you are older—or at least you seem much older than Geoffrey or I, and Geoffrey loves you very much. I have been anxious about Geoffrey, but"—her lips began to quiver—"we won't go into that just now. If you were with Geoffrey, I don't think he would do anything rash. You see my father is quite broken down—he is stunned, and Aunt Bridget is scared—poor Aunt Bridget—so everything will fall upon Geoffrey and me, and if you *would* advise us—" Ellen's eyes were full of tears.

"I will do what I can—yes, I will stay," said Arundel.

From that moment he seemed to absorb himself into the family; he walked for hours by the Squire's side, he tried, alas! in vain, to shake him out of his stupor. At meals, he soothed Aunt Bridget; and at all times he put himself as a shield between Ellen and the troubles which so thickly surrounded her. In the evenings—for the Squire went to bed almost immediately after dinner—he, and the brother and sister, had many long consultations about the future, and Arundel contrived to show Geoffrey that although he was no longer heir to Inchfawn, there could be many rifts in the dark cloud which surrounded him.

One day, about a week before the O'Donnels were to leave their old home, Ellen, who had been very busy over a thousand matters in the house all the morning, ran out to take a breath of air accompanied by Oscar. It was a bleak and damp December evening, and there had been frequent showers of sleet all day; now the clouds, driven rapidly by the wind, showed glimpses of a starry sky and of a bright moon above.

Ellen ran down a side path, wrapped as

usual in her red cloak, the hood of which had fallen back from her head. This mountain-reared girl, however, had no fear of taking cold, and she did not trouble herself to rearrange it.

She came to a stile, which separated the Inchfawn property from the high road, and leaning upon it looked up at the fast-drifting clouds.

"The same stars and the same moon will look down upon us in another place," she thought; "they won't change, and there is the same heavenly Father, and He never changes. Oh!" she added impulsively, and speaking aloud, without knowing she did so, "I should not mind for myself, nor for Geoffrey, nor even for my dear old father, we can get along, but it is the poor people we are leaving behind us; no one else will understand them as we do, they've grown into our hearts, and we could as easily hurt ourselves as them; but what *will* they do now?"

Just then, as Ellen uttered these words, Oscar gave a low and angry growl, and Ellen, first laying her hand on his head, looked to the other side of the road. A certain angle of the road lay in a flood of moonlight, and across this bright piece of the path a man was coming rapidly. He came close up to Ellen and took off his hat.

"I've been waiting here for hours," he said. "I—ah! I'm a lazy fellow, but I wanted to see you. It was I helped you that day at Derry, if you remember, when you nearly fell. Do you remember? I have never forgotten your face since, never. I have taken a monstrous long ride, and I've been round some of the grounds; they seem to be very—ah!—dreary. You don't mind my calling Inchfawn dreary? You see *I* can't love it, it isn't to be expected. I'm an *awfully* lazy dog—fellow, I mean—but I have been waiting here for hours on the chance of seeing you."

"Who are you?" asked Ellen, when the stranger allowed her an opportunity of speaking. "I don't recognise you at all, and I don't want people to wait hours to see me. If people want to see me they can come to the house. It is late, and I think I must wish you good evening now; come, Oscar!"

"Miss O'Donnell, don't you really know me? Why, I'm—I'm John Henry—I mean John Brownlow. I'm the new heir to Inchfawn instead of your brother Geoffrey, you understand."

"*You?*" said Ellen; she turned ghastly white, and caught hold of the paling to support herself.

"Yes, really. I wonder you did not recognise me. I expect I saved you from a broken limb the other day, at Derry."

"I did not remember you, indeed," replied Ellen. "I must go now—good-bye."

"Oh! but I say! after waiting here for hours, and I such a lazy fellow, and accustomed to every comfort; I expect I shall take a violent cold. Look here, Miss O'Donnell, you might let me say what I have come to say."

"You must say it in very few words then, Mr. Brownlow, for I oughtn't to stay here to listen to you."

Brownlow came a step nearer.

"Why, surely," he said, with a slight sneer in his words, "it isn't possible you're afraid!"

Ellen drew her tall, slight figure up to its full height.

"I never was afraid of anything or anybody," she said, and Brownlow saw her blue eyes flash in the moonlight.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, stepping back a pace or two; "you *have* got a splendid way about you. None of the Derry girls are a patch on you, and as to my sisters, why they are nowhere! Look here, Miss O'Donnell, I know you think me an awful cad, and I know I am beside you, but, really and truly now, I want to help you, I do from my heart. See, I have done what you couldn't do! Take this, and stay at Inchfawn. You need not tell anybody; 'twill just be a secret between you and me. I did mean to ask you for a reward, but I won't—I won't ask you for anything. You take this, Miss O'Donnell, and stay at Inchfawn. I don't want the place, it wouldn't suit me a bit."

"But what is it—what is it?" said Ellen as Brownlow tried to thrust a sealed envelope into her hand.

"What is it? It's bank-notes for the amount of the two thousand pounds you could not get from Mr. Grey. Here it is: *I've* managed it for you, and all you have to do is to keep your own counsel and pay it in to my father, and then he can't turn you away from Inchfawn."

"Oh!" said Ellen, with a joyful cry, "has my Uncle Grey really yielded, and can I save my dear, dear people? and is this my own money after all?"

"No, no! it isn't your money, it's my money; but that makes no odds. I've had a few thousand pounds left to me, and I'm of age and can do as I like. I drew this, and you can have it, and you needn't say any-

thing about it; I mean how you got it. Now good-bye."

Brownlow was going away, when Ellen's voice called after him.

"Oh, come back!" she cried. "Oh! don't you see," she added, with the tears raining down her cheeks, "how impossible it is for me to take this money? Oh, I don't know how to thank you; you are not what you call yourself, you have a gentleman's heart; but it isn't possible for Ellen O'Donnell to save Inchfawn in such a manner as this."

"But why?—but why, Miss O'Donnell? I could go down on my knees to you; I could swear that I didn't want to come here, and that I have not the least use for that money. Why won't you take it?"

"There are a thousand reasons why I could not think of such a thing; I cannot explain them, if you will not see them for yourself. Now good-bye—God bless you for the thought." Ellen thrust the envelope back again into Brownlow's hand, and ran swiftly home, crying bitterly all the way.

CHAPTER XXI.—HE WAS MOULDING HER LIFE.

FEW Irish people can forget the hard winter of 1879—the famine, the cold, the desolation, which spread themselves over the face of the earth, and made themselves felt in the hearts of the suffering people.

On a late afternoon in the beginning of that same winter, Ellen O'Donnell rode slowly home on her pony Shela. She was not going to Inchfawn; she turned in at a tiny gate, and stopped before the green painted door of a very small and unpretentious dwelling. The door stood partly open, and seeing a light in the passage she called out, "I am just taking Shela round to the stable, father. I shall make her comfortable and rub her down, and then come in to dinner. I shan't keep you waiting long."

Her full, sweet tones reached an old man, who sat very close to a turf fire in the small sitting-room. He called back—

"Ay, ay, colleen, you're a bit late; every one's a bit late these days."

His voice was slightly querulous, and Ellen sighed as she turned her horse's head towards the stable. She was about to take off the side-saddle, when a hearty though rough voice interrupted her.

"Now then, Miss Eileen, is it you who is to soil your purty hands with work like that? Lave Shela to me, Miss Eileen, and I'll soon rub her down and give her a hot mash."

"Oh, thank you," said Ellen, resigning the reins, and leaning for a moment against the stable-door. "Can you see with this lantern, Tom? And you will find oats in that locker up there."

"Whoa, lady! whoa!" said Tom Doherty to Shela, who looked round after Ellen with a regretful expression in her gentle eyes. "There—there's a good little lady. Stand quiet, Shela, do."

Ellen still remained by the stable-door, and Oscar pressed close to her side. "Are things any better at home, Tom?" she asked anxiously.

"No, no, Miss Eileen; things ain't no better; it ain't likely. Don't you throuble your head, miss, dear; it isn't you as can do nothing now. The place is changed so as you couldn't know it. Grand—there's no word for the grandeur. And English servants, as prim as you please; butter wouldn't melt in the mouths of them, the rascals. But never a bit of heart among them all; never a morsel nor a kind nor cheery word. It's hard to tell which is the worst off—them as was evicted or them as stays. Sharp's the word at Inchfawn now; up to the day with the bit of rint, and work done to the minute, as since that new English steward has come over, the thing is almost past bearin'. Oh! it was a sorrowful day for us when the rale old family went away."

"Well, you see, it was our home," said Ellen, with a very slight sigh; "strangers can't be expected to feel about the old place, and the old folks, as we did; but—dear Tom——"

"What is it, Miss Eileen, dear?"

"You see you have lots to do at Inchfawn, and you might—I mean I think it would be better, if you were to try to make the poor folks contented. You see, we can't come back, and Mr. Brownlow is not like my father, of course, but I am sure he is just. He has not the Irish way of doing things, but he wants—I know he wants—to raise his tenantry, and if they would only try and like him! It makes me unhappy—it makes me miserable—to hear of this discontent wherever I go. You can do much, Tom; you are a great man amongst our poor folks; and can't you get them to bear with Mr. Brownlow, and to see some good in his system?"

"I'd do a deal for you, Miss Ellen, but—" the man's face grew very black—"there are things as flesh and blood can't abear. What o' them as was turned out in the naked winter, without food or shelter? what o'

them as is hidin' now, in the caves and among the wild rocks round Dunree? Ay, ay, it's fine talkin' to be content, but we can't see some things unmoved." Here the man drew himself up short. He had spoken his brief words with intense passion; now he glanced at Ellen's face, which was white and troubled, and abruptly changed the conversation. "When is Mr. Geoffrey coming home, Miss Ellen?"

"I expect him any day, Tom, and I think Mr. Arundel will come with him. Perhaps he—I mean Mr. Arundel—might do something."

"No, no; we want our own young gentleman, not an Englisher. We has had enough of the likes of they."

Tom turned his head, and began to busy himself over Shela's comfort, and Ellen, followed by Oscar, went into the house.

It was two years now since the O'Donnells had left Inchfawn, and Ellen's face looked old, and slightly careworn, for her nineteen years. It had always been a sweet face, but now, in its expression, in its strength, in the noble lines about mouth and eyes, it was very beautiful. No one looked at Ellen once, who did not wish to look again. No one, be they man, woman, or child, but felt better for her sympathising glance. She was the kind of woman to be near a man on a battlefield, the glance of her eye must lead him on to victory; or, again, she was the kind of woman to be close to a man in his hour of defeat; the pressure of her hand then, the sweet and heavenly radiance of her smile, must bring him consolation and bid despair fly away.

The O'Donnells had taken a very small house, about three miles on the Inishowen side of Derry. It was the quietest and most unpretending little place in the world, but there was a distant view to be obtained of the beloved Lough Swilly, and the rent was extremely low.

One luxury from the old home Ellen had carried away with her—her pony Shela.

Arundel had bought Shela, and had given her to the young girl; given her with such words, and in such a manner, that it was impossible to refuse the dearly-prized gift. Shela and Oscar were remnants of the old Inchfawn days, and Ellen could still ride fearlessly over the country.

The Squire had settled down in this new and dull mode of life without any apparent murmuring. The dull apathy which had succeeded with him to the first shock and agony of parting seemed never entirely removed. He was quite an old, broken-down man now, and could not be induced to take up any fresh interest. Geoffrey's presence excited him, Aunt Bridget made him irritable; but the colleen, as he loved to call her, could soothe him and lead him like a child.

Geoffrey, following Arundel's advice, was going through Trinity College, Dublin. "You must enter a profession now," said Arundel. "Your sister will gladly stint the home purse to offer you means to complete your education, but you must, of course, earn your own living by-and-by."

Geoffrey assented warmly. He was truly glad to get away from the dull semblance of a home left to him, and he talked in brilliant words of several professions, any one of which he might be induced to embrace.

Alas! could he have been persuaded to fix his attention on one, and one alone seriously, all might have been well with him; but he was as unstable as he was versatile and brilliant.

Arundel, before he left the family, gave some words of counsel to Ellen.

"You are very young, and you must not brood for ever on the past. If I may say such a thing, your heart and feelings have been over-educated. I want you now to turn your attention to your mind. There is that in you which can grasp much; and whatever the problem may be before you in life, it is well that a just and carefully-regulated mind should balance the tenderest heart."

Arundel went away, and Ellen tried to solve the enigma he had set her. For this purpose books arrived; books from no apparent sender; delightful books on all subjects, well chosen, carefully selected, and calculated to lead the reader on step by step. Magazines came also, and a few of the best weekly papers.

Ellen guessed that Arundel was the sender, but he never wrote. Geoffrey believed that he had gone abroad, and she did not know where to write to thank him.

She thought of Arundel, however, a great deal, and unknown to herself he was moulding her life.

CHAPTER XXII.—"NO CROWNED KING MORE WAITED FOR."

When Ellen came into the little shabby dining-room her father roused himself from his half-doze by the fire, and Aunt Bridget, knitting some woollen muffatees, gave a sigh of relief.

"For pity's sake, child, pick up this stitch for me, I have made quite a bungle of the thing. My sight is growing very weak, Eileen pet."

"You must not try to knit by such poor light, auntie. There, now, the knitting is all right, and here comes dinner."

Ellen led her father to his place at the table, and sat down at the end opposite to him.

"It's perfectly shameful the way the fowl woman has treated us," said Aunt Bridget, poking a bit of chicken in a discontented manner about on her plate. "Call *this* a young bird! They needn't suppose because Biddy O'Donnell has resigned her ancient glory at Inchfawn that she don't know a young chicken from an old. You let me know the next time the fowl woman calls, Kate."

The last remark was addressed to a rosy-faced maidservant, who had come from Inchfawn and was devoted to the family.

The old Squire, who was beginning to enjoy his dinner, put down his fork with a short, impatient sigh; he could never bear any mention of Inchfawn.

Miss Bridget took up the sigh as a sort of challenge. "Oh! 'tis very fine your groaning and looking at me like that, Squire; I can't choke myself; I have my feelings, and they must let out sometimes. Inchfawn's in my head from morning to night, and the name must come out sometimes, whether I will or no. You know as well as I do, Ellen, that I spare the Squire all I can, but we are each of us in the same box for that matter."

"True enough, Biddy, true enough," said O'Donnell gently. "Here, Oscar, you shall crunch up the bone of this tough fowl. So you took a long ride to-day, Ellen, child?"

"Yes, father, I went into Derry, and then home round by the lough."

"And I hope to goodness, Ellen, child, you thought to match my red wools. Now it would be just like you to forget all about them, and as you are the only one of us who has anything to go about on, except our own two legs, I call it mighty careless and inconsiderate, if you did."

"But, Aunt Biddy, you never told me you wanted more wool."

"Never told you! And where were your two eyes, Ellen O'Donnell? Couldn't you see as plain as a pikestaff I was nearing the end of my third ball, and had never a skein left in the basket? But young people have no consideration nowadays; it used to be very different when Honora Macnaughten and I were young."

"Shut up, Biddy, do," said the Squire with a sudden flash of anger; "I'll not have the colleen abused—d'ye hear?—there were never any lasses like her in any age I've heard tell of, and you had better leave her alone, I can tell you."

Miss Bridget began to whimper. "Dear, dear, dear, one would think I had taken to abusing my own flesh and blood: but you've turned so queer, Inchfawn, there's no making you out lately."

"*Drop that name*," thundered Fergus O'Donnell, bringing down his great hand with a bang on the table.

Ellen was about to fly to the rescue, when there came another interruption, and a slight noise on the gravel outside. A firm young step in the passage, a gay voice at the dismal dining-room door, and Geoffrey was clasping Ellen to his heart and ringing his old father's hand.

"Aunt Biddy, I've brought you the very sweetest thing in caps; Arundel chose it. Arundel has put up at Judson's, Ellen, and will be over to-morrow early. Well, father, here I am, and as hungry as a hunter. I thought I would give you all a bit of a surprise."

"Delighted to see you, me boy—more than delighted," said O'Donnell. His eyes had grown bright, his lethargy was shaken off; he looked ten years younger, on the spot. "Ellen, we'll open that last jar of the old potheen, and I'll brew a bowl of punch, fit to warm the cockles of your heart, Geoffrey, my lad."

"All right, father; it's cold enough outside, but as I walked over from Derry, I am fairly warm just now, but I'll drink your good health, sir, with pleasure."

There was something in this answer which slightly damped the enthusiasm of both the Squire and Ellen—a faint, faint suspicion that Geoffrey had grown too fine a gentleman to care for the aroma of the old home-brewed potheen. He was really a splendid-looking young man, and few could wonder at the father and sister being proud of him. All the early promise of his youth had been fulfilled, and in his tall and upright figure, in his fine proportions, and in the pose of his graceful head, could be read all that pride and dignity of race which no reverse of fortune could hide or diminish.

His face, very like his sister's, was now slightly bronzed, the brilliant colour of his earlier youth was toned down, his blue eyes

had gained in depth and feeling, and the weakness of his mouth was hidden by a moustache. Geoffrey ate heartily, and Ellen, her father, and Aunt Bridget ministered to him.

Aunt Bridget, who had forgotten all her woes in the prospect of that delightful new cap, was at her best. Kate, the serving-maid, hurried backwards and forwards; the Squire laughed heartily whenever Geoffrey opened his lips, and Ellen's cheeks grew bright with happiness.

In the midst of this scene Kate, the serving maid, touched her young mistress lightly on the shoulder. "Will you plase walk into the kitchen one moment, Miss Eileen?"

These words were said in a whisper.

"What is it, Kate? I don't want to be disturbed just at present," whispered Ellen back.

"There's a body there as wants a word with you, miss."

Ellen rose instantly. She went into the tiny kitchen, where a tall, slight figure, wrapped from head to foot in a peasant woman's cloak, leant against the dresser.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the girl's kind voice.

The cloak was instantly flung back, and revealed the slender form and wild and still lovely face of Nora, the girl who had appealed to Ellen two years ago in the cave.

Ellen had not seen her since she left Inchfawn, and she started now, not only on account of the throng of old memories which came over her, but also because of the change in the young girl's face. She was wasted almost to a skeleton, and her brilliant black eyes looked now too large for beauty.

"Yes, 'tis me, Miss Eileen, 'tis me. I have walked a long mile to-day, and I will be tired; but I wanted to spake with you mortal bad, miss dear."

"Sit down, Nora, sit down. How very ill you look! You shall have something to eat directly. I never saw any one so changed in my life!"

"We are stharvin', stharvin'," said Nora in a faint voice; "the bit and the sup hasn't been there, and the times has been hard, and the days damp and cold. Me mother and me—we was turned out of our bit of a cabin a year ago now, and there ain't nothing to pick up—never a stick nor nothing on bare Dunree Head. But I hasn't come to spake of meself," continued Nora, suddenly changing her voice. "Miss Eileen!" dropping her tone to a whisper, "Mr. Geoffrey hisself come in here half an hour ago!"

"He did, Nora: what of that?"

"Ah! and 'tis you to say, what of that, when his blessed steps is music in our ears, and every sowl all around—every wronged sowl all the counthry round—is awaiting for him to deliver them! Miss Eileen, you might have been a queen amongst us, but you wouldn't, you wouldn't! but he, Mister Geoffrey, he's bound hisself, and no crowned king was ever more waited for."

Ellen's face grew white at these words.

"I don't think you can see my brother now," she said; "he has only just come home, and he is with my father. There is nothing Geoffrey or I would not do for you—for all of you, Nora—but my father and he are so happy together just now. I would rather—do you mind?—I would rather tell neither of them anything sad to-night."

"'Tis only the bit of a message, Miss Eileen; and I was to deliver it faithful and sure; but you can tell it as good as me, and sure when I mintions to them as Miss Eileen herself took the words off me, why they'll be satisfied, and niver say as Nora Mahoney has done wrong."

"I will deliver your message, word for word, Nora. I promise you."

"It's just this," whispered Nora, coming forward, and letting her slow words drop on Ellen's ear with significant pauses. "Down in the red glen, along by Patrick Macnaughten's cottage, when 'tis tin o'clock to-morrow night, there's thim as will wait and long and pray in the red glen, Miss Eileen, asthore, for him as is to be their deliverer. You tell Mr. Geoffrey; he'll know."

Before Ellen could open her lips, or utter word or comment, Nora had wrapped her cloak well over her face, and glided from the kitchen. She had not even waited for the food which her starved body had so sorely needed.

CHAPTER XXIII.—BECOMING ONE OF THEM.

"QUIET, Shela—steady there, dear little woman. No, Oscar, I am not going into Derry this morning—I will wait just here, and you may run on the sands if you like, good dog, and Shela and I will walk up and down. Yes, Shela, I know you are longing for a gallop, but patience, my good little horse, I think he will come soon, and he must pass this way."

Ellen was waiting at a sheltered turn in the road which led into Derry.

The Lake of Shadows lay almost at her feet; it was a still and lovely winter's morning with just a touch of frost to give fresh-

ness to the air, and Lough Swilly lay calm with scarcely a ripple on its waters.

Ellen, too, looked outwardly calm. There was no sign of impatience in her upright young figure; her sunny and beautiful face looked serene, and only those who knew her very well indeed, could detect the sparkle of expectancy, nay, more, the look of well kept down anxiety in her dark blue eyes.

Ellen had come out to this turn in the road to wait for Arundel. Geoffrey had said he would come to Rose Bank Cottage that morning, but Ellen wanted to see him first, and alone.

She had thought of many expedients for obtaining this desire, and at last she determined to wait by an angle in the road which she knew he must pass. She paced her horse slowly up and down. Oscar looked at her and wagged his tail, and walked with his solemn trot by her side. Oscar longed for that run on the sands, but leave Ellen—never!

At last he uttered a sharp short bark of surprise and pleasure, and the next moment he was fawning on Arundel and licking his hand.

"It is extraordinary how Oscar remembers you," said Ellen, riding up to the two. "It is two years since any of us have seen you, and Oscar remembers as if it was yesterday."

"Oscar is too noble to forget," said Arundel quietly. "And you, Miss O'Donnell, are you well?—are you happy? I had a thousand things to ask you, but you are going for a ride. Did Geoffrey tell you that I was coming up to Rose Bank this morning?"

"He did, and I came out here to meet you. I have an anxiety, and you used to be a good friend to me two years ago. I thought I might consult you."

Arundel's deep grey eyes grew a little bright. He took Ellen's hand, and said—

"Certainly, anything in my power," and then he walked by her side.

"There is a good deal of trouble just now at Inchfawn, Mr. Arundel," said Ellen, plunging at once into the heart of her subject. "We have gone away it is true, but our hearts are still there, and the poor people who used to love us, love us still. They come to me, from time to time, with their troubles, and my heart aches for them. I believe there is a good deal of discontent at Inchfawn, and that discontent gives me much anxiety."

"The—the present owner—I am sure his very name gives you pain; but is he—just and kind to the poor folks?" interrupted Arundel.

"He is just, but I don't believe he is very kind. I don't blame him, however. Mr. Arundel, it is simply that he does not understand us and our ways. There are those, however, who blame him bitterly. I told you there was discontent at Inchfawn."

Ellen's face was full of distress now, and Arundel noticed that the hand which held Shela's reins trembled.

"In what way can I help you?" he asked. "You are not telling me all this without believing that I can help you."

"I earnestly hope that you will help us. I pray with my whole heart fervently that you may see a way to deliver us. I ask you for Geoffrey's sake."

"I am an idle man, Miss O'Donnell," replied Philip Arundel. "I have a little money, and a great deal of time. I place my time, my money, and what brains I possess, at your service."

"Thank you," said Ellen simply.

Arundel laid his hand on Shela's neck, and Oscar, who had always approved of the Englishman's ways and doings, walked sedately at his other side.

"For some time," continued Ellen, "for many years now, there has been a secret society at Inchfawn, it belongs exclusively to our place, and, as far as I can tell, is unconnected with any other. You know, Mr. Arundel, that secret societies have done a great deal of harm in Ireland, and my mother, my dear mother, dreaded them, and once she made me promise to have nothing to say to them, and to do all in my power to prevent Geoffrey ever joining any, or to be mixed up with secret societies in any way whatever. But for that promise solemnly made, and which I must ever keep, I would have become a member before now of the society which exists at Inchfawn."

"You would!" said Arundel, startled, and looking at her in surprise.

"Yes, yes, it might have been misunderstood, but what of that? By that means alone could I have got at the innermost hearts of those I love. Do you suppose I would have counselled them for evil? and do you not think I might have led them on to feel gently and to act peaceably? However, it was not to be. Mr. Arundel, what I could not do, Geoffrey did. Without knowing anything of our mother's special wish in this matter—he became a member of this society. When I found it out, he had bound himself by vows, and it was too late to draw

back. For the last two years, as you know, Geoffrey has lived in Dublin; he has come here as often as he could, and his visits have always been full of sunshine. He has changed a little, however, since then, and I don't think in all respects he is quite the Geoffrey of old."

"You must expect him to grow," said Arundel. "In two years he has seen much of the world, and he has stood metaphorically on his own feet."

"Yes, I can understand that, but there are some differences which my father and I notice, and I fear, I greatly fear, he may disappoint some of those who trust in him."

Here Ellen related with much enthusiasm her interview with Nora Mahoney of the night before.

"You see," she said, "the people at Inchfawn look to Geoffrey as a deliverer. I wish you could have seen Nora when she said, 'He comes to us as a king;' but will he, will he throw his heart and soul, his whole being into this matter? Will he save these warm-hearted, weak, impulsive people?"

"But what is he to save them from?" asked Arundel.

Ellen drew in her horse, and gave the Englishman a swift kindling glance, of almost contempt.

"What is he to save them from?" she repeated. "Ah! I forgot, you are not one of us after all. Their bodies are starving, their souls are perishing, he is to save them from themselves, he is to be strong and great and noble. There is a leader's work before him if he will but take it. He is to show our own people, our very own people, the right way. Oh, that I could do this thing!"

"And you would do it well," said Arundel, looking with admiration at the beautiful enthusiastic creature. "When is this society to meet?"

"To-night; at ten o'clock to-night."

"And have you spoken to Geoffrey?"

"A little; he thinks me too much of an enthusiast, I thought"—here she spoke almost timidly—"I thought you might say something to my brother."

"Perhaps," said Arundel slowly, "perhaps—I am under no promise, you see, and I am an idle man, and I *can* be in earnest; suppose I became a member of the society?"

"You! oh, would you? Geoffrey would be safe. There would be a head to direct and—and—Mr. Arundel, I don't know how to thank you, but this would comfort me."

"I would do much to comfort you," said Arundel with fervour.

CHAPTER XXIV.—DISCLAIMING HIS CROWN.

THAT same evening, just as a new moon was slowly sinking below the horizon, and a great darkness of winter was settling over a wild and lonely glen, several men and a few women stepped noiselessly down a narrow mountain path.

They entered the glen in single file, and then stood motionless, all listening intently, and all straining their eyes towards the other entrance, about a quarter of a mile away.

At last they were rewarded by the sound of muffled footsteps, and the next moment, Geoffrey, Arundel, and Tom Doherty joined the group. Doherty said a word or two to a tall and powerfully built man, who stood foremost in the little knot of waiting people, and then they all, again in single file, went slowly up the narrow zigzag mountain path. This path seemed to go up the rugged breast of a perfectly barren hill. It was, however, a path to deceive, for seeming to lead nowhere in particular, it suddenly brought the whole party to a tiny wooden door, which was cleverly concealed by a furze bush.

This door was jammed up against the entrance to a large cave in the solid rock. One man made a peculiar knock on the door, which was instantly opened by a woman, who greeted the whole party with solemn "Caed mille afaltha,"* and then led the way into a huge, roughly-hewn chamber.

This was the very room where Ellen had come two years ago, and the woman who brought the party in was Nora Mahoney's mother.

There were several torches flaring against the walls. There was a huge peat fire smouldering in a distant corner, and notwithstanding the strong smell of smoke, the air of the place was not unpleasant.

An enormous deal table ran down the length of this subterranean room, and round it now the men and women congregated.

Doherty took Geoffrey's hand, and led him to the top of the table.

"Inchfawn has come back," he said. "There are them as has took the land, there are them who have hearts base enough to live in the old walls, but the true Inchfawn lives in the fortresses of our hearts, don't he, neighbours?"

"Thrue for ye, thrue for ye, Doherty," here shouted a dozen voices in great excitement and even passion. "Mr. Geoffrey comes of the rale old stock, bless him, may God and the blessed Vargin bless him."

* Irish for "A hundred thousand welcomes."

Here Nora Mahoney ran forward, knelt down at Geoffrey's feet, and taking his hand raised it to her lips.

"You are our king, and you will deliver us, Inchfawn," she said.

Geoffrey raised his hat. His face was flushed with surprise and emotion.

"Get up, Nora," he said, "I will do what I can. I thank you all for your welcome. You forget, however, that while my father lives, I can scarcely be Inchfawn, but I will do all that I can."

"What would the young masther say to having the place back again?" here shouted a voice.

"Hush!" said Doherty with decision. "You kape a quiet tongue in your head, Donovan, or you'll be turned out! Now then, boys," he continued, "we hasn't come here for business alone, there's pleasure first, and to drink the health of our young gentleman in the good old mountain dew. Here's a jar of potheen, boys, that I'll warrant hasn't a headache in the whole of it."

Nora brought forward a little tin mug, and Doherty poured some of the illicit whiskey into it; to this she added water, and then carried it round to each man and woman to sip.

Geoffrey's health was drunk with fervour, blessings were poured upon him from all sides, and Arundel, who stood in the background, noticed the passionate appeal in thin and careworn faces. These men and women truly looked upon Geoffrey as a deliverer, and as he stood, tall and erect and graceful, at their head, with a glow on his cheeks and a light in his eyes, he seemed indeed a king worthy to reign over them. Arundel found himself imbibing some of Ellen's enthusiasm, and it reached its height when Nora's sweet, wild voice suddenly broke out in that most pathetic song of a forsaken Irishman—

> *"The harp that once through Tara's halls*
> *The soul of music shed,*
> *Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls*
> *As if that soul were dead."*

"Thrue for ye, Nora," said several men when she had finished, "thrue for ye, you poor bit of a starvin' thing; but, plase the Almighty God, things 'll take a good turn now. There's ways and manes, friends, there's ways and manes, and thim as is got in wrongfully may be turned out shamefully. We doesn't go in fer no violence, but there's ways and manes, and there's such a thing as making a place too hot fer thim as has no right to be there—ain't there, Nora, my lass?"

The man called Donovan here came forward and clapped his heavy hand on the young girl's shoulder.

Nora looked up with a half-frightened smile, and her majestic-looking mother said, "So be it!" in a deep, vibrating voice, and with the solemnity of an Amen.

"Look here!" said Geoffrey, stepping forward, and speaking suddenly, "you are all Inchfawn people, are you not?"

"Yes, your honour—long life to your honour—every living sowl on us, and was born and bred in the owld place—God bless it!"

"We are all kinsfolk, then," said Geoffrey. "Now you will listen to me when I say a thing. I am very much obliged to you—I am very much touched by the reception you have given me to-night. I am sure many of you have suffered. In all your suffering I sympathise, and in every way in my power I will help you, but there is just one thing I should like you to understand clearly—that, although I belong to this society, this society which we men of Inchfawn have made, and which, with the help of God, we will hold together for many a long year, yet I in no way hold with you in your dislike of your present landlord. He bought the land honourably, and it is his, not ours. Long may my father and I live in your hearts, but to call me by the name of a property which does not belong to me, is not true, and I won't have it!"

This speech of Geoffrey's was received with absolute and astonished silence, even Doherty fell away a few steps from his young master, and looked at him with a slight derisive scowl. Mrs. Mahoney's voice was heard uttering some angry words, and Nora gave vent to a smothered sob.

It was at this juncture that Arundel stepped up to Geoffrey, laid his hand on his arm, and said in his clear and unmistakably English tones, "I wish to become a member of this society."

His words were as tinder to fire, they broke the spell of silence, and let loose the storm which had been muttering.

"A spy! a spy!" said several voices, "it's him—the black-hearted foreigner—who has turned the nature of our young gentleman! Turn him out! turn him out! the cowld-natured stranger! Is it the like of him we want among us? No, no! he's a spy! he'll betray us! he'll ruin us! Here, boys, take him by the shoulders and turn him out!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" shouted Geoffrey, his powerful young voice rising high. "You forget, good people, or are you

mad? Arundel is my friend, touch him if you dare! Who lays a hand on Arundel has my curse from this day forward. D'ye hear! stand back! I'm ashamed of you!"

The men and women fell away. Geoffrey had wounded them more deeply than words could say, but still the unbounded influence which his race held over theirs kept them in control. They resumed their mutterings, and the words, "A spy! we'll have none of him!" were only repeated faintly.

"I cannot become a member of the society against your wish," said Arundel. "You are mistaken in me, and perhaps I shall prove it to you some day. O'Donnell is right, and I am his staunch friend. His family have proved their truth to yours and you, and for their sakes I would have helped you. Do you suppose I would have taken your vows upon me and then been false? That be far from me! But I cannot join you against your will, and I will not stay now. No, Geoffrey, I will not stay; 'tis best for me to go. Good-night to you all."

Arundel took up his hat and went to the entrance of the cave. He was instantly followed by Tom Doherty.

"You're about right, sir," he whispered, "and it's best to leave them, pore crathurs! though I take shame on me that Miss Ellen's friend should have the base word flung at him. You ride home, sir, and I'll see to the young masther. He's mistook them as 'ud shed the last drop of their heart's blood for him. They were that angered and amazed they couldn't stand a foreigner stepping forward for the moment. There, sir, you make the best of your way home. There's a deal o' business to be gone through between now and morning. But Mr. Geoffrey has mistook us altogether."

CHAPTER XXV.—MODEL FARMS AND OTHER DELIGHTS.

THE Brownlows of Inchfawn! They were beginning—the four or five daughters, the father and mother, and the sons who came home at intervals from Oxford and Cambridge—to take considerable pride out of the title.

In the town of Derry they were simply rich *parvenus*, they could only force their way into society through the power of their riches; but now they were county folks. Mrs. Brownlow, beginning by disliking the idea, now loved it.

"I declare, John Henry," she would say, for she still clung to this obnoxious name for her eldest son, "I felt all in a flutter to-day, when Lady Northbury called. I never thought as a plain body like me would sit side by side with a titled dame. My word! I was a bit disappointed in her dress though—it was plain as you please, and the pokiest little bonnet. I always did go in for good heavy stylish bonnets, plenty of ostrich tips in them, and touched up with a good bright bit of colour; that's my style, and I wonder at Lady Northbury. However, as I was saying, John Henry, she was mighty h'affable, and spoke as pleasant as you please. She said as it was a right good thing for this fine old estate as your father had got hold of it. Going to rack and ruin it was with the O'Donnells, she said, for they were just regular out-and-out spendthrifts."

There was no appearance now of the old estate of Inchfawn going to rack and ruin; money could enhance its beauties, and money had been lavished upon it, with an unsparing and judicious hand.

Mrs. Brownlow would have vulgarised the place, but her lord and master had far too good taste for that.

Inchfawn was the rich Derry merchant's hobby, and he spent time, and thought, and much money over it. His eldest son should inherit a property which any man would be proud to own, and that once obscure name of Brownlow should be great in the land.

So Mr. Brownlow only pulled down part of the old house—he pulled down the most dilapidated and tumbledown portion, and added extensive new wings, but the body of the building, and in particular the magnificent old oak hall, remained untouched. Neither Ellen nor Oscar any longer warmed themselves by the roaring peat fire; but the peat fire itself still sent its merry sparks flying up the wide chimney, and its reflection still shone bright in polished oak nearly black with age.

Brownlow had taken great pains with this hall, which ran the greater part of the length of the whole house, and had a gabled and carved oak roof. He allowed nothing modern to come near it. Fabulous sums he paid for costly old oak bureaus, and high-backed and ancient-world chairs.

Mrs. Brownlow called it a dismal and creepy sort of place, but Brownlow's visitors were charmed, and Brownlow himself slowly rubbing his hands would remark—

"The growth of a century or two, my good sir, speaks of an old family, eh?"

Mrs. Brownlow's drawing-room in the new wing was a perfect glittering mass of gilt and ormolu and crimson brocade. She

was allowed to furnish the room with her own taste, and she felt justly very proud of it. She liked to sit there, attired in all the gorgeousness of her rich silks and satins, and reflect on the greatness of her lord and master, John Henry, senior. "To think of me, as used to feel no shame to be down on my knees scrubbing a floor, a-coming to this!" she would exclaim, and then she too, would rub her fat hand softly, and feel a considerable amount of honest exultation and pride. The young Brownlow girls had gay times of it now. Money can secure to itself many friends, and these girls, with their barbaric instincts still unquenched, consorted with the gentle and well-born.

The new wings at Inchfawn were always full of company. Visitors came in winter, in spring, in summer, in autumn. There were amusements for these guests at all times; for what cannot money do? John Henry, junior, owned a splendid yatch; his sisters developed a love for trawling and fishing; of course their guests did likewise; then there was the meet to attend, and there were horses *ad libitum* at every one's command, while the milder sports of archery, tennis, and croquet, filled up odd moments.

There was a magnificent billiard-room in the new wing, and here the young men and maidens would congregate and have a gay time on wet days. Altogether, Inchfawn became celebrated for its gaiety, its life, its fun, and Brownlow, senior, who had done all this by the labour of his hands and the toil of his brain, looked on well pleased. The estate was turning out more profitable than he had dared to hope; not an inch of ground was allowed to lie fallow; already two model dairy farms had been started, where in O'Donnell's time about twenty small holdings had literally produced no rent.

Yes; the place was gay and prosperous; even as a mercantile enterprise it had turned out successful. The great new drawing-rooms resounded evening after evening to music, and dance, and song, and the hospitable old kitchens were filled with serving-men and women, who feasted, and drank and were merry. True, the old faces were never seen there now. The hungry and tired pedestrian could no longer crouch by the fire, and receive his "bite and sup," and go on his way refreshed. No more homeless families found a night's shelter in the well-filled barns. Mr. Brownlow gave in charity, judiciously, and counting the cost beforehand, but to allow unmeasured and unreasonable almsgiving was abhorrent to his soul.

Yes; Inchfawn was a beautiful place now, quite a sight to behold. And those English visitors who came over in the autumn returned to their more favoured land with exclamations of wonder and rapture. In particular they admired those model farms, which were exclusively managed by English people, and were constructed, so to speak, out of nothing; but neither they nor the gay young Brownlows as they rode or walked along, and made themselves bright and merry, noticed the gaunt and haggard and hungry faces which started up to scowl at them now and then from behind a hedge-row, or to mutter low and anguished words wrung from their famine and distress. For the model farms seemed to them to be built out of their heart's blood, and though emigration was offered to them, for Brownlow was strictly just, they preferred to hide away in the fastnesses of the mountains hard by, but the young Brownlows knew nothing of these things.

CHAPTER XXVI.—"I'D LIKE TO BE THE OTHER."

THERE was only one member of this family who showed any discontent, and that was the rather sleepy young man who was eventually to succeed to the property.

John Henry, junior, was still idle and good-for-nothing; he still liked to lie in bed in the mornings, and during the day to lounge away his time in the easiest chair he could get.

Pretty girls were at Inchfawn in plenty, pretty girls who might have been induced to overlook John Henry's defects for the sake of his riches, but he was far too lazy to dream of flirting with them. He still considered life a bore, and he still remained faithful to his first opinion, that Inchfawn was an intolerably slow place. He was sick of his mother's, and father's, and sisters' raptures over it, and he was not the least elated at the prospect of inheriting it by-and-by. Only one thing seemed ever to rouse this phlegmatic young man. He would stroll languidly and slowly down the long avenue, and, sauntering on to the high road, would allow himself to be accosted by the first peasant man or woman he met. He would sit on any stone he happened to see, and allow this individual to harangue him as long as he or she pleased, and provided they spoke about the O'Donnells, he did not mind how long he listened. Now and then the wary Irish pedestrian would throw in a word of praise of the present owners of Inchfawn, hoping

thereby to extract an extra shilling or half-crown from John Henry, but he was not to be caught by any such chaff.

"Oh! stuff and nonsense! that's all humbug you know," he would exclaim; "we are not a bit suited to the place, not a bit. You need not think to come round me with that sort of talk. I once saw the real thing, and I'm not likely to mistake it again. There, good evening to you." And then he would throw the beggar half-a-crown, or sometimes even a crown piece, and stroll languidly away. His very slow footsteps would generally bring him to the stile where he had stood with Ellen on the night when he had offered her his own two thousand pounds. His father had proposed, when they had first arrived at Inchfawn, to make a carriage-drive through this beautiful piece of undergrowth and wood. But here John Henry had interposed with a warmth and energy which had taken his family by surprise. He wished that stile to remain; he did not want that underwood touched. Well, why? The underwood was romantic-looking, and the wooden stile a convenient sort of place for a fellow to rest his elbows on, on a summer's evening.

The elder Brownlows were only too well pleased to respect the seldom-expressed wishes of their son and heir. The stile remained, and John Henry did lean his elbows on it on many a summer's evening.

Some words would occur to him as he stood there—just a few words—but they came back to him with the sweetness of a dearly loved refrain,—"You are a gentleman at heart." *She* had said them. With fervour in her voice, and feeling in her wonderful and beautiful eyes, she had said, "Oh! you are a gentleman at heart, but I cannot take that money." Her words sounded very nice, but they were untrue. If ever there was a cad, it was John Henry Brownlow. This he would say to himself, for he was quite aware of the vulgarity and littleness and feebleness of his soul.

"Only I'd like to be the other," he would now and then say in conclusion; "for her sake I should like to be the other."

Now and then, too, but not very often, young Brownlow would ride into Derry, and always on these occasions he took care to go by a road which took him past Rose Bank Cottage. Only once or twice during these two years did he catch even a glimpse of Ellen, and then she turned quickly away, as though the sight of him gave her pain.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

By J. EWING RITCHIE.

It is now upwards of thirty years since Londoners, like the Athenians of old, always in search of novelty, had a new sensation. Somehow or other we had heard a good deal of total abstinence, and Father Mathew, with his pleasant voice, had made many converts all over the land, but, as a rule, society took no note of temperance reformers. They were chiefly men who had risen from the ranks, who had been saved from the drunkard's fate, and were very much in earnest; but their language was coarse, and their wanton attacks on the proprieties of life made as many enemies as converts to their cause. The clergy were against them, the medical men recommended their patients a medicinal glass, and the public conscience was satisfied to let things remain as they were, though drunkenness filled the land with its victims, whose bitter cry no man regarded. On the other side of the Atlantic a man had arisen who, with his burning words, had opened the eyes of the public, and had won for the temperance cause a success it had never achieved before. His name was Gough, and it was resolved to invite him to England. Little was known of him, save that he was born in poverty at Sandgate, in Kent, and when a lad had left his native land to find across the Atlantic the living which appeared to be denied him here. He had had bitter experiences, had wrestled with poverty, had been a victim of intemperance, had been saved, and in his turn had been the saviour of others. His words were words of power; they touched men's hearts, they quickened their aspirations, they bettered and brightened their lives. Wherever he went, the spell of the sparkling cup was gone, zeal was excited, and the drunkard was reclaimed.

It was a memorable time when he made his *début* in Exeter Hall, which was crammed to its utmost capacity on the occasion, and ornamented with banners and flags as I have seldom seen it since. I can still recall the scene. How dense was the crowd! how great the expectation! how immense

the cheer which went up as we saw the temperance leaders moving on to the platform with the flags of Britain and America waving on every side! Onward they advance—James Silk Buckingham, who is to take the chair; George Cruikshank, the Hogarth of the nineteenth century; John Cassell, now in the fulness of his fame as the "Popular Educator." In their midst is a stranger in the prime of life, plainly dressed in black; his hair is dark, and so is his face, and his figure is by no means commanding; but he has a good forehead, has a mobile countenance, and a flexible voice. The first sentence, as it falls gently and easily from his lips, tells us that Gough has the true oratorical power, which no study can win, no gold can buy. He was a born orator, as Pope, who lisped in numbers, was a born poet. He was nervous, as well he might be, for he was speaking for the first time in his native land to thousands who had come with the highest expectations; and he had made up his mind that he should fail, and return by the next steamer to the land of his adoption—to the land which had given him a wife whose devotion had done much to make him the man he was. But what nervousness he felt—of which he gave no outward and visible sign—only served to intensify his power. There was no effort, no fluster; all was easy and natural. There was no acting, even in his dramatic display, no strain in his loftiest flights. In what he said there was nothing new; the tale he told was old as the hills—how drink had robbed the strong man of his strength and woman of her charm and grace; how it had turned childhood into a curse; how it had shipwrecked the loftiest lives, and withered the fairest blossoms of genius; how it had filled the land with tears, and lamentation, and woe—with Rachaels weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not; how it paralysed the grandest efforts of the Church, and was a standing menace to the State. Yet, as he spoke, the scorner was still, and the chatter of a vain frivolity was hushed, and men were touched in their hearts; and tears were to be seen, not only amongst excitable women, but in the eyes of those unused to the melting mood. Then came the relief of laughter, as the orator changed his theme, and happily touched another chord. His power of mimicry too was great; and every now and then there flashed up between the laughter and the tears a bit of poetry in prose—a gem, as it were, not born to blush unseen, but to be a joy for ever, like a thing of beauty in the hearer's memory; and all seasoned with an egotism that attracted rather than repelled. It was thus Mr. Gough won his way when he came, as it were, a stranger to his own land; it was thus he retained his hold upon his audiences, after they had listened to him for *upwards of thirty years.* In America, where lecturing has almost died out of fashion, he retained his popularity to the last. In England he did more: he made the lecture a popular institution, and the teetotal lecturer a power.

What astonishes me is to find how permanent have been the effects of Mr. Gough's oratory. Generally we listen to an orator as we do to one that has a pleasant voice, and that plays well upon an instrument. But all over the land—in the Church and the senate, in the market-place or at the bar—are many whose conversion to temperance is due entirely to their having been taken to hear Mr. Gough. He has his trophies everywhere; and is not that an orator's highest praise? It would be the height of absurdity to place him on the same plane with Pitt and Fox, with Chatham or Bolingbroke; nor can we compare him with our pulpit orators, Irving, or Chalmers, or Robert Hall. Yet in his power to move the masses he equalled them all. In his own peculiar way, he was an original: he had the wisdom to strike out a new line for himself. It was a bold thing to do, but it was justified by results. In his hands a lecture was something more than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; it was an appeal to the eye as well as to the ear; to be appreciated it was essential that he should be seen. He owed much to the circumstances in which he had been placed; had he been trained in the schools he would never have been the man he was.

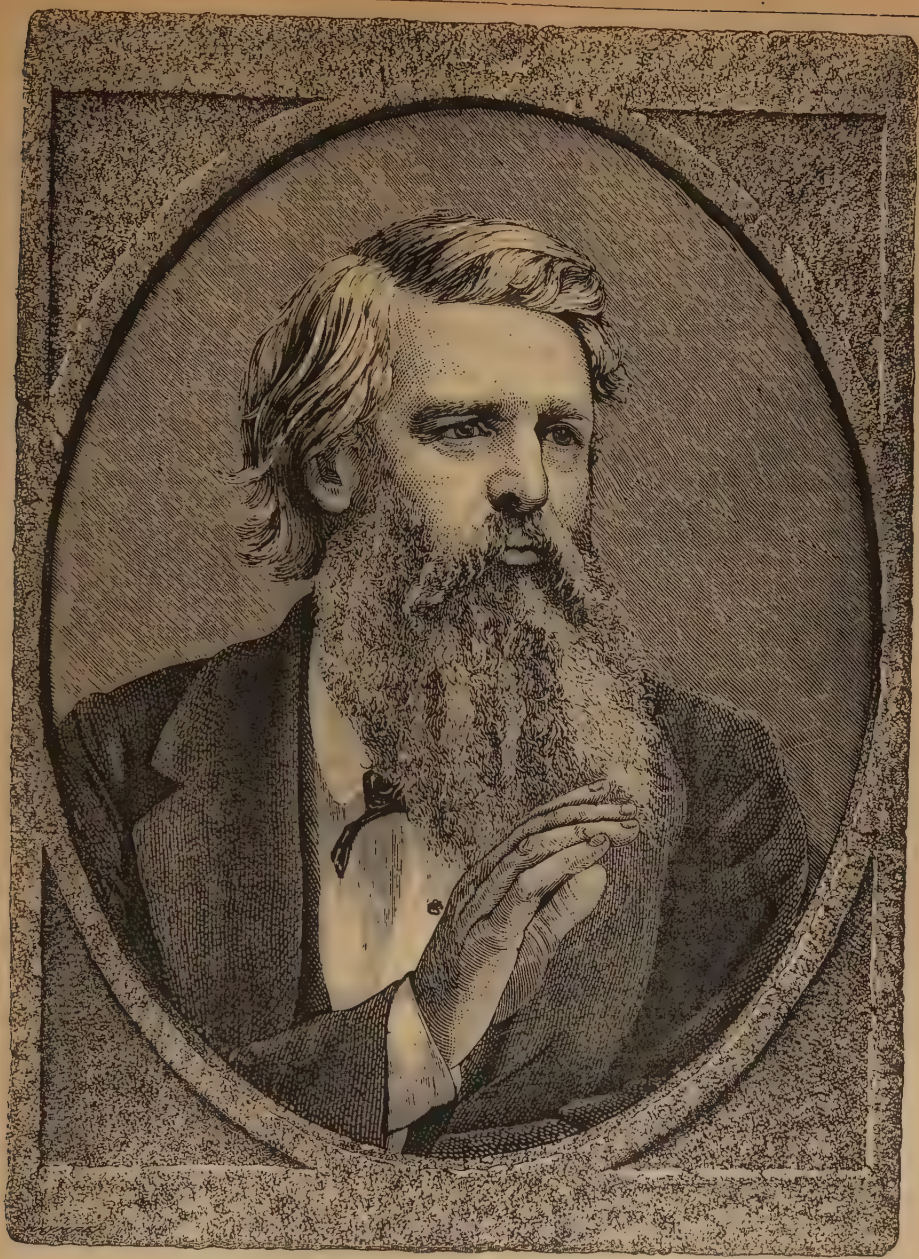
> "Lore had he learned in huts where poor men lie;
> His teachers had been stars and rills."

Besides, he had seen something of the sin of our great cities, and life had taught him what became to him an inspiration, the curse of strong drink. There was the evil; before you he placed the remedy. Long, long before Gough was born the evil had been patent—had been talked of in speeches, made the subject of many a sermon, been the burden of many a bitter page. But to Mr. Gough it was something more—a living reality, not an abstraction of the brain. Had he not been a victim of the gin-fiend himself? From his own sad experience he had learned that wine is a mocker, that strong drink is raging, that at the last it

stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder—that sorrow is the inheritance of those who look upon the wine when it is red. It had been the curse and degradation of what otherwise should have been the morning of an unsullied life. It had left in his memory an aching void; it had planted on his soul a scar over which he never ceased to weep; it had dragged down to Hades many a one more fortunately placed than himself. God helping him, he resolved to meet and slay the foe—the lion that went about the village and the town, the home and the market-place, seeking whom he might devour. And it was because he could thus realise the thing to be attacked that he was a success. It was a personal fight in which either he or the devil of strong drink was to conquer. Of course there were critics in refined and superior circles to find fault with and sneer at him; but the masses were spell-bound, and the young gladly responded to the orator's appeal and signed the temperance pledge.

In another way also nature had been bountiful to Mr. Gough. Orators owe much to an imposing presence. Mr. Gough was by no means a remarkable-looking man, but nature had endowed him with a splendid voice—now redolent of laughter, now quivering with pathos, now pealing forth its righteous indignation—and a body that readily lent itself to the oratorical needs of the hour. As a dramatic reciter, in his convivial days Mr. Gough had attained some celebrity, and an experience in the way of effective address which prepared him for the nobler work to which he was yet to be called. His manner had grown on him, and he had learnt it all for himself. Criticism was disarmed by the orator's earnestness, his singleness of aim, his heartfelt devotion to the welfare of man and the glory of God. It was no common inspiration that had led him to the platform and kept him there; and the longer that he lived the loftier was his utterance and the higher his aim. It was not alone the gospel of temperance that he preached. What he taught was a sovereign remedy for earthly sorrow and care, suited alike to the young and the old, the rich and the poor, bond and free. Especially did he seek to recommend it to the young; earnestly did he aim that they should be redeemed from the thraldom of evil habit, and the agony of evil thought. Struck down with paralysis on the public platform, his last words were, "Young man, make your record clean." And thus he died as he had lived, in harness, valiant to the last. The guard dies, not surrenders.

And it was time the end had come. He had travelled far and wide; he had seen much and spoken much. One day during his last visit to England, he said, "I have delivered 7,800 addresses on temperance and other subjects, I have travelled 420,000 miles, and I have not been in bed a day from illness since 1848," and since then his activity increased rather than diminished. In summer and winter alike he was at his post, and time was telling on him; his black hair had become white, his voice had lost somewhat of its melodious ring, his memory was beginning to fail. He could not rest; yet he had a pleasant home on the hillside near Worcester city, Massachusetts, where, when I was there one hot summer day, the humming-birds were flying in and out among the flowers, and where I was glad to find shelter in the noble library full of English souvenirs, or in the gymnasium at the back, where he took exercise and worked at his original trade of a bookbinder. The neighbourhood was dear to him. One of his nieces taught in the village school, and quite near was the house from which he took her who still lives on to deplore her loss and to guard his fame. He was six miles from Worcester, and thus he was free from the worry of perpetual callers, but he could not rest. Voices called him onward and upward, and he might not linger in his fields or under the shelter of the trees he had planted, and whose growth he loved to watch. The wonder is that he lived so long. Said one of London's leading surgeons to me, as he described an operation which he had just performed, "There's another nail in my coffin." Every lecture Mr. Gough delivered was another nail in his coffin; not from the ardour of his preparation: his matter was always ready; he had his arguments and facts and illustrations at his finger-ends; but it was his delivery that seemed to take the very life out of the man, as he personated the characters he presented to his hearers, and worked himself up to the highest pitch of excitement. It was a fearful strain upon body and mind; it was impossible it could continue long. It made him nervous, it kept him awake of a night; it induced a premature old age. If he had not cultivated a boyish humour and simplicity to the last (in England he would stand watching the performances of Punch for hours), the end, I am persuaded, would have come sooner. Yet it could not be otherwise. It was because he spoke out of



his heart that he touched and kindled the hearts of his hearers. I happened to be in Torquay when Lord Cardwell came out for what proved to be his last ride. He rode past me in his carriage, his head on a pillow, apparently unconscious, a perfect wreck; and then I thought how I had watched him, night after night, by the side of Gladstone in the Senate, drinking in delight of battle with his peers. No, not in that way would a man wish the summons to come. It is better far to die in his vigour on the battlefield. And thus it was with J. B. Gough, and thus was it, I have always understood, he wished it to be. As Dryden wrote of the first Lord Shaftesbury, as Earl Russell said of Mr. Canning, so it may be said of Mr. Gough, that he had—

> "A fiery soul which, working out its way,
> Fretted the fragile body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."

LOVE AND LOVE'S REWARD.

An Easter Sermon.

By SAMUEL COX, D.D.

"And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a white robe; and they were amazed. And he saith unto them, Be not amazed: ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, who was crucified: He is risen; He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him. But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you."—MARK xvi. 5—7.

THESE verses record an incident which occurred at this spring season of the year, and suggest thoughts appropriate to the time. Whatever doubts may obscure other chronological facts in the history of our Lord, there is no doubt that He died on the eve, or the evening, of the Passover, and rose again on the morning after the Paschal Sabbath. Nearly twenty centuries ago, at sunrise, on the morning of what we now call Easter Sunday, certain women, distraught with grief, went to the sepulchre to find an angel in the place where Jesus had lain, and to hear from him that the Lord had risen from the dead.

It was not by chance or accident that Jesus died when He did, or that He rose again on the third day. All was afore appointed—ordained by Him in whose hands are all our times. The redeeming Passover of the Jews pointed through two thousand years to the season in which *our* Passover should be offered up. And even we can see a divine propriety in the selection of the time, in so far at least as we of these latitudes are concerned. The resurrection of the Lord Jesus synchronizes with the resurrection of the natural world. Just when the earth is breaking from its wintry grave He came forth from a grave which could not hold Him. In the sepulchre, and in the garden in which it stood, the same divine process was going on—new and more glorious life coming forth from the very bosom of death; the natural symbol and the spiritual reality casting cross lights on each other, and making each other infinitely more significant and beautiful.

The very date of the Resurrection is a theme for praise, at least for us. Go into the fields at this season of the year, at this rising springtide of life, and everything will speak to you of the resurrection from the dead. Life is at work in every emerald bud, in the bursting bark of every swelling bough, in the greening tints of every brown hedgerow or hillside. A month or two since and everything was still and cold, bound in the fetters of death, covered with its shroud of snow. But, now, life is coming back to the dead world. It cannot be holden. A mighty tide is stirring and rushing through its every vein. It is rising from the tomb, clothing itself in its green waving robes, adorning itself with grace and beauty. And this annual miracle reminds you of the miracle once for all; this annual resurrection of that great Resurrection on which all the hopes of faith depend. You are not permitted to forget it. Nature thrusts its symbols on you from every side. Year by year Spring weaves its garlands round the empty tomb, while mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, fields and all gardens, creeping things and flying fowl repeat the old glad song, "The Lord is risen! the Lord is risen!" And shall not we who rose in Him, we who are to rise again at His coming—shall not we take our part in this song of gladness, this song of deliverance?

It may help us to sing and give praise if we look for a while, not at the fact of the Resurrection itself, but at its bearing and effects on the women to whom it was first made known. It may be that if we follow love in its pilgrimage to the sepulchre in the garden, and mark the benediction it brings away with it, we may be stimulated to a more willing service, and receive the benediction reserved for those who love.

I. Let us consider the love of these holy women, and learn its lessons. They put to shame the men who, not many hours before, had professed themselves willing to die rather than desert the Son of Man. The Apostles, even Peter and John, still hang back, in doubt or despair. But the Maries and Salome, very early in the morning, with none to help them, not witting how the stone is to be rolled away, come to the sepulchre. So soon as the Sabbath law will permit, and before they can well see to discharge the offices of love, they hasten to the spot where the body of Jesus had been laid. Why are they the first to do Him service?

(1.) *The last at the Cross are the first at the sepulchre.* That explains it all. They had seen how Christ loved them, how far his love for them would carry Him. And now they show their love for Him who had proved His love for them to be stronger than death. It is at the Cross that we learn and catch the love of Christ. It is from His death that we draw motive, impulse, strength, for His ser-

vice. If we turn away from that, or stand afar off, we shall not be the first to behold His glory; we shall not be foremost in serving Him.

(2.) Another lesson we may learn from them is, that *love is greater than faith.* Christ had said, "The Son of Man must be crucified, and He shall rise again the third day;" said it many times; said it in tones so grave and sorrowful, and again in tones of such deep and yearning desire, that His disciples were startled and amazed. No word of His seems to have struck them more. One would have thought they could never have forgotten it, least of all when they saw it in part fulfilled. But they did forget it, the women as well as the men. The Crucifixion says nothing to them of the Resurrection, though both had been foretold in one breath. They come through the morning brightness without any light of hope. The spices they bear with them testify against them. They have come to embalm a dead friend, not to greet a living Saviour and Lord. Even the open sepulchre, and the vacant resting-place, quicken no memory of the prophetic word. The angel has to remind them of what Jesus had said while He was yet with them. Nay, even that does not suffice. After the angel has spoken, Mary Magdalene goes wandering about the garden, stunned, stupefied, with grief; still seeking for the absent body, till she sees One advancing to her whom she mistakes for the gardener, and asks, "Where have they laid Him?" It is not till Jesus turns and calls her by name, that she can credit the wonder and believe that the Lord is risen indeed.

"When Jesus was risen, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene." Can you not see why? Mary most needed to see Him. A few hours more of that frantic search, that possession by one fixed thought which made her unconscious of the realities around her, blind to all facts, deaf to all words that did not confirm her thought and deepen her sorrow, and reason would have trembled from its throne. Jesus appeared first to her because her need of Him was most pressing and immediate, and not simply because she had been so great a sinner.

And of all these holy women it is true that their love outlived their faith. They had forgotten Christ's words. They had lost Him, and trust in Him as the redeemer of Israel. Faith was dead, but not love. The man Christ Jesus, the wise teacher, the gentle, forgiving friend—He is not forgotten. They cling passionately to the poor deserted tabernacle in which He had sojourned among them. If He were no longer their Saviour, He was still their friend—the best man, the wisest teacher, the kindest friend they had ever known. They could not and would not forget that. If they must lose faith and give up hope, they could not cease to love.

So that love may live even when faith is dead. A true creed has its value. The faith which substantiates the articles of that creed, makes them true and makes them ours, is a very potent grace. But love is stronger and diviner still. It covers a multitude of sins. It atones for innumerable errors. Love is of God; nay, faith is of God, but love *is* God. Faith is God's gift; but love is God's self and substance. To believe is human; to love is divine. "He that abideth in love, abideth in God, and God in him." Faith is of value to us, therefore, just in proportion as it appropriates the love of God; just in proportion as it helps us to love Him with all our heart, because He loves us with all His heart, and our neighbour as ourself, because He loves our neighbour no less than us. Let us hold fast by love, then, even though we should lose hope and faith. Let us hold fast by love; for so we shall recover both faith and hope.

(3.) *Love implies unselfishness,* self-sacrifice. These women had followed Christ in life. They followed Him to the Cross. But even on the Cross He claimed to have the keys of life and death, the honours and royalties of the heavenly kingdom. It is possible that, to the last, they thought He might deliver Himself out of the hands of His enemies, come down from the Cross to ascend the throne, and load their heart with benefits. I do not say they had these thoughts and hopes, albeit the Twelve seem to have had them. Possibly, like Mary of Bethany, they saw farther than the Twelve, and loved Him more purely. But suspicion might have attached even to them, if they had not put their unselfishness beyond doubt.

For they loved Christ, not in life alone, but also in death. They followed Him, not only to the Cross, but to the tomb. When He lay cold and sleepless in the grave; when, as they conceived, there was nothing more that He could do for them; when all hope had died away, and faith in Him as King and Saviour lay buried with Him in the sepulchre, they came to embalm His body, and to weep over their departed friend. They braved the anger of the Jews, they braved repulse and insult from the Roman guards, that they might discharge the last offices of love. We cannot suspect them of

selfishness in that. We can only bow and wonder before an unselfishness which so far transcends our own.

In them, moreover, unselfishness rose to the height of sacrifice. They had followed the body of the Lord from the Cross to the tomb. They knew the place where He was laid—knew, therefore, that Nicodemus had "bought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds weight." They were, probably, among those who "took the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury." All this had been done on Passover Eve. What brings them there on the first day of the week, very early in the morning, to the garden of the tomb? They have come to embalm Him. They have come to repeat what had already been done, but done hurriedly perhaps, and in some confusion. They are not even content to use what the rich Nicodemus had provided. They must have "sweet spices" of their own. Nay, as the Evangelist, lovingly dwelling on the record of their love, has been careful to note, they have "bought" them. They have bought spices, although there are already enough and to spare in the sepulchre!

Do you ask, "To what purpose was this waste?" I reply that so deep and devoted a love as theirs yearns for sacrifice, will make sacrifices, finds its only relief and consolation in making them. And our love, if it is to be worthy of its name and origin, must include unselfishness, and rise to self-sacrifice. It does not become us who follow Him, and follow with these holy women, to be for ever asking, "What shall we have therefor?" It does not become us to follow Him, and with them, on purely economical motives, because we fear the eternal burning, because we are willing to exchange the things that perish for the things which endure, because we can give up the pleasures of a season for an immortal joy. All that may be very prudent, but it is not unselfish: it is mere barter, not sacrifice. And it is ill with us, and not well, if our religion does not lift us above the love of self, and teach us to find in self-sacrifice a deep and solemn joy. It is ill with us and not well if we are not prepared, like Christ, to lose our life that we may find it; if we are not prepared, like these holy women, to do more than mere law demands, or mere prudence prompts, if we, too, are not impelled to buy sweet spices, and give ourselves to the service of Christ's body—the Church.

(4.) *Love, even the deepest and strongest, is under law to God.* If these love-impelled women transcended human love, they observed the Divine law. On the evening of the Crucifixion, "the women also followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how His body was laid. And they returned and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the seventh day, *according to the commandment.*" They rested on the seventh day; but "very early in the morning of the first day of the week they came to the sepulchre." As soon as the Hebrew Sabbath was over, but not until it was over, they follow the promptings of their love, and come to the garden-grave.

Here is the true love, love moving within the circle of the law. They do not make their sorrow an excuse for disobedience. Because they have lost much, they do not throw up all. Christ, who was greater than the temple, is gone, but the temple still stands. Their hearts are set on a labour of love, but rest and worship are the work appointed for the Sabbath. It is very hard to have lost Him—the dearest and divinest friend they ever had. It is very hard to wait, when they would fain be at work for Him; very hard to worship, when their hearts are breaking with grief. But there is a law, a Sabbath law. *He* used to keep it; so will they. And our love should not run wild, overleaping all bounds, taking no thought, acknowledging no restriction. For love is at once "the end of the commandment," and "the fulfilling of the law."

II. And it was well for these holy women that they did keep the commandment. Had they broken it, not resting on the Sabbath, but coming to the tomb, they would have found in it only a dead body. Keeping it, and coming after the Sabbath, they found a living Lord. They had, indeed, a threefold reward for their love and piety.

(1.) *They saw an angel in the sepulchre.* "Entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man"—whom they afterwards discovered to be an angel—"sitting on the right side"—the side of favour, marking his presence as auspicious—"clothed in a white robe," the raiment of hope and gladness. Heaven has not only come down to earth, but to the grave, earth's lowest and most loathsome haunt. In the very home of corruption there sits a son of immortality. "A token," say the fathers of the Christian Church, "that some great revolution had been wrought; that the grave, now that Christ had passed through it, was no longer what it had been." A token, indeed! a

token that Christ had dispelled the darkness of death, bringing life and immortality to light; a token that there is now a path to heaven from and through the grave; a token that when the "natural body" dissolves, it is that "a spiritual body" may come in its stead; a token that when we put off this earthly tabernacle, we put on our house from heaven; a token that we shall pass through the tomb into a heavenly fellowship, and become as the angels of God.

(2.) Another element in their reward was that *they found Him alive, whom to embalm for death was their highest hope.* The angel is not mute. He speaks to them: "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified." The angel, you observe, gives the Risen One the name of his humiliation, the name which was then a by-word of contempt: "Jesus," his personal human name; "of Nazareth," whence no good thing could come. He speaks too of His ignominious death; "Jesus, who was crucified." He might have used other names than these, with other implications, and they would have understood him equally well. Why does he use these, then, unless it was to exalt their love? For it makes much for their devotion that they should come seeking a crucified Nazarene. It was saying that neither the contempt poured upon Him in life, nor the shame and indignity of His death, could alienate them from Him. It was saying that they had loved Him in life, though He was a Nazarene; that they loved Him in death, though He hung on a tree.

Then came the words of joy, words which they could not believe at first, but which soon became their song in the house of their pilgrimage: "He is risen. He is not here. Look, here is the place where you laid Him, vacant now and for ever. He cannot be here. He must be risen." There is, you see, a kind of argument in the angel's words. He points to the vacant place as though it could have become vacant in only one way. He appeals to the absence of the body as the sole and conclusive proof of the resurrection. As no doubt it was, at least to these women, so soon as they could reason at all. For they knew that his enemies would not have removed the body of Jesus, their whole credit being involved in retaining it where it had been laid. They knew that his friends had not stirred; that they had given up all hope; that they were closely shut up for fear of the Jews. So soon, therefore, as they had recovered from their affright, they would feel the full force of the appeal, and bear witness to the resurrection of the dead.

(3.) Indeed the last element in their reward was precisely this: that *they, first of all, were commissioned to preach the Resurrection.* They were sent, as apostles, to the Apostles—sent to teach those who taught the word: "Go your way, tell His disciples, and Peter, that He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall you see him." Was there ever love like that of Christ? These women had lost faith in Him, but He has not lost faith in them: He makes them the ministers of His truth and grace. Even that, however, is not so wonderful, for, if they had lost faith, they had held fast love. The wonder lies, rather, in the errand on which He sent them. His disciples had failed both in faith and love. And yet the first tidings, the first greetings, are to be sent to them. Christ had no sooner triumphed over death than He thought of them, and began once more to minister unto them. One of the Twelve had gone farther even than the rest, adding apostacy and blasphemy to desertion. And Christ thinks of him. "Tell my disciples, and Peter"—Peter, impassioned in sorrow as in sin, who can hardly believe himself a disciple, who will not take an invitation addressed to them as including him—tell him, too; give him a special invitation! Was there ever love like this?

Finally, observe that the angelic utterance ends with *a promise that the risen Christ will come again.* "He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you." The promise was, as you know, fulfilled. He appeared to more than five hundred of the brethren at once. He also appeared to the Twelve, by the lake and on the mountain.

And the angel has a word of promise for us. For Christ goes before us, as He went before the Twelve. He is our forerunner; for us He has passed within the veil. He has ascended to his Father, not simply to assume the glory He had with the Father before the world was, but also to prepare a place for us, that where He is there we may be also. He will come again, to receive us unto Himself. We shall see Him, as He has said, and, seeing Him, be made like unto Him. Before that happy day can come, we must, indeed, pass through the sepulchre, the new sepulchre which He has hallowed for us, and in which our flesh shall rest in hope. But if we do that, if we follow Him to death, we shall also follow Him into the life everlasting. "The Lord is risen! the Lord is risen!" We may well take up our Easter song with joyful lips; for, among other meanings, it has this: *we* shall rise, to be with Him.

TORCH-BEARERS OF CHRISTENDOM.

By Mrs. E. S. ARMITAGE,
Author of "Childhood of the English Nation," etc.

II.—IGNATIUS.

THE name of Ignatius has long been associated with one of the most perplexing of all the controversies which obscure the history of the second century. His letters, the only monuments which he has left behind, have been challenged and defended, pulled down and built up, till a mass of literature has grown up around them, whose bulk is great enough to daunt any but the most stout-hearted of students. We do not intend to summon our readers to the toilsome ascent of this mountain of disputation. We ask them to assume as proved that there was a real saint called Ignatius in the second century, and that the seven letters bearing his name, and spoken of as his by Eusebius, are genuine. If any one wishes to examine the grounds of this assumption, we refer him to the exhaustive work lately published by Dr. Lightfoot,* which we hope will set at rest for ever the question of the genuineness of the epistles of Ignatius. We will only remark in passing, that whenever the history of the first two centuries ceases to be an unenclosed moorland, where every critic thinks himself allowed to pick the facts that please him and to reject those which do not, it will be found that we have far more solid ground for reconstructing the early history of the Church than is commonly supposed. A student who is chiefly familiar with the less controverted paths of mediæval history, is astonished to find how the simple canons which served him to test the credibility of facts recorded by mediæval chroniclers, are utterly set at naught by the troop of theorists who have so long made the first two centuries their happy hunting-ground.

Ignatius suffered martyrdom in the reign of Trajan, probably somewhere about the year 110; but there are no means for fixing the precise date. We know absolutely nothing about his life, and should probably never have heard of him if it had not been for the circumstances attending his death. The pretty story that he was the child whom the Lord Jesus took in His arms and blessed does not appear till the ninth century, and is evidently a development from his surname, Theophoros, which interpreted in its passive sense would mean the *God-born*, but which was probably assumed by Ignatius on account of its active sense, the *God-bearer*, a thought which we find constantly present to his mind.* He was arrested and condemned to death at Antioch, during a persecution which appears to have been purely local, and of which we have no other account. Christians were always liable to persecution, from the simple fact that Christianity was not one of those religions which had been licensed by the State. It only existed on sufferance, and the zeal of a punctilious governor or the fury of a mob might at any time cause a local persecution in any part of the empire. The best emperors, such as Trajan, persecuted quite as much as the bad ones, because they hated secret societies, and were careful to put down any combinations which they feared would have a revolutionary tendency. There was nothing in the humanity of those days to condemn the public torturing by wild beasts of those who were the victims of the law. It was one of the best of the emperors, Vespasian, who built the great Coliseum at Rome for gladiatorial combats. In that Coliseum Trajan, another of the best of the emperors, celebrated his triumphs over the Dacians by giving the Roman populace a hundred and twenty-three days of bloody games, in which eleven thousand animals were slaughtered, and an army of ten thousand gladiators fought against each other. Victims for these games must have been collected from all parts of the empire; therefore it is not surprising to find that Ignatius, though condemned at Antioch, was sent all the way to Rome with the express sentence of death by being thrown to the beasts of the arena.

His journey was taken in great part by land, probably with the intention that his guards might pick up other victims for the games by the way. He passed through Philadelphia, and spent some time at Smyrna. Though he was chained to a soldier, and though he complains of the brutality of his guards, he evidently enjoyed a considerable amount of free intercourse with the Christians amongst whom he sojourned. At Philadelphia he seems to have addressed a large number of Christians. The news of

* "Apostolic Fathers." Part II. Ignatius and Polycarp.

* Lightfoot, "Apostolic Fathers." Part II., vol. i. p. 27.

his captivity and approaching martyrdom spread, and at Smyrna he was visited by delegates from the neighbouring Churches of Ephesus, Magnesia, and Tralles, among them the three bishops of these Churches. His spirit appears to have been greatly refreshed by these visits, and after the return of the delegates, while he was still at Smyrna, he wrote three letters to these three Churches, to express his gratitude, and to exhort them to unity and order. He wrote another letter to the Church of the Romans. From Smyrna he went on to Troas, where he received the welcome news that the persecution at Antioch had ceased. At Troas he wrote three more letters, one to the Church at Philadelphia, one to the Church at Smyrna, and another to Polycarp, the Bishop of Smyrna. This last letter he had to finish hastily, as orders came suddenly that he was to sail from Troas to Neapolis. From Neapolis he went to Philippi. We learn this from the epistle of Polycarp, written in answer to a letter from the Church at Philippi. Polycarp, in his epistle, writes as though he knew of the death of Ignatius, for he is sure that "he has gone to his due place, with the Lord, with whom also he suffered;" but he knows no details about his death, for he asks the Church of Philippi to let him know if they have any certain tidings about Ignatius. This is the last trustworthy notice that we have of the saint. The extant accounts of his martyrdom bear marks of having been concocted three centuries later, though they may possibly contain some kernel of truth. There is at any rate no reason to doubt that he actually suffered martyrdom in the way which he expected, as was the universal belief of the Church, and as Eusebius expressly records.*

Happily Ignatius has left us in his epistles a portrait of himself, rudely but powerfully sketched, showing in a most living way what manner of man he was. The seven epistles, written hastily, in short jerky sentences, with no attempt at style and careless even of grammar, all bear witness by their diction to the same hand, but still more by the identity of character in the writer which they show. Above all things, we see in Ignatius the man whose soul, to use the words of an old Anglo-Saxon poem, was "filled with brand-hot love." Ignatius was a mystic, whose one burning desire was union with God. "To get God" is an expression occurring again and again in his letters; it is his supreme object in life and death. "Let us do all things as if He were dwelling in us, that we may be His temple, and He our God in us."* "Unless we choose to die with Christ in His passion, His life is not in us."† But at the time when he wrote his letters, he was filled with even more than the mystic's ordinary desire for the presence of God. The sentence which had been passed on him at Antioch had filled him with the martyr's enthusiasm. He was in love with death; he longs for the hour of his martyrdom to come; he is impatient to reach the scene of his last conflict; yet all the while he is filled with the deepest humility and distrust of self, and thinks he is only beginning to be a disciple. He writes to the Church of the Romans because he fears that some members of that Church might use their influence with those in power to prevent his martyrdom; with all vehemence he tries to dissuade them from this course. Hear his own words:

"Let me become the food of the wild beasts, through whom I may get God. I am the wheat of God, and I shall be ground by the teeth of the wild beasts, that I may become the pure bread of Christ. Rather entice the wild beasts, that they may become my grave, and leave nothing of my body behind, so that I may not be a burthen to any one when I am fallen asleep. Then shall I be the true disciple of Jesus Christ, when the world shall not even see my body. Pray Christ for me, that through these instruments I may become a sacrifice to God. I do not command you as Peter and Paul did. They were apostles, I am a convict; they were free, I am a slave until now. But if I suffer, I shall become the freedman of Jesus Christ. And now I learn, being bound, to desire nothing.

"From Syria to Rome I have fought with wild beasts, by land and sea, night and day, being bound amongst ten leopards, to wit, a company of soldiers, who only wax worse when you bribe them. Yet by the wrongs they do me I am being taught the more; but not on this account am I justified. May I have the help of the beasts which have been prepared for me, and I pray that I may find them prompt! I will even incite them to devour me quickly; lest, as it has happened with some, they should be afraid to touch me. And, indeed, if they will not have me, willing as I am, I will force them myself. Bear with me; I know what is good for me. Now I am beginning to be a disciple; let nothing of things visible or invisible hinder me, that I may get Jesus Christ. Let fire

* Euseb. Ecc. Hist. III. 36.

* Ignatius, Eph. xv.

† Ig. Magnes. v.

and the cross, battles with wild beasts, the wrenching of my bones, the hacking of my limbs, the mangling of my whole body—let all the evil tortures of the devil come upon me, only let me get Jesus Christ."*

These passages make it clear that Ignatius was a true mystic. All deep religious feeling must be tinged with mysticism, because it brings our souls in touch with the Infinite —with that which intellectual formulæ are powerless to express. But there is a true and a false mysticism, a safe and a dangerous path of ascent; and the test of the true is its attitude towards practice. Now Ignatius is as practical in his teaching as Clement. The "God-bearer," the "Shrine-bearer," as he loves to call the Christian, is "made beautiful in all respects in the commandments of Jesus Christ."† "Faith is the beginning and love is the end of life, and the two being found in unity are God, while all things else follow in their train unto true nobility. No man professing faith sinneth, and no man professing love hateth. The tree is known by its fruits; so those who profess to be Christians are known by their works."‡

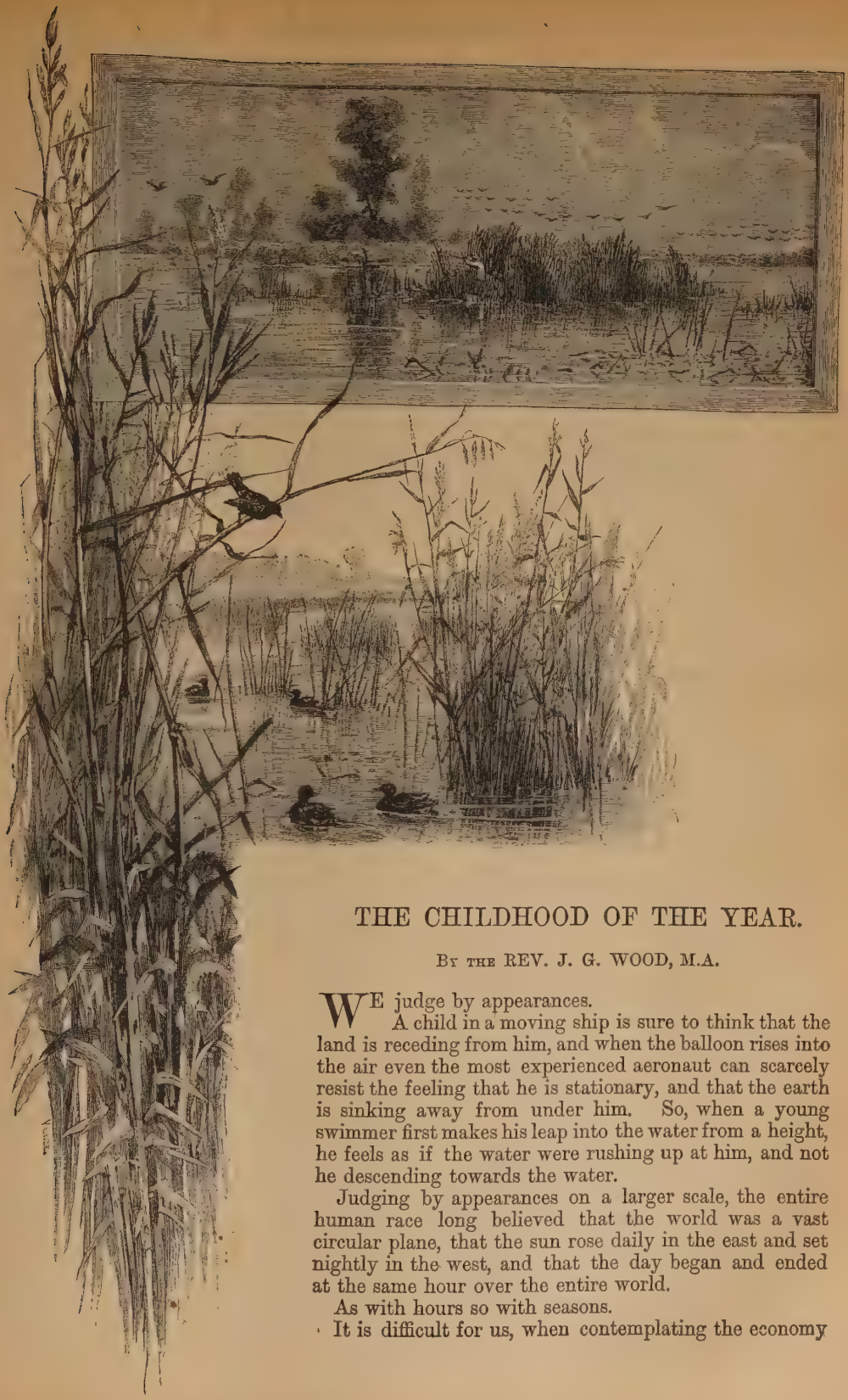
He observes that the note of the heretics who were then disturbing the Church was their neglect of the works of love. "Mark ye those who hold strange doctrines touching the grace of Jesus Christ which came to us, how that they are contrary to the mind of God. They have no care for love, none for the widow, none for the orphan, none for the afflicted, none for the prisoner, none for the hungry or thirsty."§

But on what did Ignatius chiefly rely for preserving the unity of the body of Christ in the midst of the seething swarm of Oriental heresies which seemed about to destroy its very vitals? Here we come to the point which has caused the letters of Ignatius to be such a bone of contention: the remarkable testimony which they bear to the early development of Episcopacy. In the letter of Clement, Bishop and Presbyter are still convertible terms. In the letters of Ignatius, on the other hand, written not more than twenty years later, the three orders of Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons are fully established in the Churches of Asia Minor to which he wrote, and in his own Church of Antioch. Only when he writes to the Roman Church is there no mention of a bishop, nor in the contemporaneous Epistle of Polycarp to the church of Philippi in Macedonia. But all the testimony of early Church history, scanty as it is, shows that Episcopacy became a settled institution at a very early date in the Churches of Syria and Asia Minor. It was in the East that Christianity made at first its most rapid growth, and it is not surprising that we should find the office of bishop developed there out of the Presbytery far earlier than in the Western Churches, especially as ancient tradition connects this development with the influence and authority of the Apostle John,* so long head of the Church at Ephesus. The only point that still presents any difficulty is that no opposition seems to have been offered to the introduction of monarchical government into the Church of the West. This suggests that the Church of the West must have thought as Ignatius did, that ecclesiastical obedience was the best security against the inroads of heresy. Clement of Rome is almost as earnest in his exhortations to the Corinthians to submit to their Presbyters, as Ignatius is in his injunctions to obey the Bishop. The more vehement character of Ignatius gives an exaggerated tone to his language. "The Bishop presides in the place of God and the Presbyters sit in the place of the apostles, and to the deacons (who are most dear to me) is entrusted the ministry of Jesus Christ."†

We must remember that it was not the office so much as the person that Ignatius was magnifying, since in every case he knew personally the bishop of whom he was writing, and was convinced that in the supremacy of his influence lay the safety of his Church. Yet it is impossible for us to forget that where Ignatius wrote, "Obey your bishop," St. John wrote, "Abide in Him." It is a law which constantly repeats itself in history, that great reforms acquire a sure footing on earth by giving up some principle of undying worth for one of more immediate usefulness. Such a self-mutilation, Christianity was now about to practise on herself. The spiritual and ecclesiastical freedom of the early Church was a flower too ethereal for the climate of that age; it was lopped off that the tree might be stronger to meet the storms that were coming. Threatened as she was by moral and intellectual anarchy, the Church of the second century was guided by a wise instinct when she struggled for more perfect organization. But all that she then gave up would have to be recovered by future ages with struggles not less bitter than those of the first martyrs.

* Ig. Rom. iv., v.
‡ Ad Eph. xiv.
† Ad Eph. ix.
§ Ad Smyrn. vi.

* Euseb. H. E. iii. 23.
† Ig. Ad Phil. vii.



THE CHILDHOOD OF THE YEAR.

By the REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

WE judge by appearances.

A child in a moving ship is sure to think that the land is receding from him, and when the balloon rises into the air even the most experienced aeronaut can scarcely resist the feeling that he is stationary, and that the earth is sinking away from under him. So, when a young swimmer first makes his leap into the water from a height, he feels as if the water were rushing up at him, and not he descending towards the water.

Judging by appearances on a larger scale, the entire human race long believed that the world was a vast circular plane, that the sun rose daily in the east and set nightly in the west, and that the day began and ended at the same hour over the entire world.

As with hours so with seasons.

It is difficult for us, when contemplating the economy

of nature, to bear in mind that the seasons are spread round the world just as are the hours, and that there is not a moment in which spring, summer, autumn, and winter are not simultaneously existing in some portion of the earth's surface.

At the present time we in England are in the "Childhood of the Year." The frosts of the winter's age may linger for a time, but, as the Childhood of the Year passes into its youth the ice and snow must yield to the warmth of the spring-tide sun, and the face of the earth will be renewed. "Behold I make ALL things new," holds good with the material as well as with the spiritual earth.

To us, who are attached to this earth for so short a time, the most important renewals are those which take place annually, and are accomplished by means of the seasons. The two great phases of Life, animal and vegetable, come prominently forward, the latter being indirectly the means by which the former can exist. With vegetable life, however, this article does not deal, and the animal life is a subject so vast that we can only treat of one very small portion of a single department.

Let us contemplate the Childhood of the Year from the standpoint of the Birds.

These wonderful creatures are differently constituted, according to the work for which they are made. Some of them are able, like ourselves, to withstand the extremes of winter's cold and summer's heat, and to find food throughout the four seasons. These birds, therefore, stay with us through the entire year, sometimes shifting their residences from one part of England to another, but never leaving the country; some are so hardy that they do not even find it necessary to move from the locality in which they happen to come into the world, and the same individuals may be recognised as inhabiting the same limited district for many successive years. Such, for example, is our irrepressible sparrow, which often has a white feather in its wings or tail, by which it can easily be recognised.

But there are many birds so constituted that they require a low temperature, and become uneasy as soon as the Childhood of the Year gives promise of youth. These birds, which are known to us as Winter Visitants, as a rule only make their appearance on our shores towards the beginning of winter, taking their departure at the commencement of spring. Some of them remain for a few months longer for the purpose of laying their eggs and rearing their young; but the greater number of them depart to other lands as soon as the weather becomes warm.

A third group of Birds cannot exist in a cold climate, and are taught by instinct to seek our shores only when the warm weather has fairly made its influence felt. By reason, therefore, of the influence of temperature upon the birds, and the effects of the seasons in altering the temperature of the earth's surface, the birds are enabled to spread their work over a much larger portion of the world than could be done if they were all independent of climate. We, in these islands, are especially favoured with regard to birds, and perhaps see a greater variety of them than is vouchsafed to any other country of equal size.

Situated far northwards, we can afford timely shelter to those birds which require a cold climate. Our shores being washed by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, the temperature is high enough for those birds which, like the nightingale and the swallows, can only sustain life in a semi-tropical climate. So what with our permanent residents, and what with the summer and winter visitants, we enjoy exceptionally good opportunities of studying the many mysteries of bird-life, and trying to discover part of the work for which they are placed on the earth.

That they have some definite and necessary work is evident from the very fact of their existence. In the great scheme of this world's economy idleness has no place; and, as we see from the rock-records of former epochs, as soon as a group of animals has completed its task it becomes extinct, in order to make way for beings to whom a higher task is assigned.

But though we know that each living creature has its peculiar work, we find the greatest difficulty in ascertaining what that task may be. "The veil of Isis hath never been lifted by man" is as true now as when the far-seeing words were first written. Still it is our duty to try to lift if but a corner of that veil, and to find out the work of the birds, so that we may help them in doing it, and not hinder them, as we often do in our ignorance.

Let us now take a few examples of our best-known birds at this time of the Childhood of the Year. What have they done? What are they doing? What are they going to do?

In the first place it must be remembered that the chief work which is done by animals is connected with their food. Sometimes it is directly connected with food, as in the case of

The Blackbird, off duty.

the earth-worm, which, by its peculiar mode of eating, has made, and continues to make, the fertile soil on which man is enabled to grow the various crops on which his life depends.

Sometimes the connection is indirect, as is the case with the mole, which incessantly burrows through the earth which has been supplied by the worm and throws it on the surface, so as to afford it the influence of the sunbeams, of the atmosphere with its many chemical elements, and of the rain. To other creatures is assigned the task of preserving the balance of animal life. In order to insure the full performance of the needed work, more agents are provided than are absolutely necessary. Lest, therefore, the world should be over-populated, other creatures are appointed which feed upon them, and so preserve the balance of animal life.

Especially is this the case with the fishes, which are produced in numbers so incalculably vast that if they all were to survive, the ocean itself would not be able to contain them. A single cod fish, for example, produces nearly seven million eggs, *i.e.* more than half as much again as the population of London. Let the reader only multiply this amount by the millions upon millions of cod fish which inhabit the seas, bearing also in mind the fact that each year would produce a regularly increasing amount of eggs, and he will at once see that unless some means existed of lessening their numbers they would exclude every other inhabitant of the sea.

In a lesser degree, a similar provision exists for preserving the balance of animal life upon land, the birds being among the chief agents. Take, for example, our permanent residents. There are the Thrush, the Blackbird, and the Missel Thrush, sometimes called the Storm-cock, because it pours forth its joyous song in the stormy days of winter, when almost every other bird, except the redbreast and the wren, is silent.

Injurious as are these birds to the fruit in autumn—they ate the whole of my cherries last year—they are of the greatest value in the winter and spring. Driven by hunger, they search every foot of the country in search of food, displaying marvellous ingenuity in discovering the snails in their hidden winter quarters. This is by no means a simple task, for not only do the snails conceal themselves in the darkest recesses, but they affix themselves to each other's shells in such a fashion that they look exactly like clods or stones, and might well deceive any other eye but that of an hungry thrush.

Our own thrushes not being sufficient to preserve the balance of animal life, they are assisted during the winter by relatives from other lands. These are the Fieldfare and the Redwing, which often visit our shores in vast numbers, remaining with us until they have finished their work in this country and are wanted elsewhere. Just now these birds are preparing to betake themselves to other lands, though some of them will linger beyond their companions, the Redwing occasionally making its nest, but the Fieldfare, as far as I know, invariably departing when the spring is fairly advanced.

Very wary birds are the Fieldfares, especially after they have been in the country for some little time. They know the range of a gun as well as the rooks and crows, and to circumvent a flock of fieldfares is as difficult a task as to get within gunshot of a flock of rooks, or a pair of crows.

Then, we have the various Titmice, several of which cling to man, and even through the winter may be seen hunting the stems and branches of the fruit trees in search of the eggs of the insects which, if allowed to become caterpillars, would work great harm to the trees. Encourage these little birds in every way, feeding them through the winter so as to keep them in the garden or orchard. The best way of feeding them is to tie a quantity of suet or other fat in a net and hang it to the branch of a tree by a string at least a yard in length. It is a very pretty sight to watch the little birds fly to the net, cling to it and peck away at the welcome food while it is swinging in the air. No other bird can imitate this little feathered acrobat, so that we may be sure that the food which is intended for the Titmouse is not appropriated by any usurper.

The Redbreast contrives to pick up a living in the winter chiefly by attaching himself to man, knowing the ploughman and gardener to be his best allies. He watches every spadeful of earth flung up by the gardener, and snatches the worms and grubs from the very edge of the spade. He follows the ploughman as assiduously as the rook or gull and, like them, finds enough food to satisfy even his own almost insatiable hunger.

Then, there are the two tiniest of our feathered friends, the Wren and the Goldcrest, both of them finding food through the winter, and both popping about merrily among the branches at the first gleam of sunshine. Neither is the wren silent in winter, its lively little notes being heard even on the coldest days, provided they be fine.

Where are the Rooks? The answer to this question depends much on the locality. In the Isle of Thanet, where these lines are written, they retain their places throughout the year, the sea being always within reach of an easy flight. But those rooks which inhabit inland localities are often deprived of food during a severe and prolonged frost, and are compelled to repair to the sea-shore in order to feed on the many marine animals which are washed up by the tide. These rooks, however, are now making their way homewards, having to look after their nests and to prepare for the coming summer.

The Chaffinch and Bullfinch are beginning to show themselves, and it is fortunate for them that they do not know the risks which they will run at the hands of gardeners who never seem to understand that the bird which is undoubtedly injurious at one time of the year, may be more than equally useful at another.

As to the countless Geese, Ducks, and other water-birds which are among our winter visitants, they are beginning to become afraid of man, the lengthening days depriving them of the dark hours which form one of their most important means of safety. Before March had yielded to April nearly the whole of these temporary visitors left our shores.

Where is the Cuckoo? Where is the Nightingale? Where are the Swallows? They are even now on their way towards us, ready to give their aid in preserving the balance of Nature. The cuckoo will be with us as soon as the great hairy caterpillars have begun to be troublesome—caterpillars which no bird but the cuckoo can swallow.

Not yet is the Nightingale wanted, his food not being ready for him. But he is on his way, and long before spring has passed

"Workmen's dwellings."

Birds at work.

into summer his matchless song will be heard. Where are the Swallows? Likewise on their way, and as soon as the gnats, midges, and other small flying insects are beginning to swarm, the swallow will be ready to eat them.

The Night-jar, too, is preparing for its journey to our shores. It performs during the night the same task which is assigned to the swallows by day; and its long-drawn jarring cry will soon tell us that it is helping the agriculturist by eating the moths, chafers, etc., which, if allowed to increase unchecked, would seriously damage the crops.

With what wondrous care is the whole economy of Nature arranged, each creature making its appearance exactly at its appointed season, and each of them being constituted so as to work in correspondence with the sweep of the earth through its annual track of five hundred and seventy millions of miles, nothing being great or small in the eyes of the Creator!

JESUS' ANGER.

"The wrath of the Lamb."

SUMMER skies, which shine on roses,
Casting shadows on the walk,
Sometimes blacken o'er with anger,
And the thunders talk!

Lightnings leap, the mountains tremble,
Winds rush hurried by,
Floods descend, and ruin seemeth
Coming from that sky.

So upon the face of Jesus
Gathered blackest cloud;
Love in woe, and love in anger
Thundered long and loud.

Lightnings leaped, the people wondered,
"What can all this be?
Why has Jesus' wrath so kindled?
Why such agony?"

It is all because a widow
Has been robbed of bread,
And her hungry child is going
Supperless to bed.

When those men who robbed her hurt Him,
Wrath could find no place;
While they spat, and scoffed, and smote Him,
Peace was on His face.

But they troubled friendless widows,
Made their babies cry,
So His heart was clothed in thunder—
Ruin seeméd nigh.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

MOONIATTA.

A Story of Mission Life.

By MRS. MILNE-RAE, Author of "Morag," "Hartleigh Towers," Etc.

I.

"Well will be ended what ill begun,
Out of the shadow into the sun."

A YOUNG Hindu girl sat in the court of her father-in-law's house one afternoon about the hour of sunset. Her bright, soft, dark eyes looked as if they ought to be windows into a mind filled, even at the moment, with beautiful thoughts. Her head rested on her hand in a graceful reflective attitude. But Mooniatta was not thinking; indeed, she could never be said really to "think" at all. Her mind was not originally a vacant one, nor her temperament apathetic; but circumstances had made her both. "Ignorance," says a Tamil proverb, "is a chief ornament in a woman." If this were the case, then Mooniatta Ammah was, indeed, plentifully bedecked.

Belonging to a high caste family, she had been brought up in superstition and dulness. From infancy she had been betrothed, as was the custom of her people. Her marriage took place a few months previously to this evening, at her father's house. After the ceremonies, the girl bride was put into a closed palanquin carriage, and taken to her husband's home. The wedding feast had made a very lively time; and Mooniatta had been much taken up with her jewels, and the gold broidered saree, in which she had been dressed. But the novelty of these had passed away, and she began to find that the house of her mother-in-law was even a duller place than her early home. There she was allowed to run about the court and verandahs, talking and idly playing—poor enough little games to be sure—but they meant action and freedom compared to the strict rules laid down for her behaviour by her husband's mother, grandmother, and aunt, who formed the female part of her father-in-law's household. Hitherto she had been her mother's spoiled pet; now she became the slave of her mother-in-law, according to inexorable custom,—the strict discipline not being intentionally cruel, but laid down as a necessary means of teaching her how to please her husband. Being the immemorial custom, Mooniatta's lot did not strike her as hard; indeed, she never thought of criticising it, far less of rebelling against it. Its effect was probably

a deeper inactivity of mind, an increase of listlessness under the habitual spell of which she now sat. Indeed, it may be thought hardly worth while introducing such an uninteresting lay figure as we see her now, except that this evening proved an eventful one for Moona; was, in fact, the last time she ever sat with an absolutely vacant mind.

In another corner of the court a conversation happened to be going on. The speakers' tones were now familiar enough to Moona; for they were those of her grandmother and aunt. But their being raised to a more excited key than usual attracted her attention. Angry, bitter words seemed rife, and the voices grew louder as they went on. What was the girl's surprise when she gathered that the subject of this talk, who was having such hard abusive words meted out to him, was none other than her husband, the only and favoured son of the house, whose name, by all its inmates, was usually associated with terms of the greatest interest and affection. The young wife as yet knew little of him. Love and mutual knowledge had as small a share in their marriage as it has in Hindu marriages generally. Moona had hardly ventured as yet even to speak a shy word to him; and, as his business necessitated his residence in another station for the most part, they had met but seldom during their whole married life. But Gopal had never spoken any but kind words to her; and, moreover, he was her lord and master. A new sudden feeling of partizanship rose in her mind, and with it there came a new feeling of anxiety as she listened to the furious words concerning him. Curses of the Christian's God began to mingle with the conversation. This, in itself, was regarded by Moona as a harmless, and even pious strain of talk. But Gopal seemed implicated. Evil people, they said, had led him away. Bad influence had been at work for long; "I guessed as much," said the aunt, with many ominous shakings of her head.

"That mission school is the root of all the evil. The hateful religion of the foreigners has slowly but surely loosened his faith in his gods," groaned the grandmother, as she bowed her head to the ground, and swayed herself to and fro in her distress.

"If he were only a devout man like Ramiah!" cried the aunt, wringing her hands, her wish instantly strengthening Moona's sympathy with her husband; for she knew full well from the complainings of Ramiah's wife—the married daughter of the house—that her husband was anything but good and kind.

Presently the conversation ended. The elder women silently disappeared into the chamber of the gods, which opened off the court. But Moona's mind was steeped in listlessness no longer. Could it be, she pondered, with vague stirrings of trouble, that her husband was really going to eat with low, base people, and so to become an outcast? Was it possible that he would not do poojah to the gods, nor wear their marks any longer? It could not be true. Some wicked person had brought lying tales about the absent one, she felt sure, and she wondered with rising indignation how it was possible for his aunt or grandmother to believe them for one moment. She knew that Gopal was expected on a short visit on the following morning, and she resolved to try to summon up courage to ask him about it, and then she would be sure to find out what a slander it all was.

It is not considered etiquette for a Hindu wife to speak to her husband in the presence of his relatives, so Mooniatta found no opportunity for any talk with Gopal during the long hours of the day which followed. He arrived in the early morning; she watched him as he walked into the entrance porch accompanied by his father, who had gone to meet him. A sudden lightening of her fears came when she perceived that he still wore the usual trident mark on his forehead; there was, however, an absent, dejected air about him, which Moona had never noticed before. His old father, too, was evidently not quite himself. He cast anxious suspicious glances at every turn on his son, but this Moona decided was not, after all, to be wondered at, when one remembered the cruel slanders which he too must have heard.

Now, however, the cooking utensils of brass and copper used overnight were brought in sight, and it was the duty of the daughter-in-law to sprinkle them with holy water before they were carried inside again for use. Then there was all the rice-pounding, curry-making, and water-drawing to see to, and it seemed to the young wife that the other females of the household were unusually exacting in their demands on her time that day.

The portion of food sent to the Zenana, after the males of the house had finished their repast, was eaten more silently than usual. Instead of the usual siesta, Moona noticed that the old man and his son were engaged in one of the inner rooms in evidently earnest conversation. But she had little time to

pursue observations. A large share of work was again laid on her. The floor of the dining-room had to be swept clean and sprinkled with sacred cow-dung and water. The elder woman appeared to doze, as she was going through with these operations, but Moona noticed that her mother-in-law was quite wakeful, and the old grandmother slept only for a moment to waken up again with dreary mutterings.

The hour of sunset came round, and it was now the young wife's office to ornament the entrance to the house with floral devices in white chunam powder, an art in which she excelled; she was, however, performing her task with an absent mind to-night. A heavy cloud seemed resting on everything. It was, doubtless, the terrible imputation on Gopal, which was the cause of all the mystery and discomfort, she thought, as she scattered the white powder absently about.

Presently she was startled by hearing her husband's voice close to her. He looked agitated, but said in a firm, distinct voice, the tones of which Moona remembered long afterwards. "Mooniatta, it may be the last time we shall be permitted to speak together. I go now an outcast from my father's house; but, my wife, I would that I could tell you of a Father I have found—the living and true God. His voice speaks to our souls. We must obey it. . . ."

Before Gopal could finish the sentence, his father emerged from an inner room and stood before them. Never before had Moona seen the head of the house exhibit anything except stolid good-nature and urbanity. His only son, she knew, was his hope and pride, and his home-comings had always, hitherto, brought an evident increase of pleasure and interest into his daily life. Was this terrific old man, with rolling eye-balls, dilated nostrils and quivering limbs, the same person as the comfortable easy-going magnate of the village? With clenched fists he broke out into terrible imprecations. The females of the household, to whom he had evidently been imparting the news of his calamity, followed him with wild weeping and gesticulations. The storm had fairly burst now.

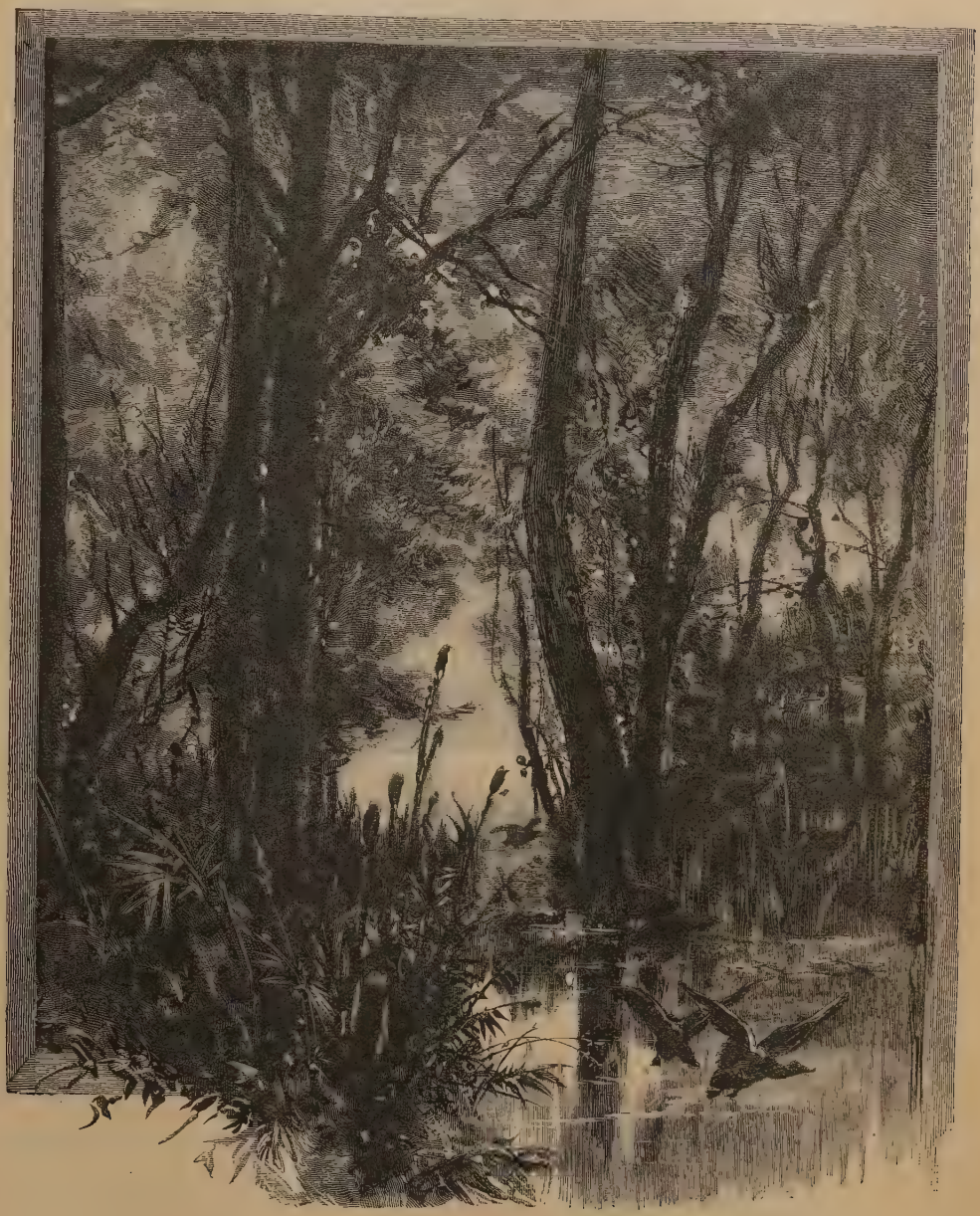
Moona involuntarily glanced from the group of angry faces towards her husband. Gopal looked calm as the sunset sky, and now she noticed that Vishnu's mark was on his forehead no longer. Vile words were being noisily poured forth on him; the shrill curses of his baby nephew mingling with those of the head of the house. Only a silent glance of deep pity could be traced on the young man's face as he stood on the threshold about to go. For a moment he seemed to hesitate. Would he go back to try to pacify or even to convince? The time was far off for that, his sorrowful decision seemed to be, as he averted his eyes with a pained though resolute face from the familiar group, but before he went he turned for a moment to his girl-wife.

"I cannot tell you about Him now, Moona. They will not let you listen; but I will pray to Him for you and for them. He will lead you, my wife. Seek Him. He will lead us both," he whispered as he passed her; and then he was hurried away along the darkening village street.

The tumult grew louder. Bitter, angry looks were cast on Moona, who stood silent and motionless, with Gopal's last words and echoing footsteps ringing in her ears. She did not understand how it was she could be so calm. It was all true they were saying in such terrible stinging words. Her husband was a dishonoured outcast by his own confession. Surely she should feel as grief-stricken as any of them; but she could not conceal from herself that she felt something of the nature of joy in this worst of calamities. There was that about Gopal's last words which seemed to lift her into a different world. Accustomed, like all the women of her race, to be addressed by her husband as an inferior, there was something in these parting words which made her instinctively feel as if she had got a new place in the world. Her womanhood felt crowned from that moment by a sense of equality which she could not have defined, but which felt none the less real to her. Had this nameless good come from the Christian's God? Moona's heart began to beat with throbs unfelt before in her narrow, apathetic life.

A sharp slap on the face roused her from her reverie. It was administered by the old grandmother, who stood before her in a menacing attitude. Why was Mooniatta not crying aloud and tearing her hair like the others? she demanded passionately. Did she not understand what a fearful scandal had befallen the house? Was not the only son forsaken by his gods and forsaking them? Already, by his own confession, he had made himself unclean; had eaten with outcasts; and was now himself an outcast for ever.

Moona shuddered as she listened to the terrible words. The tumult round her began to rage more fiercely than before, and very soon she was weeping and bemoaning with the rest.



"Before March had yielded to April."

Page 244.

II.

"Nor deems the rod he takes so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm."

And what of the bringer of all the desolation which prevailed in the house of Rungiah, the wealthy and bigoted Tahsildar, on the evening we have described? With resolute steps he was hurrying along the familiar village street, having taken farewell for ever of his childhood's home. But was there no aching pain at Gopal's heart, as he thus irrevocably separated himself from his people? Bright, vivid glimpses of past days flitted across his mind, as they are apt to do at eventful epochs. He was again the happy little boy seated on his father's shoulder, as he paid his first remembered visit to the stately carved pagoda, whose great massive towers he could catch a glimpse of now, with the last rays of the dying sun resting on them. How kind and patient his father was, he recollected well; how many treats were devised for his small entertainment as the feast went on; how encompassed by love and joy had those early days been! His mother's devotion too came vividly back to his memory. With what unselfish love she had watched him through a long, low fever he could never forget. The training of an ignorant Hindu mother can hardly be a wise one; but surely all the wealth of unselfish love showered on his head could not go for nothing. And what pride his grandmother and aunt had ever taken in him. When he became old enough to leave the little native school, where he had learned his letters, and stayed till it was time for his higher education to begin, then had come the first little cloud in the home horizon, which had burst in such a storm to-night. At his own eager desire he went from home to enter the great missionary college, of which his father had heard so much that, in spite of the grandmother's loudly expressed prejudice, he allowed his son to join it. Gopal had laughed with youthful scorn at the family fears on his behalf; nor for some time did they appear to have any justification. The young man continued so steadfast in his adherence to the rites of his religion, that not even those who watched most for his halting could have detected any loosening of its hold upon him; nor for long was he himself aware of it. Nevertheless there was an unseen, gradual process going on. Gopal was a true seeker after the living God, though as yet he knew it not. Day by day, as he sat in his class and listened to the Bible teaching, which made part of its work, divine truths sank into his heart. He began to reflect on the nature and doctrines of his own religion, comparing them with Christianity. What struck him most was the fact, that while the sacred books told of nine incarnations of gods, not one of them had been for the purpose of saving men from their sins; and even the promised tenth and last one would be to save the good alone, and to destroy the wicked. There was no Saviour in Hinduism, and therefore no hope.

Gopal often found himself turning to his Bible out of class hours. Gradually the Gospel message took a firm hold of his heart. That name, by right exalted over every other name, became dear to him. With a throbbing heart he read of the way of sorrow trod by the Holy One for the sins of the world. When at last he became a true believer in the Christian religion, at once his conscience told him he must not remain a secret one. Then indeed Gopal began to drink the cup of sorrow, of which our Lord had warned His disciples.

Among a people wedded to their homes by the commands of their religion as well as by their strong family affections, none were bound by stronger ties than Gopal. It was agony for him to think of the distress the confession of his faith had brought to his relatives, and the exile it imposed on himself. He had not deceived himself with delusive hopes. He knew that his avowal would bring instant and life-long separation from those he loved most. God's mercy to all men he did not doubt, nor that His grace could reach His beloved ones; but Gopal knew, and himself had felt, the strong chain of the iron fetters which bound them to their religion and its ceremonies, and which, indeed, made denouncing of him now one of its strictest duties. Already their love had been changed to bitter hate. As he took leave of his early home Gopal was able somewhat to realise the sorrowful meaning of his Lord's words: "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

On the following Sunday it had been arranged that he should be baptized. He knew that, as soon as his friends were apprised of this final step, there would be a great caste meeting, and he would be proclaimed a polluted being. Never again could any of his relatives or any of his caste speak to him or acknowledge him as having once belonged to them; never more could his name be pronounced but with abhorrence. Were he met on the streets he would be passed by; were he in beggary, starvation,

even in the agonies of death, no relative's hand might be lifted to help him; and were his body seen lying after death, even on the road, it would be allowed to decay where it lay. These were the inexorable rules laid down, Gopal knew well, for such as he. All his earthly prospects had been swept away by his avowed decision that day. A few hours previously his father had gone the length of offering him all his wealth if only he would promise to have nothing to do with the hated religion. Gopal had now gone forth a portionless man as well as an outcast.

"They said it was brief and easy;
That a word, a look, would crush the throng:
To some it may have been a moment's conflict—
To him it was sore and long."

But, at last, as the cool night air played on Gopal's throbbing forehead a voice spoke to his heart which soothed his sorrow and healed his wounds; for it said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Some months after the eventful evening on which her husband left his home, Mooniatta happened again to overhear a portion of a conversation which interested her much. Very cruel and hard had her own fate been since Gopal had been pronounced an outcast. Unreasonably taunted at every turn by the embittered household with the calamity which had befallen them, the young wife was unconsciously sharing in that which was to bring "not peace but a sword" as its earliest though disguised blessing. Gopal was said to have got an appointment in the Civil Court in a station at some distance off. With rising indignation, his mother and aunt were now discussing a proposal which he had evidently recently made, that his wife should be allowed to join him. They scouted the idea with bitter words. At every sentence Moona's feeling of sympathy with the reviled one grew stronger. Accustomed to obey passively, it astonished and almost frightened her to feel the active spirit of rebellion which was rising in her breast. She tried to go about her dull and now thorny routine of daily duties, but the recollection of her husband's refusal could not be crushed out. At last she formed a resolution, and a very bold one it was for a high-caste Hindu girl.

In a street not far from the house of her father-in-law there were some humbler abodes, one of which she knew to be occupied by a Christian family. She remembered well having glanced at it with a feeling of dislike, and even disgust, as she occasionally was driven past it. To this despised place she resolved now to go to seek help in perplexity. After waiting long for an opportunity, circumstances seemed at length to favour her slipping away from her home one evening at dusk.

To go to the other end of the village on foot, alone and unprotected, was as great an adventure to Mooniatta as the crossing of a continent would have been to an English girl. Feeling like a hunted deer, she reached the little porch of the catechist's house, and stood with beating heart at the low door. The catechist, with his wife and children, happened to be kneeling at evening prayer.

"Some of their hateful ceremonies," thought Moona, with a return of her old feeling, and a sudden inclination to retrace her steps rather than venture to cross the threshold of the outcasts' dwelling took possession of her. But she had risked much, and they would be sure to be willing to help her to escape from her now hard bondage in her father-in-law's house, or to find means of communicating with her husband. Her tale was incoherently told, but the catechist and his wife seemed fully to understand it. Moona never doubted that, having taken the great step of severing herself from her family, and throwing herself on the protection of these people, they would be ready to help her. Great, therefore, was her astonishment when, after a silent glance at her husband, the catechist's wife came and stood beside her, saying firmly, though with a face full of kindness and pity, "My poor child, you have done wrong in thus secretly leaving the house of your father-in-law. You should go back to it at once. I do not doubt that the living and true God will bring you and your husband together again, when He sees it to be good; but you must wait His time."

The good woman had learnt, by long and faithful Christian work, the wisest way of dealing with those who sought her advice. Indeed, she was known among all the native Christians round as their most trustworthy counsellor in all matters,—secular as well as sacred,—and well merited the universal name of "Uccah," sister, which they gave her.

In a half dream, Mooniatta suffered herself to be led back to the familiar precincts of her father-in-law's house, which she happened to be able to re-enter unobserved, as she left it. With a kindly glance, and a whispered "Seek Him, He will lead you," the good woman left her.

Moona stood on the threshold of the court, and watched her go with an intense feeling of forlornness. But what were these last words that rang in her ear? Surely the

same as those to which she had listened on this same spot a few months previously, when her husband bade her farewell. Again was she pointed, as her only help, to the God, unknown to her still.

After this ineffectual attempt to gain help in her difficulties where she had counted on it, Mooniatta became more assiduous than ever in the performance of all enjoined ceremonies. The chamber of the gods indeed often proved a refuge from the persecution which was now her portion. Never before had she done her allotted work so well; never had she been so reviled for faults of which she was blameless. She bore her trials with much more patience than in the past she had done her most trivial provocations. Her mind had quite wakened up now, and sorely needed was the new mental activity in the part she had to play.

The scowling looks that were habitually cast on her seemed specially focussed round her one day. Suddenly her father-in-law emerged from his business room and strode up to the corner of the court where she sat apart, telling her gruffly, that since he had now no son, neither had he any daughter-in-law; and that she had his permission to leave the house. But though his words were hard and bitter, Moona could not help noticing, even in the midst of her own preoccupation, how crushed and sorrowful he looked as he crossed the court and quickly disappeared into the chamber of the gods. The female part of the household then began to let loose their tongues on the unfortunate girl, and a wild storm again burst round her. From some words they let drop, Mooniatta gathered that her husband had again written, demanding that his wife should be allowed to join him.

As it is considered the height of impropriety for a wife to live anywhere except in the house of her father or father-in-law, never alone in her husband's house, Gopal's proposal struck them as infamous. Moona was assailed by rough usage as well as bitter words. The strain proved too much for her already overtaxed frame. A low fever set in, and for many weeks she was a helpless, neglected sufferer, waited upon only by the lowest servant in the house.

It was a haggard, woe-begone figure, with the beauty and the roundness of youth for the time absent, that Gopal saw when he went to meet his young wife. Mooniatta, instead of feeling the gladness and triumph she expected in having attained her wish, began to be afraid of what she had done. The harsh usage which had prevailed towards her in the Zenana of late would, she sometimes felt, have been almost welcome, in her keen, painful sense of the strangeness of her new freedom. Her husband was, as we have explained, almost a stranger to her; and not even his kind words or greeting could dissipate her forlornness. Gopal, so long emancipated, and in his joy at having succeeded in being able to make a home at last, hardly realised all the misery undergone by the sensitive Moona during this period. The absence of the daily round of ceremonies made in itself a strange blank in her life. Without any chamber of the gods to be swept and sprinkled, without the spot where the sacred tree is planted, there did not seem any home at all. For Mooniatta, though fairly roused from her apathy, still clung fast to her superstitions. Indeed, her great aim in her desire to join her husband had been that she might persuade him to return to his old faith. He could even yet be purified. Money could do it; and Moona knew that it would not be wanting if only Gopal could be got to change his mind. She made many timid attempts to save him, as she thought, and underwent great anguish from their failure. Gently but firmly Gopal explained that it could not be; and there was a brightness in his face and a gladness in his tone she had never seen on any face before, as he told of the God who so loved all men that He sent His Son to be their Saviour and their Friend. He tried to show her, too, how full of sin their old religion was; how different were the cruel capricious gods whom they had to try to propitiate, from the One holy and just God.

Mooniatta shrank from words like these as if they were blasphemy, and continued to weep many tears in secret, because, as she thought, she was not clever enough to find words to persuade her husband to come back and be reinstated in the old religion. She could not, however, help seeing that Gopal's daily life was very different from any other she had ever known. It astonished her much to notice that he did not cheat nor tell lies when it would have been to his own advantage to do so. He was very careful, too, she noticed, about keeping his promises, even in small matters, instead of making them to break them whenever it suited him, as she had been taught was the right and clever thing to do. The practice of deceit and cunning had been her education as well as Gopal's, so it surprised her not a little to see how her husband seemed to dread the smallest appearance of it, and often explained to

her that as the Lord Jesus Christ was without guile, so must His children be. But what surprised Moona most, and even disgusted her, was Gopal's attitude to his neighbours. With even quite low caste people he seemed to be altogether at home, and to forget the great gulf which separated a Brahmin from an outcast. It was abhorrent to her that he should even talk familiarly with those round them, and that he should eat with them was much more so.

Pennore, the station where Gopal and his wife now lived, was a much larger place than their native village. There was a considerable Indian Christian community, and a mission church. Gopal had become one of its members before Moona joined him, and had made many warm friends among its frequenters, who received the high-caste convert with open arms. It so happened that among those who had embraced the Christian faith at Pennore, there was none of the same caste as Gopal and Moona. It was impossible that the prejudices of centuries should be all at once extirpated even in a heart under Divine grace, though Gopal had himself attained a wonderful mastery over his feelings in this matter. But for Mooniatta, it was extremely unfortunate that there could not even be the bond of their once having belonged to the same caste, between her and the strangers round her. It made it, of course, all the more difficult for her to receive any spiritual help from her husband's chosen friends. Perceiving her reluctance to have anything to do with them, they began to judge her with unnecessary hardness, to shake their heads over her in a gossiping way, and say that it was a thousand pities that the handsome and promising young Gopal had not got a like-minded wife, instead of this haughty, ignorant Brahmin girl.

The help that a wise and good English lady, old or young, might have given to poor Moona at this stage would have been priceless; but, alas! no such help did she have.

There was the usual little Anglo-Indian Society at Pennore. The collector and his wife, the judge with his wife and children at home, the doctor and the engineer, both married men, and a chaplain as an occasional visitor to minister to the wants of the English. Pennore was a mission station; and a missionary with his wife and family added to the number of the Anglo-Indian residents. He, it is true, did not fail to take some interest in the spiritual welfare of the recent Brahmin convert, who indeed had been committed to his special care by the senior professor of the college, where Gopal's heart had been first opened to receive the new religion. But Mooniatta had still too much of the Zenana about her to make conversation with a stranger of the other sex endurable. Visits to her from the wife of the missionary would have been eagerly hailed by Gopal on his young wife's behalf. Unfortunately, that lady did not find it among her pleasures to take any interest in the natives of the country nor in her husband's work. Indeed, she had been known in some quarters to boast that she did not "marry the mission." In others, she explained that she had no time for such work, or that she was not strong enough for extra duties. True, her mornings were actively employed with lawn tennis, her afternoons with visiting and driving about the station with her children, while the long hours that intervened were spent in periods of repose under the punkah, or in lengthy consultations with her tailor as to the adroitest method of copying the last elaborate new dress of the collector's wife, who was good-natured enough to give her the benefit of the expensively procured fashions from her latest box from home—not perhaps without a half-repressed smile, as she recollected that imitation was said to be the sincerest flattery.

It may perhaps seem strange to those unfamiliar with the details of Anglo-Indian life, that a missionary's wife could have glided on year after year comfortably and self-complacently in a life which had so little of high purpose in it, and that even social opinion round her did not in some fashion indicate its disapproval of so self-indulgent a course, when her husband had been specially called to undertake the work of an evangelist to the great multitudes around, some of whom—like poor Moona—ought to have been her special care. There is, unfortunately for British residents in India, little stimulus from without. If the stimulus from within is wanting it is so usual, so easy for them to dwell on its hot plains—

> "In the cold shadow
> By smooth pleasure thrown,
> Where human hearts by hundreds
> Harden into stone."

The great compassion which moved the Master's heart, as He looked on the multitude scattered like sheep having no shepherd, was not there. So Mooniatta was suffered to grope dimly along her onward way unaided and alone.

(To be concluded next month.)

BRIGHT STARS IN EAST LONDON.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHARLES DICKENS called his pathetic sketch of "The old sail-loft or storehouse," where he found the "East London Children's Hospital" in the year 1868, "A small Star in the East." It then sparkled in Ratcliff, and contained thirty-seven patients. Dr. and Mrs. Heckford, its founders, were its untiring watchers. Since that period it has become a fixed star of the first magnitude, and shines and scintillates at Shadwell.

It was never more bright than at the beginning of the present year, when the hospital held its annual festival. The three large wards were gaily decorated, and every one tried to forget the pains of the young sufferers in their pleasures. Evergreens and holly-berries did their best to wish a "Happy New Year" to inmates and visitors; and as for the nurses and others connected with the spot, and under the beneficent influence of the Star, they heartily welcomed every one who appeared. Not even the slush and damp of a thaw out of doors could chill the kindliness of the warm hearts within.

The entrance of each ward was a bower of greenery, in which were tastefully arranged innumerable Japanese fans, and such bright adornments as shone out best amongst the dark leaves. Men with ladders were still hurrying to and fro to put the finishing touches to arch or pillar. We rejoiced to see the Heckford Ward look so bright, since we could not help reflecting on those who had, led by the Divine hand, helped to guide our "Star" to its present "Bethlehem." Inside each ward were trees hung with presents of every description suitable to those who were to receive them. Enumeration or description would be impossible, because they were so many and various. Boys' gifts differed from girls', and girls' from babies', but all were appropriate. Despite the thaw, many juvenile donors of these presents arrived from other parts of the metropolis to see their sick brothers and sisters, and to enjoy with them the amusements provided. They wandered through the wards, consoling such patients as were not able to leave their cots, and congratulating those who were up and dressed in their best for the occasion.

These were congregated in the middle of the large wards gazing at the presents they hoped to receive. Still even amongst them were sufferers. A girl said she had had her leg amputated; a boy was lying on his back near the stove incapable of action. Others were in various stages of convalescence. As to the poor little prisoners shut up in their cribs, their wails were silenced for the moment by the toys laid on their beds and the presence of friends admitted on this happy occasion. But here and there were young patients too ill even for presents. We were haunted by one of them all the evening. Her mother, who was watching her, said it was heart complaint after rheumatic fever; and it was sad indeed to hear her groans and see her restless tossing from side to side. Not far from her, in another cot, was a child quietly sleeping, while a sister sat near her, regardless of the festivities around. Not far off was a large-eyed, wondering three-year-old, sitting up in her crib and gazing about her, forgetful of toys and the pains of childhood.

The infant ward seemed unusually quiet, and there was an expectant air about nurses and babies. It would be tantalising to be shut out from the festival, and all seemed hopeful for a sight of Mr. Punch. There was one fabulously small infant, weighing less than four pounds, whose nurse was cautiously dropping milk down its throat, and who was not aware of the curiosity he excited. But such was the brightness and cheerfulness of the scene that we all seemed to ignore the fact that we were in a big hospital. The red jackets of the patients contrasted with the white coverlets, and looked like holly-bushes, while the gas lit up the Christmas-trees and their presents, and illuminated the real holly, so that the young new year dawned hopefully for all.

The presents were not to be distributed for a day or two, when not only the actual patients were to receive them, but also many who had been patients during the last six months, but who had happily recovered.

For these the treat was especially intended, and we went to what is called the "Out-patients'" ward to watch them devour cake and other edibles, and drink plenty of tea. Here, at long tables, were seated from eighty to a hundred girls and boys of various ages, consisting of all who were well enough to leave their wards, and others who had lately been dismissed from them as cured. It would seem that suffering quiets even the young, for this large tea party was neither noisy nor clamorous. Convalescents and cured were

not vociferous as many hungry urchins often are, especially they of the free dinners and breakfasts we wot of. These Shadwell children of poor dock labourers and the like were very well-behaved, and proved that East End manners are quite as good as West End—we were going to say better, but that might be invidious.

While the tables were cleared we went out into the thaw to pay a visit to the friend engaged in nursing the poor in their own homes. Many of the children discharged from hospitals, as well as their parents, benefit by the East London Nursing Society, to which she belongs. The streets were dark and dull, the causeways grimy and slippery, and life outside was certainly less cheerful than the life we had left inside the hospital, but we knew that it was just as full of interest, for only a few days before we had visited a dozen or so of the rooms where the sick of all ages bear their pains and penalties as patiently as they can, and whither would return some of the children to enliven their friends by an account of their happy evening.

When we went back to the hospital we found Punch and Judy in loud matrimonial quarrel where we had left the well-mannered youngsters at tea; and these same youngsters were greatly enjoying Punch's improper treatment of his wife. "Quiet" was no more the word for them. They were in roars of laughter; the boys especially; probably the girls had a fellow-feeling for Judy. They repeated the sayings of the showman as he put them into the mouth of his puppets with delight, and did not stop to remark upon his peculiar English accent or voice. The room was crowded, but way was made for a bevy of young nurses who came in with babies in their arms well wrapped up in blankets. We counted as many as twenty of them. The babies gazed in open-eyed and open-mouthed astonishment. They were not yet old enough to appreciate Punch's eccentricities, or Mrs. Punch's grief at the loss of her infant; they did not even realise how much better off they were than Master Punch under the blows of his wicked parent; but their neat young nurses realised it, and laughed as heartily as did their former and present charges.

In the midst of the merriment four of these white-capped bearers brought in a sort of stretcher to which was strapped a boy whose leg had been amputated. He was carefully placed in a slanting position, opposite the show, and seemed to be as much amused by it as if he were in robust health. Like the rest of us, he did not pause to reflect on Mr. Punch's iniquities, but joined in applauding them. As Punch came to a bad end, we can hope that they drew a proper moral from the ancient show.

Maternal love is even more penetrating than a thaw, and many mothers were awaiting their children outside the hospital, when the treat was over. We watched them wander off to their poor homes, and saw them beneath that other Eastern Star of the third magnitude—The Maternity Hospital. Only a road lies between our two stars, which are always looking at one another. Mr. Ashton Warner is secretary of the one, and his wife superintendent of the other. They gave us a hearty invitation to come again and we accepted it. East End hospitality is unceremonious, and extends to all classes.

Children, children everywhere; in the streets, in the big hospital, in the little one, we thought when we revisited Shadwell. In the latter we found six mothers and six babies, in six separate rooms, all warm, comfortable, and well cared for. The mothers had come from miserable, noisy, crowded rooms, to the quiet and peace of this small house, and here had given birth to the infants that lay sleeping in their arms or at their sides. They all looked happy. Two young mothers were nursing their first babies, the rest had other children at home. Possibly, for the first time in their lives, they experienced the blessing of repose and nursing. Awful stories are told by Mrs. Ashton Warner of scenes she has witnessed in neighbouring abodes, where immortal beings have entered this world in empty rooms on a heap of straw, on the bare boards, even at the side of a dead father! Where she has found neither food nor fire; no "swaddling clothes" for the infant, or covering for the mother: where, in short, chill penury's icy grip had laid such firm hold on the family, that it seemed impossible to loosen it.

From scenes such as these a poor woman may now happily escape to the small Home opened about two years ago, in which we found the six women and their babes already mentioned. A fortnight's rest and peace is a sort of holiday, and they are sorry when it is over. Still, they have learnt a lesson of cleanliness and order which many of them do not forget. So have their husbands, who are admitted to see them every evening. Many instances of improved homes occur, due to the example set at this homelike hospital; and husbands are known to "clean

up" against the return of their wives. "I say, Jim, ain't it a fine thing to know our old 'uns is so warm and comfortable in such a fine place as this 'ere?" said one of three who were leaving their wives the other evening. "By Jove, yes! I don't know what the likes of us would do but for them as keeps such places up," responded Jim. "It would be the 'ouse broke up and the children all over the shop," supplied the third.

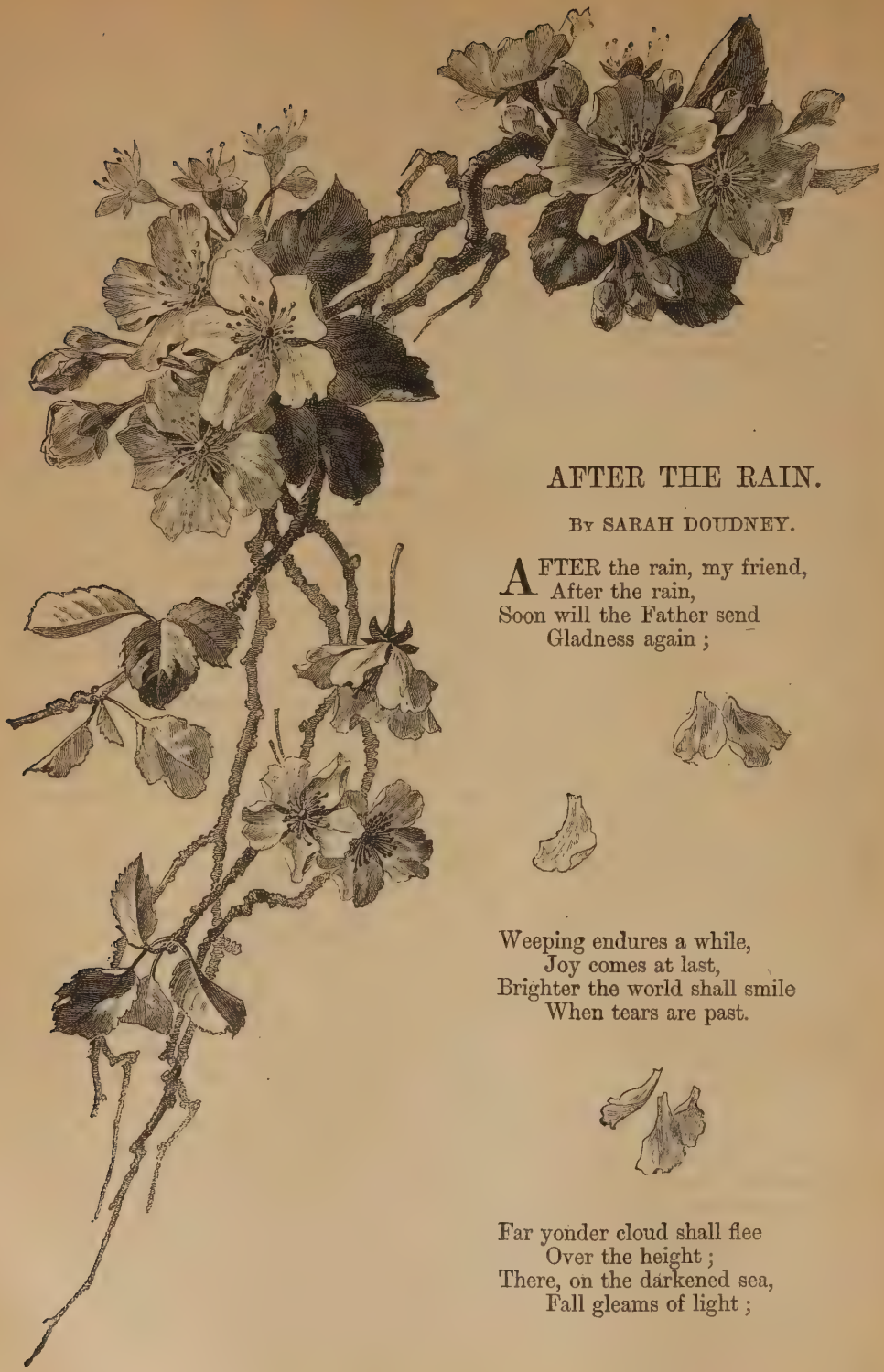
And they spoke the truth. It is an escape from the workhouse, and often from death. Continually the sad spectacle occurs of a mother and new-born infant in one corner of a dismal, furnitureless cellar or attic, and a child, or even children, lying dead in another. We dare not pause to ask where the fault lies; we must help to give the stricken mothers the power of escape from such awful misery. And oh! how different their condition here! What must be the feeling of having, for once in a hard life, a room to yourself, kind nurses, and the efficient care of the lady superintendent? It is, as they say, like heaven. Neat furniture, pictures on the walls, warm jackets, clean bedding, and other gear, food, and fire: instead of, too often, the reverse in every particular. Here, too, as in the Children's Hospital opposite, are Christmas decorations. "We had such a nice Christmas Day," they all say, when we inquire. "Our husbands came to have tea with us, and we did enjoy it."

That was a "happy thought" of Mrs. Ashton Warner, who believes example better than precept, and who has stories of good resolutions made both by husband and wife after a sight of the possibilities of "better things" as witnessed in the Mothers' Home. And when necessary, they take samples with them, in the shape of loans of linen, gifts of clothing, and supplies of immediate necessities. Will their well-to-do sisters shower a good supply of such articles down upon this, our little Star? They will have some idea of the need if they learn the occupations of a few only, of the bread-winners of the "establishments" whence the women come. It need scarcely be said, that half of them, or more, are dock labourers, and that hundreds of these may be seen any morning, close to the spot where our Stars shine, "seeking work and finding none," starving, in fact. Then there are the river-side population, and the costers, whose means of living are almost as precarious. On the book of cases, open before us, are the occupations of the husbands of the poor women. We quote a few: Seller of nuts on truck; donkey-man; boot-laster's man; wool-stapler; night watchman; stoker; stevedore; ship's carpenter; dock labourer, over and over again; carman; cabman; lighterman, &c. &c. When the women themselves are the bread-winners, they are charwomen, needle-women, manglers, paper-bag makers, but of the latter a word in season. One was in the Home much injured by over-standing, who said she stood to make *two thousand* paper bags a day, for which she received sixpence!

Need we say more for this, our Maternity Hospital, or Mothers' Home, as it is more prettily called? Only a slight description. It contains everything necessary for the comfort and cleanliness of its half-dozen patients, although it is so small, and a celebrated physician who visited it lately gave it unqualified praise. So do the women. "Oh! we are so comfortable!" says one, as we reluctantly bid them farewell. "Look at my baby!" another, who has the mop of black hair affected by factory girls, and who looks about seventeen. "And mine!" a third, equally young, and more fair. A fourth, who is up and dressed and seated on the bed in which her infant sleeps, is less energetic, for she will soon return to the "carking cares" of husband and family. She, like many others, "came just in time," and her life has, under God's blessing, been saved by proper treatment and nourishment. How many die for lack of these, who shall say?

"I shall miss my snacks," said one not long since, and this may be written of all.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, we will pray that the one may succeed and amalgamate with the other, and that the lessons learnt here may be remembered and taught again amid the multitudes of poor who surround this modest dwelling. If, as we are told, every minute sees a baby born, and London contains five millions of human beings, we should all help one another in this heterogeneous mass of fellow-creatures. Each one is of much more value in the sight of the Father than many sparrows, says the Divine Son; and He wills not that any of His "little ones should perish." So we appeal to all Christians—mothers especially—to help to keep our Eastern Stars in their orbits. Help of any kind, whether clothes, blankets, money, can be sent to "Mrs. Ashton Warner, Lady Superintendent, Mothers' Home, Juniper Street, Glamis Road, Shadwell, London, E."



AFTER THE RAIN.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

AFTER the rain, my friend,
After the rain,
Soon will the Father send
Gladness again;

Weeping endures a while,
Joy comes at last,
Brighter the world shall smile
When tears are past.

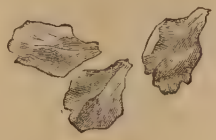
Far yonder cloud shall flee
Over the height;
There, on the darkened sea,
Fall gleams of light;

After the rain, my love,
After the rain
Sunshine, like Noah's dove,
Steals back again;

After the rain, my dear,
After the rain
Skies will be calm and clear,
Birds sing again;

Brave souls can bear the showers,
Heavy and chill,
Hearts that are strong as ours
Grief cannot kill;

Blossoms shall ope their eyes,
Blooming and bright;
Earth will be paradise,
Life a delight;



Wait, with your hand in mine,
Trustful and true,
Wait, till the glories shine
Out of the blue!

Only be hopeful, sweet,
Never complain;
Daisies will kiss your feet,
After the rain.

DAVID'S EARLY LIFE.

III.—THE CHAMPION OF ISRAEL.

DAVID'S single combat with the giant, which first brought him into public notice, wears to the modern reader an air of romance rather than of sober history. Its historical character was vouched for, however, by the preservation of the trophies of the fight, and even what appears in our eyes romantic will be found in keeping with the character of the time. The Bible records a series of revelations which stretched across the whole extent of ancient history; and at each age of the world it pleased God to employ the ideas or usages peculiar to that period for teaching to it precious truth concerning His own grace and human duty. If we could transport ourselves to the eleventh century before Christ, and realise the "form and body" of that time when the Hebrew tribes were acquiring the consistency of a settled state, we should probably find that it was precisely one of those eras which have proved favourable to the development of chivalrous character and the performance of romantic exploits. Where does the student meet elsewhere with a condition of society such as gives birth to these phenomena? Is it not just in that transition period of a nation's annals, when it is passing away from its rude anarchic beginnings to assume the mature character of orderly and settled government? Something analogous may be seen in the little States of Greece, when Attica and Lacedæmon first emerge from the region of legend into clear light; and in certain respects the rise of chivalry in Europe affords a parallel illustration. Before Saul and David lived we dimly discern in Palestine a chaotic group of clans without cohesion, in a condition of semi-barbarism, possessing only primary elements of culture which had not yet been developed. After David it becomes plain that the Hebrew realm has rushed in the interval with rapid strides to a place in the front rank of Asiatic Powers—united, wealthy, cultured, intellectual, and, according to Eastern ideas, highly civilised. These two reigns of Saul and David, therefore, constitute a period of transition, during which the new and the old factors of national life were mixed in ferment. Amid the heat of a religious reformation, as well as the strain and tumult of a sacred war for freedom, a young nation was emerging into manhood. Everything was favourable for the development of striking characters and for the achievement of heroic deeds. Precisely at such a period does the historian expect picturesque incident. The tendencies of such an age embody themselves in remarkable personages. The individual counts for more than in quiet times; and the scene which the stage presents is one full of movement, colour, conflict, and tragic passion. Such, especially, is the character of David's rise to sovereignty—a period extending from his duel with the Philistine till the close of his wars; a period crowded with actors who secure our interest, and with situations which kindle the imagination. It was under the pressure of such an exciting and various experience that God's Spirit evoked from the representative man of his time higher utterances of religious emotion than had ever been listened to before—psalms of trust and despondency, of grief and joy, of penitence and of triumph, which have lain very close to the deep heart of the Church in every succeeding generation, and given the model to all her devotional songs.

The duel with Goliath was a mere episode in the long, intermittent struggle betwixt Israel and the league of Philistine cities. For the most part that was a border warfare, without decisive results. Israel held the hill country; the Philistine towns lay on the maritime plain; the lower hills between, pierced with valleys which served for passes of communication, formed naturally a debateable land or fighting-ground. On this occasion the enemy, by a sudden sally, had moved in force up one of these valleys—that of Elah or the Terebinth Tree, now the Wady es Sunt. The rendezvous had been Gath, which is identified by recent explorers with the natural fortress on a white cliff that was afterwards fortified by the Crusaders under the name of Blanche Garde. If so, it stood exactly at the mouth of the pass where the dale opens out upon the plain. Here it was that the Philistine leaders secured the services of one of their gigantic subjects. Goliath belonged to a family of tall men descended from the famous Anakim, one of the dispossessed aboriginal tribes of Canaan, who fled before Joshua and found refuge in the Philistine cities. Taking him along with them, the invaders pushed up the valley till they reached a point bearing a name significant of many border skirmishes—the "Bloody March," or Boundary (Ephes-Damim). It lay within eight miles from the head of the dale, whence they hoped to menace both Hebron on the south and Bethlehem on the

north. But at this point they found their advance barred by a Hebrew force. Hastily assembling his levies, Saul had marched from the north-west to check the inroad. The dale is at this point some four or five hundred yards across, bounded on either side by low scrubby hills about six hundred feet in height. On these slopes the opposing armies had encamped facing one another; and here they remained inactive while the Philistine champion renewed from day to day his boastful challenge to single combat.

The circumstances under which young David appears on the scene are a little difficult of explanation. According to our present Hebrew text, he had been sent home on the outbreak of hostilities to resume his pastoral duties at Bethlehem, some thirteen miles off, and only visited the camp by chance on an errand to his three eldest brothers, who had joined the standard of their tribe when the summons came. It is hard to reconcile this with what we have before been told, that David had already been attached to the body of squires who guarded the royal person. Still more hard is it to understand how, after the combat, neither Saul, nor Jonathan, nor even Abner, the general, should know anything at all about a youth who had been for some time at court, and had attracted to himself the favourable notice of the king. It is right to explain, however, that we really possess two versions of the text in this as well as the following chapter—a longer and a shorter. The longer is the one familiar to us from our Bibles, and found in every existing MS. of the Hebrew Scripture. But the seventy scholars who translated the Old Testament into Greek at Alexandria, long before any existing MSS. were written, evidently had before them a much shorter edition of the story; and when their text is taken by itself it is found to leave out most of those portions which create the greatest difficulty. It says nothing of David's return to his sheepfolds, or of his errand with food to the camp, or of his going about among the lines offering to fight the giant, or of Abner's inquiries afterwards who this youth might be. But then we are not at liberty summarily to reject all this insertion as without authority. Undoubtedly it *is* an ancient version of the details of the story, and it wears the simple, truth-like air of a piece of family tradition. Nor would it quite solve the difficulty even to reject it, for in any case the youthful hero does undertake the fight in shepherd attire with staff and sling, not armed as a military attendant on the sovereign would be. All we can say, therefore, is that two separate sources seem to have been drawn upon in the composition of our present text, and that certain of the details in these cannot be reconciled without fuller light than we possess.

Fortunately the moral point of the story is unaffected by such questions of criticism; to this let us turn our attention.

No one can fail to be struck by the cowardice of the king and his warriors, shown in the fact that only one man in Israel, and that man an unpractised outsider and volunteer, had courage enough to take up the giant's challenge. This fact deserves a little study. The war with the Philistines was a war for national independence. It aimed first at breaking off the yoke of these foreign neighbours, and next of curbing their vexatious and destructive inroads. It appealed, therefore, to Hebrew patriotism and the longing which had sprung up in the nation for national unity and political freedom. This, however, was not the real heart of the movement. The war meant a great deal more than that. In its inception it had been a sacred war—a religious crusade. It sprang originally out of the reformation of religion under Samuel. What had sustained the long contest was a revived consciousness that Israel was the chosen and the covenanted people of the Most High, with a God-given right to possess the land of His promise, and a great destiny to be worked out for Him. Samuel himself had won the opening victory of the whole struggle in the rout at Ebenezer. So long as that reformer could make his influence felt, so long Israel marched into the field at Jehovah's bidding, after sacrifice and prayer had consecrated her warriors into a host of God. Nor had it been otherwise during Saul's own earlier campaigns. The revolt in which Jonathan struck the first blow, and the subsequent achievements of that heroic prince, were conceived and executed in the finest spirit of religious enthusiasm, under a supreme conviction that Jehovah was on His people's side. Had that spirit continued, surely there could have been no lack of candidates for the championship in the Vale of Elah. It is only too apparent that ever since that unlucky raid against Amalek which involved the rejection of Saul, with the separation of the king from his counsellor and spiritual father Samuel, there had set in a counter-movement or reaction. The spiritual principles underlying the struggle were no longer apprehended so clearly by the leader in it, for he himself was

no longer the spiritual man he had been. From a war of faith as well as freedom, it had degenerated into one of defence, or, at most, of reprisals. Israel was no longer conceived as Jehovah's people fighting Jehovah's battles under Jehovah's captaincy, as in Joshua's days or Gideon's, and therefore no less invincible than in these great days gone by. Bereft of the support which it had drawn from religious conviction, what was Israel but an ill-united league of half-armed peasant-clans, keeping at bay in their hill passes the incessant assaults of one of the best-equipped, wealthiest, and most formidable military confederacies of the age? Such a guerilla warfare might be doggedly contested, but it lacked the inspiration of hope, it lacked the sublime faith which dares the desperate chance, counts upon an invisible ally, and plucks victory from the jaws of danger. To this it had evidently come. The king's discouragement had proved infectious. The bravest took counsel with prudence. There is no hint that even Jonathan was ready to take up the challenge had his father suffered him. Abner was a bold man, but hardly a religious one. In all the camp consternation reigned. Not even the promise of ample reward with the hand of a princess could tempt the pusillanimous tribesmen.

It is when matters are at such a pass that a single example of courageous, heroic faith is often found to act like a charm. At similar emergencies, too, the man who can best seize the significance of the situation or the principles which underlie it may spring to the front, and establish his claim to be the future leader of his fellows. It was the sacred fire of Israel's faith that wanted rekindling, and the spark came from David. In his bosom, at least, it burned, a clear and steady flame. Where Saul had conspicuously failed, there was David at his strongest. Saul had degenerated from a hero of faith into a mere secular captain of militia; and the defection of the king had paralysed for the moment the courage of the people. Had not God foreseen this when He sent Samuel to anoint the son of Jesse? Was not this brave lad, nursed in piety as well as in patriotism and poetry, the very embodiment of that unquestioning faith in Jehovah as Israel's King which Saul had lost—of that lofty confidence in the Unseen, that devotion to Israel's honour and Israel's future, that sacred enthusiasm for the deposit of divine truth to Israel, which breathed from age to age in the best and noblest of that chosen people? It was inevitable that a man like this must come to the helm of the State, since he alone represented the true ideal of his nation, alone inherited in full degree its best traditions, and was alone prepared to stake everything on the covenant which bound the people of Moses to the God of Abraham.

If this view be at all correct, it would be a stupid misreading of events to say that the famous duel to which David owed his rapid rise was a single lucky hit—a chance shot, in which success redeemed what would otherwise have been a foolhardy venture. Men rarely owe their success in life to chance shots of any kind. But they often do take their start from some single act which serves to disclose what manner of men they are, and to foretell to the sagacious what their career must prove. It was not in reality the slinger's skill, which aimed cool and fair at the giant's forehead when an older hand might have swerved for fear—not that alone which revived the decaying ardour of Israel, bound Jonathan to his friend in life-long admiration, and made David the hero of the war. Rather it was the clearness with which he saw how Israel's cause was bound up with that of the Most High God, and the assurance with which, when others doubted, he reckoned on the fidelity of the Almighty. This unwavering religious confidence in the unseen God above, which is the true key to his first battle, is also the key to his whole life. He became the man he was just because He carried this same devout reliance upon an arm unseen into all his affairs, acted ever as in Jehovah's sight, and knew himself to be, by day and night, beneath divine protection. His name would have stood on the same page with other heroes of faith if, after that day's fight in the Vale of Elah, he had achieved nothing else that was memorable. But the qualities which made him the conqueror of Goliath were the very qualities which made him the founder of the Hebrew Empire, and the type as well as ancestor of the Messiah.

David was justified in his confidence that Jehovah would fight for Israel. This was because his insight penetrated to the heart of the situation. For it is only as one is able to read aright the spiritual issues of any contest, that one is entitled to presume upon the sympathy or the assistance of God. David saw that more was at stake than a petty struggle betwixt neighbouring tribes. It was not even a rivalry between two local patron gods—Dagon against Jehovah. The question was whether or not the people whom the God of all the earth had selected to know His name,

and do His will, and show forth His salvation in the sight of all nations, should have free space in the land He had given it to fulfil its divine mission. The independence of Israel, or its separate existence as a theocratic nation under Jehovah's protection, was simply essential to the divine purposes of grace. God therefore was committed by covenant to uphold His own people so long as they were loyal and trusted Him. Especially was the divine honour pledged to sustain His people when they had been expressly challenged to fight on His behalf. Goliath had brought it to this issue. He had been imprudent enough to make it on his side also a war of religions, a battle of gods. He had defied Jehovah, and his victory would have been a victory of the false idol over the Lord of heaven and earth. Where the issue was so clear, David's youthful faith was at a loss to comprehend the cowardice of his fellow-countrymen. To him it was so obviously and entirely Jehovah's cause, that no possible question could arise as to the event.

It is not often, certainly, that in our modern conflicts, whether military or political, one can be equally sure one is engaged on God's side. Rarely, too, does it occur that God's enemy meets us in the simple, unmistakable shape of a living warrior, clad cap a pie in material armour or brandishing a bronze-headed spear. How often should we be only too thankful could we resolve our spiritual warfare against sin, and evil systems, and social wrongs, and false beliefs, into a form as palpable as that! For in that case it seems to us as though one could strike home and strike hard with an easy mind, sure that we were not beating the air, nor hitting a friend for a foe; sure, too, that God's blessing would go with the stroke. It might not help us quite so much as we imagine. A hoary system of fraud or lies or cruelty is, to say the least, as unquestionably a foe to God and to man's welfare as any son of Anak who ever wore mail. We know, too, of a foe whom we never saw, who lurks within our own breast to disturb its peace and purity. If once he get the better of our better will, so as to draw us into bondage, then farewell to any hope of Christ's salvation, or a kingdom of God set up in our heart! His name is pride, or it is luxury, or it is drink, or it is impure indulgence, or it is a thirst for riches; and we parley with that secret enemy, the representative and champion, so far as we are concerned, of the devil's cause; parley when we ought to fight. Surely we might be very certain God would aid us were we but resolute and bold in this combat! The form of our duel is changed, to be sure, yet a duel we do sustain. It is a life-and-death grapple against the sin that is within us; or against sin that comes to us from without in tempting or in formidable guise; and the weapons of our warfare (which are not carnal, but spiritual) look as insufficient against the powers of the darkness of this world as did David's sling against the giant with helmet and greaves and an armour-bearer that went before him. What have we but the Word of God—the shining word of eternal truth, clung to in faith, spoken in love; the strong word of eternal righteousness, launched at topmost strength against the colossal iniquities and tyrannies and falsehoods of society? But does God fight still on the earth with men who fight for Him? Whatever good work any man undertakes has to be carried through in face of obstacles, difficulties, adversaries. To try and do the right means to stand up, alone and feeble, against a myriad. May we take it that the same Ally still succours in every contest of His kingdom, when evil is boastful and defiant, when the militant Church is timorous or feeble? Is there to-day a divine strength hidden in our weakness, and a divine arm that guides our stone from the sling, and a divine eye to direct and animate the solitary soul when alone it ventures to do the right and speak the truth? Then let us learn from this shepherd lad the secret of a hero's courage and a conqueror's success. See him as he scrambles across the bed of that tiny brook which makes a deeper gash through the plain between the armies; note how he pauses a moment in silent prayer while he stoops to pick "five smooth stones" from its gravelly channel; watch him emerge alone upon the further meadow slope, where the huge braggart paces to and fro before the Philistine lines; and listen to the clear words of manly piety with which he makes answer to the insolence of his adversary: "Jehovah saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is Jehovah's, and He will give you into our hands." Well done, brave giant-killer! It is a good lesson thou hast taught the faint-hearted in God's host. Let the old, familiar picture, dear to our childhood, abide with us in our manhood, to kindle our courage, to steady our faith, to nerve our will, to keep the heart beating high in the evil day, to bring down the help of an unseen Warrior into every contest we may be called to wage for the truth of God or for His righteousness in the earth.

J. OSWALD DYKES.

LONDON THIEVES AND THEIR RECLAIMERS.

By G. HOLDEN PIKE.

WE suppose, it is pretty generally admitted that punishment, which is inflicted by society in self-defence, does not tend to the reformation of criminals; on the contrary, if not supplemented by something better, the harsh discipline of the gaol rather exercises a hardening effect. To lessen the number of criminals, however—in other words, to win them over from their mode of life for the purpose of re-starting them in paths of honesty—is the greatest possible kindness to the men themselves; and when it is considered what a single thief may cost the country, it is hard to see what greater service in the form of mission-work could be rendered to society generally. As some may be aware, that department of the St. Giles's Christian Mission which aims at the reclamation of criminals extends its operations to the very gates of the London prisons; for on every week-day morning three free breakfasts are prepared to which the discharged prisoners are invited, and when once they are gathered together they are not allowed to depart without being strongly and affectionately urged to forsake evil and seek the good. To witness the proceedings of only one morning is to look upon a phase of London life which is worth studying; and at the same time one becomes impressed with the immense results which may follow really earnest labour such as that which Mr. George Hatton inaugurated, and which his secretary, Mr. W. Wheatley, mainly superintends. Never did law-breaking outcasts more sorely need a friend than those who, one after another, come through the gloomy gateway into the free air of the street. Some are heartily sick of their disreputable course of life; a proportion will suffer themselves to be persuaded to turn into better ways; while others may now learn for the first time that there are people in existence who will really help them to rise.

The breakfasts to which we allude have been given at Holloway, Coldbath Fields,* and Wandsworth, and from these prisons 18,385 persons were discharged during the year ending November 30th, 1885. Of these no less than 14,552 accepted an invitation to breakfast; and while over four thousand of these signed the temperance pledge, about as many were helped in various ways to regain a respectable footing. A number emigrated or took to a seafaring life; for a still larger number work was found at home; many were sent back to their friends, and others assisted with money, clothes, or tools. The prison gratuities paid to 780 convicts, and amounting in the aggregate to £3,770, were paid through this Society, the Government, no less than the authorities at Scotland Yard, thus showing their confidence in Mr. Hatton's method of working. The plain unvarnished facts we have given are the best standing evidence to the genuine character of the work in progress. The chief drawback is found in the increasing difficulty which besets the work, consequent on prevailing trade depression. What are called the "long term" men increase in number, and a batch of these apply daily for advice and assistance. At the best of times it is not easy even for honest people to secure for themselves new openings; how immensely are the difficulties increased when employers are asked to make the experiment of trying those who have to make a character as well as earn a livelihood! Of course the older a man is the greater are the difficulties which stand in his way, and in the way of those who wish to befriend him. Our hopes have necessarily to centre on the young, who when once in the rut of crime, will go from bad to worse if left to themselves, but who may be saved for better things if they are taken in hand in time.

The reclamation of criminals by Christian means is thus a comparatively new experiment, for it is hardly ten years since a group of men, who wished to reform, suggested to Mr. Hatton this new departure by asking, "Why don't you help us?" A quantity of old building materials was purchased and then sawn into firewood by the applicants; the work was providentially planned almost before the persons chiefly interested were aware of the fact, and the current of its prosperity has ever since broadened and deepened.

But while estimating at their full value these endeavours, we cannot help feeling equal interest in the attitude which society itself assumes towards these classes. Speaking on this subject a short time ago, the Lord Chief Justice remarked: "If a large familiarity with criminals makes one know something of the extent and variety of crime, it also brings one into acquaintance with the deadly strength, the unbending pertinacity, the infinite variety of the temptations which

* Since Nov. 30th, the prisoners have been transferred from Coldbath Fields to the Pentonville Prison, Caledonian Road, where they are now met in the same manner.

produce it. We often, too often, perhaps, have to punish men for being what society has made them, and we have to act as engines of a system which sometimes crushes with pitiless severity the very creatures it has produced." Lord Coleridge bears testimony to the very visible improvement which has taken place in the condition, as well as in the discipline, of the State prisons, even in his own time; but nevertheless he is obliged to confess that the mind of a judge is saddened by the consideration that, in the majority of instances, punishment really does the punished no permanent good. In the old days of a century ago the rule was to enforce the penalties of the law with a Draconic rigour which seemed to threaten the literal extermination of all wrong-doers, but which, in point of fact, stimulated the growth of what it was intended to repress. In our own times, as some have really thought, there has appeared to be a disposition to go into the opposite extreme, and to make the prisons far more attractive than the workhouses, to feed hardened criminals more sumptuously than industrious artisans are able to fare in their own cottages. Lord Coleridge is not of this opinion, however; on the contrary, he thinks society is still too harsh in its dealings with thieves, especially when, in accordance with the law, a heavy term of imprisonment is inflicted on account of an offence trivial in itself, but which is a repetition of something done before. Thus, if punishment is excessive, it "strikes the public and the sufferer as unjust, and does mischief instead of good." In fine, the Chief Justice thinks that the law as regards secondary offences ought to be modified, and that more ought to be done to prevent discharged prisoners from lapsing into crime.

There will necessarily always be difficulties in the way of the State becoming philanthropic in the strict sense; but is it not anomalous when the Republic of the United States is found outstripping the Old Country in this kind of experimental enterprise? The population of the great towns of America is so largely made up of adventurers from various nationalities that the criminal element is probably present in greater proportion than it is in England. In certain of the cities considerable uneasiness of feeling begins to prevail in consequence of the continued massing together of people who have no patriotic sympathy, and therefore we cannot wonder if the authorities are prepared to resort to any expedient which promises to keep crime at a minimum, and to inspire the youthful part of the poorer section of the community with love of country. On one of the small islands of the harbour of its capital city, the State of New York assists in maintaining a vast institution where the young of both sexes who have committed minor offences can be sent, and by such an arrangement large numbers receive a Christian training, besides being fitted for making their own way in the world. What an immense influence such a home must exercise throughout the country in keeping crime in check, especially when in after life it is not considered to be any disgrace to have been subjected to its discipline! The best proof of its efficiency is seen in the fact that former inmates who have made their position in life, frequently revisit old scenes to leave substantial contributions towards the funds, and a little story lately told by Lord Coleridge, respecting a couple who did this, helps us to understand the kind of service that is being done: "A young man and a young woman, very thriving people, came to see this institution. They had just been married. They went through the building, and when they left each of them gave a considerable donation. As they left the place, the young man said to the young wife, 'I have told you everything about myself but one thing—I was a boy here.' 'Well, my love,' said the young wife, 'I have told you everything about myself but one thing—I was a girl here.'" On the whole, we are quite as distinguished for Christian and philanthropic enterprise as the Americans; but notwithstanding institutions such as that attached to the St. Giles's Christian Mission, and many excellent reformatories, there is still plenty of room for work to be instituted like that which is carried on in the island of New York harbour.

A thief, as such, is not usually considered to be a very interesting character, but many who have been reformed are so, and nothing can be more gratifying than their testimony to the power of the Gospel. As will appear very reasonable to any who know what the commercial world is, there is no great disposition on the part of employers to try interesting experiments by placing men in responsible situations who have forfeited their character. This, however, is the very thing which Mr. Hatton boldly asks Christian employers to do, and the response which this appeal has met with from the charity of Englishmen has constituted one of the chief encouragements which the work has received. What is more satisfactory is the fact, that the main proportion of the men do not abuse the

confidence placed in them, but stand fast in their newly-found liberty. Here, for example, is a letter addressed to Mr. Hatton by a quondam thief who commenced to earn an honest livelihood about eight years ago:

"It gives me great pleasure to write and tell you how I have been getting on. The Lord has been very good to me, and has bestowed many blessings on me, for which I cannot thank or love Him enough. I have been in my present situation six years, and am glad to say that I am doing my best to keep it, the Lord helping me, as the position I hold now is very trustworthy, having to collect large sums of money. I ask your prayers that I may live nearer the Lord in future, that I may let my light shine before men."

We have never very fervently believed in the "honour among thieves" which is supposed to be characteristic of them, but there is a code of honour among reformed thieves which is rigorously observed when the men realise that people are not only ready to befriend them but to trust them.

Experience teaches us that this is even true of some who have served a heavy term of penal servitude. Thus, a man who some time ago was discharged from Portland came under the influence of the Mission, and on giving good evidence of repentance was sent abroad, where he prospered, gaining a reputation as a steady and trustworthy workman among persons who possibly were not aware that he had ever been a criminal. The most conclusive, as well as the most satisfactory evidence of contrition is solicitude on the part of the reformed for their friends at home who are not wholly removed from temptation. Hence, not many weeks after his settlement in a new country, the man just mentioned wrote, "I am saving all I can to send you money to send out those men I promised to help." A sum of fifteen dollars accompanied his letter, and five dollars a month followed. In reference to one of his old comrades, he remarked, "He is one of those lads that can be led by a thread, but would not be driven—easily influenced by any little act of kindness." Mr. Hatton assures us that this description "exactly fits a large number of the younger criminals, and illustrates how the Mission gets hold of them." It is at all events in the highest degree reassuring when the Gospel, as in this instance, so inspires a whilom thief with philanthropic instinct that he supplies out of his own earnings the means for sending out to the new country of hope and of honest enterprise three of his comrades.

There is probably less of what might be called the romance of crime in these days than of old; the order of things which obtained under the Georges having passed away in consequence of a more efficient police force, and the wholesale demolition of those intricate rookeries, where, once upon a time, the lawless could hide without fear of detection. Thus, it is not very long since a veritable thieves' hostelry, abutting on the Fleet Ditch, and fitted with various kinds of curiously ingenious contrivances, was taken down; and it is remarkable, that a number of other places, which once served as houses of call for the fraternity, are now used for their reformation. Such is the "Black Horse," George Yard, Whitechapel, thought to have been associated with "Gentlemen of the Road" in the last century, and now a branch of Mr. Holland's mission. A house used by Mr. Hatton in St. Giles's has had similar associations; and the same may be said of the capacious new Home of Industry for reformed thieves which has recently been opened in Brooke Street, Holborn—the thoroughfare where poor Chatterton starved in his garret home and came to his tragic end. This building is well adapted for its purpose, as there is a large room for Bible-classes and other meetings, besides offices, workrooms, and sleeping accommodation for fifty men. The top floor, lighted by a large skylight, has a gallery, and is so arranged that the space occupied by workmen by day can be used for sleeping at night. Here Mr. Wheatley, the secretary, is incessantly employed in attending to those who wish to reform.

On economic, as well as on religious and moral grounds, this mission strongly appeals to our sympathy, and any practical help accorded must necessarily redound in good to the country at large. Negatively and otherwise, a reformed thief is a national gain, and those who reform him deserve to have their labours cordially recognised. We may add, that the beautiful chapel, Little Wild Street, St. Giles's, where Sabbath and other services are now regularly held, is considered the head-quarters of this mission; and it is an historical building associated with the Stennetts, and many other worthies of the last century. It was thither that the late Lord Justice Lush was attracted when he first came to London, and there he not only found a pastor in Mr. Woollacot, but a wife in one of the pastor's daughters, who, throughout a successful professional career, proved to him the greatest temporal blessing of life.

"WHO DID SIN?"

OH! weary, weary face, which not e'en sleep—
No sleep less deep than death's—from pain can smooth!
Poor child! no mother's tones thy sorrows soothe!
Grief has itself run dry: thou dost not weep!
Swept in this corner here, a piteous heap,
As if no jewel lay the dust within!
My righteous Master, tell me, "Who did sin,"
That, a mere child, to battle thus with life,
Forth he's been thrust, to sink in the unfair strife?
Not the poor boy, heir of entailéd woe;
Or his dead mother, robbed of the pride of wife.
Perchance the hard sinner passes, and a blow
From the child's hand strikes to his coward heart!
Or is it thou, Christ's Church, who the transgressor art?

WALTER MORISON, D.D.

DINAH MITE.

A Story for To-day.

By "BRENDA."

CHAPTER X.—DINAH'S LITTLE ARM.

NO one of the neighbours, who saw him depart with Bridget in the cab from Tripe Court that morning, expected Tom Mite to return at night in any other condition than that of drunkenness. Jemmy Wiggles might make him "pass the corners" in his cab going to the Infirmary, but coming back Tom would be his own master, and it never occurred to any one of them to think that he would return sober. Neither did it enter, as a possibility, into the minds of Pol and Sue. They thought they could have told any person exactly what would happen. "Late in the evening, after public-house closing hours, their father would come staggering and shouting down the court, and make his way blunderingly up the stairs and into the room, and expect to find the bed all down, and ready for him as usual. But this evening he just won't," they would have said; "he'll have to get it and make it ready for himself, for we—*we* know what we're going to do, don't we? We won't tell, for it's a secret, but *we* know well enough!"

Pol and Sue, you remember, had agreed to run away, to be absent from home while their mother was absent, feeling that without her and the baby home would be intolerable. The plan of action settled upon by the miserable children was this—to leave Tripe Court in the evening and to walk a long way westward, and get into the region of the nice shops; they planned to have a good look in at them, and then to have a supper of hot fried fish somewhere, payment for which they intended to provide themselves by taking half that three shillings with them that their mother had told their father the preceding evening he would find in the mug on the mantel-shelf. They reckoned it was fair that they should take this much of the money, at least; they knew where it would all go to if they did not. And their father would have all those other sums their mother had said were owing to her. So they thought they might take this eighteenpence with a good conscience. They could not quite settle beforehand where they would sleep at night—that would all have to depend upon circumstances—but it wouldn't be in a bed; of that they were pretty certain. Perhaps they would creep under a doorway or an arch and sleep, or perhaps they wouldn't sleep at all, but walk about till it was morning. And when morning came—well, they hadn't made many plans about the next day. They supposed they'd have to beg or do something to get bread, but their plans were very hazy as to living, after the supper of hot fried fish which they had promised themselves; the only thing they were certain of afterwards was this: that as long as mother was in the Infirmary they'd never go back to Tripe Court. The unhappy children had got their torn straw hats on, and had drawn what poor wraps they could find round their shoulders, and were on the point of starting out on their runaway expedition to the West-end, when, to their dismay, they heard their father coming up the stairs. It had not entered into their heads to think he would be home so early.

"And there's not the bed got down, or anythink!" cried out Pol in horror.

"Well, it's never not a bit o' good trying to get it down now," said Sue with decision; "there's not time. We must dodge him round the table if he's angry, and fly out at the door and run, for in course we'll go all the same."

The next minute their father had entered the room, and the children were gazing at him aghast, for, contrary to all expectation, they saw in the dusky light that he was not only *sober*, but that he had brought back the *baby!* Their plans were changed in an instant. The hot fried fish, the thought of which had made them feel positively cheerful at starting forth, vanished into air. Without a word to each other, they both made up their minds at once what must be done *now*—they must stay at home, however miserable it was; they must stick by the *baby* whatever happened. It flashed across them, at the same moment, that it must have been lack of money that had brought their father home sober. He would take the money in the mug, of course, and go out again and get drunk.

"You've brought Dinah back?" exclaimed the children in a breath.

"Yes; they wouldn't take 'er—too old," said their father. "But there ain't a moment to lose. I've got a hinvitation to a party to-night, and we're all agoin', and must start quick."

"Whatever do you mean, father?" asked Pol, thinking he must have been drinking after all.

"What I say: we're goin' to a party," repeated Tom a little testily. "There'll be plum cake at the party, what d'ye think o' that, children?" Then, producing the feeding-bottle, "Make this warm for the little 'un, will you? she can feed as we goes along."

"We've got no hot water, father," said Sue, beginning to grin at this very funny idea about the party. And she saw that Pol was beginning to grin too. Plum cake, though not as good as hot fried fish, made them feel a little cheerful again, though they hardly believed in it. "Father," they thought, "*must* have taken a little and got fuddled, and was making all this up about a party."

"Look alive, then, and run and get Mrs. Job to give it a hot up," said their father. "The party begins at half-past seven, and it's a goodish step from here."

With quite a laugh this time at the mention of the party, Sue ran off with the bottle of milk to Mrs. Job's house, a few doors off. She found Mrs. Treeby there, consulting with Mrs. Job over her sick boy Billy.

"Father's come home," cried Sue, rushing in upon the two women as they stood talking over a paraffin lamp. "And he's sober, and he's brought back the baby; they wouldn't have her, she was too old."

"Ah," said Mrs. Treeby, nodding her head, "I told you so, Mary Job; she'd be over age."

"Well, I was *half* afraid, too," said Mrs. Job; "but it's such a scrap of a thing, and she was so bent on having it and all, I thought they *might* let it pass. Poor Bridget! How does your father say he left mother?"

"Oh, he didn't say; he can't wait to speak. He's a-hurrying of us up, me and Pol, to go out with him to a *party* to-night," said Sue, smiling again all over, "and he says there ain't a minute to lose. I'm just to get this 'ere bottle warmed up for baby to suck as we walks along, and I'm to be back at once."

Mrs. Job's countenance fell as she listened. "The party" seemed no joke to her. She had her own ideas about it, which, after she had warmed the milk and Sue had left, she communicated to Mrs. Treeby. She began putting on her shawl and bonnet in a hurry.

"I'm going to follow them," she said.

"What," said Mrs. Treeby, "do you think——?" and she stopped short in horror.

"Yes," said Mary Job, nodding, "it's my belief the party's a parcel of nonsense, and he's going out to make away with himself and those poor little dears!"

"Well, it never struck me," said Mrs. Treeby, "but you may be right. The river's handy, to be sure; yet, he's been and bought that feeding-bottle—that don't look like it. If he meant drowning it, poor dear, he wouldn't go feeding it first."

"That may be all a blind," said Mary Job; "it's just what one reads of in the newspapers every day of the week—men going off their heads when they're left alone, they are but poor things without us women after all—and doing away with themselves and children. It wouldn't surprise me one bit. Tom seemed just in the mood for doing it this mornin'. Bridget's leaving home seemed to prey on him dreadful. *There* they go!" she cried, as three figures passed the window quickly. "I'm off!" and Mrs. Job, with palpitating heart, rushed out into the keen air to follow them.

Rather to her surprise, Tom Mite did not lead his children riverwards. At a smart pace he led them into the most populated streets, going over the ground Mrs. Job knew that he had had to pass in the morning in the first stages of the journey to the Infirmary. "The Infirmary was in a retired district," reflected Mrs. Job; "it was quite possible he had seen a quiet spot there where he meant to carry out his dreadful intention to-night."

So she continued to follow them, having now and then almost to run to keep up with them, so fast did they go. As she hurried in pursuit, she made up her mind she would speak to a policeman, as soon as the way got lonely, and get him to join her, but they never reached the lonely parts. In the very heart of the bustle and crowd Tom suddenly stopped and consulted a paper he had in his hand. Then he went down a small side street, called Blank Street, where there was a church, and next door to it a building with large windows all alight. Crowds of poor, rough-looking people, men, women, and children, were pressing into this building, and Mrs. Job, full of surprise at this unexpected termination of her chase, saw Tom Mite and his children pass in with the crowd. Mary Job's curiosity was aroused. She determined to follow, and find out what was the meaning of this large gathering. At the door there was a man stationed, taking from each person entering a paper of some sort. As Mary Job attempted to press past—

"Your invitation, ma'am?" he said.

"I haven't one, sir. What's going on?" she replied.

"Never mind, ma'am, pass on; all's welcome to-night," said the man, hustling her forward; and Mary Job found herself the next minute in a very large, lighted room, decorated with blue flags, and already packed with people sitting close together on the rows of benches filling the broad spaces on either side, with a narrow lane left as passage-way in the middle. At the end of the room there was a platform with a table on it and chairs, and some ladies and gentlemen, and a harmonium set open, and three blue flags depending from the wall. As Mary Job crushed into a seat at the back—the front ones were all full—she perceived that refreshments were being handed about by persons in the passage-way, carrying deep, broad wicker baskets piled with hunches of plum cake, and trays bearing mugs of some hot beverage, which they were distributing as fast as they could down each row of eager people. The beverage was tea—the atmosphere was fragrant with it; and Mary Job did not now require to ask the neighbour next to her what kind of a gathering this was. She saw at a glance that it was a Temperance meeting. She thought the world must have turned topsy-turvy, finding herself brought to a temperance meeting by Tom Mite! She was anxious to see how he seemed to like it, and craned her neck aside to get a view of his face as he sat on one of the benches in front, with Pol and Sue beside him, and Dinah, the baby, asleep in his arms. Oh, she could see he was looking very glum, very low-spirited indeed, and seemed not to be enjoying himself at all. Pol and Sue, however, were looking radiant, each with a mug of tea in their hand and a large hunch of cake, and the ragged little girl next to them said they would be allowed more tea and more cake when that was done.

"Really this was something like a party; it was true after all!" they were thinking; "and they were not sure that the tea and cake were not just as good as hot fried fish, and even better."

But Tom Mite's thoughts were very different. *His* opinion of the party was that it was "a thorough do"—a hoax of the worst description; and I may tell you that he was very *angry*. It wouldn't have required much to have made him tip up the mug of tea that was offered to him, and throw his hunch of cake with all his might at the platform, whither all his black looks were levelled; for on the platform, smiling blandly, Tom discovered the young lady who had given him this invitation under the lamp-post, and who had so raised his hopes about the prospects of beer and ale by disappearing into a public-house immediately afterwards. Yes, he would have liked to throw his cake at her head, hoaxing him so shamefully. "Drink in abundance!" he sneered inwardly; "and what kind of drink?—*sloppy tea.*" (But this was not fair towards the tea: it was really good tea and strong.) He wasn't sure that he wouldn't tell her father, if he could see him, about the public-house. She deserved to be shown up. He'd like to give her into custody: a week's imprisonment wouldn't be too much for her; and he was just marking his displeasure by getting up with a clatter, intending to drag the children out with him to leave the building, when he was arrested by Pol tugging at his coat, and calling out—

"Oh, father, see; they've opened the thing"—by *the thing* she meant the harmonium—"and they're going to sing!" whereupon Tom bumped down again on the bench.

"The singing wouldn't be up to much more than the *drink*, he'd bet a pound," he thought to himself, "still, if Pol and Sue wished to stay, well, he supposed he might as well. There was nothing to take them home, nothing but darkness and wretchedness there! Here at any rate there was warmth, and light, and company, and he was *very* tired: his limbs ached—he didn't feel much up to walking again for the present. There might be a row at the end," he thought. "He saw men and women about him looking as discontented and angry at this joke as *he* was, and if there was to be a row he'd like to stay and join in it, and be able to tell the young lady what he thought of her playing them a trick like this. While the singing and the talking were going on he'd try and get a nap, and on the road home, as a salve to his outraged feelings, Tom promised himself again that pot of beer which he had been seeming to get so near to all day, and just missing. But have it he *would*. Two-pennyworth couldn't make a man drunk, and he'd leave the baby outside a moment with Pol and Sue while he went in to get it, and there'd be no harm done to anybody," and so with all this in his mind Tom elected to stay for a space.

The young lady, whom Tom wished to give into custody, and who, I may now tell you, was the wife of the clergyman of the parish—he was in the chair to-night—continued to look very smiling and pleased, for

all the while the hymn was being sung people were crowding in at the doors, and every available chair and stool were being got out for seats. She saw that her party—her temperance meeting—was going to be a great success! And she had worked so hard at it for the last two days, she couldn't help being very pleased. Some of the work had been extremely trying—that of going into the public-houses, as she had been doing all the afternoon; *not* as Tom had imagined to get a glass for herself, which he had fondly hoped would have made her "wondrous kind" to her guests in the matter of ale and beer, but to persuade the people she found there to come to her meeting this evening. And they were coming, and had come in such numbers as quite to astonish her. Before her she saw seated men and women of the poorest class, whose faces, like Tom Mite's, told of habitual drunkenness, and who had got with them, also like Tom Mite, little undeveloped, white-faced children, clawing and tearing at the cake, whose appearance told as plainly as words how hungry and ill in health they were, because father's and mother's money all went to the public-houses instead of to the butchers and bakers to buy wholesome meat and bread for them. The Rector's wife wore the blue ribbon herself, and looked forward to pinning the same on many a coat to-night, as the Rector told the people when, after a hymn had been sung and prayer offered, he proceeded to address them on the subject of Temperance. "She'll never pin it on me, so she needn't think it," grumbled many a surly voice. And it did seem at the close of the evening as if that determination had fixed itself upon every one in the meeting, for when the Rector, after earnest exhortation to them, called upon the people to come forward and sign the book, and have the ribbon pinned on, not one of the company made any response! Some were talking, some were staring stupidly in front of them, some were smiling jeeringly as if *they* didn't mean to be caught, and others were snoring and too fast asleep to hear the appeal at all. The Rector's wife began to look quite downhearted, as she stood waiting behind her little table of badges.

"Come," said the Rector good-humouredly to the people, "don't be shy. Perhaps you *are* shy and don't like to walk up to the table. Well, then, I told you to walk up to the table, but don't walk, sit where you are and hold up your arms. Those of you, my sisters and brothers, who wish to sign the pledge to-night, and bring brightness and happiness into your homes, hold up your arms!"

There was a pause; the Rector's eyes went quickly over the room; not an arm was raised.

"Not *one?*" he said sadly, letting his eyes roam over the heads of the people while he yet paused. "Yes," he cried suddenly, with his face kindling, "I'm encouraged, there *is* one, just one!" and everybody was eager to see whose arm it was.

They followed the Rector's eyes, and many jumped to their feet, because they could see nothing as they sat. There was quite an excitement, quite a sensation, when they saw that the clergyman's eyes were resting on the bare arm, uplifted, of a little baby! It had struggled out from a wrap that covered it, and though the man holding the baby tried to suppress it and cover it up, the arm remained upraised in silent and most pathetic protest, it seemed, against the thing that had been under discussion—drink.*

"Well, at any rate we have the *babies* on our side," exclaimed the Rector; and then he added thoughtfully, and with much feeling, "I daresay, if the owner of that little bare arm yonder could speak, it would have to tell me something very pitiful about itself and—*drink.* I don't know its history; it's quite a stranger to me, but I can fancy what it might tell me: of a miserable home, and infant privations, and sufferings, without mother to rock it, and sing to it, and soothe it; and if I were to ask that little baby the cause it would probably answer, 'Because somebody belonging to me *drinks.*'"

The Rector paused. There was a deep silence, some women sobbed, then a little movement amongst the audience, a slight sensation again. A miserable-looking man with downcast face and a baby in his arms had advanced to the table; now he was bending down before the young lady writing his name in the book; now he and the baby—the baby was the one who had held its arm up—were having the blue ribbon pinned on them. And Mary Job, a moment later rousing herself suddenly from a nap in her quiet corner by the door, saw that the man and baby returning to their seats wearing the blue ribbon were *Tom Mite and little Dinah!* Wonder of wonders, Tom Mite had signed the pledge!

* * * * *

* This incident actually occurred at a Temperance meeting not long ago.

That night a little baby, with a blue ribbon on its arm, lay sleeping placidly in its cradle in Tripe Court, a shawl thrown over it to keep the draughts out, the cradle itself put on the table out of the reach of rats, a bottle of milk close handy, and a sober father watching beside it, at the very moment that in the Workhouse Infirmary a voice was saying—

"*I* will wield that power for *you* to-night. I will pray that that eye, that arm, that love may reach and be around your little baby to-night, and I'm just as *sure* that no harm will be allowed to happen to it, and that it will be taken care of, as I am that there is a God in heaven."

Was Mrs. Cherry's confidence misplaced—does God ever disappoint?

The next morning—

"Pol and Sue," said Tom, "I'm off down to the docks to get work. Take care o' the little 'un, and let Mrs. Job know where I'm gone."

CHAPTER XI.—A CHANGED HOME.

One Sunday, about six weeks later, everybody was conscious of an unusual stir and flutter of expectation going on in all the wards of the Workhouse Infirmary, increasing in degree as the afternoon approached. Some patients were not able to eat their dinner they were so excited, some were crying for very joy on their pillows because a notice had been issued in the week by the Workhouse authorities that that order of theirs forbidding visitors to the Infirmary during the prevalence of small-pox was now withdrawn; small-pox having abated outside the old arrangements were to stand, and there were to be visiting days again. And this was Sunday, and therefore "visiting day," and, for very excitement, some couldn't eat, and, for very joy, some were crying at the prospect of seeing loved home faces once more. Letters had been dispatched in the week from almost every bed, bidding husbands, mothers, sisters, brothers, children, to come this Sunday afternoon without fail, and there was hardly a person in the great parish hospital to-day whose mind was not occupied with the thought of somebody's coming. Amongst the expectant ones there was Bridget Mite, laundress, in the Victoria Ward. She was sitting up in bed, with her leg almost well, and her face shining with that new light that had come into it ever since that Sunday afternoon when she had accepted the Message of Consolation and rest. She was one of those who had not been able to eat her dinner for excitement, thinking of seeing Tom, and Pol, and Sue, and oh! joy of joys, clasping her baby in her arms again; for she had written of course to Tripe Court in the week, telling them all to come this Sunday, and at two o'clock she was watching, with beating heart and anxious eyes, like everybody else, the door at the far end of the long ward, where would appear first her dear, shabby little group. Every moment people were flocking in, singly or together, carrying either children or flowers, and in most instances with clean faces and respectable clothes. The visitors seemed all to have done their best to make a tidy appearance, "not to shame their friend" whom they had come to see. Even the grand-daughter of the old cigar-light seller, Biddy, who was no better than Biddy had ever been, had spruced herself up with a clean white apron, and oiled her hair well to do credit to Biddy on visiting day.

While she awaited it with all the love and affection possible, poor Bridget, it must be confessed, felt a little natural anxiety, a little tremulous as to how *her* party would look when it came. She expected to see Sue so smutty, and Pol so sooty, and Tom the shabbiest husband there, and her baby—Oh! how she longed that it might come clean and nice to show to Mrs. Cherry, to whom she had talked of it so much, but she did not dare hope that it would. Mrs. Cherry had no one coming to see *her*—she had been in the Infirmary so long, all her friends seemed to have forgotten her. But she was taking keen pleasure out of Bridget's anticipations.

"Let's see, dear, how many do you expect?" she asked of Bridget, as the time advanced, and yet Bridget's eyes were fixed on the door. "Husband, and how many little ones did you say?"

"Three," said Bridget; "a baby and two little girls. I daresay they'll be looking a bit rough to-day with me not there to brush them up," added poor Bridget, by way of preparing Mrs. Cherry for the shock of "Sooty's" and "Smut's" appearance when they should arrive.

"Well, now, *there's* a party, ain't those them?" cried Mrs. Cherry excitedly; "just them coming in now after that girl with the thingamagig on her head; it's the *number*."

Yes, a party answering in number to Bridget's family was just entering the ward; but Bridget shook her head. The party did not answer in appearance to hers; it was not the shabby, forlorn group of Tripe Court this. *This* was quite a creditable little party—the

man with a good coat on his back. Tom hadn't such a coat, she knew. The baby in the man's arms had a white hood on, covered all over with crisp little satin bows, not like any hood Dinah possessed, and the other children answering to Pol and Sue were neither sooty nor smutty, they were perfectly clean and tidy.

"Oh no, them's not *mine*," said Bridget slowly, shaking her head; but as she continued to look at them her brown eyes got larger and larger with surprise. She looked doubtful, the blood rushed into her face, and she said under her breath, "Why, I almost think it *is* them," and the next minute there was not another doubt about it.

The clean, tidy little girls were at Bridget's bedside, with their arms round her neck, and the man and the baby were leaning over her too. They were Tom and the children without a doubt.

"Whatever's happened, Tom?" whispered Bridget, after the first affectionate greetings were over, as with the baby pressed close to her she looked from one to the other of the little home group. That something *good* must have happened, she was sure.

Tom looked more like the fine dock labourer that she remembered of former years than tipsy Tom Mite of Tripe Court. He seemed not ashamed to look her in the face to-day. He had got that good coat on his back; he had the air of a *man* about him once more.

"It's *this*," replied Tom, touching proudly the bit of blue ribbon in his button-hole. "I've signed the pledge, Bridget, signed it the evening you come in here, and I've kept it, thank God, and been to work ever since."

"And baby wears it too, mother," cried Pol, pointing to the tiny badge on Dinah's shawl, "cos it was baby that made him sign it. It was 'er little h'arm that done it all! And they don't call our baby the Fenian Baby any more, mother, in Tripe Court; they calls 'er now the *Blue Ribbon Baby*. And father bought baby her hood and us our hats, mother," added Sue, "and he's as kind as ever he can be, and the home's changed, mother darling—just changed."

There was deep pathetic meaning in those last words. Bridget fairly wept for joy, and when, a week later, the doctors gave her her discharge from the Infirmary, and she went back to Tripe Court, Bridget Mite did indeed find it to be a changed home; not much changed, outwardly—no new furniture had replaced the old; there were the same rickety chairs and tables, the blackened ceiling and mantel, the rat and the mice holes, the dilapidated safe; in outward aspect the home in Tripe Court remained as Bridget had left it. But "a changed home" she nevertheless felt it to be—changed, inasmuch as she felt God's peace and blessing now rested on it, since at its head there was a man engaged in honest toil every day, leaving them in the morning with kindly words, and returning at night with good money in his pocket, which he gave to his wife to buy meat and bread and coals, and coffee and cocoa, with never a black look or a murmur as in the old drinking days "that a fellow could never keep a penny to himself"—at whose coming the children no longer trembled, but ran with outstretched arms and joyful greeting, for the firm footstep on the stairs assured them night after night that father was returning perfectly sober. Yes, Tom Mite kept the pledge; he could "pass the corners" now without "shying," and before very long, by dint of steady work at the docks he was able to move into a little house in Inkerman Lane, a street farther removed from the river, and altogether a better spot than Tripe Court, where the Mites' home became happier and more prosperous still. Pol and Sue became members of the Band of Hope, and every Sunday Tom and Bridget and the children—no matter what the weather was or how hard the week's toil had been—wended their way riverwards to take part in the services of St. Peter's Church.

Mrs. Treeby always had it that Tom's reformation was due to that good "talking to" she had given him on the morning Bridget went away. But we know, if we go back to the first chapter of this little story, when Miss Mary failed to recognise Pol and Sue as the miserable children "Sooty" and "Smuts" of Tripe Court of eighteen months back, and they told her of the changed home, that *they* declared "'Twas all along o' baby!"—and I think Pol and Sue were right. Dinah Mite's little arm had been a powerful instrument for good in God's hands, emphasizing the truth of those words afresh—"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and baser things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen."

THE END.

"RETURN UNTO THY REST."

RETURN! return! the Shepherd's voice is calling
From breezy heights and pastures fresh and sweet;
O'er the fair landscape are the shadows falling,
And earth and sky in dim embraces meet.

Like fleecy clouds, in soft and woolly tumult,
The cherished flocks, with bleatings oft, ascend,
And on the quiet air the tinkling sheep-bells
With evening lullabies their music blend.

And thus they rest, in green and pleasant pastures,
And thus at eve for quiet folds they yearn.
O soul of man, so weary of thy wandering,
Unto thy resting-place return, return!

Unto the ark the dove returned at evening,
Weary and baffled, by the flood distrest;
He who was Rest, the wanderer receiving,
Folded her pinions on His tender breast.

Weary thy pinions, baffled, restless spirit,
Made for the Infinite, for Him we yearn;
O'er land and sea His voice is ever calling—
"Unto thy Rest, O wanderer, return!"

CLARA THWAITES.

MORE ABOUT LOTTIE.

By Mrs. G. S. REANEY.

TWELVE months have passed since Lottie and her child were rescued from an East-end doorstep ragged and starving; since food and shelter and kindly ministration brought to lips which had been prone to curse broken words of gratitude, preparing the way for prayers; since, weary with woes and pains no earthly physician could alleviate or ease, Lottie's heart, as she lay upon the "Sick Asylum" bed, turned Godwards, and the low wail of penitence for a blackened past uttered itself in an agonizing longing to be reconciled to the husband she had wronged; since, he, the one from whom she had strayed, hearing of her sickness, grew tender and tearful, sought her out, and by her bedside meekly bowed his head, and renewed his marriage vows—a blessed moment to the erring wife, who afterwards recorded the scene to Mrs. Eyre with brilliant eye and flushing cheek,—

"He says he loves me as much as he ever did, and he's going to cherish and take care of me as if there'd been no past. Isn't it just glorious of him to pardon and forget like that?"

In proof of which forgiving and forgetting, *he* pleaded with his wife's rescuers—

"Help me to make a new home for her; away in the country where she will be saved from old snares and old temptations."

Thus far we got in Lottie's history, then dropped the curtain, behind which the future became the present, and the present softly glided into the past, until to-day we have in our possession a faithful record of many months which we propose to give our readers. Hence the updrawing of the curtain and the following touching details.

Lottie was still in the Sick Asylum, her anxious husband visiting her as often as permitted. Her little Nellie (the companion on the doorstep) was well cared for in the workhouse near, when to her rescuers came this terrible revelation.

"I have yet another child, a little girl of five—a mere babe in stature—for many months past she has been the inmate of a house of ill-fame."

Impossible! Alas! it was but too true. How she got there was never very fully explained; perhaps the mother had herself been an inmate, and left her there when she fled to another resort; perhaps some one had taken a fancy to the little one, and had given her shelter while the mother lived her roving, drink-loving life. Be that how it may the child was there. The father mourned the fact, but dare not seek its rescue; the mother pleaded—

"Oh! do not wait till I'm strong, lest further harm should come. Please, *please* fetch home my little Sally!"

It was after much anxious thought and prayer, that Lottie's rescuers found their way to her child's prison. To gain admission was not difficult, but when once within, to get an open door to leave, this was the trouble. As they entered, they spoke their mission.

"We have come to see the baby, Sally."

"She's yonder, playing on the hearthrug," was the rough reply, given by a woman under the influence of drink.

"Oh, you dear tiny mite!" exclaimed one of the two visitors, genuinely astonished at the sweet baby face upturned to gaze upon her own.

The words—and perhaps the motherly gesture, for she had stretched out her arms—won little Sally. Instantly the wee woman rose to her feet and ran into Mrs. Eyre's embrace, as if to nestle safely there. This helped her to speak more emphatically of her mission.

"She had come to take the child to her sick mother."

Instantly there was opposition raised.

"The mother must come herself if she wants the child," toned down into cunning civility as Mrs. Eyre's determination became more apparent.

"Well, let the child go clean; here, let them take her up-stairs for a wash and fresh garments."

An emphatic but not ungentle "No," and the closer enfolding within motherly arms of the little clinging form, made the opposition keener. Others took it up, "The child should leave this house for no one!" but Mrs. Eyre moved towards the door and said calmly—

"Since you will not bring her out-door clothing, I will take her as she is," and strong with the strength of Him who has sealed all such work with His "inasmuch," she demanded the way to be cleared for her departure.

Her heart trembled for one moment as the woman, under drink's influence, planted

herself against the door, stretching out two strong arms to barricade it, and defiantly said—

"You shall *not* go, I say, until you have put that child down."

As calmly as before Mrs. Eyre spoke. This time she tried a new method. "I have *the law* on my side," she said.

Magic words! Instantly the barricaded door gave way, the woman moved aside, and Mrs. Eyre and her precious burden (with the one who had accompanied her to this terrible haunt) fled. Once outside, it was easy to take this turn and that, and quickly reach her home, undress and bath and reclothe the child, then speed away with her to Miss Steer's Home, the "Bridge of Hope," sure of a welcome and a shelter as long as needed.

It was nearly a year since Sally had seen her mother. It was a pretty sight to witness the meeting in the Sick Asylum ward. The mother, all eager, longing to embrace her child, newer and better thoughts having brought to her heart newer and holier feelings; the child, timid and shy at first; then, as memory recalled the past as it had been treasured up in her baby heart, filled with a sort of sublime pity for her erring mother. Patting her cheek playfully, she said, "You must be a good girl, mother. You're not to smoke, you know; and don't take the drink and get tight, or God won't love you;" strange counsel from these baby lips, but, though of such tender years, the child was old in thought and speech, and had evidently appropriated for herself (slightly confusing the theology) the solemn teaching of the Home which sheltered her.

Lottie silenced her with kisses, her cheeks flushing crimson. Then she pressed a penny into Sally's hands; and the little woman, who had only lately tasted the sweet joy of being cared for, echoed back her teaching in the instantly uttered wish, "Let's we buy a cake with this for Alice; Alice likes cakes;" Alice being one of her Home playmates.

When Lottie had been in the Sick Asylum about six weeks, she was dismissed as fairly strong and well. It was an eventful morning to her when her husband came to take her from the careful shelter of an infirmary ward, back to a world with its trials and temptations. Lottie's warm heart, awakened by the touch of love from its long, cold sleep, was full of new impulses and desires. Of a particularly buoyant and mirthful temperament, the little woman seemed only too glad to leave the past, with its sin and failure, as a horrible picture which she never wished to see again; her eyes rested only upon a future brilliant with hope. Husband and children were hers once more, and she would, of course, be devoted wife and loving mother in the new home which was to be theirs by-and-by.

Lottie looked quite girlish as—with her little child, whom during her illness the workhouse sheltered—escorted by her husband, she found her way on leaving the Sick Asylum to Mrs. Eyre's house. A brief interval for refreshment, kindly counsel, and (by her own express desire) pledge-signing, and Lottie and her child were on their way to a sea-side Convalescent Home. During the month of Lottie's stay there her new desires and impulses were a little weakened. Old tastes and habits were not dead. They had been hidden away beneath beautiful and fragrant flowers. Not that the repentance had been unreal, but it had not gone far enough. She was looking to new scenes, new circumstances, for protection from temptation, not looking to a living Christ for power to overcome; hence "drawn away of her own lust and enticed," Lottie found herself secretly ensnared by drink, then lying to cover it, and—poor, frail, erring sister, how like we might be to her, but for the grace of God!—cunningly devising little plans to get more liberty, and thus make detection less easy. Lottie's month ended before she had gone further than to break her pledge, and vow it was not so. It was only in after days that the confession came. . . .

It was a sunny morning in February when Lottie, leaving her little girl at the Convalescent Home, came up to town, and was taken by Mrs. Eyre to a home within easy reach of London, where a poor woman, having herself been rescued from the depths of a life without God and without hope, sought as her highest joy the opportunity of ministering to others, out of the abundance of her own heart peace, by lip and life, the gospel of the kingdom. She received Lottie as a sister woman, who knew her sorrows and was acquainted with her grief; and from the moment of Lottie's entrance into that house she was tenderly, lovingly dealt with and ministered to as one who had first to learn the will of God, then to obey it. Deep and full, and of the tenderest kind was the teaching Lottie gathered here. With her Bible ever close at hand, the sunny-hearted, Christ-living friend talked and sang, and wept and prayed from morning to night, her whole being inspired by the spirit of love. At first, Lottie gazed upon her as one dazed by the

light. Then, as her spiritual eyes became accustomed to the glow, she came nearer, tremblingly and cautious; then she paused to ask, "Could your happiness be mine? Could I, too, have for my very own this Christ-presence to shut out the tempter and his power to lead me wrong?"

A letter from Lottie's sister-friend told Mrs. Eyre the glad news that something had happened which brought more hope and light and gladness to Lottie's heart and life than anything had done before. To this letter was added a postscript in Lottie's own handwriting:—

"*I* touched the hem of His garment and He has made *me* clean!"

During this time and for weeks afterwards Lottie's husband was made welcome whenever he cared to go and see his wife. As a dock labourer, working somewhat irregularly, he usually managed to go on Saturday and remain until Sunday evening, each time walking the distance which lay between his East-end lodging-house and Lottie's home. Very touching and beautiful it was to hear from his own lips an account of Lottie's frequent prayers on his behalf, how the little wife, so overjoyed at his coming, would very quickly coax him to his knees and plead aloud that salvation might come to his heart. At first he listened as one a little curious to know how religion of this kind would last, whether it was really all it seemed to be; but as the weeks went on he, too, saw what before had been hidden from him; he, too, longed to be a faithful follower of the Christ, and he joined hands with his good Lottie intent upon treading the path she trod.

It was about this time that readers of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE interested in Lottie's story as told in March, 1885,* kindly and thoughtfully sent contributions towards establishing a new home for the rescued mother. Where should this home be? was the question. A word with Lottie's husband settled it.

"We have friends at Pittsburg, United States," he said, "and there's work there of my kind, as I was apprenticed to the glass trade, and yonder are glass works needing hands."

Hence Pittsburg was to be their destination. But an unexpected difficulty arose. The child found with her mother on the doorstep was suffering from an ailment peculiar to childhood which would prevent her getting a medical certificate of health. Would they go without her? This was a question to be answered, and to put it and hear the reply took Mrs. Eyre and Mr. St. John to Lottie's home one evening in early April, the husband going on before to say they would be coming.

Let me pause to describe the scene which met them there. Lottie's sister-friend was the wife of a working-man evangelist. Their plan in life since their conversion was to plant a home on some new district remote, in degree, from church or chapel, and devote their front parlour to the use of a cottage meeting on Sunday evening and once in the week as well. After staying some twelve months in one neighbourhood they would move to another, eager to carry on the same work there.

It was the evening of their week-night service when Mrs. Eyre and Mr. St. John went down to seek an interview with Lottie. It needed no pressing to get them to join the little band of praying men and women in that front room. It was a most touching sight: there sat Lottie clothed and in her right mind, her face aglow with joy as tenderly she turned from time to time and looked on him whose gentle words—"Is there anything I can do for you, my sister?" had been as an angel's voice to her in the midst of sin and pain that dreary November night when she sat an outcast on that cold, cold doorstep. Ah! how much lay between *that* night and this! Near to Lottie sat her husband, his face moving in the silent working of deep feeling held in check. Other rescued ones were there, and one presided over the little gathering well known to all. How they sang that night, how grandly earnest were the prayers, and touching even to tears the experiences given between the singing and the pleading! At length Lottie rose; her eyes were downcast and her voice trembled as she spoke—

"I was lost but am found. He brought me out of the horrible mire and set my feet upon a rock. I've given the Lord my heart, and now I want to give my life. I pray I may live to be a good wife and mother in days to come, and that I may have the joy of helping other lost ones to find the Saviour."

* * * * *

Lottie saw it was best to leave the ailing child for the present in England. Hence it happened that on the 15th of April—six months after her rescue—she, with her husband and younger child, left England for "a home beyond the sea." In due time news came of their arrival, of the new home established, of constant work, and much to

* "Hand-touched and Heart-touched."

be thankful for; then, as the weeks passed on, came many a letter, each full of gratitude to God and man, each tender and humble about the past. Once Lottie copied out the parable of the lost sheep; at another time that of the Prodigal Son, putting at the close of each these simple words, "That's me."

It was on Sunday, the 22nd of November —exactly a year to the day—when she, with her mother, had sat ragged and lost upon the door-step, that the sick child, grown better, sailed (under kindly escort) to join her parents. Great had been the longing of mother and father to have her with them. "The nest was incomplete without her," they wrote, and on the child's part she had raised great castles in the air as she talked of being once again with her little sister Sally.

"Hand-touched and heart-touched"—the whole of Lottie's story lies in that sentence. Oh! the Lotties in our land whom we might rescue, if once we *lived* the gospel which we preach! The lost and erring have no ears for sermons, no eyes to see the fairest picture of holiness presented to their view; but they have *hearts* to feel the throb of a heart beating close beside their own. They can learn God's love in this way when they can in no other. Not *en masse*, but in ones, must the people of our great cities be dealt with, never forgetting that one awakened, one rescued, means indirectly the salvation of many.

Lottie's last words, as she bade adieu to her friends on board the steamer ere they sailed for America, were these:—

"As I've been done by, so I'd do to others. I've been brought to Christ; God helping me, my new home out yonder shall have its room for meetings, and we'll live, and preach, and pray Christ into the hearts of our neighbours."

IN THE WINTER RIME.

LONG years ago we stood here, you and I,
The sun was shining in the summer sky,
The bees and birds made music high and low,
And dancing to their tune the stream did go,
The flowers were growing wild beneath our feet,
And all the woodland with their scent was sweet;
We met here in the forest, you and I,
We loved, yet said good-bye.

You were so richly born, they truly said,
And I was nothing but a dowerless maid,
They told me that if I became your wife
Our marriage bond would mar your future life;
They told me more, till, though my heart was torn,
I came to meet you on that summer morn,
And though it seemed to me that I must die,
I loved, yet said good-bye.

The look that met me in the sunlight there,
Fathomed the secret of my soul's despair;
You saw I trusted with my whole full heart.
Our lives might drift, but not our souls, apart,
Your spirit in that moment's silence read
The words my tongue had sworn should be unsaid,
And, since you knew my love as well as I,
You loved, yet said good-bye.

'Twas thus we parted in the summer glow;
'Tis thus we meet here in the winter snow.
The sunshine saw our tearful parting then,
The moon smiles on us as we meet again,
And where the gold among my tresses lay
You see the tell-tale streaks of silver grey,
But, since you claim the love that would not die,
We need not say good-bye.

You, though so nobly born, were not afraid
To leave your trust with me, a cottage maid,
You knew I loved you for your own true worth,
Not for your riches' sake, nor for your birth;
That which the world might call a farewell kiss
We cherished as the pledge of future bliss;
And now, since you are poor as well as I,
We need not say good-bye.

Hearts which have trusted as we two have done,
Through years of bitter frost and scorching sun,
Souls which, though parted, have not ceased to give
The mutual strength by which they each might live,
Love, which in loneliness for Love can wait,
Would vainly try to breathe the word 'Too late,'
So now, since you are old as well as I,
We'll never say good-bye.

GENEVIÈVE IRONS.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us."
Lesson: John i. 1—14.

I WANT you to understand how Jesus knew what He knew, and why He called some things right and some things wrong, and could not do simply what priests and men of old time told Him.

You will remember the story of brave Hubert, warder of the castle where little Arthur was a prisoner, who would not obey the King's commands and put out the child's beautiful eyes. How did, then, the man know that his disobedience to the King was right? He knew because all the best things within him told him so. He forgot life, risked death, feeling only that nothing was worth having but the satisfaction of the good that was in him, as everybody does who has ever done anything noble and grand.

Jesus had better things in him than Hubert, wider, deeper, richer; but it was by the soul in Him He knew what to do; and the joy of it eclipsed life, abolished all fear of death. He was ever hearkening unto God, and became deaf to men. Kings and priests were not His lawgivers; His law was in His heart.

Among the mean narrow ways of the Jews about Him He felt as a stranger and a prisoner; they were all suffering to Him and all wrong. How did He know? How? How does the swallow know that its strangeness and its prison are all wrong, as it sighs with its palpitating heart, beating its breast against the bars of a cage, yearning outward towards the sky, thirsting for freedom and the bright air, flapping helpless wings in incessant prayer—how does it know that this is all wrong? How? just because it was born to circle round that weather-vane there and race with the breezes through the sky; it is the mystery of its life. Its doctrine is not its own, but the God's that sent it.

And to Jesus, Jewish ways were bars against His heart, a cage to a child of the skies. The world cried out for God, and God cried out for the world. Why were these hard and fast limits to them both? Not to fret His world-wide, weary love against them was simply impossible.

His knowledge of the true and false came of the Spirit in Him.

It is said that one day two fair white lilies lay on Solomon's table, placed before him for judgment, one made with hands, one not made with hands; but so skilfully had the artificial flower been made that not even Solomon's long and keen observance of nature enabled him to distinguish between it and the real one. He gazed, he knitted his brows, he conjectured, he reasoned, but he could not tell which was the true and which was the false. Meanwhile through the open window there sailed in a bee from the sunny garden; with nothing but the free will of its soul to guide it, it murmured its way to one of them, settled on it, and went down into it. Which was the true flower was known by the soul of the bee.

How could that bee tell, what Solomon in all his glory could not? It was born to do it; that was all, but that was enough. And the practical spirit of Jesus knew. He did not try to judge, He but followed the line of His nature, as that low murmurer from Solomon's garden, picking its unconscious way down into the white blossom on Solomon's table. He had come, as it were, through an open window out of heaven for that very thing, to be "a leader and guide" to people in matters of the true and false as was that visitor to Solomon. And this it is which makes His life without parallel in the world.

The Rabbis' knowledge came from a series of bulky parchments, filled with the opinions of dead men—twenty centuries of them, and the commentators thereon. Plodding for years through these, they were able to argue for ever so long.

But God moved in the nature of Jesus, as the humanity of a father in the nature of the son that is born to him. He never "learned;" all His ideas had spontaneous root. He inherited them as with His blood.

And *what* did He know? To interpret all this varied life but one thing is needful: He knew that the *world* belonged to Him. Of this His nature bears witness. Never does He allow anything to come between the free exercise of His heart and the people, and He clung to them while He had breath to speak.

Again let us glance into the wise king's palace, to understand what I mean. Before the king are two little baby bodies, one is dead, one is living; and two mothers are there, one contending that the living child is hers, the other as loudly contending that it is hers; and they have appealed to the king, their judge, to settle their dispute. "Cut the

living thing in two, give half to one and half to the other, and let them go away," breaks in the judge in a hurried way, as if he would get on to the next case. An obedient soldier seizes the living child by one heel, lifts it up in one hand, lifting up his sword high into the air in the other; and, taking his breath, he is about to cleave the screaming infant in two according to the king's command. "Stop!" loudly cried the king as the blade had reached its height and was ready swiftly to descend. And in mid air the uplifted blade stopped; the question of motherhood was settled. At the hearing of the king's command one woman stood, astonished, and sorry may be, but bewildered and not knowing what to do at the unexpected turn things had taken. But the other instantly grew deadly pale, flying at the soldier with exclamations of unutterable horror—he might have cleaved her head into two, but he should not touch her child—she seized the big arm with the uplifted blade with both her hands—she would have grasped the blade itself if it had fallen—and before the king could cry, "Stop!" turned her agonised face to him and out of breath cried—"Give it her! My lord, I *pray* thee give her!" "No," said the king, "take it yourself, it is clearly yours." And she went away with it folded to her bosom. It was the women who settled whose own the child was. Jesus called the world His, the Rabbis called it theirs. How did Jesus know? How did that woman know? So Jesus knew.

And, like that mother, from the judgment hall He went away to Calvary with this poor world folded to His bosom, where He had carried it as a child's world, and where He carries it now that His world is all the kingdoms of the earth; the world as unconscious of His love as that infant in its mother's arms.

There is no difficulty in judging between the claims of the Jerusalem and the Nazareth shepherds. On the one hand, is the firm, cold, hard-featured bench of judges and rulers, who send Gentiles to perdition, excommunicate people for saying something, stone frailty that yields to temptation, take tithes from widows' houses, and crucify their sons for blasphemy without a tear; and, on the other hand, the soul that carries them all to the feet of God and with clasped hands and voice of anguished prayer cries, "Father, forgive them." If we act like Solomon, and look to their nature to settle, it is easy to tell whose *own* the sheep are not.

It was because the Son of God loved the world, that He was bewildered and made sad by the ways of men, and knew that they were wholly foolish and cruel and wrong.

And this was the one terrible thing to Him, this world-wide love that had been born in Him. It might have been treated with indifference if He had not said that it was always true to the heart and ways of God. But He did say so; told everybody so, and the priests did not believe it, were very angry with Him, and crucified Him.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "O Son of Man, Thy name by choice."
Lesson: Matt. v. 38—48.

The place which a child plays in the gospel of Jesus is very wonderful. A telescope is a very little thing, but through a telescope we can see better what the stars are like, and through a child we can see what Jesus was like. His favourite name for Himself we cannot understand until we understand a child; it is through a child that the children of His kingdom come to understand the moral splendours and infinite preciousness of their King. His favourite name for describing Himself to us is the Son of Man; and I want you to understand it.

In the land of Jesus every man was expected to be a Son of the Law. It was this which made its people Jews and favourites of heaven; so they believed, and so their guides declared.

But Jesus would not have the title, Son of the Law, He was the "Son of Man." He gave allegiance, not to Moses, but to Moses' God, and the man He had made.

He was the Son of both, and regarded the will of the one and the need of the other in a lovely union which He had no power to break. Being a child of man and a child of God, these were to Jesus always one and the same.

There are children reared even in hunger and curses and blows, whose hands are ever ready to stroke the beard of the big men who have inflicted their sores and made them sick to death; they never waver in filial fidelity.

If you ask me, why? I can only answer, they were born to it; God willed it so.

Of the wondrousness of the clinging of a child, even of a "despised and rejected" child, tiny souls of "sorrows" and sorely "acquainted with grief," this world has thought far too little.

A little while ago there might have been seen a small girl of nine years old—who had suffered greatly from her father's hand,

before she reluctantly told the tale which got him into prison—now standing at the prison door. It is the morning of her father's release. No one is with her; she is alone, and shivers as the cold April wind lifts her poor thin garments and her hair, for she is without any covering to her head. She has loved and dwelt with him all her days, she will love and dwell with him still; perhaps nobody else will do so now, for he has been in there. At length the door opens, and she sees him coming through. Her pale little face lights up with a look that speaks welcome more than words; it is her father; such looks win from true men their tenderest caress and kindest words. As she steals up to him there is in her what could have burst upon him with shouts and leaps of joy. It longs to do so; but it is sorely discouraged, the father looks so sullen. Yet, in spite of that, she sidles up towards the fellow as he is leaving the doorway, with such a timid, pathetic little prayer in her uplifted silent face. For a few seconds she is walking by his side. Then he half turns his head and looks at the face so full of gentle woe, which now has a half-born smile in it. Is he going to let her kiss him? "Be off!" he growls. He is a thick-set fellow, and he half lifts the arm next to her as if he would slap the pleading little face with the back of his hand if she continued another step by his side. The child stops instantly; the man goes on. She stands a moment, and then turns and goes meditatively and slowly back, sits down on a stone step, and—"cries," you say. No, she does not cry; there are young eyes already tired of tears. They are too old to weep. Her heart has been silenced with a blow for the thousandth time; that is all.

This little girl shall serve me as a parable of the Nazareth Child, and His bearing towards mankind. He *loved* mankind; He *revered* mankind; He would live with it when none else would. "Despised and rejected" by it, He still clung to it.

He looked on the world as a true child looks upon a father: the same clinging faithfulness rose in Him; the self-same forgiveness, which is in both a good child to its father and in God to man. It is not as a scholar of a schoolmaster that we "endure all things and hope all things," but as the true child of a father. So is the eternal love, it is the *Son* of man.

A son of Jews may resort to blows; but a son of man never. He is too meek and lowly. His weapons are a good child's; all His aims are not to punish, but to win back love to Him; this is His reward. He is not the son of crushed and resentful people; nor the son of a conqueror who will crush men that hate and despise Him. Such men have their likeness in that bully I have spoken of, leaving his prison. But for the picture of Jesus we must look to that loving, faithful, enduring child.

The Son of Man is the Son of God, the express image of the Great Lover of humanity. It was hard to be a son of man in Nazareth, hardest perhaps of all in its playground throes of boyish passion; the carpenter's boy cannot be persecuted, frowned and nicknamed into hatred of anybody.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Saviour, blessed Saviour."
Lesson: Matt. vi. 24—34.

In all the teaching of Jesus there is a starting-point for a child. The pictures He painted of the things of the kingdom were from the memories of His early years and mountain home. He painted in colours just suited to boys and girls what everybody had to become if they would enjoy His revelation.

We owe the touching opening of what is known as "The Lord's Prayer" to the fact that its author awoke to consciousness in a family maintained by an honest man's toil, not in a temple of priests, not in a palace of a king, but in a home where is a working man doing his best for his family; his sole treasures, his children, the mother of them, and a carpenter's bench, a few tools, and a one-roomed house where his family is reared and his work is done, and the family life is lived.

At the age at which children were required to say a bed-time prayer, Jesus chose a prayer of his own. The big shadow of the red sun, glowing now low behind the hill in the west, is lying over the houses of the town into which from vineyard and plough-field labouring men are coming home for supper. Joseph is putting up his tools in their place on the wall, for the work of the day is done, and Mary with her boy at her knee standing in his attire for the night, his face turned towards Jerusalem, says the prayer which for two thousand years the world has been trying to learn—"Our Father which art in heaven."

The younger children were lying in different corners of the room, the fire was burning for the evening meal, the wife was putting to bed, and the head of the whole was wiping

St. Francis telling his love to animals.

the sweat from his weary brow. It was the house of Joseph, the laborious man who carried his family always in his heart, and sometimes in his arms, found them their bed and board, and freed them all from care. And Jesus felt that the heart of God was a heart in heaven like that of Joseph, who, when his little lambs were tired, put underneath and round about them those big strong arms of his, whilst they wound their own tiny ones about his neck. How he cared for them!—for which Jesus was glad and thankful, loving him and reverencing him.

It was a beloved face, that face of his, looking down upon them all in his busy little shop, and embodied, better than anything besides, the idea of the God whom Jesus loved. So He could not begin His prayer "O Lord our God, King of the universe," as all the other boys of the village did, and as their fathers had done before them. And what did He know about the Lords and Kings to which these other boys were referring? He had never seen Lords and Kings. Others thought they must be true images of God because people said so. But Jesus was far too full of real and beautiful feelings about God to need any to teach Him a suitable name for Him; He knew Joseph, and his just and kindly ways; so "Father" came as the best name with which to pray.

Hundreds of glad and grateful impressions

were needed to paint for His young soul anything worthy to be the figure of His God; and from the first dawn of His infant mind these had been painted colour upon colour in those ways of that kind guardian and companion of brother and sister lives. He earned each day their daily bread and clothes, was so patient with them when they upset his oil-can, taught them to raise a hammer, and warned them against edged tools; and when his rest time was come round, took them on his knee and told them stories of the Maccabeans, and made them toys, and took little walks with them, suiting his step to theirs, and talked with them by the way, and answered their questionings and lifted little tired legs to his bosom and carried them home. Joseph there, standing with his feet among the shavings on the floor was the being He knew who most compared with the God of His heart, and it was to that God He prayed out of that large, humble, cheerful carpenter's shop; a God of soul sunshine, like Joseph, was the God of Jesus.

There was no one to teach Him, as everybody is taught to-day, that the humble day labourer in Nazareth was the best likeness that a child could have of the God of heaven. Indeed, the teachers of the place would have laughed at such an idea, if they would not have been even seriously angry at the blasphemy of it. His mother even, and the very father whose name Jesus had so consecrated, would probably be startled and amazed by it. They had heard a great many prayers to God standing at their own mother's knees, and sitting in the synagogues while Rabbis droned the service every Sabbath day; but they had always been in the appointed form—"O Lord God and King of Israel."

That no other child prayed so, implied neither vanity nor courage in Jesus. If there was but one tulip in the world it would send up its cup into the air and be alone. It was so with Mary's child. He differed from neighbour children by nature, as a flower differs from the neighbours among which it happens to grow. "Our Father which art in heaven" came as the spontaneous joy of an earnest child comes; its root was in His soul.

It was a grave and serious prayer: no mere words "said" or gabbled as children's prayers too often are. All would be hushed while He prayed, and He was really with God and speaking with him.

It was a prayer, too, of beautiful oneness with all His child-world. Without anybody teaching Him, and without anybody's leave, He prayed "Our Father," holding in His heart the bedridden child, the aged man who crept out to his seat in the sun, and that runaway foreigner He knew who fed the farmer's swine, whose mother wept or had gone to her grave under a distant sun—in a word, just everybody, clinging to them, as a good child clings to brothers and sisters whom he loves.

If then we would look on a true face for God, and understand His feelings to our world, we must go to that Nazareth hearth, surrounded with its little family, and look on that day-labouring man toiling for his children's bread.

> "Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees its close!
> Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

This is the homely miracle of love, which is the truest parable of God and the cared-for world in which we live.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "All things bright and beautiful."
Lesson: Mark i. 1—13.

"He that is greatest," says Jesus, "is servant of all;" so God is greatest. And Jesus was like God. And serving all, includes all creatures, kindness to every living thing, so that Jesus must have had a heart for animals, and it is about this I want now to speak to you. That Jesus was a son of a carpenter was no reason why He should have had any regard for animals, even though it was a reason why He had to do with them, had, for instance, to make yokes for oxen. They came and stood and waited at the carpenter's shop door while the yoke was fitted, and the children of the street went up and stroked them whilst some small mite of a thing offered them a blade of green grass or a fresh fig-leaf, with its little hand timidly thrust out towards their big bowed heads, and then as a head with its two horns was turning, the mite started and was afraid and ran away and the rest of them laughed; and one of the bigger ones ran after him and said, "Give it me," and came and held it for the creature's tongue to catch, to show that *he* was not frightened.

We know that fondness for animals is part of the religion of the kingdom of God, because children are always fond of them, though they may be frightened at a big red ox with its horned head. Their love would

lead them to caress almost everything if they had but confidence. It is not want of love but want of faith which restrains them; the heart fails where even there is no danger, and as faith fails in children so it fails in animals. The robins in my garden have nearly eaten out of my children's hand, we have never been aught to them but friends, never hurt them—when winter is hard we treat them and all the troop of their feathered acquaintance to a good meal a day of crumbs, and they know it and they greatly trust us. While I am digging they come and stand and put their little saucy heads on one side and look up at me; and when a worm is turned upon the fresh soil, one of them hesitates a little, but another darts at it and comes so close to the spade, that it is with difficulty I avoid burying him with the next spadeful of soil. If by any chance I did so, I should be miserable at every remembrance of it all the rest of my life. My child has picked up a worm and laid his extended hand on the soil to enjoy the delightful dignity of feeding them. And the robins seem to know us so well; may have known us all the years of their life, whenever there has been a digging they have been there. "They are not bad people," they seem to say to themselves, and look at the worms and seem inclined to come. But their love and confidence serve them too little; they are afraid that that hand with the worms in it may hurt them; the love we had was not quite perfect. Perfect love would have cast out fear.

Let us go from the tiny robin to the huge elephant, before whom the lion and tiger fly, who is really the monarch of the forest, and see how loyal he can become to the human look on the face of man; and how he has found even a life of confinement and servitude instead of forest freedom, not bad for a man's sake.

Sometimes these trained monsters have broken loose from their new masters and have got away and gone back to roam in the wild freedom of their native forests again; and it would not have been surprising had they never cared to return, for all their ancestors had led the free life before them. But regained liberties could not on the whole compare with the lost joy of subjection to man when their keepers happen to have been rarely human.

There is a story told how, under the influence of a sudden alarm and of the memories of where to look for safety which had been born in them with their blood, a number of tamed and faithful creatures plunged off into the Indian jungle, and how all were recaptured but one, and that was lost. Newborn freedom lighted up all his old instincts and habits again, in the joyousness of acres of ground and freedom for limb and will. After eighteen months had passed, he was captured with a fresh herd and plunged and raged at the fetters that had got hold of him like the rest of them, but on his old master recognising him and riding up to him and taking him by the ear in his old familiar way and bidding him to lie down in the well-remembered tones he was instantly quiet. It was many months since he had heard the voice, but with it came back the memory of old happy days when its sound had ruled him, and that hand had fed him; and old feeling and sounds came back cheering him and subduing him, and he did as he was bid in a moment, went off away back into captivity happy and willing enough, and lay down by his keeper in his old quarters like a lost dog by his found-again master.

Clearly, there is something in brutes which leads captivity captive when they have been made to feel that people love them. Then it is not freedom, it is not to be your own, but to be theirs, which is liberty.

There is nothing miraculous in that. When animals see *man*, they love; then man is their natural monarch. God hath put all beast of the field and fowl of the air under man. And the eyes and the ears of brutes are made to convey this royal power to their hearts. To have *felt* a man, his living soul, that is enough: they are henceforth his subjects.

So is it with the best of keepers and trainers of the brute world, and if so with them what must have been the power of Jesus over animals, for Jesus was not the son of a trainer or a charmer; He was the Son of God, so He must have had perfect regard for animals, and perfect influence over them. For how could He be the Son of a Father who makes refuges for the little rabbit-like conies, cities in the fir-trees for the storks, homes in shepherd's hearts for lambs, and seas for the dolphins to play in, and not have a grateful joy in the comfort and confidence of animals?

In Judea "dogs" were the name for all filth and treachery, all because they knew no kindness. Only loved animals become lovely, and the Jews' dogs crouched about in a loveless gloom.

I have heard of a dog that was greatly loved. It belonged to a puny, invalid boy.

He used to feed it with biscuits, and kiss it and caress it, and make a wonderful fuss of it. It never heard a harsh word from him. It was allowed to be upon his bed with him; which he himself never left. He would teach it to sit up and beg, hold a stick in its fore-legs; and when he had built up a tower of his wooden bricks, to knock it down with a touch of its paw. And the dog barked and the boy laughed, and they had great fun together. At night, when the dog heard the footsteps of the maid, and knew that she was coming to take him away, and make up the little invalid's bed for the night, it would jump off the bed and go under it to hide; it did not want to go away. And when the little boy died, that dog died too. For a day or two it wandered about, bent, and old, and weary; it never barked; it could not eat, it did not care for life: all the feeling of life had gone out of it since it had seen little master carried away so pale. It lingered a while, disregarded all coaxing, refused to be petted, nobody could make up for its lost friend, and then it died. Jesus had a wider work than had that invalid child; but His feeling towards that most despised of the Hebrew animal world must have been much more like that boy's than the contemptuous feeling of the men around Him.

A beautiful light is cast on His divine manner and carriage towards the animal world by what His brother James, His companion from childhood to death, tells us about animals. "Every kind of birds, and of beasts, and of serpents, and of things in the sea is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind." By the love of a serious and beautiful manhood, animals have ever been charmed; they have hearts made to garner it; all kinds of beasts have them: love is the power of God over them. The Bible gives us a picture of the unfallen man standing up in the full sunlight of his divine nature in the midst of all manner of beasts, with the free use of their limbs and fangs, safe in the full sight of them all as a father in the midst of a family of children that he loves. And Jesus was such an one. He was beautiful with God, as was Adam in the old Bible story. He was royal in that sinless world of brutes, and all its members knew and felt it. He inherited the throne of their gratification and gratitude more readily and passionately than that of man's. He gave this simple manhood to the world, and harmless children and creatures of instinct unconsciously acknowledged Him to be their Lord, as they acknowledge none of us.

"We see all things put under Him," says the Bible. Doubtless James had seen those gentle, simple works among birds and beasts which perfect love can work, as they wandered alone into the quiet hills by the waters of the sea, where they had lived together eating the bread they earned by hewing wood and making things, which he never could forget. Anyway, he knew that Jesus had spent forty days and forty nights with wild creatures in the desert alone and undefended.

Then, too, Jesus saw Himself most touchingly pictured in a life which was above all others, and always giving itself and wearying itself for animals, and which pitied them as a father pities his children—the shepherd's life, whose was a downward love; whose reward was a dumb creature's gratitude and trust. He forgot the conceits of being "a man," and bravely, cheerfully gave His life for their happiness, sometimes laid it down for them. Sheep were the commonest, most foolish of brutes, but they could "know His voice." His pride was, "My sheep know my voice, and *follow* me." They were drawn with the cords of a man. Lambs were only little white woolly things, but they could know weariness, so he gave them rest and carried them. And when they grew up they never wholly forgot the place they had had in His bosom in their little staggering days, and they never heard His voice calling for them without heeding it, and felt "lost" without Him near.

There is surely much light cast on the behaviour of the heart of Jesus towards animals, when the picture He chose for Himself was of the man who, above all others, knew how to fill animals' hearts with gratitude.

In our picture of St. Francis showing and telling his love to the animals, there is much of the right and noble spirit, however curious may have been the way of showing it. Kindness to animals was laughed at as beneath the dignity of man; but when people laugh at anything who talk about their "dignity," it is the wisdom of God which looks foolishness to them. "They laughed Jesus to scorn." The word of tender mercy and loving kindness to God's creatures, that is the mind of the true man.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

OUR SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

IN a time of anxiety and difficulty like this, when we are all trying, not only to relieve the immediate distress, but to discover some cure that shall permanently lessen suffering of this kind, the Poor-Law Report of 1834, which has recently been reprinted, will give us more than one useful lesson. To begin with, it will teach us not to lose hope at once, as if things had never been so bad before. The condition of things described in its pages is far worse even than the misery of to-day. We must not mistake a cloud, however dark, for the blackness of eternal night. And then there is another great lesson, to be wise as well as pitiful—not to harm by our gifts instead of helping. The system investigated by the Commission that drew up that Report was due to a spirit that was both generous and philanthropic; but what were its results? It ruined those who taxed themselves to give the help. Land went out of cultivation; glebe was surrendered; farmers were bankrupt; for what they received from the parish in aid of wages for their men, they had to make good, and more than that, in other ways. And what of those for whom the help was intended? Their state was simply appalling, degraded beyond all conception. The system was most liberal to those whose families were the largest; and so, eager to obtain the immediate relief, and careless of the distant future, as they would think it, they brought children into the world wholesale for other people to feed—to be paupers and parents of paupers in their turn. That is what out-door relief given indiscriminately meant then; that is what it will mean now, if such a method of aiding the poor should be again adopted. But the mischief is, that we will not consider these problems before the evil days come, and when they are upon us we turn to any expedient that seems to hold out promise of relief.

PASTORAL LETTERS.

While turning over the pages of a magazine a few days ago, we found two or three letters written to an invalid in time of sickness and depression by an old clergyman whose public service was over. He could no longer take his place in the church or speak from the pulpit; but all paths of ministry were not closed to him even then, and by short sympathetic letters to those in suffering or sorrow, he was still able to do some work for his Master. There must be many cases like his. Some men when their active work has to be given up, speak to others by books instead of sermons; but there are many who can write letters full of wise and kindly thought, who have no faculty for the more sustained and ambitious labour of the author. Their aim may be humbler, but they have at least one compensation. Hundreds of people will read a letter, and think over it, and return to it, who would never open a book, or, if they began it, would soon lay it aside. And we shall all agree that the living letter is better than the dead book. Here is a hint for those who have grown too old or too infirm for work. Preaching is past for you; pastoral visitation is no more; why not try pastoral letters?

CHURCH REFORM.

The movement in favour of Church reform, as soon as it leaves the question of patronage, seems rather liable to degenerate into vagueness, if not into extravagance. A meeting has recently been held, at which some indication was given of the extent to which a certain section of reformers desire to nationalise the Church, and of the varieties of opinion which they would desire to include within its organisation. Starting from Dean Church or Canon Liddon on the one side, they would go at least as far as Dr. Martineau on the other. To do this they would have to make the most sweeping changes. Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles would cease to be compulsory; the Liturgy must be modified from end to end, or absolute freedom given to individual men to adapt or to omit at pleasure. And just as the strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, so in this organisation the essential unity and harmony of faith would be diluted to something so subtle and unsubstantial that it could hardly be distinguished from mere Theism. The Church would be destroyed, and only the Establishment left. The moving power and the healing force would be enormously impaired; and it would be hopeless to look for concord in so anomalous and strange a combination of systems and creeds. Better a Catholic Church than a Theistic Establishment—a thousand times. The latter would be an obstacle to the advance of religious faith, not a help.

LOSSES AT SEA.

The Bill for the protection of our seamen has not been forgotten, though it has been set aside for a time; but when it next comes up for discussion it will have a very strong piece of evidence in its support. The official returns of last year show that so many ships were lost at sea last year that, after deducting the ordinary expenses of management from the amounts received as premiums, the Marine Insurance Societies had not a sufficient balance upon the year's income to meet the claims upon them, and were compelled to fall back upon the accumulations of more prosperous times. No doubt it was a year of storms, but they were hardly of such exceptional severity as to make so enormous a difference; and it seems more probable that in the struggle with the bad times carelessness and recklessness have increased. If the position of affairs were changed, if it was the Fire Insurance Offices that suffered so exceptionally,

and the destruction of property and the loss of life took place on land instead of at sea, then there would not be a single moment's hesitation in enforcing the most stringent regulations for securing safety. But we can see a burning house: it is near to us; if it should be next door, or even in the neighbourhood, we feel that we share the peril, and so the calamity and the disaster come home to us. But what we do not see is none the less real for all that; there are homes left desolate, and the light of many a heart is darkened.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.

Peace, as some people handle it, is not the end but the beginning of strife, and it seems as if this is to be the case in the dealings of France with Madagascar. It is true that warfare has ceased, that terms have been given and accepted, and that an agreement has been signed; but now that the time has come to carry out the treaty, the French Government seem disposed to obtain by what looks very like fraud the supremacy they failed to win by arms. M. de Freycinet, the Foreign Minister, declares that a Protectorate, including all its rights, has been conceded to France. If this be so, it is but a short step to absolute dominion in the island. Even now it appears that the French Resident will stand between the Malagasy authorities and foreign consuls. If so, the state of things will be intolerable. The degree of fairness which English missionaries, who have made the nation what it is, are likely to receive may be inferred from the fact that already the Bishop of Angers has been demanding that Roman Catholic missions shall be supported and all others discouraged. As some one has said, "The treaty is a slip-knot for France and a fast-knot for the Hovas;" and it may be added, for all their truest friends.

THE STRIFE OF RACES.

The strife of races seems to become more and more embittered every day. In America the Chinese have been the victims of fresh outrages, which have produced such indignation among that usually apathetic people that the Chinese at home in Canton threaten to take signal vengeance upon any Americans they can find there. If, in spite of precautions, such disturbances should arise, they are sure to begin a new chapter of lamentable and cruel strife between the foreign "barbarians," as China not unnaturally calls them, and that strange and venerable empire. In Germany also a similar, though happily a more peaceful, conflict is going on. The Polish immigrants are being driven out of Posen and West Prussia across the frontier into their own country. It is said that as many as thirty thousand of these unfortunate people have been thus removed, and it is known that the scheme proposed by Prince Bismarck for buying up the estates of those who are expelled, and for reselling them to German peasants, requires a capital of five millions. It is a great price to pay for a unity which after all will be apparent rather than real. The Poles may be expelled for a time, but they will drift back. Some will still remain; and the true way to secure their loyalty would have been to treat them as France treated the provinces which she gained for a time to lose them again, as much to their sorrow as her own. But in this matter France has always been more successful than her neighbour.

MISS LEIGH'S WORK IN PARIS.

Twelve months slip by so quickly that it hardly seems possible that it is a whole year since Miss Leigh's last annual report came into our hands. But so it is, and another great addition has been made to the debt which all English people owe to Miss Leigh for her noble work among their fellow-countrymen in Paris. The work itself is universal; it is like an encyclopædia of life, and seems to include everything. But the part which is perhaps the most valuable of all is the helpful side of its activity—helpful to those who need advice or a home, not money. Take, for instance, the Registry; what can be more valuable than this? An English girl at home very rarely knows where she may put her trust with safety; abroad she is absolutely helpless but for aid like this. So the 5,019 visits recorded during the year represent an amount of help the value of which it would be hard to exaggerate. Again, if anyone in connection with the Association is leaving Paris for some other part of the Continent, by means of Miss Leigh's far-reaching organisation she can be followed in her new home by the same care that watched over her in Paris, and if she is in trouble, or ill, or in want of counsel, she knows where to look for a friend. The only other branch of work we can mention is the "Sanatarium." There cases of illness, whether serious or not, are received and nursed; those who have not much amiss are sure to recover quickly among friendly faces and in an atmosphere of loving sympathy, while those who have to suffer more severely are spared that worst of all afflictions—pain in loneliness and neglect. It is a wonderful work for one labourer, however devoted, to have set in motion. But good work is sure to grow.

GAMBLING IN FRANCE.

In one of our monthly reviews there is an account, so startling as to be almost incredible, of the terrible demoralisation which gambling has produced in the life of Parisian society. The corruption seems to be almost universal—not confined to a class as it once was; it has spread, sinking down from one social level to another, penetrating and permeating the whole, and leaving its rank and deadly poison wherever it passes. Paris, the "soul of France," is on the verge of ruin, so M. Delille tells us; and the cry of the croupier, "Rien ne va plus," may almost serve to warn the city of its im-

pending doom. One man after another sinks in the abyss; family after family is impoverished, ruined, dishonoured. Vice itself feels the same curse, and becomes more deeply and shamelessly debased. It is a new Inferno. Dark as the picture is, we fear that if our own condition were sketched by an observer who knew the inner life of our society to the core, the result would be, if not quite so sombre, as menacing and as sad. On all sides the passion for reckless and scandalous gambling seems to be developing, in business as well as in pleasure, in the shop and the market as well as in the card-room. Here and there a club is warned or suppressed, but others increase and multiply without restraint. If the process of demoralisation is to go on unresisted, we shall suffer as France is suffering now, as other nations have suffered in the past; for all past experience shows that nothing so wastes, exhausts, and destroys a nation's vital power and virtue as this base passion, without fear, pity, or love, which is the sister of cruelty, lust, and crime.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

THE FEBRUARY SIMULTANEOUS MEETINGS.

The meetings of the Church Missionary Society, held simultaneously in all parts of the country a few weeks ago, proved wonderfully successful. But success had been well earned. The ground had been carefully prepared; the organisation had been perfected; no pains had been spared. Very wisely many places were included in the plan of operations which, either from their position or size, had been neglected in the past, and the result showed that out of the one hundred and twenty meetings that were held in all, many of these gatherings were the most conspicuously successful. A great wave of missionary interest and enthusiasm seems to have rolled over the land. Even if it should gradually subside as it rose, it will leave one very practical result behind, for no less than twenty-six offers for service abroad have been received by the Church Missionary Society as a direct result of these meetings. If there were no other gain than this immediate supply of recruits to fill up the places left vacant by others, and to carry on the divine work into new fields, there would still be cause enough for joy and thankfulness. But it is not so; there is still more to come. The seed sown must have time to grow, and the full harvest is still in the future.

MISSION TO THE MAHOMMEDANS IN ARABIA FELIX.

Aden is a name which, for several years past, has been familiar to every newspaper reader, but for all that very few people know anything about the size or the character of the place. The Hon. Keith-Falconer—as energetic a missionary as he was once a bicycle champion—writing to the *Free Church of Scotland Monthly*, gives a very interesting account of the work that is going on there, and of his plans for the future. He tells us that more than a quarter of a million camels, each with its driver, enter and leave Aden during the year, most of them passing through Shalkh Orhmân, an outlying native settlement about ten miles distant from Aden proper. The camel-drivers, he says, though extremely ignorant, are not so fanatically prejudiced against other religions as are the Arabs in the towns. This outlying point, Mr. Keith-Falconer thinks, would make an excellent mission-station for work among the Arabs. The contact with the natives is more direct than in Aden itself; the site is healthier and more fertile; and good water is to be had. In fact, the first steps towards founding a medical mission, to be followed by a school and an industrial orphanage, have already been taken; and all who know anything of Mr. Keith-Falconer will hardly need to be told that he has himself already helped in his usual generous way to clear aside the financial difficulties that might hinder the enterprise.

OUR INFLUENCE IN INDIA.

A note of alarm has been struck in the *Fortnightly Review*—rather an unusual place to find such opinions, it must be admitted—concerning the result of our influence upon religion in India. The writer deplores the fact that while we have undermined and destroyed Hinduism, we have substituted nothing in its place; the English Government, he asserts, have given nothing but material benefits to India, and our rule will lead to universal secularism. While there is great force in parts of his plea, it might fairly be urged that we have also helped to purify the ancient faith of the nation; that many of our so-called material benefits are the outcome of religious instinct and compassion, and that by suppressing many of the barbarous and cruel rites which degraded even the noblest systems of native worship, we have given new associations to religious faith in general. But the real reply to arguments of this kind is, that demolition up to a certain stage is inevitable, and that the work of construction must come afterwards. If men, who feel like the writer of the article referred to, will lend their aid, the work will be easier and more successful. Is this too much to ask?

A STRANGE CONVERT.

One of the greatest difficulties which encounter the mission-worker among a heathen population is to make them understand what the profession of Christianity really means, and in what spirit it should be made. The natives are so accustomed in most cases to pay an external and nominal devotion to a faith which they do not really understand or believe, that they think it must be the same everywhere, and that it is as easy a thing to become a Christian as to buy a new coat. In the *Chronicle of the London Missionary Society* there is a letter from a youth stating his willingness to embrace Christianity, giving his reasons, and stating in the most candid way his terms. The letter is unique in its way, though it is but one example of many written in the same spirit:—

"To Daniel Lazeres, Esq.

"Most Honoured Sir,—I, Ralangi Vasudava Rao, an inhabitant of Berhampore, beg your honour

that you will be kind enough to take the following few lines into your kind consideration. I went up for the Middle School examination last year, but unfortunately plucked. I am ready to enter into Christianity, if you kindly accept my request, firstly, to prosecute my studies until I pass my matriculation, or to make me marriage and give me an employment, so as to maintain my livelihood. Hoping that you will certainly fulfil this request, I wrote to you this letter. I am awaiting for your kind reply. Please excuse me of giving you this trouble. I hope that you will reply me affirmatively. I enclose a stamp, not to delay. I beg to remain," &c. &c.

There are probably many who have become Christians by profession to get employment; a few who have done so to win a wife; but till now we have never heard of a conversion wrought by the wish to pass an examination. The worst thing is that the youth writes in good faith, and was probably surprised that his application was not accepted.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

Yet another name has to be added to the long roll of those who have fallen as pioneers of the gospel in Africa. The hopes expressed last month for Bishop Hannington's safety have been in vain, and now it is only too certain that he has been put to death by the emissaries of Mwanga, the young King of Uganda, who had been alarmed by exaggerated reports of German annexation upon the coast, and by hints of danger to himself, scattered by Arab traders to gain their own ends, and to destroy the missionaries, who are their strongest opponents. They have succeeded but too well. The King was evidently alarmed for his own security, and when he heard that a European was endeavouring to enter his kingdom "by the back door," as the route through Masai Land is termed, it was more than he could bear. For any one, and at any time, it would have been perilous; now it was fatal. Mr. Joseph Thomson halted in prudence where Mr. Hannington pressed on, determined to open up a way hitherto closed. His death is a serious loss to mission work in Central Africa. In a field like that his very defects were valuable. No one could have read the last account written by him of his journey, describing the state in which he was marching on, without a comrade of his own race, with food supplies all but exhausted, in a country ravaged by famine, and with menacing darkness ahead, without feeling that his was a soul of heroic temper. He was true and resolute to the end, and even now that he is dead his influence will live on. It was the massacre of two of the men who went before that inspired him to consecrate his life to the work. His example will fire others in turn.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

In the Established Church of Scotland Dr. Tulloch has been one of the most prominent figures for many years past, and his death removes one of the most trusted and honoured leaders of the Scottish people. As the Senatus of the University over which he so admirably presided, expressed it in their minute of regret, "It is a loss which falls with almost equal weight on Scottish thought, Scottish literature, and Scottish public life, in all of which Principal Tulloch was so deeply interested, in all of which he took so active and influential a part." He touched life at all points—as a writer, a preacher, an administrator, a professor, and a politician. He united the practical and the speculative provinces of life, theology and philosophy; brought German thought and learning within the reach of English readers; and while he sympathised with the triumphs of Continental theologians, knew where to draw the line between the true and the sound and the fantastic and speculative elements in their teaching. He welcomed good from all sources, the evil he rejected. He has been called "The Stanley of Scotland," and if the mantle of the Dean descended upon any teacher north of the Tweed, it could have found none more congenial in spirit and temper than the late Principal of St. Andrews.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

The death of a great artist who has found his inspiration in the events and the scenes of the everyday world that lies around us, is a real and an irreparable loss. The statesman falls at his post, and others rise up and clutch the helm before the vessel has begun to miss the guiding hand. New writers come with each new generation to express its thoughts and its ideals. Every age has its orators and its preachers. *Non deficit alter aureus.* This is true of them all. But when the hand of the artist has lost its cunning, when it grows stiff and cold, we may look for long in vain for any one to take his place. There was a gap between John Leech and Randolph Caldecott; and now that the latter has passed away, sadly before his prime, we may have to wait long for his successor. Such a man has a wonderful audience. His influence stretches right out to those for whom literature with all its treasures is a sealed book—to little children and to the ignorant. He teaches his lessons with a force which no words can give, and there is no truth to be found in the wide ways of human life, with its sadness and its joy, for which he cannot find expresssion. He can delight as well as instruct, amuse as well as edify. Such was Caldecott's work. Search his books through, and you will find nothing mean, coarse, or debasing—purity, beauty, humour, and tenderness everywhere: delight in innocent laughter, sympathy that goes out to the animals who live around us. He takes the whole world into his charmed circle, old men and maidens, and little children. He loved them all, and by all was he beloved. Others have risen higher with more ambitious aims, but none have done more perfectly what they set their hand to, nor has anyone in our day touched so many hearts. How many children have unconsciously blessed him!

"Margaret, I have found you your mission."

Page 297.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—JOHN HENRY GOES TO DERRY.

ONE morning Mrs. Brownlow was, as she expressed it, in a considerable bit of a way.

The shooting at Inchfawn was by no means good; but, such as it was, it was esteemed and made much of by Brownlow's family, and in consequence by Brownlow's guests.

The young men who were now going through Oxford and Cambridge were fond of boasting of "my father's shooting;" they brought over their most favoured companions, to have, as they expressed it, a shot over the moors.

These men, who were rather idle and good-for-nothing in their native country, were too well pleased with the Brownlows' hospitality, and the rich profusion of wealth which surrounded them at every turn at Inchfawn, to find any great fault with the rather empty bags which they brought back after each day's sport.

So the fiction of the shooting continued, and the men and women of the place made a good deal of fun out of the "furriners," as they called them, who started off morning after morning, with their keepers and dogs and guns, and brought back so very little spoil at night.

On this particular morning Mrs. Brownlow was in trouble; the shooting season was at its height, and a fresh bevy of guests were expected that afternoon. There was to be a great deal of pleasure besides the rather scanty amusement of shooting—some acting got up by the young people, and finally the culminating treat of a ball, given on a scale and with a magnificence hitherto unknown in the wild highlands of Donegal. People from far and near were invited to this ball, and the house was to be filled with guests from attic to cellar.

Mrs. Brownlow was disturbed now because Katie and Rosie and Elizabeth were in a sadly discontented state of mind; they had sent for their dresses to Paris—several new dresses had been ordered—dresses for acting, dresses for dinner, and dresses for the great ball, which was to terminate this week of gaiety; but the Paris dressmaker had turned out faithless, and the box with all its splendour had not yet arrived.

"We have nothing to wear to-night," said Katie, pouting visibly as she stirred her coffee at the breakfast-table. "Walter charged us never to be seen again in costumes made up in Derry, and Mr. Danvers and Mr. Price are both coming to dinner, besides all those new Englishmen we have never met. I do call it too bad."

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Brownlow, who was the most good-natured mother in existence, "I declare I am more fretted than I can say. But, Katie, darling, couldn't you just contrive to put up with the white silks to-night? They are not at all a bad cut, and I am sure you all three look most stylish in them; even Bessie, though she is getting a bit stout."

"I'll thank you to call me Elizabeth, mother," said Mrs. Brownlow's very plain eldest daughter, tossing her head indignantly; "I can't stand anything so plebeian as Bessie."

Mrs. Brownlow heaved a great sigh.

"Well, well," she said, "it has a flavour of the old days, and I like it. It was always Bess with your father, when he spoke to me in the old days, children—Bess do this and Bess do that; it's never nothing but Mrs. Brownlow now, and it don't seem half so home-like. I mind me, when John Henry and you, Elizabeth, were little 'uns. He was named after his father and you after me, and you were always Bessie and Bess in those days."

Mrs. Brownlow generally lost what little knowledge she possessed of the English language—that is, grammatical knowledge—when she started her reminiscences of the old time; but her three daughters were well acquainted with the art of repression, and she was soon pulled up short, and landed once more on the grand difficulty of the moment—the subject of suitable dresses for the dinner party which was to take place in the evening.

"Well, well; now, how can we manage?" said Mrs. Brownlow, passing her hand across her brow in some perplexity. "Perhaps your father will bring the box up with him to-night, girls."

"As if we could wait till then!" objected Katie. "Why, we must be dressed, and spick and span, and looking our best, by the

time papa comes home. That won't do; you'll have to think again, mamma."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Brownlow. "Well," she added, her face suddenly brightening, "I'll tell you now what has come to me, and I shouldn't be surprised if we can work the two together. John Henry, are you asleep? Why, you are fairly nodding over your paper, and it's only ten o'clock in the morning. Well, I never did see such a lazy boy—never."

"I feel particularly lazy this morning, mother," responded John Henry, moving languidly from the breakfast-table and sinking into the depths of a large arm-chair.

"He has gone to sleep, I do declare," said Elizabeth in a tone of withering contempt.

"I can't think what's come to the boy," remarked Mrs. Brownlow, glancing anxiously at her first-born; "he just seems to grow worse and worse. I don't, myself, think he's at all well."

"Now, mamma, do leave John Henry alone, and attend to us. How are we to manage about to-night?" asked Rosie.

"I'll tell you what it is, girls; if we could possibly spare Tom, I'd send him right over to Derry with the dog-cart, and he might drive up to the station and see if the box has come in, and if it has, he might bring it back with him."

"But suppose it hasn't?" said Katie.

"Why then he had better call for Miss Jones, the dressmaker, and she might come back with him, and furbish you all up a bit for to-night."

"I really suppose it is the only thing to do," said Elizabeth in a tone of some slight satisfaction.

"And then, girls," continued the mother, brisking up with her subject, "I'll just tell you the thought that came to me last night. It just come over me that it would be a very nice little attention if we were to ask Miss O'Donnell to our ball."

"Miss O'Donnell?" exclaimed all three.

But Katie's sharp eyes also took in the fact that John Henry was now awake.

"Well, and why not, my dear children? I don't say that the poor thing hasn't had her misfortunes; but she's a fine, pretty, well-grown girl, and it isn't her fault if her father was no end of a spendthrift. I met her out riding the other day on a shaggy pony, and a great, ferocious-looking dog by her side, and I did think she looked lonely, poor young lass, and of course she'd be very much pleased to see all the changes we have made in Inchfawn, and how we have improved the place; the ball will be a fine bit of entertainment for her, and I am sure you wouldn't mind her sharing your room for the night, Katie?"

"Oh, no, mother, not in the least, and it would be rather fine to have Miss O'Donnell at our ball; somehow people think a great deal of the O'Donnells, though I don't know why. But I'll tell you what I'd like; I'd like you to ask Mr. Geoffrey as well; I know he has come home, for I saw him in Derry last week, and he really is wonderfully handsome."

"Oh, Mr. Geoffrey is quite lovely," said Rosie, her eyes sparkling. "Do let us have Mr. Geoffrey at our ball, mamma."

"Well, girls, I'm pleased you are taken by the idea, and I am sure your father won't object, for he don't bear them no grudge that ever was, and it would be a nice change for the two poor young things; so I'll just write them a line this very minute, and Tom can take it in, and leave it at Rose Bank Cottage on his way to Derry."

Here John Henry rose slowly from the depths of his easy-chair.

"Tom can't be spared to go into Derry this morning," he said.

"Why, Jack!" exclaimed his three sisters, "what do you know about it?"

"I heard my father giving Tom directions, and work quite sufficient to keep him occupied until to-night."

Both Mrs. Brownlow and her three daughters looked blank; they none of them dared to circumvent the elder Brownlow's orders.

"Then I am sure I don't know what is to be done!" exclaimed the mistress of the household, clasping her hands in despair.

"If you choose to write the note, mother, and give it to me, I don't object to driving the dog-cart into Derry."

"Oh! Jack, what a dear you are!" cried his three sisters. "And will you really drive up to the station, and fetch the box home with our new dresses?"

"Oh! ah! I suppose so, if I don't forget."

"You are sure not to forget, dear Jack, and if the box has not come, you will bring Miss Jones back with you in the dogcart?"

"Yes, I don't care—I mean if she chooses to come, she is welcome to a seat."

"Then, John Henry, I'll write the note, and have that bit of anxiety off my mind," said Mrs. Brownlow, rising with alacrity to her feet.

Young Brownlow strolled from the room to order the dog-cart to be got ready, and his sisters remarked, with some wonder, on his unusual good-nature. A little later he was

driving down the avenue with the note directed to Ellen inside his waistcoat pocket.

When he got outside the place he pulled up his horse short, and taking the envelope out of his pocket, looked for a moment, with a certain, almost pathetic longing, at the few words of its inscription—

Miss O'Donnell,
Rose Bank Cottage.

The words were in his mother's rather uncertain caligraphy.

He raised the envelope for an instant to his lips, then got very red and hot and uncomfortable. The next instant the invitation to Ellen O'Donnell was lying in a thousand tiny fragments on the road-side.

"There, I've saved her from that insult, at least," said John Henry, and he drove into Derry with a certain glow about his heart.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ONE OF HER KNIGHTS.

YOUNG BROWNLOW had quite a refreshing drive that morning. He did not feel so lazy as usual; the unwonted exertion was doing him good, and the little action he had done for Ellen, the small effort he had made to shield her from what he knew would give her pain, was still sending its stimulating glow through his moral nature.

He arrived in Derry, drove directly up to the Dublin station, and there, as good fortune would have it, found the box, which was so essential to his sisters' happiness.

"What a fuss they did make about it," he commented as he secured it into the back part of the dog-cart. "I don't suppose Miss O'Donnell would be so miserable if a dress was an hour or two late. Bless those girls of ours, and they never look up to much, however fine their feathers are. I know I'm vulgar, and so I don't care in the least what I wear. I know no fine clothes that ever were would make me look like a gentleman, and so where's the use of bothering? But Elizabeth and Rosie and Katie, they smile and try to put on grand airs; but it won't do, they are not a bit the thing, however magnificent their clothes. I don't know exactly what's wrong in them. I suppose it's because they are vulgar too, and *don't* know it. Now I know that I'm a cad, an awful cad. I think perhaps it's better to know, one doesn't make quite such a fool of one's self then."

With the box securely fastened into the back seat of the dog-cart, John Henry turned his horse's footsteps homewards.

His mind was still very broad awake, for him, and many thoughts were coursing through it.

"She had just a plain bit of a grey dress on when she stood that evening by the stile, and a red cloak wrapped round her shoulders. The grey was soft, and the cloak suited her, and she looked—I can't describe how she looked, I only know I never saw anything like it. I daresay my mother would scarcely allow a servant in our house to wear such a shabby dress, but bless her, *she* does not need to fig herself out; she looks like a queen whatever she wears."

Still ruminating on the harmonies of shabby grey and faded crimson, Brownlow whipped up his horse and drove on. At a certain angle in the road he saw some people walking a little ahead of him; two people, a girl and a man. His heart beat suddenly with a new and strong sensation of almost agony. He recognised the girl's graceful walk, and slight erect figure; the man was a stranger to him. He passed the two slowly, raising his hat to Ellen O'Donnell as he did so. She returned his bow, with a little start of surprise, then recognising who he was, a very faint additional colour came into her cheeks. Brownlow drove on, and Ellen and Arundel continued their walk and resumed the conversation, which he had interrupted for the space of two or three seconds.

When he had got quite out of sight of the couple, Brownlow pulled up his horse, and let it walk along at its own pace.

"I'm as the dirt under her feet," he said aloud and with great bitterness; "and I—well, she's the one woman in all the world who could do anything with me. *Anything!* why I'm a lazy dog, I'm a worthless sort of beggar and a cad, and all that, but I just believe I'd *die* to save her from pain. And that other fellow—I hate that other fellow; he looked at her just as if he were her equal, and I suppose he is, after a fashion, for he's a gentleman. But look here, he shan't have her, not if I can help it. It isn't that I ever hope to win her. I'm not fit for that, I never could be fit for that; but to give her up to him—no, no, not if I can help it." Then he added, clenching one thin and effeminate hand, very hard and tight, "If only I had been born the poorest dog in all the world, and a gentleman, things would not be so hard for me now."

CHAPTER XXIX.—ANOTHER KNIGHT AND HIS SERVICE.

ARUNDEL had come back once again to the old town of Derry. The hospitable doors

of Inchfawn were no longer open to him, and though hospitable hearts inhabited Rose Bank Cottage, there were no spare chambers in this tiny abode for guests. So Arundel, after two years wandering about the face of the globe, took up his abode at Judson's Hotel.

There was certainly nothing whatever attractive in this ancient hostelry. The dingy pile of building looked out on an unattractive street. The bedrooms, furnished gloomily, possessed smoky chimneys and dust-laden floors; the coffee-room was all that a coffee-room ought not to be. The sleepy and indifferent waiters did not even possess the redeeming traits of Irish wit and originality, and the food could only have been agreeable to a very hungry man.

Arundel, however, took carelessly the first bedroom that was offered to him, complained of no inconveniences, and stayed on day after day, and week after week.

Two years ago his strongest interests had been aroused for the O'Donnells. He had helped Ellen and Geoffrey to re-establish the broken-up household in Rose Bank Cottage. He had gone up to Dublin with Geoffrey, and had seen him enter his name in the books of old Trinity, and then he had gone his own way. His first business in London was to visit a large book-shop, where he gave certain directions, which insured for Ellen a fresh and constant supply of the best books of the day. Having done this, he went abroad. Very far away he went, quite out of Europe. He visited Egypt, and spent his winter with considerable interest and satisfaction to himself in Palestine. He was a year away. The second year he spent in London. He now mixed in a select and charming society, he met evening after evening the most cultivated men and women of the day. He had travelled so far and seen so much that in his own small fashion he was a lion. He could go where he pleased, and associate with whom he willed; he had the nicest girls to talk to, and the most intelligent men to exchange ideas with, but at the end of the year he found that he had made no very special man friend, and that he had fallen in love with none of the bonnie maidens he had come across.

"I have spent two years testing my own heart," he inwardly commented, when the two years in question had quite expired; "I have neither found my vocation in foreign lands, nor in this great world of London. I am a lonely man still, though I dream—why not?—of some day having a wife. But I see her at none of these evening parties, nor does she rise up before me at any of these London gatherings. I once saw *one;* she was wild and free as the air, she had no acquired graces, the ways of society were unknown to her, she would have felt like a caged bird in these stifling London drawing-rooms; but there was a light in her eyes, a pathos in her voice, and a strength about her great, true heart, which I never met in any one else. I will go back to Ireland next week."

Arundel came to Derry, and again he threw himself heart and soul into the interests of the O'Donnells. After his first interview with Ellen, he saw very clearly the position of affairs as regarded himself. The beautiful face, which had expanded and strengthened in all womanly graces during the two years of his absence, he now saw was the face of all others for him.

"She is the sort of lady to inspire the services of a true knight," he commented. "If I stay here, I must become her knight. To a certain extent I must be bound to her, and I must do her bidding. Now do I want this? *Her* heart is still free as her mountain air. Do I want mine to be tied and fettered? I can go away, and perhaps I shall forget her. I have no special mission in life, need I take hers upon me? I perceive that it will bring to me care, perhaps sorrow, perhaps danger. She is not the sort of woman to ask one who held allegiance to her, to stand back in the hour of difficulty. No, no; Ellen O'Donnell's knight must go forward into the thick of the battle and win his laurels through the gate of death if necessary."

Then Arundel drew himself up and laughed a little.

"Am I going to make a fool of myself, for the sake of this wild Irish girl? She does not care for me; her whole heart and soul are set on a certain mission. I don't think she has ever yet found time even to think of what we call love. Poor warm-hearted child, she loves everybody after a fashion, but I want something different and special. I think her love would be rare, when it came. After all, it is worth going through a good deal for, and I believe I can be great enough to serve her without any certain hope of return. Here—so be it. The service she demands of me is great enough to satisfy any man. Great! it is Biblical. To relieve the oppressed, to succour the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to open the prison gates to the bound. So be it—I accept the service."

CHAPTER XXX.—"I TAKE YOU AS MY KNIGHT."

PHILIP ARUNDEL might indulge in rhapsodies in the solitude of his own private rooms, but when the next morning he called at Rose Bank Cottage he was the most cool and calm, and outwardly self-possessed man in the world.

He had come to announce his failure in joining the secret society to Ellen, and to propound a plan which was beginning to form in his brain, for her approval. Geoffrey and his father were loitering over a very late breakfast, Aunt Bridget was pottering in and out of the room in a noisy and rather aimless fashion, and Ellen was nowhere to be seen.

"I don't know how to apologise sufficiently to you, Arundel," began Geoffrey in a low voice aside to his friend.

"Don't mention it; I understand the position of affairs exactly," responded Arundel, also in quiet undertones.

"More and more mysteries," exclaimed Aunt Bridget, stopping still and glaring angrily at her nephew; "There you go—whisper, whisper, whisper, making mountains out of molehills, I say; and I am sure there is your poor father and me, you might trust us with any little bit of news that's going. D'ye think *I*'d tell again what was let out in the sacred circle of my home? that's not the way of Biddy O'Donnell, I can tell you, gentlemen; no, nor of Fergus O'Donnell neither. There, you might speak up for me, Squire, and I the only living sister you've got."

"All right, Biddy," said the Squire, laughing, "you'll keep things as tight as in a nutshell until you meet Nora MacNaughten, and then, out it will go, with a bang. Well, never mind, Biddy woman; faith, 'tis a way I've got myself too. I hate a secret."

Miss Biddy was now so angry that she flounced out of the room, slamming the door after her, and Arundel sat down by the window.

"No, thanks, I've breakfasted," he said. "Is your sister at home, Geoffrey?"

The Squire laughed again. "Catch the colleen in at this hour," he exclaimed; "why she's miles and miles away on her pony now. I tell you what it is, Arundel, I bless the man who gave my colleen her pony, Shela, when we came to this cottage. I do believe she would have drooped and died but for that bit of a creature to carry her where she wills."

Arundel smiled, and a little tinge of colour came into his dark bronzed cheek. "It would be cruel to part Miss O'Donnell and Shela," he said. "See here, Geoffrey," he added, rising, "I'll go out on the chance of meeting your sister; I daresay I can guess the road she takes."

"All right," responded Geoffrey; "a talk with you always does Ellen good, and you can explain to her about last night."

"I mean to," said Arundel.

"And hark ye, my man," called out old Fergus O'Donnell after him as he was leaving the room. "Come back with the colleen by-and-by, and share our bit of dinner; though the house is small, and the board not much, the Irish welcome is as warm as ever."

"I will certainly come," said Arundel.

He quickened his steps when he left the little cottage and made in as straight a line as he could for the borders of Lough Swilly.

The famous island of Inch was opposite to him; it was another fine and lovely winter's day, and the shadows from mountain and sky were reflected in the tranquil waters. Arundel walked quickly; he guessed that Ellen on most occasions kept near the neighbourhood of the lake, and he was right, for he soon saw her shaggy pony in the distance. He instantly blew a clear and loud halloo to her; she heard his note, and in a few moments had joined him.

As she was riding up to his side Arundel was pondering on a certain matter which had rather surprised him in both the Squire and Geoffrey. Geoffrey had a sparkle of impatience and interest in his eyes; his handsome face was slightly flushed, his whole manner betokened a newly-developed hope; that same look, that same hopeful, yet excited manner was shared by the Squire.

Arundel had never before seen Fergus O'Donnell animated by hope; he wondered did Ellen share it? had some unexpected good fortune occurred to this family? but no, Ellen's face was as usual, she came up breathlessly, and her anxious words were at once—

"Oh! tell me about last night."

"I have nothing good to tell you; your people, the men and women of Inchfawn, would not allow me to join them."

"Not allow you? My people refused? Pardon me, I don't understand."

"There was nothing at all wonderful," replied Arundel. "I do not blame them; I do not blame any of them. I have no right to tell you what occurred, as you are not a member of the society. They imagined, poor unhappy folks, that I had come on them as

a spy. I had to go away to avoid the ignominy of being turned away."

"And Geoffrey suffered it?"

"Geoffrey could not help himself; he took my part bravely. I can comfort you, Miss O'Donnell, with the knowledge that your brother acted well, and in all respects worthy of his race. I do not think you need fear that he will lead the people astray; in every respect he showed himself true to the right last night."

"And they would not allow you to join," reiterated Ellen, her face growing dark, and her eyes gleaming with the first look of anger Arundel had seen in them. "You offered to help the people of Inchfawn, and they refused; then things are worse even than I feared."

"I regret to say they did refuse; they would have nothing to say to me. I cannot assist your cause in that way."

Ellen laid her hand with a certain weary, heavy gesture, on Shela's neck: her eyes travelled slowly round the landscape.

"These are my mountains that I love," she said, "and that lake, I have grown up by its shores. Do you know anything of the feeling which makes one love the place of one's birth, Mr. Arundel?"

"No," said Arundel; "to have that feeling one must have possessed a home, and I can remember no home."

"To have that feeling one must have possessed a home and then lost it," replied Ellen sadly; "but dearer than the mountains and lake to me are the people who wander here and there, who have been turned out of the little cabins and away from the tiny holdings. The thought of these people in their desolation and despair sinks down into my heart. You know why I could not join their society, but I had hoped to have helped them through you."

"So you shall help them through me," said Arundel with fervour. "I came out here on purpose to join you; I have a plan to propose to you."

"What is that?" asked Ellen.

"Neither you nor I," proceeded Arundel, "can become members of that wild society which met in the Red Glen last night. In some ways it will be better for us to have nothing to say to them, we can do better by being unfettered by their rules and untrammelled by their half-taught ideas. Miss O'Donnell, I propose that we form a secret society of our own."

Ellen gave a start of astonishment. "I don't quite understand you," she said.

"No, nor do I quite understand myself; the idea is crude as yet, but you and I may develop it. I want the society to be secret because, from what I have seen of the Irish peasantry, they delight in mysteries. Now in our society they shall have mysteries, and badges, and symbols to their hearts' content. Those people who meet in the Red Glen may join us if they will, but they must respect our laws and take our initiatory vows."

"Must we have vows too?" asked Ellen.

"I believe one vow will be necessary; I wish the thing to be solemn and sacred, and to appeal as far as possible to the best part of their natures."

"It sounds delightful," said Ellen; "it seems like the fulfilment of a golden dream; but its ultimate object, what will its ultimate object be? My Inchfawn people are shrewd enough, and they won't throw their hearts into what means nothing."

"I propose that our society shall have two objects," replied Arundel; "first, the relief of these poor peoples' most pressing necessities; secondly, emigration."

"Oh, but they hate that," said Ellen, with a slight cry of pain; "that is what every one says, that is the universal panacea; but they don't want to leave the little homes where they were born, nor the Lake of Shadows, nor the dear lofty mountains; they would rather have a bite and sup here than full and plenty in a land which was not their own."

"I believe you," said Arundel, "I even believe that some of these men and women would rather die of want in old Ireland than live in comfort in another land. But, Miss O'Donnell, we must try to overcome this prejudice; the land is too poor for the people, the people are too many for the land. I know a place in South America; the climate is delicious; I've been there, and I've proved it; the land is teeming with riches, and it may truly be said that the labourers are few. Now, Miss O'Donnell, these Irish folks whom you love are easily persuaded. God help them, they have been persuaded to evil too much and too often, let us persuade them to good. I see by your eyes and the glow in your cheeks that you can be both eloquent and earnest, and I at least can promise to be earnest. I know a couple of men who, when the time is ripe, can come down and address them; but this emigration scheme must proceed slowly, we have much to do first. We have to lead the way, and educate the idea, and prompt the desire. I want this, however, to be our grand climax; I want you to aid me with all your heart in this."

"How can I refuse to aid you when you are so brave in our cause? I have a little pain in taking up what gives sore pain to others, but a feeling tells me you are right, and you must teach me to grow wiser, so that I may rejoice in what you wish."

"It will come," said Arundel, looking at her with a smile in his eyes; "but now," he added, "about those preliminaries which go before, about the relief, which is so sorely needed?"

"Ah! yes, the winter is coming on, the harvest has been so bad, the potatoes have nearly failed, there will be famine and fever soon; I know the symptoms."

"There shall be neither famine nor fever in our society."

"God grant then that it may be large. Mr. Arundel," added Ellen suddenly, "are you a rich man?"

"Not rich, but I have a competence. I reserve out of my yearly income enough for my necessities, the rest I devote to Inchfawn."

"And I can give something. We don't spend five hundred a year at Rose Bank Cottage, and Geoffrey's college education is over."

"Ah! Geoffrey of course will enter a profession now," said Arundel. "I think, Miss O'Donnell, we shall have money enough to make a good and prosperous beginning. Is there any sort of building about Inchfawn which we could turn into a refuge?"

"No building, but I know what is better."

"What is that?"

"A great cave. It is dry, the sea never comes near it. Geoffrey and I discovered it one day when we were on one of our exploring expeditions; we were digging and delving, and making ourselves happy amongst the rocks, and we came upon it suddenly; it goes far, far under the ground, and I don't believe any one else has ever found it out, for we covered the entrance so skilfully. We have made picnics there; Geoffrey and I, and Oscar, and even Shela, have been inside, but I don't believe any other living creatures."

"It will do famously," said Arundel; "it will rival the Red Glen cave. I hope the two places are not too near."

"Oh no, the two are miles asunder. Can you get a horse to-morrow in Derry, and shall we ride over to see the cave?"

"I scarcely think to-morrow. If you altogether approve of my scheme, and if you receive me as the champion knight of your cause, it will be necessary for me to go to London at once."

"Why so?"

"I must enlist sympathy; there are a few people there who will co-operate. I would see them. I would also wish for the best possible organization, and there are men whom I consider friends who have devoted their whole lives to philanthropy. There is a fashionable lady in the circles in which I have mixed, a great, and good, and wealthy woman. If our scheme grows we shall want more money than either your purse or mine can furnish. Margaret Ellerslee can command money, and can further our emigration scheme by-and-by. I also want to lay things in train for a constant supply of provisions at the cheapest and most reasonable rates. This can be effected in London, and London alone."

"How very much you know!" said Ellen. "I never gave away with system, I never thought of deep-laid organizations; I trust you, and accept you as our champion knight; but I feel ashamed of my own ignorance."

"If I dare, I will instruct you, fair lady," said Arundel, laughing; "and don't forget that you have got the heart knowledge, without which my head would be of very little use. Well, there is no time to lose, and I will go to London to-night."

CHAPTER XXXI.—MARGARET.

The woman whom Arundel meant to consult, and whose co-operation he earnestly desired to secure, was young, wealthy, and an orphan. Margaret Ellerslee had lost her parents when an infant. All orphans are more or less lonely, she was singularly so; for she was not only deprived of the care of a father and mother, but she had scarcely a relative in the world. Wealth, however, coming in from several branches of a once numerous family, had been laid at her feet. She was enormously rich, and at twenty-five years of age was absolutely her own mistress.

She could live where she pleased, and as she liked; she could choose any home and adopt almost any style of magnificence. She selected a small bijou residence on Campden Hill, furnished it according to the approved standard of æsthetic art, and lived there with an old lady to act as chaperone.

She was a tall, dark-eyed girl, with a great deal of determination and even force of character. Her position had singled her out as a leader amongst her fellow-creatures, and her natural inclination aided and came to the assistance of her wealth. Margaret, from her earliest days, had been impressed with the idea that she had a mission. She had a

fervent and intense imagination, and she was fond of sitting down in the midst of her luxuries and planning golden dreams in which her money should turn to practical use, and she herself be revered and looked up to for something more than her guineas' worth. She was not the sort of woman who earnestly and passionately craves for affection; she had not the least desire to bestow her hand and heart on any one; she liked to stand alone, and she preferred that others should lean on her to being herself dependent. Whatever might be before her in the future, at five-and-twenty she was absolutely heart whole.

Her strongest feeling at present was ambition; she wished to be remembered in the future, she liked to be talked about in the present. Joined to this strong attribute, however, were many genial and pleasant traits. She had a certain cool, bright, and sunny manner, which is often known to accompany an excellent digestion, and nerves in splendid order; she was kindness itself to those dependent on her. She was not wastefully lavish, but she was decidedly open-handed with regard to her money. Her servants never left her, except to find homes of their own. Her old chaperone, Miss Marsh—in reality a mere cipher in the household—spoke of Margaret and thought of her as the dearest and best of human beings. She obtained plenty of affection and treated it generously, and never turned aside, even from the wistful smile of a little crossing-sweeper. Something stronger and deeper than mere affection had been offered to her in all sincerity more than once, but here she grew angry, and here she was as yet capable of giving intense pain.

Of course, so notable a person had a very large circle of acquaintances, and as Miss Ellerslee was perfectly frank, and never concealed her views, but allowed all her rather extensive world to know that she was waiting for a mission, she was much besieged by middle-aged ladies and by old gentlemen who carried in their hands long subscription lists. She was earnestly besought to take up the cause of woman's suffrage. No! it did not awaken her interest—she was not a politician—if it came, well and good, but she could not arouse her enthusiasm and devote her purse to the cause. Every benevolent scheme in the neighbourhood she was asked to espouse, but not yet had her slumbering heart been touched to greatly care for any.

"Oh, Selina!" she said in an utter fit of weariness one day to her chosen companion, Miss Marsh; "I am so sick of these fussy old ladies and these men with their interminable rolls of blue paper, and their interminable lists of names and their still more interminable stream of words. I am sick of them all, and I can't spend my whole morning in conferences with them. In future, Selina, I shall delegate you as my representative. Henry shall show these unpleasant human beings into your sanctum, and you shall exercise your discretion."

"Oh! but my dear, darling girl, it is such a responsibility."

"Not at all, not at all! you will soon learn to discriminate. I will give you a fixed rule, and you will get along famously. Those you do not approve of in the least, send empty away; those who appeal to your head alone, soothe with a subscription of five shillings; to those who touch your heart, offer half a sovereign; and to those few and rare societies which secure both Miss Marsh's brain and heart, to them, I declare, Selina, I will be generous, you may put down on their papers a sovereign; only, as you love me, make it in all cases a donation, not a yearly subscription."

Miss Ellerslee was expected to do much by society. She was asked out a great deal, and she went where she pleased. In return, she had one evening a week, in which she received her friends; she took great pains to make these evenings successful, and they were pre-eminently so.

In the first place, people always came by special invitation, and in this way she amalgamated her guests well. The artistic world did not find itself side by side with the world of mere fashion. No merry girl, who came to Miss Ellerslee's evenings, had the slightest fear of finding some dreadful dry old bookworm her partner in the dance; the young hostess knew better. The merry lads and lasses should dance and while away the hours on one occasion, the bookworms and those who considered themselves strongly imbued with the solemnities of life should assemble on another.

Miss Ellerslee always provided suitable entertainment for her guests. The music at her house was as good as could be found at any private residence in London; the one or two recitations she allowed were dramatic and well rendered. Her guests bade her farewell with no forced or false words of pleasure, for all had been more or less charmed and more or less amused.

Of course this girl had lots of flatterers amongst her acquaintance; no one dared to approach her with open words of admiration,

but there was an insidious incense generally burning at her shrine.

One man had never flattered her; on the contrary, one man had often taken her to task and lectured her pretty roundly. Arundel was about the only relative Margaret Ellerslee possessed; he was such a distant cousin that in most families the relationship would scarcely have been admitted, but in her sore dearth of kinsfolk, this young woman eagerly allowed and made much of Arundel's claim to cousinhood.

The two cousins were thoroughly at home and frank with each other. Whenever he was in London, Arundel called once or twice a week on Margaret; she liked him, perhaps, better than any one else in the world. He had a marked influence over her, and perhaps not a great deal would have induced her to give him what she had hitherto denied to any one else. Had he pleased, he might have awakened the slumbering heart in her breast.

He had never made the effort, and the heart slept on; but Margaret would rather quarrel with Arundel than hear the smoothest words of flattery from another. When he was in London, she said frankly that she felt happy and more at home. They called each other by their Christian names; they took all the good out of their cousinship which the tie could possibly afford.

Arundel was on his way to Margaret now.

Princess of Donegal

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE PRINCESS OF DONEGAL.

He chose noon for his visit, for at that hour the young mistress of Ivy Bank was generally at home. At that hour, also, Margaret was at her best—her orders for the day were over, her mind was free—her housekeeping, for she was her own housekeeper, was a thing not to be remembered until to-morrow. Had the time been summer Arundel would have found Margaret wandering about her small, but picturesque, garden; now she was within—in her morning room, a tiny apartment furnished æsthetically in greens and drabs. Margaret, herself in a long, plain, dark-green velvet dress, rose from a low chair by the fire to greet her cousin. She was a queenly creature, with a splendid pose of head, and a wealth of rippling chestnut hair, which had never been cut in a modern fringe, and was fastened simply in a knot at the back of her neck. Her eyes were very dark, brilliant, and penetrating; her nose was aquiline, and her eyebrows well arched and well marked; her face, however, fell short of beauty, though some people, seeing her through the glamour of her gold, pronounced her handsome.

Arundel considered his cousin Margaret noble of figure, with gestures splendid and imperious, but plain of face. Her plainness, however, was more agreeable to him than most other girls' beauty.

"Ah! Philip," she exclaimed, stepping forward and clasping one of his hands in both her own, "how good it is to see you again! I had no idea you were in London."

"I have come back simply to see you, Margaret," said Philip. "I want you to help me."

"It is very nice to hear you say that, and my kinsman has but to command. You will stay all day, of course. I will ring and order lunch to be served for three."

Arundel, very keen and alert, stood by the hearth, and Margaret resumed her low seat by the fire; her heavy velvet dress fell in folds about her, her white hands lay motionless in her lap; she was too calm and well balanced not to wait patiently for her cousin's news. Arundel, who knew her well, was perfectly aware that she would not speak, nor ply him with idle questions, until he chose to break his tidings.

The servant received his orders, and left the room, then Philip said abruptly and with fire—

"Margaret, I have found you your mission."

"Oh, Philip, really! but I am so sick of false quests."

"*I* never brought you a mission before."

"No; and therefore I listen patiently, but I am sceptical—I am cold. I warn you, that I am both sceptical and cold."

"The greater the honour, then, Margaret, when I set your heart in a blaze—shall I begin?"

"Pray do. On such a severe winter's day, you will render me a service if you succeed."

"Ay—I mean to succeed."

Then Arundel drew forward a chair, and seated himself opposite his cousin.

"You have heard that I have made up my mind to spend a winter in Derry."

"That place in the north of Ireland which stood a siege once, ages ago! I read about the siege in Macaulay's History of England. They were heroic in those days. Do they still retain so much of the old flavour that you choose to bury yourself alive amongst them?"

"Margaret, there is no use in your bringing

your satirical spirit to the fore. I have come over all the way from Derry to see you, to clasp your hand, to ask you to wish me God-speed; and you are right, though you say it laughingly, one or two heroic souls may still be found in the north-west of Ireland."

"Forgive me, Philip," said Miss Ellerslee in a changed voice. "Your kinswoman will not disappoint you. Take my hand as a token of good-will."

She clasped his hand frankly for a moment, then said—

"Now begin; and tell me the whole story from its earliest commencement."

"I must go back two years," said Arundel.

Then he described his first visit to Ireland, his acquaintance with the O'Donnells, and the story of their love and their suffering, which he then witnessed. His heart was full of his theme, and the terse and rather dry manner in which he told his pathetic tale took nothing from its power.

Miss Ellerslee listened in that still and rapt manner which is most gratifying to a narrator; she interrupted by no interjections; she asked no questions; she allowed the speaker to speak on.

When Arundel described Inchfawn breaking the news of his departure to his assembled retainers, a dewy and soft look came into her fine eyes, but she was not one at any time to betray emotion.

"That happened two years ago," she said at last, "and you left them, you left them and wandered over the face of the globe, but a month ago you went back. Going to Derry, you surely sought and found the O'Donnells again."

"I did. Let me proceed."

In the early part of his narrative Arundel had principally spoken of Fergus O'Donnell and of Geoffrey. Ellen's character was indicated rather than dwelt upon. Now it was necessary to speak of her more forcibly, and here Miss Ellerslee roused herself and watched him narrowly. She saw his deep-set eyes glow with a hidden enthusiasm, and knew that his voice was vibrating with suppressed feeling. A smothered sigh half escaped her, and the first dawning of a dream never to be realised was put away. Then she spoke suddenly, interrupting the narrator now, with almost abruptness.

"Cousin Philip, you are going to be perfectly frank with me?"

"I believe I am perfectly frank, my dear Margaret."

"Quite so," said Miss Ellerslee, tapping her foot a trifle impatiently. "I will then delay your story for a moment or two, to put to you a couple of questions."

"Ask me what you will."

"This girl, this Ellen O'Donnell, this princess amongst the wild people—you have given me glimpses of her character; you have let me see that she is passionate—she is devoted—she is enthusiastic, but you have not described her face. Is this wild Irish girl beautiful, Philip?"

"Her face is very beautiful, Margaret, for it is not only graced with loveliness of form and outline, but the beautiful soul within breathes through every feature."

"That is enough, thank you," said Margaret Ellerslee. "I understand perfectly; you can now finish the rest of the romance."

For the life of her, she could not help a faint tinge of bitterness coming into these last words. Arundel, however, with the obtuseness which all men are capable of at supreme moments, noticed nothing. He had now launched fully on the subject of his Irish princess, and he told his tale with more and more eloquence and fervour.

"But she is a little rebel—this girl," said Margaret in her natural tones when next she spoke.

"Not at all. She rebels at wrong, and she cries aloud for right, but she is such an innocent, and in some ways ignorant, creature, that the very word politics is almost unknown to her."

"I don't want to help the Irish Land League, Philip."

"Nor I. Good gracious! we don't even know the name out at Inchfawn. Our primitiveness would simply astonish you, Margaret. But some day you shall come and see for yourself."

"Ah! well—I am in for it," said his cousin with a faint sigh. "But you have not yet told me what my mission is, or how I can help you."

"Oh, you can do an immensity!" began Philip eagerly.

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. I gather from your words that you mean to effect a reform amongst certain barbarians. People utterly ignorant and utterly devoid of the rudiments of civilisation are in want and distress; they have won the sympathy of an enthusiastic girl, who is also—forgive me—a little bit of a barbarian herself."

"She is one of nature's ladies," said Philip.

"Oh, yes! I understand—I understand perfectly. Believe me, I don't doubt for a moment the powers and the attractions of this Ellen O'Donnell, for she has not only

secured the hearts of a wild tribe, but she has also enlisted the sympathies of the reserved, the practical, the cool-headed Philip Arundel."

"You speak with bitterness, Margaret. I don't comprehend the drift of your remarks."

"I trust you will never comprehend the drift of them. If I lie down at your feet, however, and, figuratively speaking, allow you to walk over my purse and me, you must at least allow me the woman's privilege of having my say first. Philip, it does sound so very romantic that you should lead your grand reform movement from a cave."

"Never mind that. Will you help me, or will you not?"

Margaret instantly became grave; she rose to her feet, and laid her hand on her cousin's arm.

"Now I have done teasing you. Yes, I will help you, because—"

"Why, Margaret?"

"Because my cold heart, though not in a blaze, has been sufficiently ignited to approve, and my intellect tells me that my kinsman will not quite lose his head in the Irish cause. I also like to participate in any cause you are interested in, but that is neither here nor there. You have my answer. I will help you, Philip."

"Thank you. From this moment there will be some blessings coming over to you from that wild and beautiful place."

"Now, what am I to do? Shall I throw up the house on Campden Hill, and go over and assist you and Miss O'Donnell personally? I will do it if you say the word. This is my mission, and having put my hand to the plough I will not look back."

"Thank you again, dear Margaret; but that step is not necessary at present. You can do more for my cause here than you could effect over there. I want you to create a fund, to promote an interest, to secure a movement in London which we may appeal to with strong hopes of success, should the necessity arise."

"How am I to do this?"

"Ah! that I leave to my cousin's own genius."

Margaret was silent; she leant against the mantelpiece, and her eyes sought the ground. After a silence of a moment or two, she raised them.

"I don't ask you if that is all, for your all means an immensity, but is there anything else I can do?"

"Not immediately. I must see my way step by step."

"My purse is at your command. Shall I fill in a cheque for you now?"

"Not to-day, Margaret; the moment I need your money I will apply for it."

"Telegraph for it; telegraph for it on the least necessity," said his cousin, looking at him, at last, with full sympathy.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE CHARITY LISTS AND VISITORS' BOOK.

THE next morning, when her usual routine of daily work was done, Margaret Ellerslee sought the presence of her companion, Miss Marsh.

"Selina, how do the charity lists progress?"

Miss Marsh was a little white-haired lady, pretty of face and altogether pleasant to look at. She adored Margaret Ellerslee, and, as I have said before, was only a chaperone in name, for this energetic young lady completely ruled her.

"How do the charities progress, Selina?" said Miss Ellerslee, seating herself comfortably in an arm-chair, placing her feet on the fender, and poking the fire.

"Oh, my dear girl! they come on and on. There literally seems to be no end of them. I am ashamed to say that I parted with five pounds of your money yesterday morning. My dear Margaret, I have come to believe that the charity of Kensington is immense. Only yesterday I was asked to subscribe to the Home which is being got up for strayed cats. The lady brought a most pitiable tale, and I put down your name for a guinea, my dear. Oh, I declare! here is Mr. Hodges, the curate, and those two Miss Martins; they are all coming for your money, Margaret."

Margaret Ellerslee rang the bell by her side sharply and decisively.

"Henry," she said to the footman, "admit no one this morning; say that Miss Ellerslee and Miss Marsh are particularly engaged."

"My dear, my dear, but the curate and the Miss Martins will see us from the window."

"Let them see us, Selina; I don't pretend that I am not at home; I simply state that I am engaged—I *am* engaged, and, what is more, I shall be engaged every morning this week, and so will you, too, Selina. By the way, I am pleased about the Home for Cats. You show a nice discernment, Miss Marsh, and we will make the donation a yearly subscription."

Miss Marsh's pretty old wintry face assumed a delicate pink at her young lady's words of praise. The guinea to the suffering cats, given on the spur of the moment, had rather troubled her conscientious nature, and

Margaret's commendation took a load off her heart.

"Now that I have given you my compliment, we will to business, Selina," proceeded the lady of the house.

"Oh, yes, my dear, with the greatest possible pleasure."

"Have you got my visitors' list beside you?"

"I always keep it in this drawer, at the left-hand side, Margaret."

"Fetch it from the left-hand side; now open it."

Miss Marsh obeyed and looked up expectantly.

"Our book is unique, is it not, Miss Marsh? How have we arranged it?"

"Well, my dear, you know you did it. '*Authors, Sculptors, Painters;*' '*Poets*' in a line by themselves (we only know four poets, Margaret). Then there are, '*Ambitious mammas;*' close to them, '*Eligible sons;*' then, '*Young men without fortune;*' then '*Pretty girls;*' then, '*Plain, but talented girls;*' then (my dear, I don't like this page, I don't think you should have put it down), my dear, there are three columns of your book devoted to '*Old Fogies,*' and they are both male and female. Margaret, although I dare not offer instruction, yet if I might make a suggestion, slang is so vulgar, my love."

"Dear Selina, by this time old fogy has become part of the English language, and I love my old fogies dearly. Now have you anything further to read?"

"A few more heads, my dear: '*Eccentric persons,*' '*The Æsthetic School,*' '*Decidedly amiable people,*' '*Decidedly the reverse,*' '*Dear old gentlemen.*' I think that is all, my love."

"That is capital, Selina; and has it not answered our purpose admirably? How could I have managed my 'At Homes' without that book? But now we must go in for a totally different selection; we must look deeper into these characters; we must penetrate to—to—why, of course, they all have got hearts, Selina."

"Physically, that is so, my love, or they would not be alive."

"Here, give me the book, Miss Marsh. Take pen and paper, and write to my dictation. I open at heading One, here I see 'Authors.' Surely authors are great; they are supposed to be our teachers; where would you and I be without books, Selina? We must respect the authors. First of all comes Mr. Danvers; he is fifty, he has a bald forehead, and a penetrating eye; he writes caustic articles in *The Monday*. *The Monday* is a powerful journal. I will win Mr. Danvers round. Enter his name first on our new list, Selina. Next comes poor Tom Jellet; he writes funny little bits for *Satire*. I'm afraid he would scarcely do, the breath of ridicule would be fatal to our cause; with a pang I resign Tom Jellet, for I am much attached to him. Next, Mrs. Witherby; she scribbles through two three-volume novels every year. I never saw anything particular in her novels, they only glanced at a subject, there was a sparkle on the surface, but no depth; she would snub me, I won't have her. Here is that nice and gentle Miss Kelly; she writes little, but what she does give to the world is good. Put her down, Selina, put her down; also Margaret Fay and Jane Hope and Henry Thompson. The rest of our authors I fear we must consign to the position of chaff amongst the wheat. How many authors have we secured, Selina?"

"I count seven, my dear; but really, Margaret, really this is a most extraordinary arrangement. I fear your eccentricity is carrying you too far."

"Now, my good soul, there is no use in your commenting on my eccentricity; it is what I particularly pride myself on, and *I* call it originality. Now to proceed, painters come next, don't they?"

"Yes, Margaret."

Margaret began to read aloud—

"Dent, Allthop, Marshall, Parkes, I won't have one of them. Mr. Moon paints sea-pieces gracefully, but they don't move me. Miss Ravenshaw promises to be great in depicting London society. What has London society to say to a cave in the wild highlands of Donegal? Oh! Selina, I am puzzled by my painters."

"There is Mr. Elliott, my love; you know, that very reserved and shy man of six-and-thirty. At your assemblies he generally comes and talks to me, dear; he has spoken of himself as a failure, but don't you remember last year at the Academy his picture made rather a success?"

"Right, Selina, right; he painted a ragged boy biting a crust, a ragged girl a little way off was looking on wistfully, and a mongrel dog was begging for a morsel. Of course—of course, the boy was greedy, but a true street *gamin*, and I shan't forget in a hurry the pathos in the eyes of both girl and dog. Enter Mr. Elliott on our list, for if we can move him in the cause of Hibernia, we shall do well."

"Oh! Margaret, you are not going to take up those dreadful wild Irish?"

"Hush, Selina; from a certain moment yesterday the Irish became sacred to me. And now, oh, ye poets! I possess but four, —Randall, Bretland, Carter, and Olliver. My fair boy, Olliver, has latent genius, but the others! Oh! Selina, let me whisper it in your ear, the others are—*bosh*. Now we enter the ranks of society. Mrs. Jermyn is very ambitious, she would do anything to make a sensation, to forward a movement in which her own name might appear. Uncharitable of me to speak of her so, but she has her uses; put her down, Selina, put her down. Lady Conway is no good. Until Isabel and Julia are married, there is no hope of her thinking of anything else. Once upon a time she looked with favour upon Arundel—a false hope, Lady Conway, a false hope. Don't let Isabel and Julia waste their young affections on that benighted and befooled individual. Oh! Selina, this task wearies me; how are we proceeding?"

"Slowly, my love; you have about two hundred and fifty more names to go through."

"Good gracious! and is it not awful to find most of my wheat chaff? But let us proceed, kind and patient Miss Marsh."

The two ladies worked hard until lunch-time, and the next day, on conning over the results of their labour, discovered that they had made a list of about seventy persons, all of whom, as Margaret declared, were to become centres to promote her reform.

"Now then, Selina," she exclaimed, "we must send out our invitations."

Miss Marsh opened silently a drawer, where Miss Ellerslee's "At home" cards were kept.

"What date, dear?" she asked, placing one before her and preparing to fill it up.

"Put them back into their drawer, Selina," exclaimed the young mistress of Ivy Bank; "put them back, and let them lie with their faces hidden; they are not wanted to-day. Do you suppose I am preparing for one of my ordinary evenings? By no means. That being the case, an ordinary invitation will not suit my purpose at all. Selina, place before you my thickest and best cream-coloured paper. Now write to my dictation."

"Dear Lady Parker (a handle to one's name is of use on these occasions, Selina, and Lady Parker, as we remarked yesterday, is widely known in the fashionable world. As an omen for our success, my model note shall be written to her, and you shall copy for the others. Proceed then).

"Dear Lady Parker,—

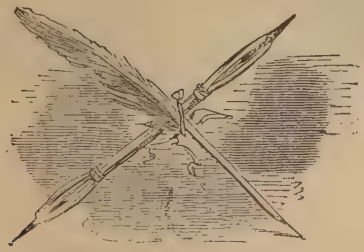
"On the 28th of January, I propose to ask a few of my most intimate and best friends to meet at Ivy Bank. My doors will be flung open to receive my chosen allies at nine o'clock on the evening of that day. Pray keep it disengaged and come to me for the occasion. A formal invitation would not explain my meaning, and you will forgive the Margaret whom you have been sometimes pleased to call both romantic and eccentric—when she tells you that she asks you to meet her on the 28th of January, to announce to you and to some other chosen friends, the all-potent, all-important fact that she has *found her mission*.

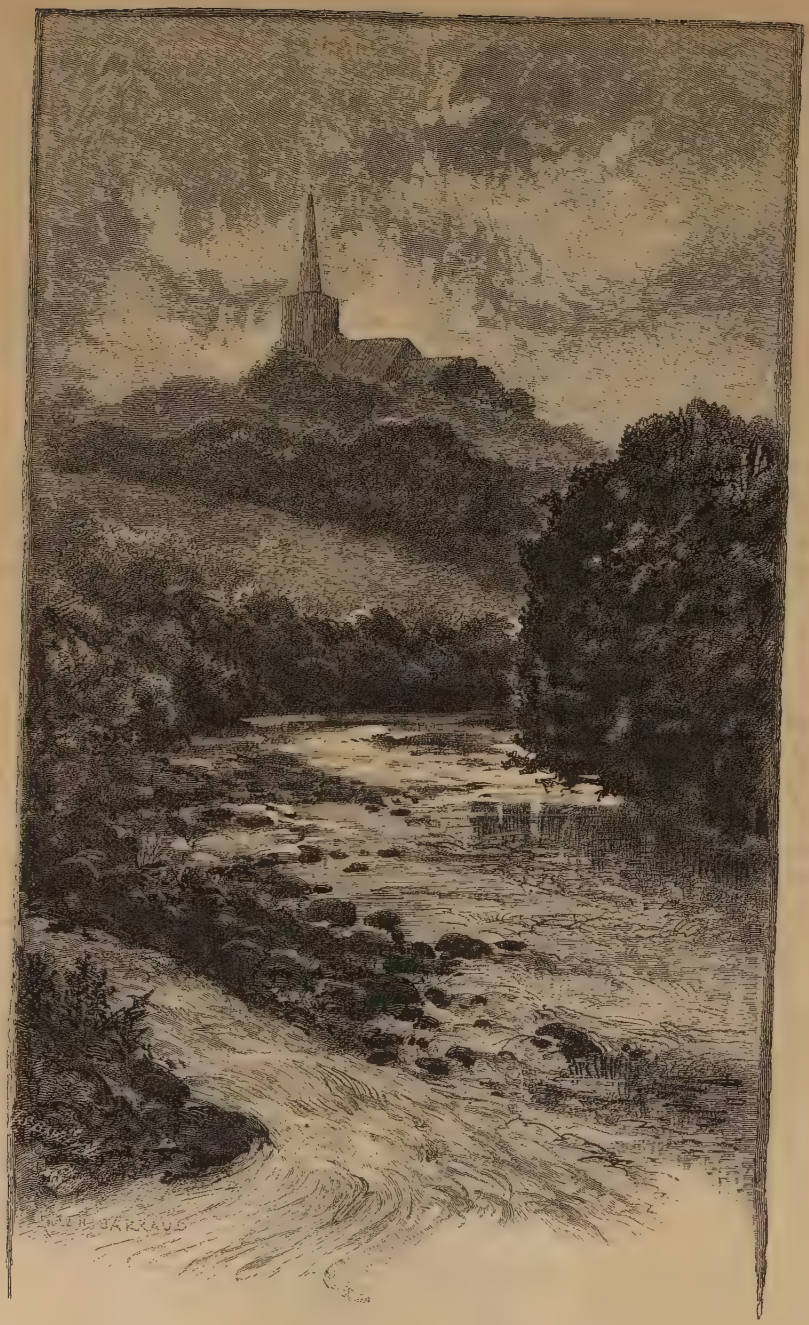
"Yours sincerely,

"Margaret Henrietta Ellerslee."

This letter, with variations to suit each individual addressed, was written over seventy times by the patient and enduring Selina.

"We have done well," said the young mistress of Ivy Bank joyfully.





"The Sabbath morn arose on shining wings."

A SUNDAY STORM.

THE Sabbath morn arose on shining wings,
  Shaking the pearl-drops from its plumage bright;
Pouring a flood of joy on earthly things,
  As from the womb it came of passing night;
An angel bearing trumpet-words of peace—
For sighing, gladness, and from toil, release.

A glorious halo circled its fair brow,
  Of soft autumnal light, which radiant shone
As if but just emerged where seraphs bow
  Within the precincts of th' eternal throne;—
So pure, so calm, so holy was the day,
The soul forgot its prison-house of clay.

A stillness lay upon the waveless air—
  More fraught with music than the tuneful voice
Or brazen tongue, when the melodious pair
  In sweet concerted harmony rejoice—
Pervading all things with its sacred leaven,
Till earth impregnate seemed to be with heaven.

Such was the morn, until meridian height,
  By day's great king, was brilliantly attained;
When lo! a stormy demon, robed in might,
  Rose from the east with hosts by darkness chained;
Fierce, gloomy legions, which athwart the sky,
Soon spread themselves in sombre panoply.

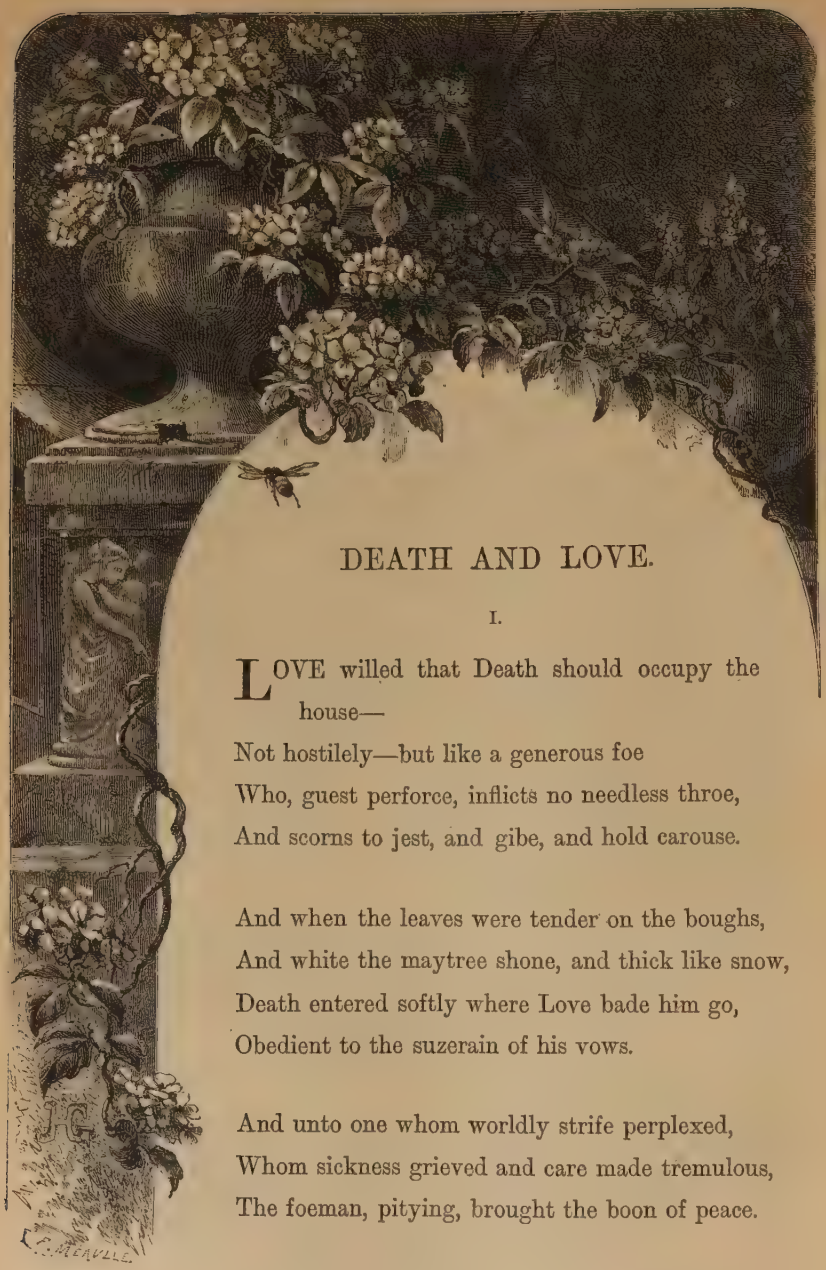
Down from the battle-field's aërial ground
  Torrents of blood uncoloured drenched the world;
The fiery, hissing serpents swept around,
  And terror's bolts were rumbling 'midst them hurled;
Confusion more confused than chaos seethed,
A roaring cauldron, startling all that breathed.

The rooks, amazed, fled homeward through the strife,
  O'ertaken by an unexpected night;
The cattle, frightened almost out of life,
  Trembled amid the elemental fight;
And timid birds a shelter sought in vain
From crashing thunders and impetuous rain.

Forth from the hallowed presence of their Prince,
  Whose reign is peace, His faithful people came,
Full of that holy joy the saints evince
  When they have sought communion in His name.
To them it was as if the temple's gate
Divided heaven from Satan's hellish state.

So close in this uncertain sphere are found
  The good and ill; life hand in hand with death;
Thorns thickest where the roses most abound;
  A song and wail borne on one fleeting breath;
Light nursed by gloom; peace wedded unto war;
Night's sable steeds in bright Aurora's car.

JOHN T. BEER.



DEATH AND LOVE.

I.

LOVE willed that Death should occupy the house—
Not hostilely—but like a generous foe
Who, guest perforce, inflicts no needless throe,
And scorns to jest, and gibe, and hold carouse.

And when the leaves were tender on the boughs,
And white the maytree shone, and thick like snow,
Death entered softly where Love bade him go,
Obedient to the suzerain of his vows.

And unto one whom worldly strife perplexed,
Whom sickness grieved and care made tremulous,
The foeman, pitying, brought the boon of peace.

"Or e'er these things his soul have greatly vexed,"
(Death spake, benign, compassionating us),
"The Master hath ordained that they shall cease."

II.

White lilac, sweetest may, exotics white,
(Gifts of dear hearts) made beautiful the gloom,
And breathed of blessedness to us on whom
Had fallen regret and longing infinite.

Yet still we wept. Till One arrayed in light,
Magnifical, more sweet than may in bloom,
More white than lilies, filled the darkened room,
And, through our tears, beamed glorious on our sight.

"My liegeman, Death, I sent to take him home,
For Death is kind, and life laborious,
The way is difficult, the travail sore.

"Now Death and he are gone—but I am come"—
(Love spake, benign, compassionating us),
"And, lo, with you am I for evermore."

E. R. CHAPMAN.

THE IMPOTENT WOMAN.

By SAMUEL COX, D.D.

"And he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the sabbath day. And, behold, a woman who had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years; and she was bent together, and could in no wise unbend herself. And when Jesus saw her, he called her, and said to her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands upon her; and immediately she was made straight and glorified God. And the ruler of the synagogue, being moved with indignation because Jesus had healed on the sabbath, answered, and said to the multitude, There are six days in which men ought to work; in them, therefore, come and be healed, and not on the day of the sabbath. But the Lord answered him and said, Ye hypocrites, doth not each one of you on the sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall and lead him away to watering? And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, to have been loosed from this bond on the day of the sabbath? And, as he said these things, all his adversaries were put to shame; and all the multitude rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by him."—Luke xiii. 10—17.

THAT is a very familiar, yet very pathetic, story. It is one of those "simple annals of the poor" which at once lay hold on the popular heart. And, no doubt, the figure of that poor impotent woman, labouring wearily and painfully through the crowded streets to the synagogue, and there crouching in her accustomed seat, her wan drawn face bent downward to the ground, has often engaged our thoughts and touched our hearts. None the less, however, we may have missed the significance and pathos of some of the phrases in which her story is couched. Some of these are singularly suggestive, and, as we meditate on them, they disclose one characteristic touch after another, until we gain a tolerably complete conception of the woman whom Jesus loosed from the chain which had so long bound and crippled her.

Thus, for instance, the opening phrase of the narrative is significant of much. She is described—and described by a learned physician who was apt to weigh his words—as "a woman who had a spirit of infirmity;" not simply an infirmity, but *a spirit* of infirmity. Now that does not mean that she was of a weak or infirm spirit; for, as we shall see, she was of a most brave and patient temper; and patience implies even greater strength than courage. The phrase denotes, rather, that her disease had no merely physical origin; that it was one of those subtle and mysterious derangements of the nervous system before which medical science still stands helpless and abashed: that it was one of those inward inexplicable maladies whose origin was psychical (mental) rather than physical; which, because it took its rise in the spirit, and not in the flesh, the medical science of antiquity attributed to the influence of an alien spirit of more than mortal power. Even St. Paul, you will remember, held the crippling infirmity, or the mortal agony, which he could only compare to "a stake in his flesh," to be "a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him," as, in some sense, no doubt it was.

Of all maladies these are the hardest to bear. They sap the very foundations of health. They rob us of the very strength which would help us to endure them. They smite and derange the nervous centres which are the very seat of life, and which lie nearest to the mental powers, which seem indeed to be the immediate links of connection between the body and the soul. To bear these bravely is to be brave indeed. And we have one or two hints that this poor impotent woman did bear her burden bravely, albeit it was so heavy that, under its pressure, she was so "bent together" that "she could in no wise unbend herself."

"She could *in no wise* unbend," or straighten herself. Then she had tried—tried in many ways, although all had failed. She was no passive fretful invalid—so the phrase seems to imply—giving place to her infirmity meekly and without a struggle. Her bondage was not a willing bondage. She was not of those who brood over and magnify the symptoms of disease, making no effort to shake it off, but rather priding themselves on the variety and uniqueness of the sufferings they parade. She had taxed her natural energy to resist the encroachments of her disorder; she had employed the resources of art to check and alleviate them; she had refused to give up any activity of mind or body of which she was yet capable.

For, observe that, though crippled and emaciated by her long agony, with as handsome an excuse for keeping home and bed as heart of woman could desire, she habitually went to the synagogue on the sabbath. *Habitually*, for on the day we meet her there, she had no special motive for going; she had not come to look for Jesus the Healer, and to ask His help. "Jesus saw her, and called her to Him." She was there simply because it was her custom to go; because the worship was a solace to her troubled heart; because this effort to reach the synagogue and share its teaching and worship was one of the forms in which she fought against the advances of her malady. From many of the activities and pleasures of life, from many modes of serving God and her neighbour, she was quite shut out by her infirmity; but what she could do, she did, and, verily, she

had her reward. She met One who could lift her up. In the synagogue, on the sabbath, "she was made straight, and glorified God."

Another significant touch is our Lord's recognition of "this woman" as "*a daughter of Abraham.*" He does not mean simply that she was a Jewess; to most of the Jews He denied the title of sons and daughters of Abraham, on the ground that they did not share the faith of "the father of the faithful," but her claim He admits; it is He Himself who confers the title upon her. And hence, we may fairly conclude that she was one of the faithful few who waited for the salvation of Israel, and who, while they waited, were walking in all the ordinances and commandments blameless. Hence, Christ calls her to Him; does not leave her to seek Him out and to sue for His grace; does not, as He did with so many, hold her off for a while with words which seemed to repel, but were really intended to quicken faith and stimulate desire. In her, faith and the desire for spiritual good were both present and strong. And, therefore, He calls this true daughter of Abraham to Him, lays healing hands upon her, and bestows an unsought benediction.

There is still one other phrase which we need to note and emphasise. No sooner had the healing words been spoken, the healing work done, than the ruler of the synagogue, filled with indignation but not daring to vent it on Christ, turns to the people and rebukes them for coming to be healed on the sabbath. In His answer to the indignant ruler—a genuine specimen of the Pharisees, and therefore addressed as their representative—Christ pleads the claim of this daughter of Abraham, "whom Satan hath bound, *lo, these eighteen years!*"

Now, in reading the Gospels, we often have to observe how perfectly Jesus knew what was in man and needed not that any should testify unto Him. How, for example, He saw in Simon Barjona the hidden Kephas, in "the son of the timid gentle dove" the steadfast "rock" on which he would build His church; how He looked on Nathanael and saw, beneath the outward appearance, the inward man of the heart, the Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile, though in his father Jacob there had been so much; how He looked on Iscariot, and forthwith knew who it was that should betray Him; how, in short, He read men's histories in their faces, and in their past histories hints and omens of their future. And here also we may find a trace of this divine insight, or this gift of divination. He looks on the impotent woman and knows that for eighteen years she has brooked a cruel bondage to weakness and pain. The scene suggested by the ejaculation which breaks His rebuke of the austere and hide-bound ruler is this: Christ turns to the angry Pharisee and argues that love is the fulfilling of the law, that to do a kindness is to keep the sabbath. "Even on the sabbath," He argues, "you lead away your ox or ass to the water-troughs, and you do well in thus satisfying their needs. But ought not this woman, whose need is so much greater—ought not this daughter of Abraham whom Satan has bound"—and here He pauses, turns to the woman, peruses her worn patient face, reads on it the traces of an eighteen years' conflict with the spirit of infirmity; and, pointing to her bent face and form, as to a book in which much strange matter might be read, He resumes: "whom Satan has bound, lo," behold! look there and you will see the imprints of the weary years—"these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the sabbath day?"

It is very wonderful to think of the stories those Divine eyes must have read, in the countenances on which they fell; stories of hidden vice and secret sin, as when he looked on the accusing Pharisees and bade him that was without sin fling the first stone: stories, too, of hidden self-denial and secret acts of patient faith and love, as when he looked on the poor widow who, out of her penury, cast all that she had into the Temple chest. And it is not less wonderful to think of the stories those Eyes, which still go to and fro through all the earth, must read on all our faces the secret sins, the hidden vices; the hidden charities, too, let us hope, and the secret agonies of our struggle with evil. The comfort—the great comfort for us and for all is, that the Eyes, which are keen and searching as a flame of fire, are also full of tenderness and grace. In the face of the impotent woman the Master saw the signs, not only of an infirmity of eighteen years, but also of an eighteen years' conflict with her infirmity. He knew that, against her will and despite her struggles, she had been tied and bound as the ox or the ass is chained to its stall, with no merciful hand to loose the chain, and to lead her away to the healing waters; and as He looked on her and read her pitiful story, His heart was smitten with an infinite ruth, so that He could no longer contain Himself, but called her to Him and, with one gracious word, snapped the chain which had galled her so

long, and set her free. Nor will He, we may be very sure, be less equitable or less merciful in His reading, His interpretation, of the stories which time has written on our faces or graven on our hearts. He will remember our infirmities, and the force of our temptations, and make large allowance for them all. He will pass by no line which speaks of conflict, even though it do not also speak of victory; and, in His grace, He will put a value on all our poor struggles and endeavours which will fill us with grateful wonder and surprise.

1. Now this impotent woman may fairly be taken as a type of character to which we, or many of us, answer—and answer much more closely than, for example, to that of the Prodigal Son. For, if we have inherited a soul naturally Christian, or have had a pious nurture and training, or if, under the mask of our insensibility or our indifference to religion, the grace of God has wrought on our hearts in secret and inscrutable ways, we probably have not broken into open rebellion or flagrant vice and wasted our patrimony in riotous living; we much more nearly resemble this faithful daughter of faithful Abraham. For her misfortune was not that she was a contented slave in willing submission to an evil power, but that she was held in a grievous bondage, insomuch that, try how she would, she could in no wise lift herself up into straightness and health. And we may not be, most of us probably are not, of those who rejoice in iniquity, or of those who have resigned themselves to a bondage they never hope to escape. We may not be very strong against temptation, indeed, nor do we profess to be very wise or very good; but we love truth, we honour goodness, we try to do our duty. And yet, despite all our efforts after truth and goodness, there is "a spirit of infirmity" in us, an incompetency to do the good we would; a subtle mysterious malady whose origin is in the will, a malady inscrutable to human eyes, immedicable by human art.

In different men it takes different forms, discloses itself in different symptoms. My infirmity shows itself in one way, yours in another; mine succumbs to one class of temptations, yours to another class. But we have each "his own lust," his cleaving and besetting sin, his private and peculiar inability to abstain from evil and to do well. And whatever form this infirmity assumes, we are sorrowfully aware that it has one common feature in us all; it bows us downward, it bends us together, so that we cannot in any wise lift up ourselves to the straightness, the rightness, to which we aspire. It sets our affections on earthly things when we would fain fix them on heavenly things. It obtrudes worldly and selfish cares and aims on our most devotional hours, and mars with its sceptical suggestions the peace we should enjoy in our Father's presence, the trust we should repose in our Father's care. It lowers our highest resolves, and frustrates our best purposes and desires. We can never be sure of ourselves for it, never be sure that we shall be true to our most intimate convictions, to the aims we most fondly cherish.

This bondage is, indeed, the constant theme of our confessions and prayers. To the new better life in us it is natural to look and grow upward; it is only by the remaining power of our old evil life that this upward tendency of the soul is thwarted and reversed. And often we hate our chain, we long and pray to be loosed from it. We groan, being burdened. We are in heaviness through manifold temptations. We loathe the infirmity to which nevertheless we yield. We try to shake off the yoke, to stand erect, to do the good we would, to become what we fain would be. But we cannot in any wise lift up ourselves; and, after many futile endeavours, we acknowledge that, though the will to do good is present, the power to perform we find not.

There is but One who can make us straight. The Healer of the impotent woman can heal us. We must go to Him, we must get Him to say, and to say again and again, as often as we need to hear it, "Thou art loosed from thine infirmity." And He *will* say it; for what else is He our Saviour? will repeat it if we ask Him, and listen for His voice, and use the grace which He imparts, striving by the aid of His Spirit against the spirit of our infirmity.

Let this, then, be the first lesson we learn from our narrative, that only Christ, only the strong Son of God, can redeem us from the weakness which mars our service; but that He will do it if we let Him.

2. We may also learn why He often delays His help. The impotent woman was left in her bondage for eighteen weary sorrowful years. A true daughter of faithful Abraham, we may be sure that she often added prayer to her endeavours to unbend herself, to lift herself up. And this blending of supplication with endeavour is the very kind of prayer which God most delights to answer. Yet no answering voice is heard, no eye pities, no arm saves. She is left in the

accumulating miseries of her conflict and her captivity, while the tardy days of all those years drag their slow length along. Think of it!—think of it, and confess how much sooner your faith would have failed, your patience have given out. But *she* does not distrust God, nor cease to come before Him. All her appointed time she waits, and worships while she waits; and not in vain. We cannot tell what secret stores of strength and good were vouchsafed her, what discipline of perfection, as the years slowly passed away. Possibly she had not borne her burden patiently at first. Perhaps it was only as the years went by, and through the discipline and teaching they brought, that she rose to the faith and earned the style and title of "a daughter of Abraham." But however that may have been, it was well that she waited. Little as we know of her, we can see that it was well she had to wait so long. For now she finds deliverance, not only from the bonds of the flesh, but also from the bonds of the law; she finds not healing only, but salvation. In her physician she beholds the Messias. Loosed from her infirmity, she is also made free of the kingdom of heaven. She has seen the Lord's Christ, and can either live or die in peace.

And it is often thus with us. God often delays to grant us the help we ask and need, that He may develop faith in us by trial, that He may let patience have her perfect work, that out of weakness we may be made strong by conflict, and prayer, and endeavour; and, last and best of all, that when we are thus prepared for His coming, He may bring us a good beyond our hopes, and bestow on us a blessing greater than we could once ask or receive. Let experience speak. Talk with any of the good who have been long and sorely tried; and with one voice they will confess that, had deliverance come earlier than it did, they might have missed its most precious fruit. And let their experience assure you that if you also trust in the Lord and wait patiently for Him, He will give you the desire of your heart.

3. Finally, we may learn, when we are exercised by these kind delays, where and when to look for the Divine appearing. We shall find Christ, as the impotent woman found Him, in the synagogue, on the sabbath; or, to translate the phrase into modern terms of speech, we shall find Him amid the sanctities of worship, when the soul has learned to rest in Him.

Speak with those who have most deeply tasted of His goodness, who know most of His power and compassion, and they will tell you that they have never been so near to Him, never had so clear an insight into His ways, never risen into so intimate a communion with His spirit, never so heartily consented to His will, as when they have joined in His worship and, upborne on the wings of a common sympathy, have come before Him in congregation with their fellows. They will tell you that they have never found the light that is in them burn so low, never been in such danger of slipping into a habit of indifference to the eternal realities which are the very salt of life, never been so oppressed by the spirit of their infirmity, as when they abstained from public worship, and their foot has forgotten the way to the House of God. And does not your own experience confirm this? Have you not found that you are never so alive to the claims of truth and duty, charity and righteousness, as when, in the sanctuary, you have taken part in the worship of those who, at least for the time, were of one heart and one mind with yourselves? Have you not discovered that you are never so indifferent to them, never in such danger of contracting a habit of indifference, as when week after week has passed and you have had no thoughts but your own to occupy your mind, no prayers but those which you have framed for yourselves and offered by yourselves? If you would find Christ, then, and be saved from your infirmities; if you would penetrate the mystery of human life, and receive strength to endure its perplexities, and sorrows, and cares, seek Him in His House, among those whose hearts are tried as yours are tried, whose sympathy will lighten your grief, whose supplications will lend new force to your prayers, whose thanksgivings will swell the volume of your praise.

The whole meaning, function, value of the Christian Sabbath and worship may indeed be inferred from this simple story. All that they do for us may be summed up in this: they *lift us up*, they loosen us from our infirmity, they constrain us to glorify God. Weary of the burden of our care, fretting at the chain which binds us to the weak halting flesh, ashamed of the low and petty rate at which we live, we come hoping, expecting, to meet our Father, our Friend, our Saviour. For a little space we are at rest. Our cold and thankless hearts are touched with new emotions of penitence and trust, love and charity, hope and gratitude.

RAPHAEL AND HIS BIBLE CARTOONS.

By MARY HARRISON.

II.

RAPHAEL'S place as an artist in the world is not due so much to the artistic truth and power of his lines and colours, nor so much even to the spiritual beauty of the conceptions he has conveyed to the canvas, as it is to the fact that he is greatest of all who have interpreted in picture the incidents of the Gospel of Jesus Christ with sacred matter-of-fact vividness. Raphael is not the treasure of the painter alone, he is the treasure of the pious world; even the imaginations of childhood are moved by him. Few are the Christians who have not at some time in life sat at his feet and praised his name.

Long before Raphael's day painters had given to the world, scene by scene, the Bible story, but their fixed idea of religion made their figures artificial in shape and countenance. Their prophets and apostles all wear a sanctimonious look; they have the aspect of men rather ill, and who move about slowly, gravely, silently, as if they wished their ailment to be observed. They fancy that they are good, and their saintliness is after the fashion of fasting friars. They have a fixed gaze as of going about the world but being above seeing it, and thinking of another, and steadily dreaming of it with their open unseeing eyes. Their walk, attitude, look, all is cramped and awkward, and quite different from our own. They do not seem to have any friends, nor any capacity for things about them. They are not men of like passions with their race, nor have they any sense of time and life. They give us the idea that religion is a peculiarity, rather to be endured and avoided, save as perchance a preventive of possibly greater miseries in the future awaiting those who have not got it; certainly not desirable for the sake of developing healthy, dignifying, and blessed manhood.

But in the pictures of Raphael is revealed an order of sentiment quite different from this. Few men who would not like his Madonnas for sister or wife,—his Christs as their friend. All his apostles wear an honest human look, and we should not have been afraid to buy fish of them, or surprised that their fathers found them useful in mending nets and hoisting sails. Their worship of their Master is not a crouching and cowering. It is spontaneous, single-eyed adoration. When they stand motionless they are not dominated by an idea that they are apostles, nor by anything altogether foreign to ordinary mortals. Their eyes can laugh and weep; they have souls in them; they enjoy life and move about in it without any trace of an idea that they are observed, noticing the things and persons about them. All their faces wear the expression of a real character, not an assumed one. They enter into their business in straightforward ways, and are earnest to get it done.

There are no two types of character in the world more entirely different from each other than the apostles of the cartoons and the apostles dreaming, crouching, and creeping round about the Christ the mediæval painters conceived. And this diversity is not one of mere sentiment alone; it is more than that of false and true: it is full of corresponding practical power. More forcibly than we can conceive do pictures impress on us the character of our religion; from childhood upwards they can make Christianity seem either an insult to manhood or an enviable glorification of it. There is no sin in art so deadly as the sin of portraying the influence of Jesus on his surroundings as something to be derided or feared by an erect manhood. All things, from the deepest foundation-ideas of our faith to its minutest details of practical life, are perverted and blighted by such art; and at its touch every inducement to piety disappears, at least to strong and healthy minds.

A pictorial Bible will probably contain most of the cartoons to which we are about to refer.

As from the Galilee shore, let us now stand and look at the cartoon, "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." At once the heart feels as near to the picture as the eye. That little breadth of sea between us and the scene is not as if it were an ocean of either time or space, for the actors are not strangers and foreigners by whom our poor nature is despised or ignored: there is nothing between us; we understand it all. There is a great catch of fish, part of it is got in and part of it is being got in. The effects of the haul are everywhere. The water-birds on the land are exulting in their anticipated share of it; they are measuring it with their eyes; it is coming. There are two boats: one is full of fish to the brim, and in that are three men, one kneeling in misery, bewilderment, and entreaty; another is stand-

ing behind him overflowing with amazement and gratitude. They are both addressing the third man, who is seated, and looking at the kneeling neighbour with a calmness and dignity in Him which betrays the cause of all this scene. In contrast with the rest, the sentiment in Him seems strange to you. If any idea of Jesus has ever entered your head, though you may be quite in ignorance of any such event as this having ever happened in His life, you at once suspect that you must be looking on Him of whom you have heard. He has another and more beautiful way of considering what has happened than any of the people you are familiar with. And if you know all about the story, you do not ask which is Jesus, though you only see Him almost from behind. The emotions those two are feeling make the difference between them and that Divine repose to which they are appealing immense and mysterious.

Whilst those men are clearly appealing to Jesus as the cause of this unusual and marvellous haul, they have as clearly got past the haul. You cannot, if you try, imagine that they are giving thanks for it; they have forgotten it utterly. Of their share of the fish some are leaping back into the sea or what they like—the fish are not in their thoughts. An effect has been produced on them far greater than the strain of their nets or the success of their endeavours. They have become aware of a difference between themselves and that benefactor of theirs, in which the benefaction even is lost, and which is bending and bowing down the soul of them. One it has brought to his knees in prayer; that man is really at worship. We need the Gospels only to tell us what he is saying. He is pensive, he is miserable. There is no trace on his face of his thinking about past mercies or future mercies; he has the fixed gaze of one suing for mercy, it might almost be for his life. The attitude, the look have a whole-souled sorrow in them; something has been newly terribly bred in him. What does it mean?

The moment which Raphael has seized is when Peter (for that is Peter upon his knees) prays, "Leave me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." He is seeming to himself unworthy, utterly unworthy of such a presence and friendship.

From Raphael's contemplation of the whole of the life of Jesus, as he prepared for his cartoons, possibly he had fallen into Peter's mood; had, like Peter, been humbled to a deep sense of unworthiness. There are other indications of the likelihood of this. If it were so this scene would be naturally the first to impress him, and as a matter of fact, it is the first of his series.

Behind the boat, in which the event centres in Peter's freshened sense of worthlessness and Andrew's amazed awe, there is another boat in which are Zebedee and his two sons, busy with the yet ungotten catch. With Zebedee are James and John. On them no effect has been produced as yet, save that which is seen in straining muscles as they eagerly bend to their still submerged weighty net; the father is keeping the boat right. So it ever has been, one event happens to all; but only to one is it the touch of God. Of four apostles, only one is prostrate.

The drawing is perfect, say artists. But its marvel is its spiritual interpretation. Its perfectness as a drawing is disturbed by the size of the boats, about which some carping souls who assume to themselves the title of critics—which is another name for bees that are all sting—have been mirthful if not scornful. Anybody can see that; but rightly understood, the whole is a transformation of Gospel spirit into a vivid scene of life.

In the second cartoon Raphael lingers with the idea of man's unworthiness. It is Peter's commission to feed Christ's sheep, called, unhappily, the "Charge of Peter." Here the scene is laid by the same sacred waters, and Peter is again upon his knees. This time all the eleven are there—Judas Iscariot is dead and his place has not yet been filled. But it is to Peter, the kneeling penitent, that Jesus is committing the feeding of the flock of God.

The picture is a poem. On the right stands Jesus, newly arisen from the dead. He is "showing Himself," as John describes His bearing, and in no other way could that delicate descriptive touch of the evangelist's have been so splendidly rendered as it is in the attitude of Jesus. He is clearly wanting to be seen, as some dear friend who has surprised us with his visit, and a moment stands in our open door to "show himself," to our bewilderment, till our surprise has given place to welcome and joy.

One is at once struck with the transcendent difference between Jesus and His followers. Seas and continents could not separate as do those few feet of grassy turf between the troubled worldly-minded, yet good, earnest eleven and Him on whom they look. Yet in spite of that measureless distance, there is no picture in the world which represents the whole aspect of the Good Shepherd with His

"little flock" so perfectly. He is turning round to them, as if going before them, and it is as if they were following after and hearing His voice. Distance there is, yet it is He who gives His life for them. He is made to have stronger bonds of interest in them than they have in Him. In the outgoings of their souls they seem to have everything to learn about Him. In the outgoing of His, He seems to have nothing to learn about them: He knows them and loves them altogether. The whole company is standing in an elongated group across the picture, and it is all animated with a startled curiosity—the favourite sheep venturing slowly to the front, "believing not for joy;" then follow the most timid, doubting, and lastly the most doubting of all, with an almost stranger-like expression. But the closest up is just that disciple to whom Jesus' moral nature has been most truly and terribly a judgment-seat; he it is who dares to approach most near, yet he it is who will not stand, who kneels and worships. He has answered the thrice repeated question and unloaded himself of an awful anguish, and now as if he had got still nearer and holier insight into Jesus and hope for self, he is for once peaceful and still, with an awful calm, thinking neither of the place he is in nor of anything that is going on about him. He is listening with still astonishment and almost transfiguring thankfulness to the words of Jesus: "Feed my lambs."

In this cartoon the figure of Jesus alone is by Raphael's own hand, the rest of the conception was executed by other hands, under his control.

Behind the figure of Jesus is seen a flock of sheep, and in the hand of Peter is the symbolic key, which is out of harmony with the picture; but Raphael was, it must be remembered, painting for the Popes, for their own private chapel, too; and in putting this mark on his picture he only did what every Christian preacher does in every sermon he preaches—show of what sect he is; and, after all, the mark had a fitness to the man, though not to the event.

I cannot but think it both significant and daring that Raphael in work for the private chapel of the Popes should have at the outset, and so closely, associated the keenest sense of personal sin with the head of the Roman Church, and in his first and second cartoon have pictured him with a fixed gaze on Christ, the one fountain and remedy for it.

As if he would crown the course of the lowliest humility, his next cartoon is of "Peter and John healing the Lame Man," in which, in a building highly picturesque and ornate, admirably calculated to impress the imagination by its combination of material pomp and human misery, Peter is exhibiting the spirit and power of union with Jesus. The groundwork of the scene is full of the massive wreathed columns, which he has imagined as the architecture of the Beautiful Gate, throwing into strong relief the glory of the Nazarene—which is one glory, the glory of the celestial—and the glory of beautiful gates and splendour of material temples—which is another glory, the glory of the terrestrial. Silver and gold, it is said, overlaid all the gates of the temple save one, and perhaps inlaid their pillars, as they certainly filled the treasury of its priests. And here is the head of the Church, with the most precious of heavenly gifts, the poorest, the most powerful in the place—"Silver and gold have I none." Two of the pillars come so as to divide the picture in the foreground into three equal parts. In the central space is "the lame man," a wretched spectacle, who has been "laid" there and has now, at Peter's command, fixed his expectant beggar's eyes on himself and John. He sits on the pavement of the gateway, and leans back against a column: You doubt at once whether Raphael ever painted that face, it is such a satire on beggars, and a proof that faith is not needed as a condition of healing. We have hardly glanced at another beggar, who is making his slow, sad way upon his knees, leaning upon a staff, before we are aware of the work of another hand. Pose, spirit, look, all alike reveal the work of a kindlier soul. This is Raphael's. The beggar at Peter's feet is not his, nor is it after his heart. Its expression is quite unknown to anything he ever did, though the work as a whole is a repetition of his own figures, and according to his own design.

The subtle suggestiveness of the treatment is most remarkable. Spectators need not be told to look on the apostles, they cannot help looking on them, and we have hardly looked before we become aware of a peculiar impression they have produced. We see something; but not because our eyes are open; something quite unknown to our bodily senses. It is pleasant; it is solemnising and wonderful; and we continue to look as if they might explain it to us; which they do the moment they disclose their master's name, Jesus Christ of Nazareth. They are possessed with Him. In each of the other cartoons Jesus is visibly present, here He is

not present; and yet somehow He seems present: we have the feel of Him in the apostles there. Trace the John here from that muscular figure in the boat of the first cartoon straining at the net, through him who is the foremost but one of the flock wearing a surprised and anxious expression, up to this John, standing beyond that seated beggar. He is thinking of the man that is there at his feet, but more is he thinking of one who is absent in heaven. The same order of sentiment is shown in Peter. His first figure in that boat there among the fishes is agitated, and far distant from that soul before which he

A copy of the First Cartoon.

bends. His second by the sea, though still kneeling, has another manner of considering Jesus in it. Every rag of his dress tells of less distance, more tender and intimate understanding of Him. But here, though standing upright, he is fuller of worship; his habit is quite different. He is dominated by the splendours of his invisible Lord. There, in that calm, strong, kindly figure, Jesus is manifesting himself, but not unto the world: it is to Peter. Jesus is clearly there. It seems as if a pillar must hide him out of our sight; that is all. That is what we feel as we look at Peter; this

is the mysterious impression to be explained.

The souls of the rest of the figures all tell the tale of their own relation to the event. Some are lightly passing, not understanding, not giving themselves time to understand; others have had their attention arrested, and some are feeling what we feel as present in the apostles. They wear a kind of look we so well understand that we feel about the inner circle of which these are a part, *they* will be converted on the day of Pentecost; and so should we have been had we been there. We all need but to know of this Jesus to fall under His mysterious and beautiful power. The faces of a soldier, another beggar and a woman by him, all wear a deep, heavenly expression, which is explained at once when we remember there standeth one amongst them whose mere name may be unknown but whose power is felt in these strange, awaking ways.

But the task of exposition is endless. Raphael has created lives, each with a life's manifold meanings; looks and attitudes revealing them so that those who gaze with observing eyes cannot but see them, until the figures speak and act their part. The scene lives; time is no more; nineteen centuries ago is now; we stand between the Ascension and Pentecost and thrill with what is in the air about these people in the Beautiful Gate, feeling the near coming of the tongues of fire and the power by which five thousand begin to move towards heaven.

The interest of this cartoon as reflecting the mind of Raphael, is chiefly that of relation to the series of scenes he chose for his representation of the head of the pontiff's church. Beginning with the profoundest of all, the apostle's sense of sin, it ended in his consecrating the beauties of the temple to the service of a beggar. And these pictures were chosen to fill the spaces right opposite to the official seat of the pontiff in the hour of his worship. They are unhappily no longer there, and are now only exhibited one day a year in the portico of St. Peter's when pope and cardinals go humbly to celebrate the festival of Corpus Christi.

With this third cartoon we leave Peter in mercy and turn to Peter in judgment. With whatever design the transition may have been made it is wholly painful. Peter is shown exercising penal judgment on the sin of lying, which Jesus never did, which He never came to do. It is the death of Ananias. For a moment we are more perplexed by the selection of the theme of this fourth cartoon than we can express. We are struck at once with the Christless aspect of it. No two pictures could in their spiritual suggestion more totally differ from one another than this and its predecessor. And this difference becomes still more strikingly apparent as we compare the materials of the pictures themselves. The former event happens in surroundings of the most un-Christlike splendour, with persons who merely happen to be passing for its figures; and it is before the Pentecost. The second is in just the kind of place in which most of Christ's life was lived; the new-born children of God are by appointment there; they are engaged in a twofold act which is at once the great fruit and witness of Christ in them. On one side are converts consecrating all that they have to the treasury of their Lord; and on the other side are the Lord's needy poor bearing it away to their homes. There is all the splendid life of the new-born Church of Jesus in its first fresh activities; yet the very name of Jesus seems unknown, His spirit is forgotten, left behind, banished. All things, from the event itself to the foundations of the character of everybody surrounding it, are changed, and every indication of the spirit at the Beautiful Gate has disappeared and the cause is clear. Firstly, the event itself is like nothing whatsoever in the whole life of Jesus of Nazareth—a man is struck dead for a lie! One death alone for sin was there in the life of Jesus, and that, His own. One judgment alone was there upon treachery, and that self-inflicted, to end the maddening regret it had brought. There is no event in the life of Jesus like this. Two works could not be more infinitely separated than this deed wrought on Ananias and any one which was anywhere wrought by the Lord. He came not for judgment, not to kill.

Then, again, the aspect of the company is that of mere men of the world, not of new-born converts to Jesus. A man has fallen down, he is sick, faint, dying; but of all this company not a man, not even a woman moves to his help. They are all looking on with horror, which they are expressing wonderfully well. Barnabas and his wife are kneeling, and are full, not of holy sorrow or shame at their neighbour's sin and fearful fate, but act as if they wished it to be understood that they had nothing to do with it. Shocked at the lie, their righteousness is that of the Scribes and Pharisees. Some of the company are standing and keeping a few yards away in attitudes and looks all utterly strange to "the mind which was in Christ Jesus."

It seems as if the Holy Ghost only moved people on the one side to give surplus bedding and trinkets, and to carry it off where it was needed on the other, that is all.

And the apostles up on their raised platform—now their judgment-seat—are motionless, with fixed gaze which cares for neither that man in the calamity nor that wretchedly unfeeling spectacle which his near neighbours on the floor where he has fallen and is dying are presenting. There is neither indignation, nor horror, nor pity, nor woe revealed in them; they are considering the affair from the standpoint of a lie—one lie—a horrible lie; and are executing divine justice upon a man for telling it. They are little, mean, false, petrified men, and ought to stand for a council of the rulers of the Jews and their chief priests who, in their official capacity, are just witnessing a doomed man being strangled in the back yard of their court, who is afterwards to be pitched into the Gehenna fire for a further indignity.

The event, the company, the apostles, all are strange to the Holy Ghost, inconsistent with it; and every face wears a denial that it has so much as heard of the Holy Ghost. A thunderbolt seems to have fallen among them and put all Christ-likeness to flight.

Yet is all this the triumph of Raphael: he understands the Gospel. The man who will have the wicked servant slain before his eyes *must* have ridden himself of Jesus, and left behind and forgotten alike His spirit and His commands, and we have scarcely looked at this fourth cartoon before we become painfully aware of all this. We look for the sentiment it reveals with vivid curiosity, as that with which we looked on the scene at the Beautiful Gate; but the name, Jesus of Nazareth, will not now explain it to us: it does not even occur to us, much less are we on the *qui vive* for His appearance from behind some hiding figure. He does not seem to be there, not a single individual who is there feels Him; nor can all the suggestions of that marvellous charity which is visible; the new brotherhood of man; the grand inspirations of the higher social life come down from heaven, change the effect of this, even in the most insignificant degree. There is no *love*, and the whole effect is as of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Not that Jesus was incapable of anger; He was often angry. His anger rose to a majestic terribleness with which thundering, trembling Sinai was not terrible. But no two things are more entirely different from each other than the death of Ananias and the scenes of awful splendour when Jesus poured out His wrath. Save in the moral world, the meaning of it was unknown. Its victims went home to their hypocritical, robbing, murderous life in Jerusalem's city, to their mirthful supper, and their thornless bed. Alas! every indication of the wrath of Jesus is absent here; the disciples are in unknown characters; their new nature has disappeared. No Pentecost follows *this*, nor are there any indications of your being in its neighbourhood. Since the Beautiful Gate, and the two beggars, and that woman and the soldier, all such hints of future things have disappeared.

The fifth cartoon is "The Conversion of Sergius Paulus." Here again, the absence of any bit of Christ seems conspicuous. To this the eye brings with it lingering memories of the first, the second, and the third cartoons, as it carries the memories of home into a country of strangers. You lack any bond of interest; you have everything to learn. It is full of the same spirit as the last, yet nothing else is the same. The good work of that was a poor, bare upper room, with an extemporised timber barrier in it to serve the apostles for the charity work they had to do. Now we are in a sumptuous palace. The simple platform on which the apostles received gifts and gave them away again, has given place to a throne of a deputy of Cæsar. Where Peter stood, now sits a Roman Governor surrounded by marble pillars and pavements, and the fine forms of attendant lictors. We have finished, too, with Peter, and we are now in the presence of Paul. He is reasoning before the Governor, and in his reasonings is withstood by a wicked man whom he has struck blind for his wickedness; and there he is. You need not be told that the poor fellow was not born blind, he has clearly only just become so. He could not be the beggar who cried out, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" That man had become used to his terrible affliction; this man has the aspect of one to whom the sensation is startling, perplexing, dreadful; what can this mean? He feels out with his arms as if for something to tell him. On the opposite side of the picture, standing with his back to us, is Paul, his hand of judgment stretched towards his wicked victim. In the centre, seen between these two and beyond them, is Sergius Paulus, who starts with surprise. The arguments of Paul may have been ignored, but the argument of that blindness prevails. With thrown open arms,

with one foot set forward firmly upon the marble floor of his dais, with his figure thrown back, and motionless, he sits with gaze fixed on the cursed man. Behind Paul stands Mark; and beyond them and nearer to the Governor stand the lictors. On the other side of the picture, and behind the blinded man, stand court acquaintances of his, for he dwelt with the Governor; and to them his wife turns and appeals for help and redress for what Paul has done; pointing over the poor, groping husband at the offender as if she were heart-broken at his wickedness. But the heathen courtiers see no reason to interfere, and seem to answer her, that this proves Paul to be sent of God. Away, beyond the blind man, and at the Governor's right hand, stands up against the pillared wall the Governor's friend, who joins in the argument for Paul. He has evidently hit the way of Roman reasoning—he has made "Christian" mean a dangerous enemy. One man alone in the crowd seems too wholly human to see any argument whatsoever in the event but of pity. He goes close to the unhappy man, bends towards him, looks at the newly-made blind face. He is surprised into compassion; all his movements seem to say, "Would that he could restore that lost sight! but is it lost?" He has no thought of the power of Paul, no fear that, for his avowed sympathy, Paul may do to him as he has done to that man there. He is absorbed, more even than the man's wife, in one overwhelming, horrible, compassionate thought, "Alas! he's blind!" He vaguely suggests, if anybody does in this dreary scene, the Jesus who came not to strike the seeing blind, but to open blind men's eyes. But more even than that solitary ray of compassion, is that unhappy man on whom it is bestowed, suggestive of the blessed Name. Those outstretched hands seem to be feeling after Him, if haply they may find Him.

Paul has told Sergius Paulus the story of Jesus. The blind man has heard him; and though there still rings in his ears the denunciation of Paul, and in his memory the justness of its every word, yet he knows something which softens his trouble. It was the hand of the Lord that was upon him, the Jesus of whom he had heard Paul speak, the opener of the eyes of the blind! His malady was but "for a season." He wears the look of an already born penitence; his darkness is opening up with hope; he has the aspect of a man who would be led to the healer, towards whom he is slowly moving—groping with his hands, feeling his way with his feet, like a blind man of the Gospels. The blindness is sudden, but it is accompanied with a sentiment expressed upon his face more beautiful than any sorcerer ever knew. The night is far spent; the silver hands of the morning are feeling after the day. His story cannot be completed without that Jesus whom he is already beginning to see with his eyes closed.

We have hardly space to treat the spontaneous homage which the amazed and grateful heathen would offer to Paul and Barnabas, portrayed in the cartoon, "The Sacrificing at Lystra." It is an extemporised festival to the gods of whom, at their proper worship, they have suddenly woke up to feel they have hitherto been only dreaming. On the one side of the picture is a crowd just arriving in front of the house where the two apostles who have startled them into these rites are staying, every face wearing an eager and resolved expression. Two pensive old priests have arrived before the crowd, and are standing, grave and motionless, just beyond an ox with its bowed head held to the ground, which is about to go down under the blow of the sacrificial axe. There is a man also with a ram. In the distance just beyond the uplifted weapon and the celebrating priests is seen the image of the patron god of the city, Jupiter, before whom, save for these living gods which have come down in the likeness of men, the sacrifice would have been offered. The axe will fall, the crowd will cheer, and the two little perfunctory temple boys who stand just in the front of the sacrifice, will do their part. One with his book ready open, will say the appointed prayer he has often said before as the sacrifice falls in front of the accustomed image, and one will pipe with that little pipe already waiting on his lips. Paul and Barnabas have just started at the commotion, and rushing through the doorway of their lodging, by attitude and voice are crying out against it all. The priests are not yet moved; the crowd, misunderstanding the apostles, welcome them with increased excitement; the man with the axe has his back to them, and is still intent on his blow: there is but a second between the ox and death. It is a young man who first understands the apostles and would arrest the fatal stroke. His tenderness has perceived the apostles' meaning and the crowd's blunder before there has been time to understand the words that are being spoken. He has instantly the feel of Paul's horror in him, reaches out from the crowd, and by

arm, soul, and voice would stop the axe-man's blow.

The cause of all this devotion was that Paul had made a townsman they knew, who had been lame all his life long, to stand and leap and walk. He is there with the unmistakable and unfeigned gratitude he feels, in his walk, his attitude, his face. An old man who has clearly known this man from his birth bends to look at his healed limb, with an expression of mingled incredulity and joy. Two other faces are turned to catch a glance at the cure which has given them a new idea of whom to worship, and which had set in motion through their city the feel that the gods had come down. The people had said so, not in the Greek but in the native tongue, of which the apostles were ignorant. Hence their startled surprise at this exhibition of temple heathen festivities at their door, hence the people's confirmed belief in their divinity, and a spontaneous joy in sacrifice probably quite unknown in the ordinary worship. Those official priests suggest this, for it is the people who come before the apostles' presence with thanksgiving and who really bring an offering.

The next day the forbidden crowd of enthusiasts gave place to bigots who hurried in noisy uproar to mob the apostles. The city which would one day sacrifice to the wonder-workers, the next day turns and rends them. Jews have come from Antioch and Iconium. The word "Jew" means enemy to Christ. A few faces already appear at the back of the crowd which tell what will be on the morrow, and by whom the change will be made.

The last of the cartoons is "Paul preaching at Athens," for which we have no space.

For the mere lover of the pretty, Raphael's cartoons are far too like the real events they portray. Those events would have presented nothing to the hunter after effects. Raphael studied to reproduce a fact. He knew less of manners and customs than some of the soulless commonplace painters of modern times. Of "the letter" that killeth he had all that the limited discoveries of his times afforded to him, but of "the spirit" which quickens, he had a baptism from heaven. And whether the architecture and costumes of his illustrations are always such as were actually true to the event or not, in all of them we feel like setting our foot down in the kingdom of God.

The student of the cartoons must remember that they were designed within the rigid limitations imposed by their being prepared for the looms of Bernard van Orley at Arras, who had to work and weave them into tapestries. The cartoons themselves have had a romantic history. Until Rubens saw them at the factory at Arras they were little regarded; he induced Charles I. to purchase them. Cromwell afterwards bought them for the nation. Charles II. offered them for money to Louis XIV.; fortunately the proposal of Charles was frustrated. Until recently they were in Hampton Court, and now they may be seen at the Kensington Museum, where possibly these unworthy experiences of one of their admirers may not be without service to the May visitors to London.

MOONIATTA.

A Story of Mission Life.

By MRS. MILNE-RAE, Author of "Morag," "Hartleigh Towers," Etc.

III.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A BRIGHT-EYED baby boy came at length to gladden Gopal's home, and to engross his mother's attention. Moona's maternal joy and pride was, however, somewhat tempered, when she remembered that her precious one had come into the world without any of the ceremonies which she considered ought to have attended his birth. No honey from a golden spoon had been his portion during the first hour of his existence, no butter besmeared his tiny forehead, no priest consulted the horoscope on his behalf. True, Gopal, with the first tears glistening in his eyes which Moona had ever seen there, knelt by his side, and prayed that their son might grow up good, and truthful, and pure —a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. When the child was about a month old, Gopal explained to his wife that it would be a great happiness to him, and a real means of blessing to their infant, that he should be baptized. Moona vehemently remonstrated, but he reasoned with her, saying, firmly though gently, that it was his duty to dedicate his child to the true God, and make him a member of the visible Church of Christ. It was a sorrowful day for the young heathen mother when, one bright Sunday morning, her little son was taken to the Mission Church to be baptized.

Moona almost expected that her little son would get ill after the performance of the Christian rite; but, on the contrary, he throve amazingly, and grew a very fine boy, the joy and pride of his parents. The young wife began to get accustomed to her wedded home, and to think that it was a far happier arrangement that husbands and wives should have an abode of their own, rather than the rules for them laid down by her religion. Her regret for the absence of the daily ceremonies grew less as her child began to fill her time and thoughts.

But when their little son was about three years old, a great sorrow befell Gopal and Moona. The bright, joyous child sickened, and after a few days' illness was taken from them. Together the poor sad-hearted father and mother mingled their tears over their lost one. Many of their neighbours, on hearing of their bereavement, came with well-meant efforts to comfort them during the sad hours which followed. Then Gopal had to go back to his work, but it was with a slower step and a heavier heart than before that he betook himself to his usual employment. The great sorrow told visibly on his strong frame; and his acquaintances, in discussing their neighbour's bereavement in their after talks, expressed themselves quite sure that Gopal felt his loss much more keenly than his cold, proud heathen wife. But Gopal, with eyes more penetrating as well as kind, knew differently.

During the previous months Mooniatta had been unconsciously slipping into the better habits of the native Christians round her. She had never been taught to sew, but it was wonderful how she contrived to make neat little garments for her child. Her quick eyes were ready to perceive all the tidier household arrangements in the homes round her, than had been in vogue even in the two wealthy heathen houses with which she had been familiar. General gracefulness of outline and harmonious colouring is never wanting in the dress of an Eastern woman: but there was a certain trimness of attire among the native Christian women, which Mooniatta had been half-consciously copying, and which gratified her husband as a symptom of increased interest in his new friends.

But all these ameliorations were cast aside by the young wife in her sore trouble. It seemed, indeed, instinct with her to have recourse to all the symbols of woe common to her caste. Fasting and dishevelled, she sat for days on the cold bricks with the old look of apathy intensified on her face, looking as forlorn and hopeless as it was possible for any human being to do. Without divine comfort, and bereft of her earthly joy and pride, where could she turn? The young mother had loved her child with an unselfish love, and it was from this strong, pure flame that her heavenly Father was to light the first spark of faith and trust in Himself.

It happened one day, as Moona sat in her dejected mood, that a new visitor came to see her. Mrs. Faithfull was the widow of a missionary. Her desire for the good of the women of India induced her to remain in the country after her husband's death. She had opened a boarding-school for native Christian girls at a time when there was urgent need of such a home, and was peculiarly well suited to the work she had undertaken. It, however, filled her hands, and she had little or no time for visiting the many Hindu homes in Pennore, which would have been gladdened and blessed by her presence. Having happened to hear of Mooniatta's great grief, she made an effort at the earliest opportunity to go to her house. She was the first European lady with whom the Hindu girl had ever talked.

Perhaps it was a peculiarly persuasive gentleness in Mrs. Faithfull's manner that inclined Mooniatta to listen to her words. It must be confessed that she had turned a literally deaf ear to the worthy native women who had sought to comfort her; wrapping her head in her draperies, and maintaining what they considered an obstinate and ungrateful silence. Mrs. Faithfull's words were simple and few, but they were well chosen, and came from a heart brimful of love and pity. She did not introduce the subject of Moona's sad loss till the young mother herself, in whom there seemed to rise a sudden desire to lay bare her sorrow to the good lady, pointed to the little empty hammock, which still hung in the corner of the room, where it was wont to be.

"It is empty, ammah," she said in a low tone. "He has gone—my life—my pride! The gods have taken him to punish me. They are angry, you see. Oh, why did they not take me too? I might have been able to take care of my boy. Oh, where have they taken him?" And Moona wrung her hands in agony as the hot tears fell.

After a little pause Mrs. Faithfull bent down and said softly, "Listen to me, my dear. I know where he is; I can tell you."

With a silent, questioning glance Moona looked up.

"Your little boy has a safer, softer bed

to-day than you could ever have given him. He rests in the arms of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the happy home in His kingdom."

"He is safe and happy!" dreamily murmured Moona; but the words seemed to become more real to her as she repeated them, and she looked eagerly into Mrs. Faithfull's face as she asked, "Do you know this? You said you did. Are you quite sure that this Son of God—my husband has told me about Him—that He has taken my little son to be only good and kind to him?"

"Quite sure," said Mrs. Faithfull, with a sweet, soothing smile, "for He has said so. If you would like to listen I can tell you a little about Him."

When Mrs. Faithfull, in her simple narration, came to that memorable scene which has made glad the hearts of countless mothers, Moona exclaimed, "He really took them in His arms! He blessed those little children, and was good to them! Oh, then, perhaps He really has taken my little boy! I think I will pray to Him, and ask Him to lead me to His happy land," cried the girl, with eager clasped hands and sparkling eyes. "Gopal often tried to tell me about Him, but I would not listen. I think I hated Him; and yet you say He loved my little one all the time. Oh, at last I will worship Him! He will be my one God now."

Gradually Mrs. Faithfull disclosed to Moona's now prepared heart the way of salvation. With patient love she pointed out to her the burden of sin, the need of pardon; and sent yet another pilgrim forth on her heavenward path.

But Mooniatta required still much help and counsel in things secular as well as sacred, which Mrs. Faithfull's other duties made it impossible for her to give. The foundation had been laid; but there was still much to be done before the young Indian wife could share the many-sided benefits which the gospel of Christ has brought to her sex.

"Mooniatta's is only one of many episodes," she wrote in a letter home, "which makes me desire more than ever the presence among us here of some—of many—who would find their hands full enough, if only their hearts were full too. I do not think they need, of necessity, be 'Sisters,' though there are some vows which I should like to know that they had taken in the silence of their hearts. 'The streets of the city and the houses of the sick,' as St. Vincent says, 'shall be your cloisters; hired rooms your cells; your chapel shall be the mission-church; obedience shall be your solitude; the fear of God your grating; and a strict and holy modesty your only veil.'

"I must, to be quite practical," continued Mrs. Faithfull, "explain that my ideal zenana worker ought, if possible, to have youth as well as health on her side when she buckles on her armour for this Indian land. Little, too, can be done for either Hindu or Mahommedan women without familiar possession of the vernaculars; and it seems impossible to acquire these well after youth is past, as it is well known the linguistic powers decay as life goes on.

"Let her be—my 'not impossible she,'—young, beautiful, witty, rich and noble it may be, provided the fusion of these gifts and graces go to mould a cup—and if it be a lovely one, surely all the better—to carry water—the water of life—to thousands of down-trodden perishing ones—some young, beautiful, rich as any—but who are sunk in dreariness, ignorance, and apathy for want of a hand to save.

"Let her come resolved not to get discouraged with the first breath of ill-success, not even with the blast of present adversity, not ready to be persuaded to turn from the road which she came to tread, dark and thorny though it may be at times, to enter on any other path that seems more alluring to the eye of sense.

"Let her be faithful—faithful as the noble Roman women were of old, who led the 'vanguard of that mighty host' that helped to conquer the Western world for the King of kings.

"Let her believe, above all things, that her work and cause is the work and the cause of God.

"To such a one I think I can promise the best kind of success; to her I can say that she will not regret having cast in her lot with this ancient and famous land.

"My dim eyes may not see her—my dear ideal zenana worker—but well I should like to clasp her hand and to say to her:—

> "'Now in thy youth beseech of Him,
> Who giveth, upbraiding not,
> That His light in thy heart become not dim
> Nor His love be unforgot;
> And thy God in thy darkest days shall be
> Greenness and beauty and strength unto thee.'"

* * * * *

We regret to say that the letter of Mrs. Faithfull, from which we have quoted, was returned from the Dead Letter Office. It is again sent across the sea on its quest, in the hope that, at last, it may meet with a response from some of the ladies of Britain.

MAY FLOWERS.

ALL the land is bright around us,
Smiling Spring at last hath found us,
And with fresh delights hath crowned us,
Making hearts and voices gay:
As with kisses past all number
Mothers break their darlings' slumber,
Spring the land with flow'rs doth cumber—
Wakes the earth with buds of May.

Though the snows of Winter hid them,
Though the biting hoar-frosts chid them,
Though the wild March winds forbade them,
Still the blossoms had their way:
Opposition proved but madness;
Nought could check the flow'rets' gladness
When the land—once wrapped in sadness—
Blushed beneath its veil of May.

Whilst the Winter seemed unending,
Stern the thorn-trees stood, unbending,
Neither grace nor sweetness lending—
Saddened by the year's decay:
But there dawned a glad to-morrow—
Spring returned to soothe their sorrow;
Youth and beauty did they borrow
From the snowy blooms of May.

If their voices can but reach us,
Just one lesson will they teach us—
Just one sermon will they preach us—
Let us heed the words they say!
"Mortals, are ye heavy-hearted,
Mourning over joys departed?
Follow thoughts of wisdom started
By the snowy blooms of May!

"Faint not, though the way be weary—
Fail not, though the day be dreary—
Let your spirits still be cheery
Though the stormy skies be grey;
For a future is before you,
Which to gladness shall restore you,
And shall pleasures shower o'er you
Countless as the buds of May!

"Though the Winter frosts lie hoary,
Though your lives have lost their glory
Like an oft-repeated story,
Though this world has had its day,
Still within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
Ye shall find new gifts, new graces,
Sweeter than the blooms of May.

"By the clear and crystal River,
Of eternal peace the giver,
Where the leaves of healing quiver,
Where the changeless Yea is Yea—
Ye shall walk in dazzling lightness
Crowned with crowns of golden brightness,
Clad in robes of perfect whiteness
Fairer than the snowy May."

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

"Smiling Spring at last hath found us."

Page 320

A MONTH'S PRISON NOTES.

By the Rev. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A., one of the Chaplains of H.M. Prisons.

NOW that the approaching abolition of Clerkenwell prison makes it probable that I shall speedily be regretting my discharge almost as much as the prisoners hope for theirs, one of the many things in my mind is the wish that I had had time to keep a private as well as an official diary, and to have noted down from day to day such incidents or observations as might have been useful in many ways hereafter. As George Herbert, the quaint and wise Christian poet, says, "Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it equally between thy memory and thy note-books." True, I have kept for nine years notes of all cases of attempted suicide, which are between three and four hundred a year, and of all other cases specially commended to my notice by the magistrates; true, also, that I have a large note-book full of statistics and all sorts of curious subjects coming to my notice in prison; true, also, that my memory is retentive; but yet a daily record of things of interest would have been useful. During the month of August last I therefore endeavoured to make such a daily record as may show the varied nature of the work, and may teach those who are not connected officially with prison work in what direction their intercessions and kindly thoughts and actions may tend.

August 1 (*Saturday*).—Forty-one males and ten females admitted yesterday. Thursdays and Fridays are our lightest days, because money runs short towards the end of the week; therefore there is less drinking; therefore there is less crime. Compare the receptions on July 20 (a Monday), which were sixty-nine males and twenty-two females. Or take Monday receptions throughout July, they amounted to 244 males and 60 females, against 155 males and 28 females on the Fridays in the same month.

Of the ten females eight were for my notice, two being Roman Catholics. Of the eight three were over sixty years of age and three more were over forty. This is an unusual proportion of the elderly and old, the worst decade being that from twenty to thirty. Several of these ought to have gone into the workhouse instead of muddling on in a state of semi-starvation. But for many reasons, some good and some bad, they not only dread the workhouse but in many instances prefer prison to it, even after an experience of both institutions. One woman on my list has attempted suicide from fear of having to enter the workhouse, and even now repeats her threat of suicide if it is evident that she will have to go in.

Five prisoners have gone up this morning for re-examination on a charge of attempting suicide, leaving thirteen behind on the same charge. I have had fifty-four such cases in July, forty-three in June, and forty-one in May. Crime is æstival, for there is more intemperance in the summer than in the winter. My cases of attempting suicide in January were only twenty-eight, in February eighteen, and in March twenty-seven.

A respectable man is charged with "loitering," which means in this instance that at 6 A.M. he went to four or five suburban villas pretending to be ill, and getting spirits for his complaint at each.

I go in the afternoon to a Workhouse Infirmary to visit poor Annie P. When about a year ago the magistrate reproached her for having been four hundred times convicted she was very angry, for she was sure it was not much more than three hundred times she had been taken up for drunkenness or offences arising out of it. How thankful I am she will die sober and penitent according to her light! She tells me her lungs are gone, and that last night she was interrupted seven times by violent coughing when trying to say her prayers. She thought "God could prevent this if He liked; why does He not?" and then the thought came, "It is sent to teach me to persevere." Here is more than a spark in the smoking flax.

August 2.—An old Brahmin who speaks no word of English is remanded for causing a disturbance by objecting to the annoyance of street-boys. His caste overcomes his hunger, and he will not take any food from us except milk, which he pours into his hands and drinks. I write to the Asiatic Home in Limehouse, and find he has strayed from thence, and will be taken care of there on discharge. He reminds me of another old Indian who eventually died in prison, his chief knowledge of English being "Ninety-shix time," he having been repeatedly convicted of begging. The Asiatic Home sent him back to India once, but he promptly returned.

Write to a police-court to advise the magistrate to send to Lady Wilson's Home, in the

Uxbridge Road, a girl aged 17, who, having been deserted by her parents, has been on the streets some four months. She is quite illiterate, does not even know the "Our Father," but is quiet, teachable, and very thankful for the chance of rescue.

Advise commitment to an Industrial School in the case of a young servant, aged 15, who had stolen and lied largely. The young lady had made arrangements to go to Australia with another girl, but had not thought it necessary to consult her mother on such a point. She stole in order to make presents to her "young man," with whom she had been sweethearting over a year against her mother's wish. The British mother of our day, however, is like unto a coachman who throws the reins on to the horse's neck and then complains that he cannot control it.

August 3.—Of nine fresh cases on the female side, I find one is 18, one 19, two 20, one 21, and the average age of all nine is only 25.

A lad, aged 19, spends four shillings in fourpenny ale, and then after midnight runs out with his baby, aged 13 months, and tries to drown himself and it. His wife was a rope-ground girl, and aged 15 at her marriage. A stalwart, intellectual, and good living race is likely to arise from such parentage!

The next case to which I come is that of a lad of 17 who has attempted suicide. How? I got into a pond. Why? Because I wanted to go to sea. This sounds humorous, but it turns out that he was trying to frighten his parents into acquiescence with his wishes. It reminded me of conveying a party of Oxfordshire peasants to London *en route* for New Zealand. A man pointed out the Grand Junction Canal to his wife whenever we crossed it. I asked why? "'Cos we shall have to see a sight o' water, and I am breaking her into it like."

A rescue-worker complains to me of how Bank Holiday upsets girls who have hitherto been quiet and contented in Homes. It is commonly observed. The memories of drinks and "larks" attached to that day will come crowding in.

August 4.—Of sixteen fresh cases on the female side two are 14, one 15, one 17. Comparatively an aged matron is a girl of 21, who was married when 16 to a lad aged 16. Now she has stolen 10s. of his money and spent it in getting drunk, then proceeds to Waterloo Bridge and makes suicidal demonstrations. She had been drinking from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. in anticipation of Bank Holiday.

Clergyman writes about the "loiterer" mentioned on August 1, that he is a dipsomaniac, and has terrible fits of craving. His children are bright and charming; his wife a superior woman, sadly troubled and straitened by his habits. "Can't he be placed in some Home?" Would that he could, but where are the Homes to which poor men or men that have impoverished themselves and their relations can go? Answer: In sensible countries like America and some of our colonies, but not in England. If you can pay three guineas a week you have your choice of private establishments in which to loaf and grumble; if you haven't, the asylum says you are not mad, the prison says you are not a criminal, the workhouse says you are not a pauper; and so, though you are all three in a measure, you remain at home to curse and shame your friends. In America they could get rid of (for his and their benefit equally) one who is "only a dipsomaniac" as readily as they could one who is only a homicidal maniac.

August 5.—A woman, aged 36, has been eight years free, but has suffered five and seven years' penal servitude. She must have begun young! She was turned out of doors "for cheek" by her stepfather when she was 15, then fell in with thieves, and got five years when 15 for robbing a man of £63 in the street. She is not old, but she has outlived the possibility of a schoolgirl being sent to penal servitude for her first theft. There is such a thing as State-created crime.

A woman, aged 27, remanded for drunkenness and trying to rescue her husband, who was apprehended for being drunk and assaulting the police when they both had been "chucked out" of a public-curse. They had regular work and are in comfortable circumstances; but then one must enjoy Bank Holiday. They have had seven children; one is living: of course this has nothing to do with their intemperance.

August 6.—Girl, aged 17, remanded for a petty theft from her place, and that I may find a Home for her if she promises well. Her mother says she is beyond her control, runs away from her places, and gets into bad company, and that she has never been right since she was 10.

* * * *

Another girl of the same age and charged with a similar offence I sent to another Home. Her mother is dead, her father in the workhouse, and she has been brought up in a workhouse school, which quite accounts for her dulness and obliquity of moral vision.

The huge barrack schools are utter ruin for pauper girls in comparison with any other system.

A third girl this morning will go hopefully into a Home. She is only 18, but has led an immoral life for six months, yet is modest and quiet in manner; an orphan likewise.

An ex-prisoner is sent to me by a lady that I may help him. I find in conversation that a man for whom he worked twenty months is kindly disposed towards him, and is now manager to a large firm. Yet it had never occurred to him to call on him! Verily, some men's idea of seeking employment is to lie on their back with their mouth open, expecting it to be filled.

"Do you remember me, sir?" Yes, I did. This prisoner, a young clerk who had embezzled in consequence of his drinking habits, and in spite of a wife and two young children, was a boy under me in a good school, of good birth, and his uncle an Archdeacon.

Sent to a refuge M. C., who was discharged this morning from Millbank, and came to see me. For nine years have I striven to keep her straight, and to sixteen Homes have I sent her. A perfectly hopeless case of dipsomania, I fear; but one must work against hope if one cannot work with it.

August 7.—A young man, crippled, and with only one hand, a friendless clerk, is helped and taken in by Mr. Wheatley, of the St. Giles's Christian Mission. Trusted on an errand with a cheque he absconds. Eventually he gets work at Westminster, and plays his employer the same trick. When no spark of honesty or of gratitude is discoverable, what can be done?

A. P., mentioned on August 1, died this day. I cut this extract from a local paper:—

"Death of a Notorious Woman.—The death has just taken place in Greenwich Union Infirmary of A. P., aged 35, who has been over four hundred times charged before the magistrates at Greenwich Police Court with drunkenness, but never with felony, and has spent the greater part of her life in prison. The cause of her death was consumption. She was always exceedingly well conducted in prison, and shortly before her death sent a letter to Mr. Marsham, the magistrate at Greenwich Police Court, thanking him for kindnesses and acknowledging that her life had been misspent. She had a luxuriant head of hair, and on the morning of her death presented to Dr. Dixon, the assistant medical officer of the infirmary, a lace-bordered sampler, on which are artistically worked with her own hair the hymn commencing 'My God, my Father, whilst I stray.' Another beautiful specimen of her hair work is in the possession of the Rev. J. W. Horsley, for many years chaplain of the Clerkenwell House of Detention, and a third is framed in the parlour of Mr. James, Old King Street, Deptford. A. P. had received an excellent education, and a bad word never escaped her when before the magistrate. On one occasion a lady took her to Canada with a view to her reformation, but she could never resist intoxicating drink."

August 8.—A country girl, aged 19, immoral and shameless, though only a month in London. Admits that sheer laziness and dislike to work have brought her to what she is.

August 9.—Five males and one female brought in yesterday for attempting suicide. But "trade was bad" with us yesterday, for only forty men and six women were admitted.

August 10.—An epileptic but enterprising footman out of work went to a suburban clergyman (rather of the columbarian than of the ophidian type) and personated a country curate, adding that he knew me, and had addressed the prisoners here at my request. He officiated several times, reading prayers, preaching, assisting at the Holy Communion, and at last ventured on a marriage, which will make penal servitude possible. I sent the clergyman's letter of inquiry straight to Scotland Yard, and in a few days the impostor does not lie when he says he knows me.

Rigged out for emigration to Newfoundland, where he has friends, an ex-prisoner, who finds all avenues closed to him in England. The clothes ancient and modern which kind friends send me are invaluable on many occasions, only I can't get rid of a tall white hat which one sent. The beautiful retiring nature of Bill Sikes shrinks from so conspicuous a badge of virtue.

August 11.—A young lady with eight aliases, and all addresses given found to be false, is resigned and martyroid because every word of hers is not believed against those of others.

August 12.—I wonder if this flower-girl, aged 18, used to sing the popular song, "We are a happy family?" She is in for assaulting her mother with a poker, and has twice previously been in for drunkenness: the mother is living apart from her husband, and has spent ten months out of twelve in Millbank doing short terms for drunkenness: a younger brother and sister have been sent to Industrial Schools. Yet the wonder is that any members of some families do right, and not that many do wrong. On what a pinnacle of virtue, inaccessible to a countess, is the daughter of a convict father and gin drinking mother who keeps straight!

Twice this week have I written to the Reformatory and Refuge Union to set their

special officer on children that I find to be living in houses of ill-fame, of which the denizens or keepers come here. In one case, at any rate, there was a clear dereliction of duty on the part of the police, who, when they apprehended the mother, should have rescued the children.

Fate is the convenient scapegoat of those whose "can't" is a shuffling substitute for "won't" or "don't like." This man is in for theft from a public-curse; he is badly consumptive through drinking long and heavily; his father died of alcoholic phthisis; he has often tried to abstain, but never for more than six weeks; he has been warned by a physician at a hospital of how he is committing suicide; but he "supposes it is Fate."

August 13.—A damsel, aged 16, only left Hampstead Reformatory this spring, after being there for five years in consequence of following the footsteps of Noah Claypole on the kinchin lay. A place was found for her, but she must needs run off to a wretched mother in Spitalfields, finds some little day-place for herself and therein steals. From all Reformatories and Industrial Schools comes the cry, "If only the lads and lasses have no 'homes' or 'friends' they will probably do well." Feltham, for instance, reports that of those who go home 23 per cent. are reconvicted, but only five per cent. of those otherwise provided for. And the worse parents are, and the less notice they have taken of their children, the more certainly does a violent access of parental affection come on them when their children are leaving the school or reformatory with a capacity for earning money which can be liquefied by the parent.

I met a costermonger outside hawking crockery and doing fairly well, having about a pound's worth on his barrow. But when he applied to me some months ago he was only hesitating between the workhouse and a relapse into crime. I should be almost wealthy if Boards of Guardians and Convict Commissioners would give me the money I have saved them by a small but prudent expenditure in time.

August 14.—One does not lose the sound of Bank Holiday (nor of Derby Day) rapidly in prison. A woman in yesterday for being drunk and violent, had been a teetotaller for nine months up to Bank Holiday. A man who attempted suicide after Bank Holiday spent in a public-curse, was only yesterday well enough to be brought up and remanded.

August 15.—Only twenty-three men and seven females admitted yesterday. Is London getting virtuous? No, but these are Thursday's offenders, and "it doesn't run to it" in the matter of drink by that time in the week.

Sent to Stonehouse Refuge a case of which I have hope, though on paper it sounds bad. Thirty-two; divorced, immoral since, dipsomaniac; has twice attempted suicide, and thrice been in an asylum. But if I am right in believing there is good in her yet, Sister Jane Mary there is the person above all others able to develop it.

August 16.—Of the last eight persons remanded for attempting suicide, four have been Roman Catholics. A most unusual proportion, for some definite teaching about eschatology is one of the best safeguards against suicide. Last month there were only five out of fifty-four, though with regard to other forms of crime they supply far more than their fair proportion.

August 17.—Kalil Lfatal does not sound like an English name. It is not; he is an Arab interpreter, who also speaks Turkish, French, German, Italian, and English. Brought up in an English school in Alexandria, he says he lost his foot in the bombardment, and came to England for an artificial one. Let us hope he is innocent of the charge against him, and will return speedily and in peace to Egypt. He says he is innocent, but when I caught a young friend in Shoreditch with his hand on a bell-pull with which he had been annoying a household, he declared, "It wasn't me, it was the other boys," and my experience here shows me that the size of London is largely accounted for by the amount of "other boys" that are at large while solitary innocents are run in.

P.S.—At his trial previous convictions were proved in addition to his being found guilty.

Of forty-one males admitted on Saturday one was 12, one was 14, three were 15, one was 16, two were 17, two were 18, one was 19, and two were 20. Prisons will not be obsolete for a year or two.

Looking back to the admissions during May, I see that forty-two males and four females were under 16, and one hundred and seventeen males and twenty-one females were 16 and under 21.

I have always regarded myself as a kind of army chaplain, from the number of soldiers that come here on one charge or another. The departure of the Guard regiments to Egypt largely reduced the military element, but in each of the two last months there have been thirty-seven deserters brought in.

Went to see two ex-prisoners now in Great College Street Female Refuge. Temper has caused both of them to leave several good Homes. One gravely tells me that the reason for her fury and leaving was that another girl told her that among some new slippers she thought there would not be a pair small enough for her.

August 18.—Seventy-nine men and eighteen women admitted yesterday. Three cases of attempted suicide brought in yesterday: a middle-aged lodging-house keeper, who went to the Thames when drunk; a middle-aged man who, being afraid of being punished (not for the first time) for assaulting his wife (who was just out for a month for being drunk and disorderly), leaped into the Thames; a middle-aged man employed at a Government office, with a wife and children dependent on him, who tried to hang himself from no reason except that Friday drinking made Saturday drinking a necessity. But the one thing which Parliament is clear about is, that the liquor traffic must not be harassed.

An ex-convict friend of mine, who gets a precarious but honest living by law writing and envelope addressing, suffers from the Long Vacation terribly, and moreover from the fact that the firm who would charge me 4s. a thousand for addressing envelopes only pay him 1s. 9d. A fair (and unfair) profit, when they do not have to supply anything except the use of a directory.

August 19.—A fat girl, aged 17, steals a perambulator, sells it, and spends thirteen shillings out of the proceeds in sweets and cakes in three days. The perverted taste for lollipops caused chiefly (because not prevented) by mothers, is a large—very large—cause of juvenile crime, and from a prison point of view there are a dozen times the justification for an Anti-Lollipop League than there is for an Anti-Tobacco one.

The wife of a prisoner admits he had been on the drink for a week, but "he was once a staunch teetotaller—for a fortnight."

August 20.—Send a girl, aged 22, to Miss Maulden, the admirable police-court missionary of the Reformatory and Refuge Union. She (the girl) is a drunkard, chiefly from being nearly always in service in public-curses, but now, after drinking with her mistress's son, she helped herself to her mistress's watch. Her first offence, so the kindly magistrate discharges her on my finding a Home for her.

Of eleven females to-day three are 16, one 18, and one 20.

August 21.—Write about three girls who are going out into service from St. Katharine's Home, Hammersmith, after a year's training. All had been here for first thefts, but, being allowed to go there, have escaped the brand of conviction, and now re-enter life in a far better state than they have known for some time.

A friend of mine lately established a Home for fallen children. None are received if over 12 years of age. The Home is full, and they were obliged to refuse twenty-one applications in a year. *Verbum sapienti, et benevolenti.*

August 22.—In view of the Hyde Park demonstration, I look into my books and see that, in the nine years of my chaplaincy, 23,732 women and girls have come here as fresh cases. Of these 652 were under 16, and 3,557 were minors. I should have thought I knew something of the causes and phenomena of female vice and crime, but for the fact that most newspaper writers are proving that they alone can draw conclusions or state facts about such matters.

August 23.—Send to the Dalston Refuge for girls, who have been dishonest only, a strapping damsel, aged 16, who robbed her mother and was in evil company. A very short time hence, and she would have qualified for another sort of Home.

August 24.—An old mug-hunter, one, that is to say, of the wretched horde who haunt the street at midnight to rob drunken men, calls me a Job's comforter because I had indicated that her path was more likely to be strewed with oakum than roses. But Job's comforters were only wrong because he was right. She imagines, like many, that the only function of religion is to afford consolations.

A teetotal plumber, who was remanded on suspicion, is discharged honourably this morning, and comes in to beg for some book or tract as a remembrance of his visit. I send him away happy with a half-pennyworth of my own on Rescue work.

August 25.—The two last cases of attempting suicide that have been remanded are both girls, aged 14.

A young widow, respectable and a teetotaller, took a situation in a public-curse, and is charged with stealing cigars for her sweetheart. She works until 1 A.M. on Saturday nights, and her only Sunday leisure is from 3.30 P.M. to 8.30 P.M. on one Sunday out of three. Are publicans prepared to proclaim that they never need *employées* with any religious principle? The white slaves of the

bar are infinitely worse off as regards hours of labour, unpleasant surroundings, temptation to evil of various kinds, and the impossibility of discharging the duties of their religion, than ever were the negroes whom we freed. And bitter are their complaints, whether they be male or female, of the practical impossibility of getting into respectable employment after once they have been in a public-curse as servant. But for the crowded labour market publicans would have either to give £10 a week wages or to be contented with servants who had notoriously no character to lose.

August 26—People probably do not picture babies in prison, but this is the second I have christened this month. It is one of five living out of the twelve children of its mother, who is remanded for pawning her son's waistcoat to redeem something of her husband's she had secretly pawned. Both have at times beaten her severely, and she has scars on her head she ascribes to them. Her husband is a brewer's man, and while she admits her intemperance she declares he drinks "very heavy." What wonder at their having "lost" (what a euphemism) seven children?

A German tailor, an agnostic, finds moral difficulties in the Bible, and wants me to believe he has invented his difficulties for himself, instead of having eagerly swallowed what *The Freethinker* has prepared for him. He cannot see the justice of God. I suggest that one way might be to practise justice himself, instead of robbing a work-mate, and then never thinking of confession or restitution when in good circumstances afterwards.

August 27.—A visiting wife describes her husband as a good one, and gives me as a definition, "He doesn't get drunk *every* Saturday."

A lad, aged 17, says, "My lawyer tells me to say that I reserve my defence, which, I suppose, is the thing to say when there is no defence." Sharp lad that!

August 28.—A German girl, aged 16, has been married more than a year and had a stillborn child lately.

A woman runs after me in Notting Hill, tidy, healthy, and returning from her laundry-work. She was here in default of bail for assaulting her paramour. Now she has left him and has been a teetotaller for ten months, and looks it.

August 29.—A very troublesome and bad girl gets eighteen months to-day, and being sentenced confides to an officer, "I tried to act the balmy" (*i.e.* sham mad) "in Clerkenwell, but it wouldn't do." Certainly not, mademoiselle; we have too many "cranks" sent here not to know the real from the spurious article. You over-acted, and only acted when there was some purpose in view.

A trim and blooming maid-servant meets me in Hammersmith all smiles. A year ago she was here for her first theft, but the magistrate was kindly (few people know how kindly the police-magistrates are, and how their work would put to shame that of a score of professional philanthropists), and I sent her to St. Katharine's Home, whence she has got this place.

August 30.—I had made arrangements for a girl, aged 14, who was on the brink of ruin, and had attempted to poison herself because scolded for carelessness, to go to a Home. The mother is grateful, and thinks it the only thing for the girl, as she can't control her or hinder her stopping out all night. But when it is discovered that a small weekly payment has to be made to this particular Home the maternal tune is altered, and she will risk anything to save a shilling or two.

August 31.—A mug-hunter, aged 24, left Millbank last Tuesday, after doing three months for a midnight theft, and is apprehended on Friday for being drunk and in possession of a stolen watch.

Two girls, aged 16, absconded from a Reformatory, where they had been for a year. Both had been immoral as well as dishonest, and one has been obliged to spend half the year in the hospital.

A man, public-curse born and bred, attempts suicide after thirteen hours' drinking. Calls himself a pewterer. Is this his trade, or a humorous description drawn from what is most congenially in his hand? So an able railway pickpocket described himself to me as a fingersmith.

This month there have been twenty-two males and twenty females remanded for attempting suicide. In nine years I have hardly ever found a month in which males preponderated on this charge until this year. But now in January, February, March, April, and August the males have been in excess. It is impossible to suggest a reason.

Argus Pheasant's Feather.

FEATHERS.

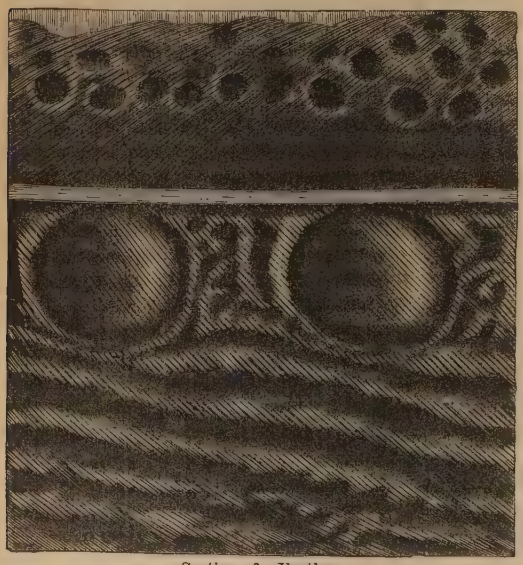
"Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?"—Job xxxix. 13.

HOW little is it the habit of even Christian people to go beyond natural scenes, and in thought pass through them, as through gates, and come out on the other side of them face to face with their Maker!

To the Author of our faith, sacredness belonged to the commonest of things; not to shewbread, nor budding rod, nor ark of the covenant, but to everything which God had made—sparrows, field flowers, rain drops, sunbeams—to every thing; and every place was sacred as heaven, for nowhere was God an absent being; His work and His presence were everywhere. And so, He talked of a God who was not absent nor dead, but as we talk of one who is present and hears all we say. So, also He talked to Him. Not birds, nor lilies, nor showers was it that were sacred, but the mind by which their existence was all explained. To Him—the soul whose wisdom, goodness, and power seemed quite unheeded by the lives around Him: *that* was the sacredness. Birds at their feeding were more than an ecclesiastical ceremony; the broidered garments of the fields, so honestly and thoroughly made, were the robes and ordinances of the Holy One; and in falling sunbeams and rains, so ample and good, prophets appealed for true religion. Piety was in the sights and sounds of field and air which God had made to reveal itself to good and loyal hearts.

We need but the mind that was in Christ Jesus to live in an earth which is the fine house of God, the Beautiful Gate of heaven; and from the beginning to the end of life to live and labour peacefully and well. Look, for the moment I ask your attention, at the stray feather which has fallen at your feet from a passing bird's breast. Feathers differ from one another with the difference in the bird and its vocation for whose happiness and prosperity they provide. The feather of a water-bird has its own special characteristic, of the sky-bird its own, of the land-bird its own. There are simply countless varieties too of form, pattern, colour, substance, weight, size; yet are they all growths of little bulbs beneath the birds' skins, so much alike, and in which no eye nor lens is able to detect any difference,—much in the same manner as the snowdrop grows from its bulb in the soil, feathers grow. A bird's body is the growing-bed, its feathers are its flowers. The hollow, hard, horny part; the softer, pithy part within; the fanciful, fringy margins; the down, colour, markings, grace, all come

up out of the root in the form of added cells, which spread out and arrange themselves into this fair work, for birds. It is just as if a house should grow larger, its walls, rooms, windows, doors, furniture, pictures, all steadily and symmetrically larger, by placing another brick under the foundations, then another. From things that seem uniformly the same spring all feather varieties of colour, of substance, and of form; and all that makes it a marvel of strength and of lightness. No bird was ever weighted with feathers it could not carry; nor was the lightness of their texture ever fatal to their efficient use; the equipment is easy, adequate, and light. The wants of each single member of all the countless millions of the feathered world are well and plentifully provided. Wrapped up in the little bulbs which come under the child-bird skin are all its wants from the morning to the evening of life, and not one of them unfolds anything but the perfection of utility and happiness for its owner, alike in sitting about on its twig in the sunny air looking on the fields below, or darting at some fly to carry it to the nest where its children live. Feathers to clothe, feathers to make attractive, feathers for motion, feathers for guidance, all are wrapped up in the little bulbs that are disposed under the baby skin; feathers for babyhood, feathers for youth, feathers for age, feathers for summer, feathers for winter, all are there, and many changes of raiment. There are the garments for male and garments for female, and attraction necessary for the time when they would a-wooing go. But everything in its season. Till the proper age for weddings no bridal feathers are ready (and the age in different birds greatly differs); nor until the north winds blow through the winter skies do the wraps for the cold come out.



Section of a Feather.

When the feeling rises in them that they would sail abroad on the airy ocean, wings like sails await their will, and catching the wind they away, the sparrow from the house top to the ground, the lark from the turf to the clouds, the swallow from the church tower to winter in the forests of the Soudan; and, like boatmen, they need a rudder, and their feathers provide it. Never would they take a course, and never a troubled sea do they cross, but their vessel promptly answers to their helm. They steer themselves through narrows, they tack, they sail to the wind, and come to at their quay with not a hitch in the tackle. They reef their sheets, stand at the wheel, and pilot and command. "Their desired haven" the feathered navigators do not fail to reach, however much, like Paul, they have been driven about in their Adriatic; because their feather rigging and rudder are the work of no bungler. He too has shown them their chart and port. Tens of thousands of them make fifty, seventy, ninety miles an hour, rounding points in a moment, ever missing rocks and shores by a hair's breadth, on which it had seemed as if they must become wrecks. It is all worked out by their feathers.

The tail feathers it is which steer; the wing feathers are for flight. The tail feathers expand fanlike, close, bend down, up, to this side, to that, with instantaneous ease and rapidity; the wing feathers, for packing up, lie spoonwise, close one upon another, and for resting upon the air spread out in slightly domelike form. Concealed by the main feathers is a host of tiny downy tufts, which act as birds' under-clothing, light to carry, and warm. Where great cold has to be endured, as by the eider-duck, this under-clothing is doubled.

Of feathers birds have a lavish supply. Their whole clothing, rigging, and rudder are every year brand-new, and in some cases, as in the breast of the robin, they are recoloured—dyed, shall we say, besides—and they are cleaned and burnished by their Maker every day.

Teal's Feathers.

As for the colourings of feathers, they rival the rainbow in variety and the diamond in the flashing, burning intensity of their fires. Where are the carnations of the rose, the whites of pearl, the black of velvet, the yellows of sunset, the purples of mountains, the blue of seas and skies compared with the plumage displayed in a museum of birds? Where is metallic splendour to compare with the throat-features of a humming bird? they glow like sapphires and rubies and gold in a furnace. Or for airy grace, for purity, what can compare with the white plume of the ostrich wing? And with what plentiful ingenuity, delicate fancy, and witchery of tracery and device has their surface been covered! What microscopical lustrousness and finish, what munificence—abundance and superabundance of beauty—is laid upon them! Yet for centuries they have all fallen at moulting time to perish among dead leaves that fall unheeded in every corner of the world! Surely there is some treasure of fact in all this genuine and lavish love of beautiful things, even though men have been as ignorant of it as the men who for centuries walked over the lands in which a wiser and a later age was to discover treasure of gold ore. Thoughts, how much more precious than gold, lie with these beautiful fallen fairy things among the dead leaves on the ground, yet we tread them under our feet, not knowing.

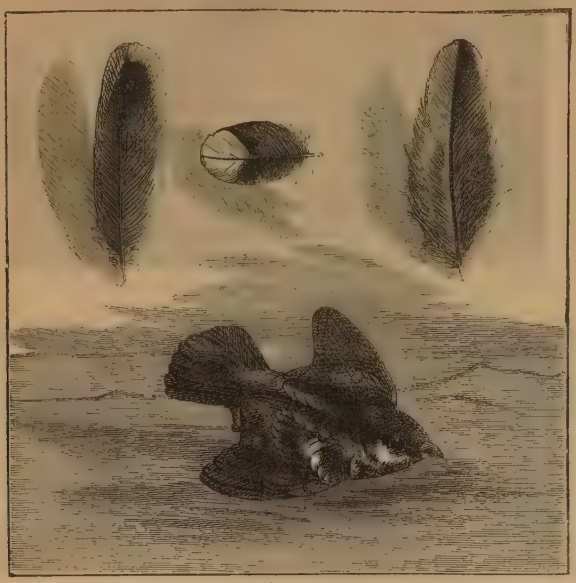
Feathers were made, not for man, but for birds, to help them to spend a happy life of honest loves and toils. They are essential to birds providing food. The swallows' flight in our own summer skies and away across our autumn seas is but toil for food. Their provisions are "without money and without price," but not without labour. They "go down into Egypt" themselves: their corn is there. Ducks on their pond, too, dive and plunge after their prey by means of their feathers. The outer dress of water birds and all birds is a waterproof. Like the old salt in his yellow oilskin, feathered creatures turn the rain, throw off the water of their bath and keep themselves generally dry. Beautiful as are their garments, their very colours are painted in oils, for feather-beauty is for birds and their particular mode and place of life.

It is all beautiful this fact that feathers were made not for men, but to provide birds with clothing, warmth and comfort; to provide them with conveyance; to cultivate their sentiments; to suit their fancies and traditions; to keep them to their families and to one another, and to answer varied and social purposes among them and their children, and to produce joys. The feather is a gift to birds. Is there no comfort for a care-worn soul in the comfort wherewith they are comforted of God?

When men are on the look-out for what God has provided for *them*, they miss the goodness of nature. It is only in seeing and genuinely enjoying the beautiful ways of God to every living thing that there is suggested to us Christ's joyous, "How much more!" We must walk into the fields, in sympathetic union with the small creatures so gaily twittering there in the branches of the trees, and be good friends with them and be for their sake glad; then we shall begin to feel the mystery of God, and speak with Him, and be sure of His goodwill and have a happier manner of considering His providential ways.

I do not *argue* anything from the feathers of a bird; but surely there are visions and balms in the world as well as arguments: visions and balms which go directly to the heart of man. When David had lost his peace in God at home, he found it in "the fields of the woods." When Jacob had lost his, he found it in dreaming on a stone. Surely with a merely fallen feather in our hands thoughts of a feather's marvellousness might change a sick weary mood,

and the whole aspect of life; and like David, like Jacob, we might go back to our duties and cares feeling a little more like men who have God for "Our Father." The piety of nature is never an argument, it is a mysterious aspect, an odour for the mind, which inhales, as it were, a sentiment in powerful and natural ways suited to us; just like the sense of the moral beauty of a deed, the balm of scented herbs, or the feeling of hope, all which we receive directly and because of our natures: they explain and unfold ourselves to us, and enable us the better to live.



The Sparrow.

Men are chiefly familiar with feathers in the soft beds they enjoy, or in the hats of ladies made bright with wings and heads of pretty birds; or as a convenient sort of drawing-room dusting broom or ornamental fan; or, perhaps in the wretched and happily passing away hearse plumes. But as presenting material for reflection, as suggesting by their variety, utility, and beauty sentiments of blessedness and strength for life, they are never regarded. It is all of a piece; this shallow, showy side of things is always the side of the majority; and the habits of majorities, not of righteousness and peace, are counted the wisest for ordinary people who have to live with their neighbours and wish not to be laughed at.

Science has its world, where nothing is tolerated but conformity to its fashion of talking about feathers. The beautiful things are "Tegumentary Appendages;" they are that, but that is all. The Church has its world, in which nothing is tolerated but conformity to its fashion, respect for "men of old time," and a god who used to speak to them and used to do something for them; to it, a feather is a secular thing. To its congregation, the fairy form falling so lightly at its feet does not come down from heaven. It has no mystery; the very name of its maker seems unknown, that it ever had a maker is ignored. It has nothing to teach, and they have nothing to learn. For them there is "no heavenly host" praising God. There *was*, but that is all, and consequently there is no heavenly peace, no happy soul-prosperity, no gleams of heaven on earth.

B. W.

A MORNING WITH A NURSE IN EAST LONDON.

By ANNE BEALE.

NURSING has become of late years a profession for all estates and conditions of women. They have at last found their vocation, so they say. Still all are not "to the manner born," as they fancy, and many who are seized with a mania for nursing strangers would be more advantageously employed in seeing to their own sick at home. The life of an honest, self-sacrificing trained nurse is so responsible that no one should rush into it unadvisedly. Any person doubting this fact should pay a visit to the renowned East-end of London and see what is accomplished by one or more of the nineteen nurses of the Nursing Society. We say "one or more," but one would probably suffice to open the eyes of any individual who may chance to be blind to the needs of the sick poor, or unconscious of the ministrations of a score of women in one quarter of our fabulously-peopled metropolis.

However, as everybody cannot conve-

niently travel east in person, it may not be amiss to submit to the uninformed the history of a day which we spent in the pleasant company of two members of the East London Nursing Society. These were the lady who, as matron, superintends nine of the nurses, and the indefatigable nurse who works in St. George's in the East. The other districts under the care of the matron are the London Docks, Watney Street, Shadwell, Ratcliff, Poplar, Bow Common, Limehouse, and Commercial Road, in each of which there is a separate nurse. The names are suggestive enough to any one who knows the locality, but the matron lives at Shadwell.

After all, the maligned East-end is not unpleasant. From her pretty rooms, scented with primulas purchased from a Shadwell "coster," we looked out upon a handsome church and a disused churchyard, where trees grow, above the branches of which two tall masts were visible. These belonged to vessels in the Thames, and we were assured that fine sunsets often cheered the spectator, bursting through smoke and soot in that sky which spreads beyond trees, masts, and river. Years ago no one would willingly have taken up their abode in these parts; but now many cultivated and refined people voluntarily live and work among the poor here, and are heard to declare that it is the best-drained part of all London! Surely, enthusiasm can no farther go.

But we, too, became enthusiastic as we set out on our voyage of inquiry. Skirting the immense wall that guards the Docks, we saw despondent dock-labourers standing about, who had failed to get employed that day, which meant starvation or the pawnshop to wife and family, unless some kindly hand intervened. We soon beheld one such hand stretched out towards the sick members, in a small kitchen dedicated to their service. It was a dark little place, illumined by the sun of Christian charity; for here a lady from the aristocratic West was "doing the cooking" for her invalid sisters of the East. Beef-tea and mutton-broth were ladled out and borne by a juvenile handmaid to a group of women in waiting in an outer chamber, who, in their turn, bore the steaming basins to their homes for some convalescent or incurable who needed it. They all looked as if they wanted it themselves, and acknowledged, when questioned, to various maladies. One had "swimmings in her head," yet the broth was not for her, but for a daughter who had undergone an operation, and who was one of the nurse's patients. Twice a week does the lady-cook turn her talents to account by spending the best part of a long day in this semi-darkness, bending over cauldron and fire, and so obeying her Divine Master's behests by feeding the hungry.

Hence we visited the abodes of some of the recipients of this truly "royal" bounty. A Nurse's day is one of anxious toil—hers whom we accompanied was no exception. We spare the reader a description of her first morning rounds, when she dresses wounds—burns, scalds, ulcers, and all sorts of cutaneous sores—simply observing that without her care they would either not be tended at all, or inefficiently seen to; and this, not from want of loving will in the friends of the sufferer, but from lack of means and knowledge. How are clean linen and other appliances to be procured, save through hospitals or the nurse who visits from house to house? And the latter supplements or aids hospital care. We soon understood how valuable she was when we visited a few of her numerous patients, and how thankful they were for the help which enabled them to remain with their families, instead of being relegated either to workhouse infirmary or hospital. Everywhere she was welcomed by young and old, for did she not bring "healing," if not "on her wings," at any rate in that black bag she carried in her hand, furnished with bandages and plaisters, lint, linseed-meal, and what not? Certainly the first call we made impressed us favourably with the result of the "superior draining" of the East-end, for we were received by a family of six of the rosiest and plumpest children imaginable. The poor mother, also, looked as if she must have come straight from the country, as she lay in bed, surrounded by these, her roses. She had been stricken down by the sudden death of her youngest born from croup, and hers was a case of dropsy; but the nurse said she would get better. "She is a little better to-day," said her anxious husband, who came in just to have a look at her, from his daily toil, which lasted from four in the morning till ten at night. What would become of her, and him, and the children, but for our "Nursing Society?" His was the only pale face amongst them; but his offspring clambered up his knees and made a touching picture. We could paint in numerous lights and shadows, but there are so many others to see, just as touching, that we forbear.

There were no roses in the next sick chamber. This was tenanted by a white

woman, lingering out her days in consumption. There were two or three similar cases, but this will suffice. Her face brightened as the nurse appeared, and with the patience of the poor, she told of her pains and their alleviations. Her one room was on the ground floor and her kind young landlady was keeping her company, who said "that all her lodgers were ill." The invalid had a daughter who was in regular work at a neighbouring manufacturer's, but she said, "The times are so bad, that he doesn't know how long he can keep her on." She was the mother's stay. When the nurse had left some kindly instructions concerning management, we stumbled up a dark and rickety staircase into a small room almost denuded of furniture; all the other apartments were much in the same state. Here were two old people, Germans. The man, of eighty, or thereabouts, had fallen down in a fit the previous day and sat half unconscious on a hard chair; the woman, a few years his junior, was waiting upon him. She was garrulous, and told us how that they had 5s. 6d. a week from the German Society, paid 2s. 3d. for rent, and so much for a little coal, which left them next to nothing for food; how that they had been married at the neighbouring church of St. George's over forty years ago, and how that they could work no longer, &c., &c.

The nurse examined the poor old man's bandaged legs, and recommended a leg-rest.

"Ah! we left our footstool with the rest of our furniture behind us; we had nice things once," said the woman. It is needless to say that the difficulty as regarded the footstool was supplied. And here it may not be out of place to state that the matrons are enabled, partly through the society, and partly by private charity, to supply the pressing needs of the sick. Linen, both for bed and body clothes, tickets for food and coal, &c., are distributed as may be required, and no case is left in destitution. All that is needed is more nurses, and funds to support them. Lady superintendents or visitors, who will undertake to come from other parts of London at stated intervals of once a week, or fortnight even, are found to be inestimable blessings; they bring with them not only personal help and interest, but are of great use both to matron and nurse. Any number will be welcomed; for although already "much is given, still much is required." It is pitiful to think of the aged dying of want, and many old couples do die daily for lack of food and comforts.

At Christmas the matron tried to induce an infirm and impoverished pair to go into "The House." "I think it might be best, ma'am," returned the husband, "but me and my missus have lived many years together, and we should like to spend Christmas in company before we part." "And what will be your Christmas dinner?" asked the matron. "Maybe we shall be able to get a herring and a potato or two," was the answer. But they were supplied more sumptuously. First coals were sent in and then a piece of meat, and potatoes, with pence to pay for the baking, and thus the old couple were spared the pang—how great to so long a union!—of parting, and spent a cheerful Christmas, thanks to the lady superintendent of the ever-watchful nurses. She also inspects every case registered on her books; and as these are legion, her work is no sinecure.

Threading in and out the intricate maze of streets, which all seemed so much alike that we wondered how they were distinguishable from one another, we came suddenly on the oasis of St. George's Recreation Ground. This was a delightful surprise, for shrubs and gravelled walks and seats invited the toiler to rest, and cheered the eye and heart by the conviction that nineteenth-century philanthropy is no myth. The church is close by and its disused burial-grounds form the nucleus of this pleasure-ground for the living. Life and death! health and sickness! youth and age! How much of them we saw in that day's visitations! No sooner had we passed through the garden, than we reached the streets, and were soon in a court inhabited by carmen and their horses. Here the nurse had two young patients, one a girl who had undergone an operation, the other a child recovering from a serious accident. Both looked very delicate, and needed the food and wine given them to restore vigour and fit them, the one for interrupted service, the other for school.

From feeble youth to feebler age; from court to cabin;—for certainly the tiny apartment in which the next patient dwelt was scarcely larger than a cabin. Yet how neat and cheerful it was! It held a bed, arm-chair, shelves on which were stowed away all kinds of crockery and hardware, a mantelpiece weighted with ornaments, and a window-sill adorned with flower-pots. A cheerful fire burnt in the grate, and order was visible in every square inch. In the chair was seated an elderly woman who had, quite lately, been stricken with paralysis, and standing near

was a semi-blind daughter. They were both workers in the fur-trade, and we will give their history in the mother's words. "I am seventy-five years old, and I may say I have worked seventy-one years of that time at the fur; for when other children were making patch-work, I was sewing bits of fur together at my mother's knee. She and her mother before her had been in the trade all their lives—so has my daughter. Although she has only one eye, and the sight of that is defective, she can line and make up muffs, and what is most wonderful, she can thread needles quickly, by a kind of instinct, without being able to see the needle's eye. Last week I was robbed of a quantity of valuable work that I was sending to my employers, and, I suppose, it caused my attack, for I awoke on Sunday morning paralyzed in one side."

This good woman was as respectable as she was well-spoken, and, happily, religion had been the basis of her life. Circumstances transpired concerning her husband, who had been dead over twenty years, which gave hope of temporary aid for her; but this is still uncertain. If she gets it, she will owe it to the Nursing Society, since, but for the visits of the nurse, her story would not have been known.*

During the past months there have been 877 new cases of nursing brought before the matron, and no tongue or pen could tell the suffering and privation discovered in the dwellings of those visited. Of course the nurse works under the doctor, when a medical man is employed. She does not need to attend infectious cases, because they are at once sent to the proper hospital, but she often accompanies them to their destination. Indeed, what does she not do, in return for her very moderate salary? To use the words of one of the Leaflets, "The nurse's care is continued to the end; she watches by the death-bed, doing all in her power to soothe the last moments; ready to help with words of hope and comfort, and with many kindly acts, which are doubly valued in times of sorrow. She often prepares the way for the clergyman's visit, and makes it far more possible for him to speak, and for the sufferer to receive the words of truth, of spiritual hope and peace."

It would be impossible, in this short sketch, to give a detailed account of the various patients we saw in one day, for the nurse's visits average sixteen or seventeen daily; but when we reflect that the whole district is inhabited principally by the river-side population of dock labourers, boatmen, and the classes which have, during the past winter, been reduced to semi-starvation, the strain on her sympathies may be imagined. Utter destitution here—sickness and death there; want everywhere: and all borne with a despairing fortitude which it breaks the heart to witness. In every home that we passed by—nay, in every room of every house—we should have found "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness," had we been able to enter. And we did find them in some of those we visited. Yet much is done to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow-creatures in this densely peopled, struggling, striving, starving, locality; but how much there is still to do!

It was nearly dark before we had finished our visits, still we were curious to see where our hard-working guide and companion lived. Besides, she wanted her tea, and deserved it, which is more than we all do. She went to the new and spacious Mission House of St. George's in the East, and ended a laborious day by mounting to its topmost story. En route upwards we glanced into the great hall, adorned with fine wall paintings by the Kyrle Society, then into the Boys' Institute, with its bagatelle boards and other pleasureable excitements, and into various apartments dedicated to children's dinners and other philanthropic uses. We reached our nurse's modest apartment at last, where we were welcomed by a kitten glad of company. "She wants her tea," said the nurse, who wanted hers also. "The fire will be soon lighted, and the kettle will not take long to boil." Her words were speedily verified. Indeed the kettle was accustomed to boil quickly, for impatient patients were wont to come there—the young especially—to be poulticed or otherwise doctored. Thus, the hours of rest enforced by the Association are necessarily often broken by the earnest worker whose heart is in her work.

Who will help? Matrons, nurses, and all good Christians would fain see it extended throughout every poor district of this immeasurable London of ours, and any one who will aid, either by personal service, or gifts of money, clothes, linen or food for the sick, will be a benefactor of his species.

The addresses of the Treasurers and Matrons are as follows:—The Hon. Mrs. James Stuart Wortley, 16, Clarges Street, W., and Percy Wigram, Esq., 9A, Albany Street, W. Miss Taylor, 49, Philpot Street, E., and Mrs. Drake, 186, High Street, Shadwell, E.

* Since this was written the help has come, and thus far her little property is spared from the inevitable pawnbroker.

THE ATHLETE.

By HORACE G. GROSER.

HE sat beside the pillared gate
That frowned upon the arena sands,
With visage pressed between his hands,
Like one who broods on evil fate.

The games were over, and the crowd
Had left the terraced benches bare,
And not a foot was stirring there,
Nor smitten hands, nor voices loud.

The awning roof, rolled back, let in
The slanted light of waning day;
He marked it not, nor far away
The busy city's lessening din.

Oh, was it shame that bowed his head,
And quenched the glitter in his eyes?
Say, had he lost the glorious prize,
His ardour spent, and vainly bled?

Not such his grief, for he had thrown
The hardiest wrestler in the ring,
And slain the bearded forest-king,
And passed the chariot goal—alone.

For him the great grey walls had rung
With plaudits of his conquering might,
Flowers rained on him, and glances bright,
And storms of praise from every tongue;

But, when the clamorous crowds were gone,
And dusky forms stole out, and drew
To burial many a corpse he knew
That weltered where his falchion shone,

Then looked he on his arms that showed
The god-like strength in every line,
Scarce rivalled by the limbs divine
Of those who fought where Simois flowed.

"And wherefore all this might?" quoth he,
"These sinewy hands and thews of steel,
And all the latent power I feel
Great service, Jove, to do for Thee?

"Didst Thou but shape this goodly frame
Along the circus dust to guide
The triple steeds, and snatch with pride
The twisted laurel crowns of fame?

"Oh, barren honours quick to fade!
Oh, foam-bred bubbles overblown!
To live and strive for these alone,
And then go down to Pluto's shade!

"Oh, better far the hope that cheered
Yon Nazarene I slew to-day,
To whom, it seemed, as prone he lay,
A glimpse of golden gates appeared;

"A city where the dead ascend
To nobler life and service new,
Where all some glorious work pursue
Nor aimlessly their powers expend.

"Such meet employment I desire,
The fitting task its own reward;
With Hercules to rove abroad
And toil where feebler spirits tire.

"Take Thou, great Jove, this withering wreath,
Take Thou the honours I despise;
I ask for *service;* let the prize
Crown those whose longings end with death."

Hardanger Fiord.

A VISIT TO THE LEPER HOSPITAL OF BERGEN.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

ONE of the most quaint and generally delightful towns in Europe is little Bergen. Situated as it is between the Hardanger and the Sogne Fiords, it is naturally a point of interest to the English tourists in Norway. The town is surrounded by lofty hills up whose slopes its streets and roads climb. The feet of the hills are washed by an arm of the sea, on which may be seen from the town masts of fishing boats through vistas of brilliant green foliage. The waterway is hedged by mountains whose verdant tints fade into warm grey the higher they rise, the flinty shale cropping through the thinning herbage.

It was on a bright afternoon in August, just like a crisp September one in England, that we walked out of Bergen, leaving the harbour market behind us, with its stalls of red fish and ripe fruits. We had bought very large red currants and ripe sharp cherries from a white-capped dear old woman sitting under a grey umbrella in the sunshine, and went off in our quest of Spidalshie, the leper asylum.

For Norway, the grand and fair, the land of invigorating breezes, of mighty fosses,

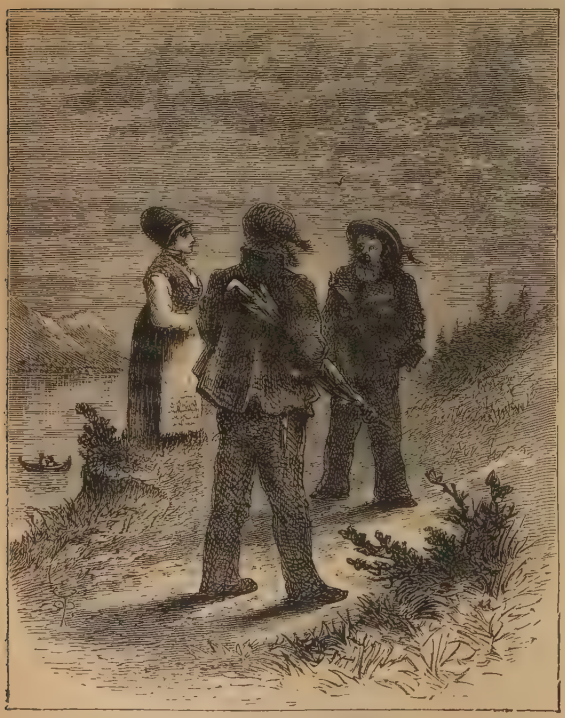
of far-stretching glaciers, of salt-water fjords running inland for a hundred and fifty miles; Norway, the health-giving and beautiful, and the last country where one would expect to meet with such an awful disease as leprosy, is to-day in fact its European home.

Leprosy, which the Crusaders brought back with them from Palestine in the fifteenth century, ravaged their homes with more ruthless fury than ever those soldiers had pillaged the Paladins' land with fire and sword. The disease had existed before that time, but now its rapid increase caused vigorous measures to be taken. Nineteen thousand lazar houses arose in Europe, and in every land the lepers were sought out and separated from their neighbours. Even in our old churches we still have the distinct chapels from which, themselves unseen, they could see the ceremony of the Mass.

Norway was the only land where this system was not adopted, and while the disease has disappeared in other lands, in this, after the lapse of more than three hundred years, it still lives. The only cure for leprosy is segregation. Dr. Armaner Hansen, the greatest authority in Norway on this subject, considers the disease contagious—not hereditary; and so rapid was the increase of the scourge that it cast a dark and ever-increasing cloud over the land, and at length, in 1853, the Government were convinced that leper hospitals were a national necessity.

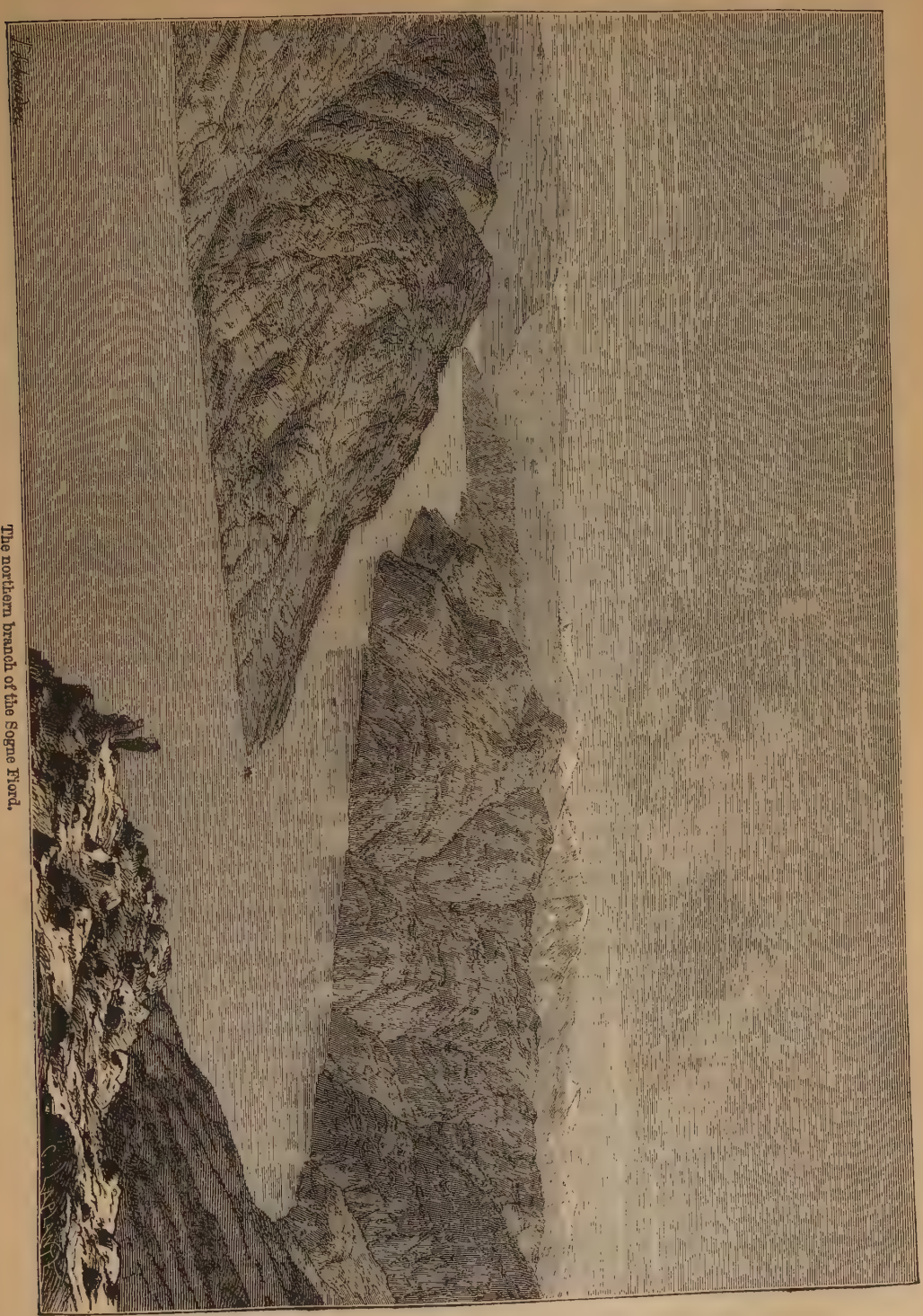
Norway is a poor country; the revenue is barely £1,000,000 annually, and yet out of this sum £20,000 is expended in fighting this disease. Three asylums were built and opened in the year 1856. The first at Tronjheim, for the northern division of the country; the second at Mölde, for the Nordland; and the third and largest at Bergen, for the south. And the three were capable of accommodating 800 patients. In 1866 there were 795 occupants; in 1880 the number was 617.

It is very difficult, even backed by authority, to gather the patients into the hospitals, for though it is a well-known fact that for every ten patients at large, one new case develops every year, and that the only hope of stamping out contagion is by the separation of the infected, relatives are naturally very reluctant to believe in its existence in a member of their own family. Then too the disease begins obscurely and progresses slowly. Also the poor sick ones themselves naturally share in an intensified degree in these feelings, and do all they can to elude detection. Can we wonder they dread immolation in ever so comfortable a hospital? Home love is as strong in their hearts as in those of their more fortunate neighbours. To be taken from wife and child, to be severed from all ties of kinship and friendship, to say farewell to the familiar log house, no more to row his boat on the rock-surrounded lake during the silent evening, never again to drive the cows to the mountain saëter, or cut the grass on the beetling crags and send it down to the valley, flying on the hay wires, no longer to be *free*, seems, nay *is*, a hard fate.



Norwegian Peasants.

In spite of this persistent unwillingness to use the hospitals (which is now driving the Government to seek more compulsory legal powers of isolating the sick, if not in the national asylums then in their own homes), how good this would be for the whole community, even if it is sad for the individuals affected! As the case now stands, paupers only can be compelled to



The northern branch of the Sogne Fiord.

enter the hospitals; and we met in the open streets with cases, one of them was a farmer's wife carrying a basket of butter and eggs into the market. Still, much has been done, during the past twenty-five years. The number of the afflicted now stands at less than one-half what it was when the hospitals were opened, and we may hope that in another five-and-twenty years Dr. Hansen, the accomplished and enthusiastic physician at the head of the Bergen asylums, may see the desire of his heart gratified, and leprosy eradicated from his beautiful country.

Passing the Kirchdom, a church as ugly as most Norwegian churches are, we took the high road leading to an old deep gateway with King Oscar's arms carved on high. Passing through it we are somehow reminded of Bonchurch. To the left hand are handsome villas, wooden though they be, with balconies and red-tiled roofs; under their awnings sit pretty girls at work. Old women also, in close-fitting white caps, with smiling faces, came to look at the Englanders. The villa gardens shone with standard fuchsias, late roses, and convolvuli. The houses were bowered in trees, and behind them towered the heights of the Floifjeld. To the right was the cemetery with its crosses of white marble or black carved iron, and poorer wooden neighbours with little brooding doves modelled on the top, but all overshaded by weeping willows, and the mounds covered by a gay tangle of flowers. Beyond the cemetery gleamed an arm of the fjord, and then rose the green blue hills with the cloud shadows flying athwart them. As fair a scene as human eyes ever rested on, and one on which three hundred lepers look day by day!

Only a short distance you go, perhaps half a mile, when you stop at a picturesque wooden house—it is the oldest and smallest of the hospitals. This is the Lungegaard Hospital, under the charge of old Dr. Danielssen, where those cases are admitted which are suited to early and energetic treatment. Many remedies have been given a fair trial, but without any uniformly successful results. All that drugs have effected so far has been to give some little relief to suffering. We were told that some of the early stages of the disease were very painful, but that when it has fully developed itself physical suffering ceases, and certainly few of the many patients we met gave signs of being in pain.

We entered a paved courtyard surrounded by two-storied buildings, and passing through an untidy kitchen, made our way into a long old hall which was spotlessly clean, and which was surrounded at half its height by a carved and painted gallery. On to the floor of this hall and into the gallery open the doors of little dormitories. Each room has a red covered bed, and plants in the window. Most of the little cells were empty. Our guide (whose eyes were affected) and some women sitting out in the courtyard in the sunshine knitting, were the only lepers we saw save one man with a strangely white face, who leaned over the gallery to look at us. One or two doors slammed as though their occupants did not desire to be seen; but in the other two hospitals great curiosity to look at us prevailed, and the lepers surrounded us willingly. This house, number 3, contained seventy patients. Most of those we saw had deformed hands, some had swollen faces, and our doctor pointed out that one of the women, basking on the bench, was getting her neck scratched by a neighbour, the itching of the leper spots being at times intolerable. In the Lungegaard Asylum the air was pleasant, and both the halls we saw were well ventilated. The whole place was much like an old-fashioned almshouse in England.

About two hundred yards farther up the road we came to the other and larger hospitals. These are erected in the same grounds but are quite distinct. A pretty lodge covered with clematis and climbing roses stands at the dividing gates. The gardens are lovely, sweet, and bright with flowers of many kinds. The paths are well kept, and a fountain whose jets rose sparkling into the air and showed exquisitely against the blue grey mountain background, added to the beauty of the scene. A paradise surrounds the two hospitals, which are built on the usual plan—an outer corridor and wards opening on to it at one side.

The first room we entered, however, was one on the ground floor. Here we found three lepers: one badly deformed, but not unsightly, was making up fishing nets and fixing the corks on to them; he showed us his work proudly. A second was mending shoes—some of these were not to be called shoes, so extraordinary was their shape, or rather their unshapeliness. This man did not wish apparently to be noticed, so only our doctor went forward to speak to him. His face, from the glimpse we took, appeared horrible; it was purple, and swollen out of shape. There was a strange faint smell in this room which we did not perceive in the Lungegaard hospital.

Next we went up-stairs. The passages

were yellow-washed and clean, and an intelligent old nurse went round this the women's department with us, and we observed she unlocked most of the doors before we could enter. The rooms or wards were all panelled with wood and painted light green; they contained six or eight beds each—the usual light iron ones—with comfortable mattresses and red coverlets. In all the windows were flowers and plants, many being myrtles trained to resemble round-clipped box or yew trees. The rooms were well lighted with lovely views all brightness outside, but horrible—especially where the worst cases were dwelling—from want of ventilation. In vain do the doctors throw open the windows in their morning inspection. Used at home to crowding together in small hot habitations, the Norwegian peasantry cannot endure fresh air in their rooms, and compulsory ventilation is about to be resorted to in the hospitals. When we were there the atmosphere was unbearable. We did not find a single window open, and yet surely a very short trial would have convinced these life-long prisoners that air laden with the sea breezes and the scent of woodbine must have done them good. This seems, however, the only want of the place. The rooms are pretty and homelike, and, though there are neither texts nor pictures on the walls as we have in England, the comfort—even the enjoyment—of these poor creatures is evidently studied. One boy was playing a concertina, and we noticed shelves with well-bound books upon them. Better still, all the patients well enough to work are employed. In the women's wards the inmates were knitting stockings, petticoats, and singlets, and were pleased to show them to us. The work was well, even tastefully done; some of the skirts were elaborate. In both the male and female hospitals there were large rooms set apart as general work-rooms. In their apartment the women were carding wool, and then, with the old spinning-wheels we only see at home as curiosities, they were twisting the wool into yarn, and other patients were knitting it up. The men were provided with a joiner's shop, and in another room stood frames on which they were winding string, which their companions were using to net into trawling-nets. Our conductress showed us the church, a plain, large, and very clean room, with a crimson-covered communion-table and two brass candlesticks on it, and a tall gilt cross. The figures of the hymns, of which five were selected for the morning service and four for the afternoon, were made of tin and stuck on to black boards, so that the weakest eyes could see them.

Bergen market.

Everywhere the poor patients were pleased to see us. I suppose our visit was a break in the hopeless monotony of their lives. One of the women's wards myself and my young lady friend were not entering, but the doctor said, "Do come in, they want to see English ladies;" they chatted about our clothes and appearance to each other, and tried to talk to us and make us understand their mode of working. Quite a little crowd followed us to the doorway, and a sad one it

was to look on; not one face without its disfigurement. Sadder to us than all the awful contortions and deformities we saw was to behold in one of the women's rooms, knitting with the others, a *lovely girl.*

The Norse women are not more than comely —rather many are what we term "homely" —but this girl was an exception. She had light hair, with a sunny gleam and a ripple in it, intelligent blue eyes, a fair, peaceful forehead, and small, refined features; she looked fresh and healthy too. Her age might be nineteen or twenty, and she told us she had been in the asylum three months.

"Surely," I said to my friend the doctor, "*she* is all right?"

"Look at the joints of her hands," he sadly replied.

Yes, alas! there was the uneven swelling which, in a worse form, marked so many of the others. For years she may live on—some do for thirty or forty years after their admission, though mercifully 17·2 per cent. die between twenty and thirty years of age, and 40 per cent. between thirty and fifty years. Yet some live to an old age. If any are ever cured they are, as Dr. Hansen observed sorrowfully, "*ruins* of human beings." So this poor girl has commenced a living death. No more bright youthful dreams for her, no home, no love will be hers. No young sailor will kiss that golden hair and call her "wife," no loving bairns will look laughing up into her sweet eyes. Farewell to hope for all who enter here!

An old sailor who had visited Hull, Liverpool, and London, and could speak a little English, joined himself to us and guided us over the men's hospital. The arrangements here were precisely similar to those we had seen in the women's asylum. The same cheerfully coloured walls, the same cleanliness, flowers, and considerate kindness appeared everywhere. The diet in both is excellent: fresh meat, and fish, and vegetables; also salt fish, fresh bread, butter, &c., are supplied. Beer and wine are given when needed, but are sparingly used.

Some of the windows in the men's wards are regular cottage gardens; the men seem almost more fond of their plants than the women; but the want of ventilation was even more perceptible here than in the other building. The inmates eagerly received some Norwegian tracts and little books we had with us, and the old sailor some tobacco money. He was a cheerful old man, and seemed content; but when we drew near the lodge he turned away back to the garden, and we did not like to ask him if even he—who was not badly afflicted—might not pass the gates.

With sad, aching hearts we came out into the loveliness of that perfect evening and thought of Him who long ago *shrank not* as He touched the lepers and said the words, "I will, be thou clean." And we were cheered as we remembered that a day would come even to the most wretched of these, from the young boy who lingered at the door as we left, to this old sailor turning with bent head and slow footsteps from the gate; when those eyes, no longer bleared, will open to see "the Deliverer," and they too, like the Eastern lepers, will gaze up into the face of the Son of God, and this shadow of death will be absorbed, forgotten, in the glory of His presence—the bright equal compensation of His love. Till then they must wait.

"O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE!"

AND whither wouldst thou fly, O soul,
If thou hadst wings?
Is rest beyond the seas?—at either pole?
Are there the springs,
Where Heaven's pure waters bubble up below?
And the far oceans answer sadly, "No!"

Tell me, O soul! where thou wouldst fly
To find thy rest?
Among the stars?—the spaces of the sky?—
From East to West?
And suns and stars make answer, sphere on sphere,
"Back, back, O wingèd soul! Rest is not here!"

Where wouldst thou fly? To works?—to empty forms
With thy dove-wings?

Will these give shelter from eternal storms—
These poor dead things?
And "working" answers with a voice severe,
"Turn back, mistaken soul. Rest is not here!"

Oh, heart! thou need'st not fly away
To find thy rest.
Peace seeks for thee, if thou wilt stay
And just be blest.
Fold up thy wings and sit at Jesus' feet;
There wilt thou find thy Heaven—a rest complete!

HENRY BURTON.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOME."

A Scotch Story.

CHAPTER I.

FAR away in bonnie Scotland, among the rugged hills and vales of Perthshire, the setting sun was slowly sinking in the west, all aglow with pink and crimson and amber clouds.

It was nearly seven o'clock on a glorious evening towards the end of August, and already daylight had fled from the rocky glens through which the brawling burns foam and dance and gurgle, now flowing quietly, yet rapidly, as though bent on matters of business; anon, as the rocks beneath suddenly shelve, dashing wildly forward, precipitating themselves down the steep incline in a noisy, turbulent waterfall. Already the shadows of twilight had gone trailing up across the hazy purple moors, where one sank knee-deep into the sweet, springy heather and fragrant wild thyme. Only on the hill-tops the last golden rays of the dying sun still lingered lovingly, as though loth to leave the fair world which had all day long rejoiced under their gracious influence. They lay gently on the stony summits, touching the bare brown rocks with a warm vivid colour, and illuminating the many windows, facing westward, of a stately old house that stood far up on the side of a long, low hill known by the name of Drumcairnie Brae.

To any one standing on the farther side of the valley formed by the brae on the one hand, and Scaursbreck on the other, this house presented the appearance of having been hewn out of the solid rocks which surrounded it, so nearly akin were they in tint and colouring. It was a huge pile of grey masonry, evidently very old, and weatherstained from the effects of centuries of northern storms. A steep road led to it, winding up with many a fantastic turn and zigzag, from the valley beneath, where, sheltered and cosy, nestled the village which took its name from the brae.

This strangely situated building, standing out bleak and exposed, on terraces cut in the bare hillside, was utterly devoid of any outward ornamentation, so far as timbered park or wooded avenues went; yet it possessed a certain solemn majesty all its own, and it was here, at Drumcairnie Castle, that the McGregors, the Lairds of Drumcairnie, as they were more popularly known, had since the days of Robert the Bruce (such was their proud boast) lived and died, and handed on their immense property in honourable succession from father to son.

On this particular August evening there appeared to be an unwonted stir and excitement at the castle, but it was a suppressed, noiseless stir, no happy, joyous excitement, rather an indefinable restless agitation, which seemed to pervade the servants' regions. Two or three maids passed along the passages with their aprons held to their eyes, an old grey-headed butler with a woe-begone expression on his withered face loitered about the entrance-hall, and in the front court, before the massive iron-bound door, a gig with a grey horse, unmistakably a doctor's "machine," was waiting. The servant in charge of it was engaged in close conversation with a couple of grooms, who glanced up at the castle windows from time to time, as though desirous of gaining some information by so doing.

Presently the old butler came to the door, and with him a pleasant-looking man of middle age, whose keen, clever countenance wore a look of deep distress and anxiety. The grooms moved aside as he appeared and deliberately mounted into his carriage, but they lingered within earshot while Dr. Maclean turned and looked in mournful silence at a particular window, on which the last level sun-rays were softly gleaming.

"No, Grierson," he said in a low voice,

"no; I have small hope that he will live through the night." And then, with a parting word, he gathered up the reins and drove slowly off down the winding road into the valley, now lying dark and sombre in the fast-gathering gloom.

Up-stairs, in a spacious airy room on the first-floor of the castle, the young Laird of Drumcairnie, a boy of about ten years of age, lay dying. The night was intensely, breathlessly hot, and his low couch was drawn close up to one of the wide-opened windows. The small white face was sharpened and drawn by suffering, but the sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, and the lines of pain round the bloodless lips betokened in one so young a naturally delicate constitution, broken down by some last fatal illness. He was lying back with an exhausted look, apparently dozing. Close beside him, watching her darling's every movement with soft eyes full of an agonized despair, knelt his mother, the Lady Isabel, fair and graceful, with a most sweet and winsome face and lovely hair, which lay in soft rings of gold on the low broad forehead. As she gazed at him the boy raised his heavy lids, and a pair of wonderfully beautiful blue eyes, exactly matching those bent upon him, met his mother's with a world of pitying love in their tender depths.

"Mother," he said in a low, weak voice that gained in strength as he proceeded —"mother, I have been dreaming of father."

"Have you, my darling?" was the gentle reply. "Father will be looking for his little Douglas, you know."

"Yes," answered the child. "Yes, I know, mother, and I may tell him that I *have* taken care of you, as he told me to do; mayn't I, mother?"

But there was no response. The poor mother's head was pressed down on the pillows in a wild effort to restrain her choking sobs, and she dared not, for fear of over-exciting him, lift her streaming eyes to the child's eager gaze. With one wasted hand he lovingly stroked her pretty hair.

"Poor mammy!" the weak voice went on, "it *is* bad for you; and, oh, if only, only you had Hughie now! I cannot bear to leave you alone like this. Oh, if *only*, only Hughie was here! But, mother, I know—yes, I *know*, God will bring him back to you, now that I am going to father. You know I always said I was sure He would give him back to us, and I am perfectly *certain* He will. Don't fret too badly, mother, dear. You see I'd never have been much good if I had grown up to be a man. I have been just a bother to you ever since I was born, and I'd never have been the laird father was—so strong and brave and able too. Oh! mother, mother, *don't* cry so"—for the stricken woman could bear no more, and with an exceeding bitter cry she had gathered the boy in her arms and was holding him close to her aching heart, straining him to her breast in a passionate embrace, as if in mute protest against the hard fate that was parting her from him.

When, after a few minutes, she had become calmer, Douglas, still closely cradled in those protecting arms, spoke again.

"Is Cousin Nettie here, mother?"

"Yes, my darling. Do you want to see her?"

"Would she mind coming to sing to me, mother? for, do you know, I was dreaming, besides father, of my little Edinburgh girl, and I do want so to hear the song again. Nettie knows I used to get her to sing it every night when I came in from the gardens. The little girl only came once, but I've never forgotten how pleased she was with the flowers I gave her. Do call Nettie."

Lady Isabel thought he was slightly delirious; but, to humour his fanciful caprice, as she imagined, beckoned to a young girl who was standing at the farther window. As she approached the couch Douglas raised himself from his pillow, a momentary flush, born of pleased excitement, dyeing for an instant his pallid cheeks, and joyfully exclaimed—

"Ah! Nettie, come and sing. About the gates are wide, you know, and the little beggar and the flower. You know, Nettie. Quick; sing quick, then I will ask mother." And with glittering eyes, full of expectancy, and parted lips, he lay back again, nestling close to his mother, and waited for compliance with his imperative demand. There was a brief pause before Nettie, mastering a terrible desire to break into weeping, lifted up her voice, and the clear notes of a high, sweet soprano floated through the dim room, and out into the calm stillness of the lovely summer night. It was a heart-stirring scene. The room, by this time, was almost entirely in shadow; but at the open window there was still sufficient light in the grey dusk of the long northern twilight to show the invalid couch with its white coverings, scarce whiter than the transparent face of the dying child, which looked even more waxen and colourless against the crimson background of a favourite cushion behind

his head. Beside him still, regardless of stiffening limbs and the physical discomfort of her cramped position, her arms closely locked round the emaciated little form, knelt Lady Isabel, the delicate profile of her face distinctly outlined against the fast-fading light as she raised herself now and again from her stooping posture.

Nettie, in her cool summer dress, was standing at the foot of the couch, her head slightly thrown back, and all her heart on her lips, as she sang that beautiful and most pathetic of songs, entitled, "The Children's Home," which runs thus:—

"They played in their beautiful garden,
The children of high degree,
Outside the gates, the beggars
Passed on in their misery.
But, there was one of the children
Who could not join the play
And a little beggar-maiden
Watched for him day by day.

"Once he had given her a flower,
And, oh, how he smiled to see
Her thin white hands thro' the railing,
Stretched out so eagerly.
She came again to the garden,
She saw the children play,
But the little white face had vanished,
The little feet gone away.

"She crept away to her corner
Down by the murky stream,
But the pale, pale face in the garden
Shone through her restless dream.
And that high-born child and the beggar
Passed homeward side by side,
For the ways of men are narrow
But the gates of Heaven are wide."

Poor Nettie! there was a tremulous falter in her voice as she came to the last verse, but she forced down the rising tears and sang bravely on to the end; then, without waiting for thanks, she turned and sped away down the long corridor to her own room, where she might let her grief have free course.

Douglas lay very still for a few minutes after this, a rapt look on his white face, but suddenly he spoke in rapid broken sentences, holding fast to his mother's hand.

"Mother—I want you to promise—that you will try your very best to find her—my little Edinburgh girl—Rosie, her name was. It was when we were in Moray Place, mother, in June, wasn't it? You know I used to go and sit in those nice shady gardens and read under that big laburnum—and Nettie was there one day—and I was watching the other children—and wishing *so* much I wasn't lame and could play too—and she—my little Edinburgh girl—came and looked thro' the railings and—" here he paused for breath but quickly resumed as though anxious to pour out all his tale ere it should be too late—"she was so poor and ragged, mother, but she wasn't a bit dirty, only she said her mother was ill and they had hardly any money—so I gave her the sovereign you gave me on my birthday—and then I picked a great big bunch of laburnum—and I do think, mother—she liked that better than anything—old Thomas the gardener was so angry with me for picking it"— with a weak laugh—"but I didn't care, for she was so pleased—and then I told Aunt Jane's cook to give her some dinner when I went in—and she said she would come back another day—but the very next day, you know, mother—I got ill with the fever and I bothered you to bring me home then—didn't I? But, mother, *promise—promise* you will try to find her and make her happy."

"I will promise, my precious little one," murmured poor Lady Isabel, folding him tighter in her arms, and the child seemed satisfied then, for he lay back on his pillows with a peacefully contented look and did not stir or look up when the door softly opened, and an old man, with bent shoulders and long white hair, entered the room, and quietly advanced to the side of the couch. Lady Isabel tenderly laid down her precious burden, and rising to her feet took the old man's hand in both of hers, saying in a whisper, "Dr. Cameron! this is indeed kind of you. You have seen Dr. Maclean, of course, and heard the worst. *I* dare not hope, but this quiet sleep may revive him."

She gazed into his face as she spoke as though she would implore him to give her even the faintest glimmer of hope, but Dr. Cameron, turning his eyes on the dying boy, slowly shook his head as he murmured, half to himself, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God," and laid his withered hand in silent blessing on the fair head. There was utter silence for a brief space, and then Lady Isabel spoke again, calmly and naturally.

"I think I may venture to leave him with nurse if this sleep continues. Please go down to the library, Dr. Cameron, and I will come to you presently. Tell Grierson to bring you tea or anything you want;" and with a gesture of assent the old man left the room, after another glance of profoundest affection at the motionless figure on the sofa.

The Rev. Dr. Cameron was the Minister of Drumcairnie. For over thirty years he had dwelt among the simple, kindly folk there; comforting them in sorrow, rejoicing with them in happiness, reproving and exhorting, having rescued many a careless sinner from evil ways; and, Sunday after Sunday, preaching to his little flock, in plain,

unvarnished language, the glad tidings of the Gospel. He had ever taken the deepest interest in the fortunes of the McGregors. Always staunch supporters of the Established Church in Scotland, they had for long years been his best and truest friends. But to none of the McGregors he had known in his time (and he could remember them for four generations back) had his heart gone out in such genuine sympathy and love as to the fair young Lady Isabel. Her life, from childhood up, had been a troubled one. Early left an orphan with a very small fortune, few relations, and those few uncongenial to her, she had poured out the great wealth of a most loving heart at the feet of her noble young husband, Malcolm McGregor.

At the time of their marriage, Malcolm was a lieutenant in a distinguished Highland regiment; a second son and entirely dependent on his father. The latter was strongly opposed to his marrying, beautiful and high-born though his bride might be, and carried his objections so far as to refuse to acknowledge his son's wife, and but reluctantly consented to continue even the moderate allowance he had made Malcolm since he entered the army. A great change was, however, most unexpectedly wrought in the fortunes of the young couple by the death, from the effects of an accident in the hunting-field, of Malcolm's elder brother, shortly followed by that of his heart-broken father.

Thus, from the depths of something very like poverty, the young McGregors suddenly found themselves raised to a pinnacle of prosperity. But riches, alas! could not compensate either parent for the distress of seeing their eldest son, Douglas, grow up a hopeless cripple. They had one other son, a bright, healthy child, but his strength and spirits only caused them to mourn the more such an affliction as that under which their first-born laboured. In vain they lavished money on every means science could devise to cure him. All that could be done was to relieve to some extent the constant pain he endured—more was impossible.

Malcolm did not long enjoy prosperity. About two years after his succession, a fatal malady, the outcome of a neglected chill, seized upon him and he too was gathered to his fathers, leaving his son Douglas, then only seven years of age, to reign in his stead. The young widow, though well-nigh crushed by the weight of her sorrow, strove bravely for the dear sake of her little ones to stifle a wild longing for escape from the world where, severed from the one whom she had loved far better than life itself, all was now dark and dreary. But an even greater trial was in store for her. Three months after her husband's demise, the mysterious and total disappearance of little Hugh, one bright winter's day, caused poor Lady Isabel keenly to realise that loss by death was infinitely easier to bear than the agonising uncertainty that ceaselessly haunted her concerning her darling child's fate.

In all these troubles she had ever found in Dr. Cameron a very faithful friend and true comforter. Now, in this present hour of need, when her last remaining hope, her precious little Douglas, seemed fast slipping from her grasp, and once again life stretched blank and desolate before her, what wonder that her faith in a loving Father above *almost* failed her? Instinctively she felt her danger, and when she perceived Dr. Cameron standing by her child's side, there rose from the very depths of her heart a little prayer of thankfulness that God had sent His tried servant, whom she could trust of old, to point her in her weakness to the skies, and, firm in his strong loving faith, remind her that, heavy though the Lord's hand be upon His people, yet, in the words of the prophet, "It is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear."

To return to the good old minister. He descended to the library in obedience to Lady Isabel's request, and there sat down with his head bowed upon his hands, and groaned within in the bitterness of his sorrow.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow," he said aloud at length.

"Ay!" echoed a deep gruff voice close to him. "Ay! it's hard dealin's these, Doctor, I'm thinkin'. We maun trust Providence through a' thing, but eh, man! it gars me greet sair to see yon look on *herr* bonnie face the nicht."

The speaker was Grierson, the old butler afore mentioned. He was an old and valued servant of the good old type, now so rarely to be found. He had served the McGregors as boy and man for a matter of forty years or more, and his whole affection and interest was bound up in the "family." A thorough Scotchman, canny and shrewd in the extreme, and somewhat "dour" in appearance, there lay beneath the rugged exterior a deep vein of earnest religious thought, and Grierson and the minister were old and trusty friends.

"Ah! Grierson," said the old man, raising his head at the sound of the other's voice, "in the extremity of my sorrow I did not hear you come in. Yes, old friend, this is a

sad, sad day for the McGregors. Dr. Maclean kindly called for me as he passed, and I saw he had no hope to give. Ah! me," with a weary sigh, "'tis the old, old mystery—the young ones taken and we still left as cumberers of the ground."

"Excuse me, Doctor," interrupted Grierson hastily, "it's no' for you to misca' yersel' as a cumberer o' the groond. Gin a' the auld folk was like you—weel, weel—it's true eneuch what ye say, and this is a wae day for the McGregors, for the Lord knows wha we'll hae for Laird noo; and, eh me! I canna thole to see her leddyship wi' yon look in her een. Twice afore I've seed it, Doctor. Ance when she was watchin' Maulcolm as he lay dee'in', and again when we cam' and telt her Hughie was na' to be found. It was me said till her yon day, 'Tak' up yer hairt, my leddy, the bairn's no deid. He's been stow'n awa' frae us, and wi' the Almighty's help oo'll find him yet.'"

"Stolen away!" echoed Dr. Cameron. "Grierson, man, are ye still havering with that nonsense at this time of day? Three years, and never a trace of the laddie, spite of all those large rewards held out! No—no—her ladyship is as firmly convinced as I am, and every one else but you, that the poor wee man was washed into the river while his fine French mamselle was carrying on with Davie, the smith; more shame to them both!"

"Aweel, sae ye've always said, Doctor, but I no hold wi' ye, as ye vera weel ken. The bairn *was* stow'n awa', for a' that Stewart went as faur as Perrth yon vera nicht, and me as faur north seekin' news o' him, and a' the police in Scotland was on the 'quiky vivy,' as the sayin' is, aboot the business."

The Doctor shook his head, and Grierson continued, "Me and the wee lairdie what's deein' up yonder is the only anes that believes we'll see wee Hughie back ance mair. Not twa hoors syne, Doctor, I cairried in some tea till her and I hearrd the puir laddie say till his ma: 'Mother,' says he, says he, 'mother, God'll bring Hughie back noo that I'm gaun to fauther.'"

He dashed his hands half angrily across his eyes as he spoke, as if ashamed of the emotion that threatened to overcome him as he thought of the affecting scene he had witnessed.

"Weel, weel," he resumed after a pause, "oo've waited lang, and maybe oo'll hae to wait as lang yet; but bide a wee, Doctor, bide a wee, and ye'll maybe no think me sic an auld fule as ye tak' me for the noo onyway. Gin the wean had been drooned, my certy! we'd hae gotten news o't, I'll warrant. Na, na; he was na' drooned whativer."

The garrulous old man paused at last from sheer want of breath, and Dr. Cameron answered rather wearily—

"I pray God ye may be right, Grierson. By the way, what became of that lad, Stewart? I never hear his name now that the old folks are gone."

"Nor me," replied the butler; "and I'm as weel pleased tae. He was a fine-looking lad, was Duncan Stewart, but no a'thegither tae my likin', though he was gran' at the games and had a saft tongue in's heid. He was last in these pairts, ye'll mind, for his auld mither 's buryin' just yon awfu' time we missed wee Hughie."

"Yes, I mind fine. What business was he in then? He said he was prospering well, but he was aye given to secrecy about his own concerns was Duncan, and I mind there were strange stories abroad the time he was in Glasgow."

"Ay! 'deed were there! He telt me he was traivellin', when he was here yon time, but ye ken's well's me, Doctor, that yon's a word may mean just onything!"

"You're right there, Grierson, my man."

"Aweel, he was a clever chiel, and I maun say for the lad he was in an awfu' state when he got the news doon the toon that Hughie was missin'. He aff like a shot tae a' the places roond and gaed as faur's Perrth as ye ken, but the vera neist day there cam a letter frae his wife, he was mairriet on an English lassie doon aboot Birrminham way, and he was fain to gane hame aboot his business, or somethin' o' the kind."

At this point in their conversation the two men were interrupted by the hasty entrance of Nettie, who had come flying noiselessly down the wide staircase.

"Dr. Cameron," she gasped, "oh! Dr. Cameron, come. Cousin Isabel wants you, there is a great change, he is dying. Oh, come quick," and she turned and fled swiftly up the stairs, leaving Grierson and the old minister to follow.

Douglas lingered all through that night in a state of unconsciousness and exhaustion that was very painful to watch. Just as the first rosy flush of dawn came faintly stealing into the dim eastern sky, and the birds began to twitter softly in glad anticipation of the day, and the work-a-day world, rising from sleep, prepared anew to face the daily round, the child opened wide his fast-glazing eyes, his parched lips formed the words, "Mother

—the gates—so wide," and in another moment the tired spirit had left the little wasted body and had soared away into vast realms of light and bliss, there to "behold the King in His beauty," such as it is not given to us mortals to conceive, for it is what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man."

Lady Isabel was childless, and Drumcairnie knew no master.

CHAPTER II.

THREE days later a small coffin, half-hidden by exquisite masses of pure white flowers, was tenderly borne down from the Castle to the quiet churchyard that lies at the foot of the brae, and there the mortal remains of Douglas McGregor were laid by loving hands beside his father's in the family vault.

It was an intensely hot day: the heated air was like that of a furnace, and oppressively sultry. A lurid haze hung about the hills and crept down into the valley, like a thick stifling blanket; and as the day wore on a dark mass of sullen black cloud came sailing up against the wind, while far away the low rumble of distant thunder was to be heard reverberating among the mountains like the boom of advancing artillery. At the hour of sunset the storm broke—an appalling storm such as had not been experienced in those parts for many years. The crashing thunder seemed to roll immediately overhead, in a constant succession of deafening peals, that echoed through the valley as if to shake the very foundations of the earth. The blinding glare of the lightning played incessantly about the hill-tops, illuminating the murky darkness with a weird blue light, and the rain came hissing down on the heated thirsty ground in an unbroken sheet, as though the floodgates of heaven had been opened. The tempest raged for the greater part of the night with unabated fury, and there was little or no sleep for any one at Drumcairnie while it lasted. At the Castle the women-servants huddled together in an agony of unreasoning fright, while the men watched anxiously in secret dread of fire.

Only Lady Isabel sat alone, apparently unmoved by the fury of the elements. Her beautiful face was deathly pale, and haggard with suffering; the dark lines beneath the heavy eyes telling all too plainly of sleepless nights and weary days of bitter grieving, and of the fierce battle she had waged with herself ere the peace of perfect resignation to God's will had come to her. All she had gone through on the past day, too, had told sadly upon her. Yet she had borne herself calmly and composedly, appearing quiet and dry-eyed at the impressively simple service, which, according to Scottish custom, was conducted in the large hall of the Castle, before the funeral procession left the house. Well, it was all over now. The battle had been fought and won. God be thanked! And on the morrow she was leaving, probably for ever, the place so fraught with painful memories (for Drumcairnie would now pass into the hands of a very distant branch of the McGregors) and meanwhile all she cared for was to be let alone, that she might commune with her heart and be still.

The day of her departure dawned in a thick, grey mist, which dissipated as the morning advanced, but only to give place to a chill, hopeless drizzle that rendered the boldest outlines blurred and indistinct, and lent a mournful uniform hue to all around. Indoors things were not much brighter. The spirits of every one seemed attuned to their dismal outward surroundings, and it was with a feeling approaching to relief that poor little Nettie Forbes hailed the sight of the carriage which was to convey her and her cousin to the distant railway station.

For Lady Isabel was going to Edinburgh. She was bent on fulfilling, or trying to fulfil, at once the promise made to her darling on his deathbed, that she would do her best to find his "little Edinburgh girl."

She was only too well aware that her quest would very probably end, as the proverbial search in the bundle of hay is supposed to do, namely, in utter failure. Nevertheless, she had resolved to make the attempt, and though every one, except Dr. Cameron, assured her it would be a fruitless one, she held to her intention, thankful for some active occupation to prevent her from brooding on the sad past, and possibly to allay, in some measure, the restless aching of her heart.

She had gladly accepted, therefore, the warm invitation of Nettie's mother, to make her home with them for as long as she felt so disposed. Mrs. Forbes was the "Aunt Jane" mentioned by little Douglas, and she was almost the only near relation his father had possessed. She had a comfortable house in Moray Place, where she had settled with her two daughters, Nettie and Flora, in order that she might make a home for her only-remaining son, a hard-working and rising young advocate.

Poor Lady Isabel! Truly her search was vain. Doubtless on that self-same August

evening, the stealthy footfall of "the Reaper, whose name is Death," had entered, besides the stately halls of Drumcairnie, many another home that I, whose privilege it is to tell this simple tale, wot not of. But it is given to me to know that in a poverty-stricken attic, in one of the most squalid and dirty houses of the Cowgate of Edinburgh, hardly to be dignified by the sweet name of home, the Reaper had gathered "yet another of these little ones" for the Master's use.

It was there that, after a long and weary illness, a child named Rosie Lawrence, none other in fact than Douglas's "little Edinburgh girl," had breathed her last; there that her distracted mother knelt to thank God aloud for taking her child away from the want and the misery, ay! and the sin that, in all human likelihood, would have fallen to her daily lot had she lived.

Susan Lawrence was not a native of Edinburgh. Her speech alone, with its marked English accent, would have betrayed that fact. She had arrived in the city some three months previously, accompanied by her two children—Rosie, aged eleven; and a boy, a delicate-looking little lad, with pretty curly hair and large, wistful grey eyes, who might be about seven or eight years old. Susan had taken this miserable lodging, intending to occupy it for a few days only. Her neighbours, with Scotchwomen's characteristic love of gossip, tried hard to discover not only whence she had come and whither she was going, but every other particular imaginable. But in this they were foiled; and they drew off in disgust when they found it impossible to extract more from Susan than that she was a widow; that, bound for Glasgow on a matter of private business, she and the children had "footed it most of the way from London," a journey that had occupied the best part of six months; and that, in order to eke out her slender stock of money, she had on her travels made use of her musical talents, for she could sing well and play the violin, she said, and much as she disliked doing so, had earned a good deal, on more than one occasion, by her street performances in the large towns through which she had passed.

"A hairmless sort o' vaugrant body," had been her neighbours' comment; and having arrived at this conclusion, they were content to leave the little family in comparative peace.

Unfortunately, just as they were preparing to leave Edinburgh after a week's rest, a sudden attack of illness completely prostrated poor Susan, rendering it impossible that she should continue her journey for the present, and she was compelled to remain in the dismal lodgings. She had a small hoard of money by her, and was just able to pay her modest way for the time being. Even the hard, grasping landlady was fain to own that the "English body" gave no trouble, and paid her humble rent with undeviating regularity. But as time passed, and Susan felt her strength returning very slowly, anxiety began to press upon her. She was a proud woman, and would not for a moment entertain such a bitterly mortifying idea as that of allowing her children to go out into the street with their pitiful tale to beg! Nevertheless, a load was lifted from her mind when, one beautiful June evening, little Rosie entered the close, dark garret with a bright, golden sovereign tightly locked in her hand—not a beggar's alms, as she hastened to explain, but "a present to her own self, and it was to be all mother's."

The child had gone out, after a long day spent beside her mother's hard bed in the stifling little attic, to breathe the fresh air of heaven, and having wandered farther afield than usual through the wide streets and pleasant roadways of the New Town, had at length found herself in a region quite unknown to her, where, in Moray Place, her *rencontre* with Douglas had taken place. The pretty shady gardens were in full beauty; the "rough winds that shake the darling buds of May" had given place to balmy breezes and glowing sunshine, and every branch and leaf and flower had burst forth in rejoicing that summer had come at last. Now, in the North Countrie a bright, hot June is by no means a thing to be lightly spoken of; for in these less-favoured climes, bleak winds and grey sunless days are, as often as not, the order of things all through that particular month, but the year of which I speak was one long to be remembered for the spell of lovely hot sunny weather that set in early in June, and lasted almost without interruption till well on into August. Yes, it was a "glorious summer," people said, but the increased mortality among the poor, in the slums and crowded houses of our great cities, told a different tale; the terrible drought brought fever and sickness in its train, and the scorching rays of the sun seemed to burn up the air as they beat fiercely down upon the baking streets and dirty gutters.

The gardens in the square looked very pleasant and cool, little Rosie thought, and

the merry voices of children echoing gaily through them tempted her to cross the street, and, rather ashamed of her ragged frock, which "Mother" had not been well enough to darn lately, take up her position at one of the iron gates, and peer curiously in. Her interview with Douglas has been related elsewhere. Her delight had known no bounds when he had gathered the branch of laburnum and given it to her. She was a town-bred child, reared in the smoky, reeking atmosphere of an English manufacturing city, and never in her wildest dreams had she pictured herself as the possessor of anything half so beautiful as the flower-laden spray, with its lovely drooping clusters of yellow blossom. She valued it far, far above the golden coin he had pressed into her thin hand at parting, or the excellent dinner of meat and bread which, according to her new friend's impetuous desire, was set before her in Mrs. Forbes's kitchen.

"You must come back another day, little girl," he had said as he bade her good-night, "and then you can have some more flowers and another dinner," and not for the sake of the dinner, nor yet of her golden coin, nor yet even of her cherished flowers, Rosie had gone back to her old post at the iron gate, but had watched and waited in vain for another sight of the shrunken figure hopping towards her on his crutches, his eager eyes shining, and on his wan face that look of kindly sympathy—the sympathy that is so unspeakably precious to every human heart. As day after day passed, and still the lame boy was absent from his seat under the friendly shade of the wide, spreading trees, the child took her courage in both hands, and actually addressed the grim old gardener on the subject, as he was raking the gravel-path close by her.

"Yon wee lame laddie," was the slow reply. "The lame lairdie, they ca' him. Eh, ma lassie, he's awa hame tae the Hielands. He's badly, they tell me—gotten some fever, I'm thinkin'; but his mither's ta'en him hame ony way."

The greater part of this speech, spoken in the broadest Lowland dialect, was wholly unintelligible to the old man's hearer, but she had gathered enough to convince her that her little lame benefactor had gone away, and that she need not hope to see him again, and the knowledge filled the childish heart with keen disappointment. There had been so little, ah, so sadly little! of brightness in her young life hitherto; and the day she had met with Douglas was a red-letter day in a calendar of very dreary ones. It was like a glimpse into a new and beautiful and undreamt-of world—surely like the "Paradise, oh, Paradise," in mother's favourite hymn. She slowly retraced her steps towards the old town, and, reaching the wretched lodging-house, climbed the long, steep stairs with a languid step, and then flung herself down on her mother's breast, and, with a flood of tears, sobbed out the story of her grief. Worn out with crying, the poor little thing fell asleep at last, but next morning it was evident to Susan that there was more amiss with her poor Rosie than the effects of last night's outburst of distress. She was tossing wildly from side to side of the hard chaff mattress, her face flushed, her head burning, and her eyes bright and glistening; she moaned, too, from time to time, and did not seem to recognise her mother or little Jimmy when they spoke to her. Susan had had some experience of illness, and at once detected the symptoms of the fever that had been raging in the neighbourhood—a low fever, that was not counted as infectious, but that had numbered its victims in almost every house in that quarter, and had its origin in the execrable state of the drainage and other sanitary arrangements. In a frenzy of despair, Susan rushed to beg one of the neighbours to come and see the child, but the woman only confirmed her suspicions, and could offer no help beyond proposing to call in a doctor, who was at that moment in the next house.

The doctor proved to be a young medical missionary, who was going through a course of home-training, preparatory to carrying on his work of devotion in more distant lands. He pronounced Rosie's case to be a serious one, adding, however, that good nursing might do wonders for her. He humanely refrained from saying that strengthening food would do still more, for his practised eye had taken in at a glance the straitened circumstances of the unhappy mother, and he foresaw that this sickness was unto death. He was right in this anticipation, for when the fever, after running a very prolonged course, at length abated, it left the child hopelessly weak; she had been overdone, in the first instance, by their long weary "tramp," and her small reserve of strength was gradually but surely sapped. The long June days had given place to July with its burden of even greater and more trying heat, to be succeeded by those of rich August, the month of joy and plenty, and then, after eight long weeks of lingering illness and

pain, these two children, Rosie Lawrence, the beggar-maid, and Douglas McGregor, the rich man's son, "passed homeward side by side," through the golden gates, set open wide, that the little children and the aged saints, the faithful servants and the rescued wanderers, all may enter into their rest.

To this day Susan Lawrence trembles to think of what would have become of her through all this terrible time of adversity had she not found in the young missionary the true friend she so sorely needed. Kenneth Ramsay's heart was at all times a very tender one, but the sight of this stranger in a strange land, forlorn, friendless and bowed down beneath a weight of sorrowful care, filled him with deeper compassion than he had ever felt, notwithstanding the scenes of privation and misery that surrounded his daily path. He was possessed of private means, and was indeed "the cheerful giver," whom God loves. He it was who persuaded the rough, hard-featured landlady to allow her English lodger to remain unmolested, promising to pay the rent, and adding to the sum she demanded in advance what was quite sufficient to enforce his persuasions more eloquently than any words could have done; he it was who undertook to sell for Susan at a fair price, which came out of his own pocket, a large silver watch that had belonged to her late husband; he who finding that his *protégée* had been brought up to the shoemaking trade, persuaded an old cobbler in the next street to supply her with "odd jobs;" he finally who, when all was over, had paid the expenses of the humble funeral, and seen poor weeping Susan and little Jimmy off by train to Glasgow, having made her promise faithfully to write to a certain address, that of his mother in Aberdeen, should she ever find herself in such straits again.

So Lady Isabel sought in vain for the "little Edinburgh girl," and many were the disappointments and difficulties, the hopes and fears and attempted impostures, that were crowded into the first two weeks of her stay in Moray Place. But Lady Isabel's own words, in a letter she wrote to Dr. Cameron about two months after her arrival in Edinburgh, will sufficiently explain how matters had fared with her.

"120, Moray Place, Oct. 30th, 18—.

"My dear Dr. Cameron,

"I am ashamed to think how long it is since I last wrote to you—about three weeks after my arrival here. But indeed my time and energy have been so entirely taken up with the object I had in view when I decided on coming here that I have had little of either to spare for letter-writing. I know, however, that you must be anxious for news, and I have determined not to let another day pass without writing. It has been a trying time of disappointment and failure—utter failure! I do not intend giving you full details of all I have been doing; those I will reserve for our next talk, for I am sure they will interest you deeply. For the present you must be satisfied with a general outline of affairs. I remember telling you in my last letter that my first step had been to try and discover Agnes Williamson, the cook who was in Aunt Jane's service in June and to whom my tender-hearted darling entrusted his little beggar-girl, with injunctions, so Nettie, who was present, tells me, to 'give her a real good dinner and plenty to take home besides.' Unfortunately Williamson was dismissed very shortly after we left for Drumcairnie, on a charge of dishonesty, and the difficulty was, how to find her again.

"For a long time all our attempts were unavailing. We advertised right and left, and the police were put on her track in all directions. It all took me back so to that terrible hopeless search, three years and a half ago! Well, at last Williamson turned up, having only just heard that she was wanted, she said; but I fancy she had waited to make sure of why she was being so earnestly sought for, as I am afraid she belongs to a class who have good reason to dread the word 'wanted.' However this might be, she came one day and asked to see me, and on hearing my story, said she could give me some information. She remembered the child distinctly, because she told her that she had travelled *on foot* all the way from England, London, I think, and that she and her mother and little brother were resting in Edinburgh on their way to Glasgow, and that they were living in a wretched lodging in the Cowgate till the poor sick mother was well enough to go on. Williamson happened mercifully to remember that the child had said her name was Lawrence, a fact which was impressed on Williamson's mind by her own sister having that very week married a man of the same name, in London! This was a valuable clue, and I lost no time in following it up. I went to all the clergymen round the Cowgate district, told my story, and asked for their kind help. I can never feel grateful enough for their civility

and kindness, especially what I received at the hands of Mr. Fergusson, of St. Asaph's, who told me he knew you well in old days. He recommended my applying to a young medical missionary, who had been working in that quarter, and still is, I think, and I found to my extreme joy that this young Mr. Ramsay could give me all the information I wanted; and, oh, fancy! little Rosie Lawrence not only died of the same dreadful fever as my Douglas, but died on the very same day; moreover, was buried on the day of that frightful storm! Is it not wonderful? Mr. Ramsay has reasons, which I have at this moment forgotten, for remembering the exact dates of her death and burial. I cannot doubt that she was the 'little Edinburgh girl,' for all he tells me about her family, &c., tallies with what she told my darling boy, and also with what Williamson told me. I love to think of their having 'gone home' together like this, and cannot, therefore, regret this failure; it is only partial failure too, for I hope, with Mr. Ramsay's help, to trace the poor mother, who was a very deserving nice woman, he says, and miserably poor. Yet, I know now how very much I had set my heart on success; who is it that, speaking of our life's failures, or partial failures, as all part of the great discipline of life, says, 'This is the meaning of all that strange mingling of trial and blessing, failure and success; partial success to cheer you on, because God knew that you could not bear entire failure; partial failure, because entire success would have fostered pride and self-dependence!' Dear old friend, I can now echo that from my heart, and I know this too has been for my good. You said it would lift me out of myself and help me to be patient, and it has. To see all the grinding poverty and the degradation and the struggles, the unceasing struggles, for very existence among the *really* poor, such as I have been seeing all these weeks that I have been going about among them, has made my heart sore many a time, but it has also made me realise how much I have left to be thankful for. I long to be able to do some real work among them, but I hardly know yet what my life is to be, or where spent. We cannot hear from Australia till early in December at soonest, and for the present I shall remain here. I should like you to know this Mr. Ramsay. He is a man of good family and devoted to his work, heart and soul. Aunt Jane has taken a great fancy to him, and he has dined quietly with us two or three times. She and Nettie beg me to give you their affectionate remembrances. Nettie has been so good and kind, refusing all invitations in order that she might stay with me and help as much as she possibly could, and indeed if it had not been for her remembering the child perfectly, I should have been imposed upon more than once. Now, dear Dr. Cameron, I do hope you will return good for evil, as you always do, and let me have a letter in answer to this long *screed* as soon as possible. Your letters do me more good than anything.

"Always, your attached friend,
"ISABEL C. M. MCGREGOR."

The expected letter from Australia, that Lady Isabel mentioned, arrived in due time. It was from no less a person than John McGregor, the distant cousin of her husband's, into whose possession the property had now passed. The new Laird had settled in Australia five-and-thirty years before; he had a flourishing and extensive business, and was on the high road to making an immense fortune; moreover, he had by this time become wedded to colonial life, and when the news reached him that he had unexpectedly come into the family estates, and was now the Laird of Drumcairnie, his feelings were not altogether of a pleasurable nature. He had no desire to return to England, and looked upon his new possession as rather a burden than otherwise. So he decided at once not to take any steps as to leaving the colonies for at least two or three years. He addressed a long letter to Lady Isabel, besides one to the family lawyer, on the matter, in which his expressions of sympathy, if roughly worded, were well meant, and the recipient of them felt intuitively that they came from a warm, honest heart. He explained, at considerable length, how impossible it was for him to throw up, at one stroke, all his connections in the land of his adoption, and return home, a free man, ready and willing to give all his thought and care to his property there. Might he venture to propose, therefore, that Lady Isabel should continue to live at Drumcairnie—"just to keep the old place warm," as the writer expressed it? After some deliberation and anxious thought, Lady Isabel consented to do so; and impelled by a mysterious, irresistible force, which she never afterwards could describe, she decided on leaving Edinburgh without further loss of time, and returning to make a solitary home for herself at the Castle.

MAY KINLOCH.

(*To be continued.*)

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By Mrs. G. S. REANEY.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "New every morning is the love."
Lesson: 1 John iv. 7—21.
Text: "God is love."

A DEAR old African woman, who had heard about the love of God from a missionary, said once, in speaking of this love, "This love is so great that if I were to go to yonder forest and cut down all the trees, and make one long, long ladder of them, and then take it and set it up on the highest mountain, I could not reach the top of God's love; and if I were to dig all the iron out of the earth, and make the longest of long chains and then go down with it into a deep well, I could not get to the bottom of this love. It is like the sunlight at noonday, everywhere, everywhere; you cannot get away from it. It is all round you, and above you, and before you, and behind you! It is comfort, and strength, and gladness, and to know it is heaven!"

Old Dinah's life was as sunshiny as her words would lead us to expect.

Dear children, it is for all of us to know what the African woman had learnt for herself: *God is love.* How the thought will comfort us in our troubles! Just when everything seems dark—perhaps we have been unkind or naughty and our hearts seem sunless and cold—then, like a ray of light, this text, "God is love," comes to cheer us, bringing us daylight thoughts—thoughts of hopefulness, thoughts of betterness, and we want to "begin again," and the wish is a prayer.

Just think of growing up without ever hearing or knowing that beautiful text! I think it would be like living always in a cave and never feeling the warmth of the sun. Once I knew a little boy who had never been to either day or Sunday-school, but who, ever since he could remember, had spent his days in "minding baby" for mother; in the spring-time, away in the fields amid the violets and buttercups and daisies, often watching the little lambs at their gambols, sometimes climbing the trees and playing "bo-peep" with baby between the branches; in the winter-time staying at home in charge of the house as well as baby, for "mother" went out washing, "father" being, alas! fond of drink and too idle to work regularly. Poor little Benny often knew what it was to go to bed very, very hungry; but he could laugh as merrily as you can, dear children, at baby's funny little ways, or at anything else which pleased him. He was a round-faced, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked little fellow, for fresh air had done for him what food could not have done. When I first knew him and coaxed him to come to my ragged school I let him bring baby too, that he might not feel he was neglecting what mother had taught him was the duty of his little life: namely, to mind baby while she went out to work for bread to feed them all. I soon found that poor little Benny had never heard our beautiful text, "God is love," and it was very difficult to explain its meaning to him until I thought of a plan.

"Benny," I said, "you are very fond of baby, you would not like anything to hurt her, I know you would not." (Benny nodded his head emphatically while I went on.) "If you saw baby toddle off into the middle of the road when a horse and cart were coming, you would run very quickly to snatch her out of the way; and when baby cries, because she's tired or hungry, you take her in your arms and hush her sobs, and kiss her little cheeks, and coax her to smile through her tears. Well, Benny, *that's* because you *love* baby. Now, little man, God who lives in heaven loves you like that. He would save you from being hurt, just as you would save baby, and He would comfort you when your poor little heart was hungry or tired—for God is love!"

Little Benny looked as if he had at least caught the idea that he had a friend somewhere of whom he had before known nothing, and this was the first ray of God's beautiful sunshine of love to that poor little fellow's dark heart.

It would take me too long to tell you all I afterwards learnt of little Benny, but I am sure you would like to know how good he was in coming to school and how he persevered with his lessons.

Benny had been only a few months in my ragged school when, one hot summer-time, he was laid low with a terrible fever; baby had it too, and soon the little pet died. Benny was unconscious at the time, and never knew the little darling had flown like a bright angel to heaven. While Benny was still

lying very ill, his mother, who had nursed her children, took the fever, and when I came home, after a few weeks' absence, I heard the sad news that my dear little friend would never be able to come to school again. The Good Shepherd had lifted His little lamb in His arms and carried him safely into the Heavenly Fold, where he would run about in all his bright and playful ways, free from danger; his little heart glad in being for ever with Him whom on earth he had learnt to love and serve.

They told me that, just before his death, Benny had sung, in his sweet treble voice—

> "Jesus loves me, this I know,
> For the Bible tells me so,"

and that his poor mother had asked him to go on singing, for it brought her own heart comfort. Then little Benny had tried another verse of this hymn which he had learnt at school—

> "Jesus loves me: He who died,
> Heaven's gate to open wide,
> He will wash away my sin,
> Let this little child come in."

And his mother had prayed that she too might enter that gate as a little child. Benny had sung until he slept and his mother slept. It was some hours afterwards when the mother awoke, a neighbour, who had been out at work all day, having come to see how she was getting on. Benny's blue eyes were wide open and a smile was on his lips, but little Benny's soul was with the God of love.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Gospel bells."
Lesson: John iii. 14—21.
Text: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

I remember once calling upon a lady who had two little sons. One was ill in bed with a bad cold, and the other, the younger of the two, was sitting by him to take care of him.

"Stay with Johnny until I come back," said the mother, as we left the sick-room, speaking to little Cecil.

"Yes, mamma, I'll 'muse him," said chubby-faced Cecil with an air of importance.

But we had only been gone a few minutes when we heard a childish voice pleading—

"Mamma! mamma! let Cecil come a minute, I've something *I must* ask you."

His mother replied, "Will it not keep, Cecil?"

But the answer came ringing down the stairs in a troubled little voice, "No, I's sure it mustn't wait."

"Well, then, come, little man," called back the mother, and in less than a minute Cecil had run down and jumped into his mother's arms.

"I *do* want you," he said, pressing her cheeks between his two baby hands, "I do want you to tell me you love me."

"Cecil, of course I do; you know I do," his mother replied, kissing his rosy lips again and again. Then she added, playfully, "Put your hand to my heart and feel how full it is of love."

"I's sure it's *there*," said Cecil thoughtfully, "but I love to hear it come out *in speaking*, I do."

What a funny thing for a little boy to say! But I want you to catch little Cecil's thought. He knew his mother's heart was full of love, but he longed to hear this love speak itself *in words*.

Now if you turn to the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, the first few verses, you will find that the Lord Jesus is called *the Word*, and this teaches us that God the Father's heart was full of love to us, and He spoke out that love in giving us Christ; hence Christ is the Word which explains or puts in speech God the Father's love. Do you see? God loved us so much that He gave the Lord Jesus to this world to tell out His love. Everything that Jesus said or did when on earth tells us of our heavenly Father's love. He called little children to Him and blessed them, and told us about the little children in Heaven. *That* taught us how God the Father loved little children, thought about them, and cared for them. Then He healed all the sick people who came to Him, and He fed the hungry. *That* taught us how God the Father cares for our bodies, and it helps us to understand how we must do our part to take care of them too. Even little children may learn something of the laws of health and try to keep them. Boys and girls are kings and queens, and their bodies are the countries they are to take care of and rule. If *they* allow idle or wrong habits to govern any members of their bodies, it is just the same as if kings and queens sanctioned bad laws to be made. A little child thinks nothing of the naughty habit of "biting the nails," but really and truly the poor fingers have great reason to complain. "These nails were given to protect us and add to our usefulness," they might say, "and our king robs us of our protection and deprives us of a useful power, and yet expects us to be the

same as if we had our own lawful possessions!"

Some little kings and queens are careless about the washing of hands, quite forgetting that the three thousand little mouths which lie within each square inch of the skin (called the pores of the skin) are not treated with the consideration due to them as subjects of the king, if dust is allowed to fill them, stopping the way by which pure air has a right to enter. There are a great many more things which I might speak about in regard to the king and his wise and thoughtful rule over the country which he has to take care of. But I must pass on with just this thought—let us always remember that God the Father loves *our bodies*, the home here of our spirits, and if we love Him we shall do our best to take care of them and keep them pure.

The Lord Jesus Christ in telling us by His own life of God's love, revealed to us that all true love meant thought of others and willingness to sacrifice ourselves—lay down our lives—for those whom we yearned to bless.

Dear children, when we learn this beautiful lesson we shall cease to be selfish; instead of weighing and measuring our power to help others by how far we would really *like* to do it, we shall forget all about that little word *self;* we shall lay down the life of self, and the love of God the Father coming from His heart to ours by Jesus Christ the Word, will flow from us into the hearts of others, and the beautiful and God-like and true shall be as the morning light in the world, coming to chase away the darkness of that night which belongs to sin and selfishness.

Now I wonder if I have in any way made it plain to you? God is love, and when He gave His Son to this sinful and selfish world, it was as if He spoke out His love in language which the world could understand if it would listen. If *we* listen, then we get to know God's love, and, like Christ, *to live it*, for, believing in Christ, we shall "not perish but have eternal life." Eternal life is another name for God, and means Life, and Light, and Love. Oh! children, how glorious it all is! And do you not see it belongs to you and you belong to it? You are not outside, but *inside*, unless your heart has been fast asleep, or wilfully wandering "afar off" so that you could not hear "the Word" telling out the love of God's heart.

Pray for a *listening heart*, and thus shall you be blessed and be made a blessing to others.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus loves me, this I know."
Lesson: 1 Peter i. 13—19.
Text: "Who loves me and gave Himself for me." Gal. ii. 20.

In our lesson we get the word "redeemed," in our text the word "loved," each telling us something about Christ and ourselves.

I remember once seeing a portrait of a gentleman taken in crayons. "Where do you think I got that from?" he said. And then he told me.

"Some time ago I was passing down a little turning as a short cut from one street to another, when, in a window full of all sorts of odds and ends—string, shoe-laces, sweets and cakes—I saw that portrait put up for sale. In a moment I knew it was meant for myself, although I had never sat for it (it was an enlarged photograph), so I went in and asked its price. They told me if I wanted it I must pay what I thought to be a very large sum. At first I turned away, thinking it was not worth it, but then I looked on all the surroundings, and I thought at least I must redeem it from these. So I paid my money and brought my picture away, and there it has been ever since."

When my friend was telling me this, I thought of that other one, the Lord Jesus, who saw His own likeness—"And God said, Let us make man in our image after our likeness" (Gen. i. 26)—in the midst of sad and sorrowful surroundings (for nothing could be more terrible than sin), and who sought to redeem it. The price He paid was a very high one. See what our lesson says, "Redeemed not with silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ;" but He thought it worth it.

Dear children, think for a moment what it cost the dear Lord Jesus to leave His home in heaven to come down to this world; think of His beautiful life so lonely because so misunderstood; think of His death upon the cross, and just say to yourselves, "He did this for us, *for me*,"—*then* you will feel a little what St. Paul felt when, in speaking of Him, he said, "Who loved me and gave himself for me."

Once I met with a young girl who, with all her family, had left England one spring for New Zealand, where they were going to live. When almost there, the vessel they were in was wrecked; my young friend remembers her father kissing and blessing her on deck just as the vessel sank; then she remembers the plunge into the waters and some one tying her on to a broken plank;

after this she became unconscious. When memory returned, she was lying upon a little bed in a cutter's cottage. She looked up into the homely face of the cutter's wife and asked her to fetch her mother to her.

"My poor child," was the gentle answer, "the Lord has called your mother home to Himself. Take a little refreshment, and go to sleep again."

"But," pleaded my young friend, only half realising why she could not see her mother, "I must see my father if I cannot see mamma—*please* tell him I want him."

The cutter's wife was silent, her face strangely tearful. At length she had to confess, "He, too, has gone home."

Then my young friend asked for her sisters—there had been four of them—her brothers, there were two of these—but all had perished in the waters.

"Then how came *I* here?" pleaded my young friend.

"One of the midshipmen tied you to a plank," was the answer, "and stayed for many hours in the water with you, at last managing to swim with you to a rock. It is a wonder he did not lose his life in the attempt, as he was worn out and weakly."

"Where is he?" asked my young friend, "I *must* see him, and thank him."

"He will be coming here by-and-by," was the answer; "he has called twice every day to see how you were. You have been very, very ill. It is nearly three weeks since you were brought here."

As my young friend told me all this, she said, "Would you like to see the one who saved my life?" and she drew a locket from her dress and touched a spring; the locket opened, and revealed the face of the midshipman.

"I always carry it about with me," she said quietly. "You know he saved my life, and I cannot help telling every one about him; but for him I, too, should have perished."

Dear children, but for Christ we should have perished, have been destroyed by sin and selfishness. Do *we* love to think and talk of Him who saved us? Do we carry with us His image: our whole life, like a beautiful psalm, singing the praises of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us? How bright and unselfish boys and girls would be in their play, if they remembered the Lord Jesus always.

Let us ask the Holy Spirit to teach our hearts about the love of Christ that we may never forget Him, but love Him more and more.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "We are but little children weak."
Lesson: John xiv. 1—15.
Text: "If ye love me keep my commandments."

How glad we are to help those whom we love: what joy it is to "do something" for them! Now here is a text which comes straight from the heart of the Lord Jesus to our hearts. It is as if He said, "I know you love Me, and are longing to show it; well, here is a way in which you may tell me of your love —*Keep My commandments.*"

We pause a moment wondering what His commandments are like, and we remember this one—"Love one another, as I have loved you;" and then we think how hard it sometimes is to do this. It is not difficult to love the kind and gentle, the tender and thoughtful, but we know that if we are to love one another as Jesus loves us it means much, much more than this. It means loving the unkind and the ungentle, those too who are lacking in tenderness and thoughtfulness, loving them with patient, long-suffering, and forgiving love.

A little girl who attended a day school was terribly tried by the unkindness of one of her companions who lost no opportunity of saying bitter and cruel things to her. She bore it all patiently to herself as long as she could do so, but one day her heart was so full of the cruel wrong this girl had done her that she had a good cry over it, and told her mother all about it.

"How can I help *hating* her?" she exclaimed passionately. "She told an untruth to-day, getting me an imposition which rightly she herself should have had. I *must* tell the teacher all about it, and get her punished!"

"Run to your room, darling," said her mother softly, "and think *on your knees* what the Lord Jesus would have done under the circumstances."

Ethel, sobbing very bitterly, left her mother's presence. In a few minutes she returned calm and bright.

"I am going to do the imposition without saying a word," she said gently. "To tell would only be to get *her* into terrible trouble. I will bear it for her because I know that is what Jesus means when he says, 'Love your enemies.'"

The result of Ethel's brave resolve was that the school companion, who had hitherto been so mean and unfair in her treatment of her, was suddenly won over to admire and love her; and who can tell but that this helped that poor girl to get a little nearer loving Jesus?

If only we could always follow Ethel's example and do just what we think the Lord Jesus Himself would do, how brightly would love shine out within our hearts and homes, blessing the lives of others and bringing peace to our own!

How much it would help us to do difficult things if we thought of them as opportunities of showing our love to Christ! And how much more ready we should be to help others if we remembered our Saviour's words when He told us to see His face in the face of every one who needed our help!

I wonder if you ever heard or read of that nobleman who asked an artist to paint him a picture which should surprise every one who saw it. He promised to give him a large sum of money for it, and he left him to choose his own subject, only stipulating that whatever the picture might look like it must surprise all who gave it close and earnest inspection. The artist was very much puzzled to find a subject. Everything he could think of seemed only like pictures which had been painted by others, until one night an inspiration came to him. A poor beggar had stood at his door pleading for help. The artist took him into his studio and gave him food. "I wonder whether *he* could help me with my picture," he mused; but then he shook his head sorrowfully. "What was there new or startling in a ragged beggar?" Sorrowfully he dismissed the poor man, putting a silver coin into his hand at parting, and saying a few words of comfort and cheer.

"How his face lighted up," he mused, "when I blessed him." Then, suddenly, the artist was seized with a thought which took him speedily to his canvas.

* * * *

The picture was painted, and hung in the nobleman's picture-gallery. Then the artist invited the nobleman to inspect his work.

"*That* picture!" said the nobleman hastily, as he viewed it from a distance. "Sir, there is no surprise there! It is a worn-out subject. Who is not familiar with the sight of a ragged beggar?"

"Stay, my lord," pleaded the artist, "before you further criticise, go a little nearer."

The nobleman did so, but having advanced a few steps, started back exclaiming, "Beautiful! strangely beautiful! What a glorious surprise! Good, very good! *This* will astonish my guests as it has astonished me!"

What had the nobleman seen to make him so suddenly pleased? As he drew nearer the ragged beggar suddenly changed into the figure of Christ. The hand of the beggar stretched out for alms, became the hand of the Saviour, uplifted somewhat, with the "Peace be unto you!" The eyes, which at a distance had looked so pleadingly for help, were full of tender compassion and silent, eloquent love. Underneath the picture the artist had painted the word "Inasmuch!"

Dear children, if we could go a little nearer to the sorrowful and sad, the hungry and desolate, we should see in them the face of Jesus turned upon us; and, oh! what joy to minister to Him. Do you not think it would make all the ugly, painful, or distressing things and people, about which we do not naturally care much, or to which we do not feel at all drawn, do you not think it would make everything and everybody look beautiful, so beautiful that our hearts would grow more and more tender, and loving, and yearning?

"How much can I do to help others to be glad and happy?" would be the natural question of our lives. Not only sometimes but *always* we should feel the nearness of Jesus in the nearness of others, and we should feel the intense joy of ministering to *Him* in doing what we could *for them.* There are many things we cannot all do, but we may all love Him who loved us and show our love by keeping His commandments.

FIFTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art."
Lesson: John xv. 9—18.
Text: "This is My commandment, that ye love one another."

This text has many lessons in it. Let us try to-night and learn one which, I think, was beautifully taught us a little while ago by a poor boy who lived in the East-end of London. Harry, for many weary months, was unable to run about like other little boys, because his hip was diseased. Often his tender mother would put him in a chair just outside the door of his house, that he might get as much fresh air as came into that narrow street, and when the sun was shining be cheered by the brightness. Harry would sit there for hours, his little crutch beside him, in case he felt tired and wished to go indoors again. The passers-by were mostly too busy to take any notice of Harry; sometimes one would turn round, attracted by the little invalid's sorrowful face, and say, "Poor little boy!" and put a penny into his hand, for which Harry would feel very grate-

ful; but any pleasure which the penny brought would in time pass away, and leave the longing, "Oh! to be able to run about like other boys." One day—oh! how well Harry remembered it, it was a day of days in his life—some kind lady brought his mother a letter for a children's hospital, and Harry was told that he was to be taken there on the morrow, perhaps to be made quite well.

I cannot stop to tell you all about Harry's stay in the hospital; how he grew to love the doctors and the nurses (his own special nurse more than any one else); how he learnt to sing the beautiful hymns, and love the picture scrap-books and toys; best of all, how he managed in time to walk without his crutch, and then—yes, actually to run half-way down the ward; but this was after much pain and suffering, for "all good comes by way of redemption," our best joys grow out of our sorest troubles.

I must pass on and tell you what happened when Harry left the hospital. He was very, very glad to get home again, but oh! so sorry to leave all his kind friends. The thought that made going a little easier was to think that some other little suffering boy might come to his bed and be made well; for Harry had learnt while in the hospital to love all little boys who had pain, even if he did not know them really, and in his love he longed that he might help to make them better. I think these beautiful and loving thoughts had come to Harry as whispers in his heart from the Lord Jesus himself, who seemed always to be in the ward—there in the hymns which they sung—there in the gentle, tender lives of the nurses—*there* in the bright and compassionate visits of the ladies who came from time to time. Once Harry had thought of the Lord Jesus as *in the Bible and in Church*—now he thought of Him as being just everywhere—nearer than the nearest, kinder than the kindest, more tender than the tenderest. All the love and light and life which had blessed little Harry's life in the hospital had been to him, as it were, "seeing Jesus." Therefore you will not wonder that Harry, sorry as he was to leave all his kind friends, was yet glad to make way for another sick boy, who might be made well, as he had been.

I think Harry must have been thinking of "the dear hospital ward" one morning, when he was coming home from school, where he was now able to go regularly. Suddenly he paused before an open door; just outside, in a perambulator, sat a little boy about his own age—two crutches propped up beside him. Perhaps if Harry had never himself suffered, he would have passed this little boy quite carelessly, but that was impossible *now;* so he stood and looked at him a moment; then he went nearer, and there was a real tear in his eye as he said—

"Poor little chap!"

The next minute he had lost his shyness, and putting his arm on his shoulder he said—

"Don't cry;" for the boy's lip was trembling and tears seemed *very* near. "I was ill like you once, and I had to sit still all day; but now I can run about, and I'm ever so strong!"

Then as a happy thought seized Harry, he said excitedly:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wheel you, just as you are, right off to *my* hospital and ask them to make you well, as they did me."

At this moment the sick boy's mother came out to hear what was being said, and Harry was so warm in telling her about the cure to his own hip, that after a little while he coaxed her to let him take her boy Percy, just as he was, to the hospital. "It would not take them many minutes to get there."

Just picture Harry wheeling that perambulator (I do not think the mother was far behind, but she let Harry feel he was in full charge). Away they went, up one long street and down a short one, across the road very, very carefully, and they were there.

Harry ran up the steps and tugged at the bell. The hall porter smiled as he saw Harry's flushed face; he looked very tenderly upon him when he said—

"Please I've brought a little boy to be cured. I want to see the doctor."

That was how little Percy became a patient in Harry's hospital. I do not think he got quite so well as Harry had done; but he was much better when he left, two or three months later.

Now, what is our lesson? To love the Lord Jesus means to love and care for and live for others. If we have a joy we will *pass it on.*

Yes! dear children, all true life means "passing on" to others that which the God of Love has given to us.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

PIT-BROW WOMEN.

A PASSION for reform is a very noble instinct, but it is always well to make sure that what we are anxious to abolish or improve is a real evil, and to prevent zeal outrunning discretion. Our Factory Acts, for instance, and the mining legislation, of which we have had a good deal during the last few years, do excellent service so long as their provisions extend only to those who need protection and do not fetter those who can protect themselves; but even in this direction sentiment without the guidance of common-sense may easily go too far. There is a Bill now before Parliament which, if it passed into law, would stop the labour of women at the pit-brow and turn several thousands of them upon the world without any employment. To prohibit female labour in the mine itself is quite reasonable, for the conditions of work there are such as to make it impossible for women to engage in it without physical and moral evil; but above ground this is not the case. The work is hard, but it is healthy; women live and thrive there who would die in stifling factories. The moral influence is not bad; the women may be coarse and rough, but they are not worse than others of the same class employed elsewhere. In fact, the dress which they wear, rather like a man's, appears to be the only substantial ground of objection; and that dress, we do not hesitate to say, is infinitely more rational and decent than those which any one will see at the first fashionable party he may happen to attend. To base restrictive legislation upon a prejudice that flannel trousers with an apron reaching to the knees are an indecent dress for women who have rough work in all weathers would be the silliest of all conceivable follies.

CURATES AND THEIR WRONGS.

This is the day of grievances, and not of sham ones, but of real, cruel wrongs, that make the true heart burn with indignation and throb with sympathy. Mr. Isherwood's case is but a type of many, and thousands of curates all over the country would echo his sad complaint. There is no need to haggle over a few pounds on one side of the account or the other; the fact remains that here is a man of gentle birth, of University distinction, who has given seventeen years of his life, and the best years, to hard labour in a London parish for a beggarly stipend, only to see a stranger set above him when the living becomes vacant, and the reward of patient service seems to be within reach. That the Rev. J. F. Kitto's appointment is excellent in itself no one will question. But if it is hard to have a good man set over you after long service, what must it be to see a bad or a weak man promoted in the same way? And with the present system there is little to prevent this. That the parish or the congregation should have some voice in the appointment of those who shall minister to them seems but common justice. But this change is not enough to cure the evils of inequality. Even then a man who is brilliant, plausible, and popular, will throw into the shade a more patient and unobtrusive worker, who does noble service silently and modestly, without show and stir.

PEWS AND PEOPLE.

It is about time that we decided what the services of the Church really are. Is public worship to be, as its name implies, free and open to all who choose to come without distinction of class? Or is it to be a private and personal entertainment like a concert or a theatre? Only the latter theory will agree with our pew-rent system. Where you pay for your seat, and the longest purses get the best places, you may have divine service, but you cannot have public worship. In the parish churches the free and open system is certain to be restored, for when a great leader like the Bishop of Peterborough throws his influence with the movement, the result is certain. But why stop with the parish churches? Why, indeed, stop at churches at all? Thousands of chapels are in the same plight, and require the same change. It need involve no sacrifice for ministers' incomes. They are low enough and too low already. But where a system of weekly offerings has been established and carefully worked, there has been gain and not loss; and the system, by associating gift and prayer together, puts an end to the cheque-charity which begins with the pen and ends at the bank; doing some good, no doubt, to those who receive, but very little good to the man who *signs*—it can hardly be called *giving*. Make the seats free and the service fresh, and there will be no lack of a congregation.

MUSICAL SERVICES.

After speaking of the grievances of the clergy and of the claims of congregations, it is but natural to add a word upon the services for which they meet together. We are happily beginning to break with convention; we are not quite as much the slaves of custom as we once were. But there is still much to be done before we realise our true freedom, and use all our powers without restraint. We have not made music so strong an ally of religious services as we might, and Sir George Grove, a well-known authority on this point, suggests that it would be well to organize sacred concerts, on the Sunday, in many of the churches and chapels which are now turned to such little use. Oratorio and symphony, choir and orchestra, might all combine, and with selected prayers and a few simple words of exhortation, we should have a service of a truly religious character. It has been attempted with success in

more than one place, and the same may be done elsewhere. There are many people who care little for the ordinary services of the church as adapted to music, finding them artificial and unnatural, to whom a service of music pure and simple would be thoroughly congenial. Worship may express itself in many ways; is not confined to a book, not even tied down to words; and "the verse may find him whom the sermon flies." Beethoven and Handel may speak with the force of the most eloquent of preachers.

THE EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT AND WAR.

The new Parliament has strong opinions upon many questions, and has not shrunk from expressing them, but very few people can have been prepared for the recent division upon Mr. Richard's motion concerning the Executive Government and war. The motion, indeed, was not carried, but the issue was doubtful, and success all but won. What Mr. Richard and his friends asked for was simply this: that before declaring war, contracting grave national responsibilities, or annexing territory, the consent of Parliament should invariably be secured. At present Parliament can punish but cannot prevent; it can condemn but cannot check. All of us feel only too keenly that again and again life has been flung away in passionate folly, and that the resources which might have fed the starving, clothed the naked, and taught the ignorant, have been recklessly wasted, and yet are not able to go so far as this. To discuss some pledges in public before giving them would make them of no effect; while we were discussing the advisability of adding some fresh territory to our dominions, some enterprising power might step in and forestall us, and discussion would cause more strife than it avoided; while if before declaring war, the whole question were thrown open to debate, with the possibility of an appeal to the electorate in reserve, we might and should be attacked while the nation was still laboriously striving to make up its mind. What we really need for the preservation of peace is a change in spirit and in temper, not in the machinery of government.

THE NEW CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

Only those who do not look below the surface of things will be surprised at the stir which Sir Charles Warren's appointment has caused Panic and alarm have no doubt been at work; for it was a terrible shock to thousands to discover that life and property were at the mercy of a lawless mob, and that our protective system had utterly broken down. Yet fear is not the only force at work. We are coming to learn that even with our intricate social machinery, it is a matter of infinite importance to get the right man at the head of affairs; a man whose eye is clear and his heart true. Sir Charles Warren seems to be a man given us by Providence in the hour of need. He has proved himself a born ruler. He wins the devotion of those who serve under him. He is resolute, high-minded, fearless; one who hates and scorns corruption, cruelty, and injustice. What a noble work he may do! He might almost create a new ideal for our police. What others have done for the warrior,—those who guard our shores,—he might do for our "peace officers," who guard our homes; those who have to carry on the conflict with crime and vice, the deadlier foes who dwell in our midst, plotting and working incessantly against our safety and our strength. A police force with a real enthusiasm in their mission might work wonders.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

SCHOOL BANKS IN FRANCE.

In the April number of the *Nineteenth Century* Miss Agnes Lambert gives a most interesting account of the Banks which have been established in connection with the elementary schools in France, and though we may hold very different opinions upon the general character of the teaching given under the existing system, we shall all be of one mind in agreeing that no better service can be rendered to the children than to train them in habits of thrift while they are still young and their characters still unformed. As to the success of the Banks there can be no doubt. They number 23,000; and the total savings of half a million of depositors make up an average of £1 per head. When we remember that this amount has been accumulated by children at school, not by adults; that when the child leaves school, its savings are withdrawn too, thus securing a constant renewal of capital, a new depositor taking the place of the one that has gone, the results are very remarkable. We have to a certain extent followed the example of the French in our own schools, but the experiment has been mainly confined to one or two of the great towns. It may be said that the Post-Office Savings Banks supply the need, but this would hardly be true. The great advantage of the other system is that it links on to the school, makes thrift as it were part of the education, and that the children themselves are trained to save independently of their parents. And when we think of the great flood of waste which is draining the strength of all classes in the land from the highest to the lowest, even one more remedy against the evil is not to be neglected or despised.

THE MORMONS IN AMERICA.

Mormonism in America has reached a critical point. For long it has enjoyed comparative immunity; it has set itself above the law of the land; it has often violated that law flagrantly and notoriously; it has made laws of its own, and after its own heart. But now the State has resolved to enforce its prohibitions and its penalties, and to suppress the Society and its illegal practices. So at Utah the community cannot stay for any long time. In its peril, however, it has devised a most ingenious policy. The State of Nevada, at no great distance, once filled with a population of nomad miners, is being rapidly drained of its inhabitants; the mines are worked out, and the

miners are deserting their old homes. The Mormon community, if it settled there, would constitute soon, if not at once, a majority of the electorate; they could return their own representatives to Congress; and if attacked they could appeal to the instinctive jealousy of each individual State to defend their rights against those of the Federation. It is a bold scheme, and ingenious; but in practice the Americans have a sound common-sense that makes short work of devices that are subtle and not sound; it knows the difference between justice and law, and carries out its opinions.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

RELIGIOUS STRIFE AT TONGA.

The strife at Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands, is certainly one of the saddest incidents in recent religious history. There was but little reason for its beginning, and long before now it ought to have come to an end. It is difficult to understand what strange infatuation can have taken possession of the King. Knowing as he does all the noble work which Wesleyan Methodists have done in the island, and remembering how they have transformed himself from a savage to a civilised being, if he had any cause of complaint against the Society and its system, he might have shown more patience, or even in his own secession have avoided involving his people in personal quarrels. Unhappily, he took the very opposite course. He went into revolt himself; he organized a so-called "Free Church;" and then he put the utmost possible pressure upon his subjects to induce them to follow him into the new fold. By hundreds they refused. Persecution followed, with violence, punishment, and threat: many gave way, but others held out bravely and will not give in. The King may do his worst, they will not flinch. King George has evidently taken it into his head that he is the sole ruler of the island in things spiritual as well as temporal, and thinks that loyalty to Wesleyan Methodism as represented by the Conference is disloyalty to him. And so we have the scandalous sight of persecution based, not upon difference of creed or even of ritual, but solely and simply due to personal pride and petty passion.

RECRUITS FOR THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A month ago the Committee of the Church Missionary Society were able to report, that during the week of Special Services held throughout the country, no less than twenty-six fresh offers for personal service abroad had been received; but now the number has grown till it has actually reached fifty-three. It is a wonderful illustration of what may be done by vigorous and sustained effort undertaken in a spirit of prayer and faith.

ROMISH MISSIONS IN NEW GUINEA.

The *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society reports a characteristic instance of the methods and the spirit of Catholic missions. Every one who takes any interest in mission work—every one, in fact, who observes the development of our colonies—is familiar with the work that Mr. Macfarlane, Mr. Lawes, and others, have done in New Guinea; how they have softened and civilised savage tribes, which not long ago it was dangerous to approach; and how they have taught the most ignorant natives to forsake their cruel superstitions for a purer and kindlier faith. And now that the field has been opened, the Roman Catholics follow. One Father Verius actually writes in the *Missions Catholiques* that Mr. Macfarlane admits that he has made no attempt to convert the natives, that all he does is for money, and that he is astonished that others should come to the work with different aims and motives. What this veracious Father would like is that the men who have been labouring in the island, probably before he had ever heard its name, should take the educational work, and leave the cure of souls to the Romanists. It would be hard to say whether his ignorance or his audacity is the greater.

A SPECIAL MISSION AT SIERRA LEONE.

Special missions have now established themselves as a regular part of our evangelistic system at home, and we all know how much may be done by a new voice, a fresh face, and a personality with which we are comparatively unfamiliar. The appeals to which we listen Sunday after Sunday may be quite as powerful; there may be the same devotion and the same faith, yet the special effort and the occasional visitor give a new impetus and stir up depths hitherto unreached. What succeeds at home in England may be expected to succeed abroad, where the general conditions are fairly similar, where Christian Churches have existed for a long time, and the Gospel of Christ is regularly preached: human nature is so very much the same everywhere that this is only what we might expect. At Sierra Leone the Rev. F. W. Dodd and Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Fox have been uniting in effort of this kind, and with the happiest results. There are many Christians in the place, people who profess to have accepted the law of Christ, and to have given Him their faith and their love, but whose Christianity is a poor thing after all, still tainted and degraded by the sins and the superstitions of the people around them; and these are the people whom a special mission will be most effective in reaching, as it seems to have done in this case. But the most successful part of the work was done by Mrs. Darwin Fox. She held special services for women in two of the churches of the place. The women came in numbers, and found just the kind of help that they specially required; such help as could only be given by one whom personal experience had made familiar with their nature and its needs. The newspaper of the place, as we see from the *C. M. S. Intelligencer and Record*, puts the very highest value upon Mrs. Darwin Fox's work, and asks if women with these gifts and this sympathetic devotion are to be found elsewhere, may they not be found in Sierra Leone

itself? Are there none *here* who will do the same work for those among whom they live?

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

MR. W. E. FORSTER.

By a strange and almost dramatic coincidence, Mr. Forster has passed away at the crisis of that prolonged struggle in which he played so prominent a part. The currents of political life drifted him to a position he would never have sought, and which he held unwillingly. He was Secretary for Ireland in Ireland's darkest hour; and though he survived the storm, the strain made him an old man before his time. He showed himself both patient and brave, never braver than when he offered, after the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, to return to the post from which he had just been driven, with all its difficulties, dangers, and disappointments. But in years to come his Irish administration may, and probably will be forgotten. He did other and better work than this. Though he left the Society of Friends (strangely enough just after publishing an elaborate defence of William Penn, one of their great heroes), it was but to ally himself with the most liberal branch of the English Church, and he carried with him all the sympathies for the suffering and oppressed which Friends in all times have always cherished. Had he ever been set at the head of the Colonial Office, in which he once held a subordinate position, he would certainly have done noble service there, for even when working as an outsider, and under restraint, he was often able to make his influence felt where it was most needed. With the Education Act of 1870 his name will be inseparably connected. It is an Act of compromise, it must be confessed, and even now the struggles to which it gave rise are not at an end. But though not *the* best, it was the best that the country was ready for; and so far as Mr. Forster was personally concerned, it was an honest attempt to secure a sound education for every child in the country on the best terms that he could make between hostile interests. Even if time should bring a more perfect and satisfactory solution of the difficulty, his part in the work of making the nation wise as well as free must not be forgotten.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

It is about two years now since Dr. Trench resigned his office, and withdrew to rest and quiet from the burden and heat of the day. He was not born for troublous times like these, and although he never failed to discharge the duties that devolved upon him in such a way as to win the respect and the affection of all who watched him, yet he was not the strong man who grips occasion and masters it. He was poet and scholar rather than preacher and statesman; was more at home in the Deanery at Westminster than in the palace at Dublin. His books have become household classics, and his hymns are taking a permanent place in the sacred poetry of our land, full of hope, of faith, and of tenderness.

> "Let all men know that all men move
> Under a canopy of love,
> As broad as the blue sky above."

It will be long before this and many other hymns like it cease to be a part of the rich inheritance of all Christian hearts.

DR. STANFORD.

It is but a few months since, at the autumnal meetings of the Baptist Union at Liverpool, Charles Stanford was led by the hand through the crowd which he could not see to the pulpit usually filled by Hugh Stowell Brown. And now both have passed away—popular leader and poet-preacher alike have vanished into the silent-land, and we are the poorer for their loss. Dr. Stanford was one of those exceptional men who mould the thought of those who guide others; and dear as he was to the Churches, he was dearer still to their ministers. He stood alone, without a parallel. He seemed to be far removed from the littleness of life. His very weakness gave him strength. He admitted his inability to deal with business work; that he left to others, honouring them duly for the service which they could render. His one concern was to tell out the message which had been entrusted to him; to call the world back to the ideals and the hopes which it had lost; to proclaim the deliverance and the forgiveness within the reach of all. Pain and weakness tried but could not overcome him; blindness made the world dark, but could not dim the bright vision of his soul; and to the last, without faltering or flagging, he clung to his post, and maintained the good fight of faith.

JOHN GUTTRIDGE.

The Free Methodist Churches and their work do not seem to get quite as much attention and recognition as they might fairly claim; for they are doing very noble service in many parts of the kingdom where the struggle is hard and seems at times all but hopeless. But they are loyal and brave, and will go on working and hoping whether we forget them or not. Mr. Guttridge was a fine type of the churches in which he was a trusted and honoured leader. Bold and vigorous, enthusiastic and unconventional, he struck right home to the heart, and no one could listen to him without feeling that here was a man intensely in earnest, sure that he had the one and only remedy for the sins and sorrows of the world, and determined at all costs to make it known. His enthusiasm was contagious, his sympathies wide; it was almost impossible to resist his influence. He could move to laughter as well as to tears, and was never afraid to use his power. He spoke as he felt, simply, naturally, directly, with all the indignation, the humour, and the tenderness of a full and sympathetic nature.

"The Macnaughtens at home."

Page 369.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MARGARET'S MISSION.

ON the evening of the 28th of January, there was considerable excitement experienced;—not only at Ivy Bank itself, but to the small immediate neighbourhood this excitement was communicated with more or less thrills of agitation and wonder.

Miss Ellerslee's "at home" evenings had always been perfect of their kind, but this was felt by one and all to be no ordinary night.

Preparations were carried on with a lavish hand; and tradespeople hurrying to and fro, confectioners' carts stopping the way, awnings being erected, carpets laid down, and hired waiters making their appearance, caused quite an excitement and flutter amongst the old folks and nurses and children who lived in this favoured young lady's vicinity.

The inhabitants of the adjoining houses who were not blessed with so large a portion of this world's goods were even a shade bitter.

"That girl is just going to rack and ruin; no fortune would stand it," exclaimed old Miss Manners to her sister. "I do declare, a whole cartload of hot-house flowers has been taken into the house just now!"

"Oh! how I should like to go to Ivy Bank to-night," exclaimed a young girl, who had not the privilege of Miss Ellerslee's acquaintance, but who worshipped her from afar.

Certainly no pains were spared to render the pretty house on Campden Hill unique in its decoration and charming in its arrangements for the seventy guests who were to honour it with their presence this evening. For not one of the seventy had refused, the date had been sufficiently far off to enable them to keep the evening disengaged, and curiosity, if no other motive, brought affirmative answers to all the rather singular invitations.

Margaret Ellerslee had spent the month between her invitation and the arrival of her visitors in diligent preparation.

As she had said to Arundel, she was not one who having put her hand to the plough would look back. She absorbed herself in Irish law, in Irish romance, in Irish history; she studied Irish music, and she had serious thoughts of seeking some Irish quarter of the great metropolis, where she could study the Irish character from the original.

Here, however, Selina Marsh's almost abject terror restrained her; and she comforted herself with the reflection, that no doubt the tribe of wild Irish folks who interested Arundel and Ellen O'Donnell, bore but slight resemblance to their grimy brethren of London alleys.

Miss Ellerslee's friends, those rather few friends with whom she was really intimate, had long ago pronounced her eccentric. Had she been a poor girl, her eccentricities would not have been tolerated; but being wealthy, they were submitted to, were endured, and were even considered piquant and refreshing.

Miss Ellerslee's search for her mission had been a standing joke amongst her intimate acquaintances, and most of the seventy to whom she wrote greeted this allusion in her letter with a laugh and a feeling of curiosity. The earnest side of Margaret's character was unknown to these people; they did not suspect the fashionable and rich girl of being in any sense guided by religion; they little guessed the power of self-denial which was in her, nor the motives, Christ-like in themselves, which animated her. She had said truly of herself that, having put her hand to the plough, she would not look back. These invited guests, however, were but amused at Miss Ellerslee's allusion.

What absurd whim had the girl taken up now? what wild idea possessed her brain? Had she engaged herself to some spendthrift, who would run through her money; or was she going to retire into a Protestant convent? There was no saying what the headstrong girl would do. Many were the conjectures afloat, and Margaret's guests arrived, with the pleasing sense of something quite novel about to be experienced. The young hostess met her friends on the threshold of a lovely suite of rooms; for drawing-room, dining-room, and even library communicated one with another, and were on this occasion all thrown open.

Margaret had ordered a special dress for this evening. It was made, as all her dresses were, perfectly plain. As she hated trimmings and furbelows, and preferred grace to fashion, she generally chose for the material of her costumes the one fabric which looks best unornamented. Her present dress was cream-coloured velvet; it hung in straight and heavy folds around her, and was cut sufficiently open to show the noble column of her throat. A little soft lace on sleeves and neck were its sole adorn-

ment. Her hair was worn in its usual simple fashion, a bunch of real shamrocks being twisted into the soft bright knot which lay low on her neck.

With the exception of one magnificent diamond star, which glittered and sparkled on her white neck, she wore no jewels.

Her eyes were bright—a richer colour than usual mantled her cheeks; as she stepped forward to welcome her many guests, she looked decidedly striking.

In the distance, the soft and pathetic music of that most touching Irish melody—

"She is far from the land
Where her young hero sleeps,"

was sounding faintly. As the guests began to pour in, it brisked up into the "*Minstrel Boy*," and finally a full band pealed forth joyously, "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.*" The visitors looked at each other, and began gravely to prognosticate that poor dear distinguished-looking Margaret Ellerslee had taken leave of her senses.

Old Mr. Danvers, who was fond of Margaret, and had often taken upon himself to expostulate with her and to offer what he considered fatherly counsel, now drew her aside.

"My dear," he remarked, "you have secured Liddell's Band. I recognise it. Those melodies, they are sweet and touching; but why all Irish, Margaret? I suppose we shall soon have a pleasing variation of Scotch music, and perhaps something operatic by-and-by."

This he said in a light and cheerful tone; but his small twinkling eyes watched Miss Ellerslee's face with a slightly concealed anxiety. He was a man of keen observation, and he had not failed to observe the bunch of shamrocks in her hair.

"Surely," he added to himself, "that fine girl is not going to throw herself away on a scamp of an Irish fellow!" "Get the Scotch music on soon, my dear," he said, as though—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,"

stealing forth in the most dulcet melody, was almost aggravating to his nerves.

"You must bear with the music of Erin to-night, Mr. Danvers," said Margaret, laughing. "All this music is leading up to my grand climacteric, on which occasion I shall expect you to help me—don't forget."

Margaret then moved away to welcome fresh guests, and old Mr. Danvers sat down to remark on the eccentricity of their young friend to Lady Conway. The evening passed on, the guests wandered through the rooms, chatted to each other, commented on the excellence of all the arrangements, on the almost fairy beauty of the scene, and gradually finding that nothing at all remarkable had yet occurred, forgot about Margaret's whim and Margaret's mission, in the interest they felt in meeting and talking with each other.

Presently, however, there was a slight stir of expectation, Margaret was seen to go up to Mr. Danvers, and talk to him for about five minutes, in a very earnest and impressive manner.

Poor Miss Marsh, who was looking as pretty as possible in dove-coloured satin, on seeing this, became so painfully agitated that people turned round to look at her.

"Oh! I hope," she said to her companions, "I hope you'll all have patience with Margaret—she is a very dear and original creature, but it is a bold step, and one I cannot approve. I must support her, and I always will support her, and no one in all the world means better. Dear Margaret—pray excuse me, I am much upset by all this—but dear Margaret means all for the best."

"Pray what is it, Miss Marsh? pray enlighten us," said several voices now crowding round the little old lady, "what is this mystery—all this Irish music—and that knot of shamrocks in Miss Ellerslee's hair, and that most peculiar invitation, what can it all mean? Dear Miss Marsh, do enlighten us, pray relieve our fears, say at least that he is not an Irishman. It would be horrible of Margaret Ellerslee to throw herself away on an Irishman!"

"Oh! hush," said Miss Marsh, standing up, and motioning the little crowd away from her. "See! Mr. Danvers is asking people to come into the drawing-room. Margaret said she would ask him to collect everybody—that is the signal—you will soon all know for yourselves. Oh! poor dear Margaret."

The drawing-room was now filling fast, the Irish band had ceased playing, and there was a little hush, and pause, and thrill of wonder, when Margaret Ellerslee stepped forward, and stood before her seventy chosen guests.

Emotion, for she certainly felt the moment keenly, had paled her cheeks, but she was too self-possessed to betray any tremor of voice or show the faintest awkwardness of gesture or movement.

She stood perfectly silent for the space of about a quarter of a minute, then raising her brilliant eyes she scanned the audience to whom she was about to appeal.

In that brief glance she felt that she had

chosen well; most of those who looked at her were people of no common fibre—men who had thought, and men who had marked, were present; women too, the foremost of their sex, in all that was good and brave and noble, were not wanting in the group. Mr. Danvers came forward and stood a little behind Margaret; she looked at him, smiled, and then glanced a second time at her expectant audience; and, as she said afterwards, the fire which Arundel had first kindled five weeks before broke that moment into flame.

"I have found my mission," said Margaret Ellerslee, "and I have asked you all to come here to-night to tell you what it is. I have asked you here also for another reason. I boldly demand, and I earnestly plead, not only for your sympathy, but your co-operation; in short, I want you all, my dear kind friends, to make my mission yours also."

This was putting it rather strong, and people pooh-poohed and fidgeted, and there were one or two faint whisperings. Mr. Danvers stepped forward and said aloud—

"You express your feelings strongly, Miss Ellerslee, and we congratulate you on having found a worthy object to expend your powers upon. Certainly we shall all sympathise with *you*, but may I be permitted to ask, in the name of the company present, what *is* your mission?"

"Ireland," replied Miss Ellerslee, in a clear and vibrating tone.

"Oh!" exclaimed several voices; every one stepped back a pace or two, and several earnest faces became instantly blank and unresponsive.

"I know my theme is unpopular," continued Miss Ellerslee, "but it is unpopular because we all, English men and women, and more particularly Londoners, are totally ignorant of Ireland; we don't know her people, we don't know her scenery, we don't know her ways. What little we do learn of the country which is so very close to our own is unfavourable, and we don't trouble to inquire further. We say to ourselves, 'Ireland is a most difficult place to govern, and we are truly thankful we do not live there,' and so we let the matter drop. My dear friends, I was with you, in my lack of sympathy, for all things Irish and of Ireland, five weeks ago. Then an Englishman came to me—you know who he is—you most of you know him, and have met him here—he is my cousin, Philip Arundel. I don't think anybody in this room can speak of Mr. Arundel as an enthusiast, as a visionary person, likely to be easily led away. He came to me, five weeks ago, and told me a story; may I tell it to you to-night?"

There was a little movement of assent, and Mr. Danvers, on hearing Arundel's name, again took up his position by Margaret's side.

"I can scarcely tell the story as he told it," she continued. "He saw it all, he witnessed the scenes, the heroisms, the sufferings. Can I see them, can my mental vision take me to the very place, so that I may touch your hearts, as five weeks ago he touched mine? I will try."

Certainly she tried well, her clear voice fell distinctly on the ears of all listeners: she described Inchfawn, the land of mountain and lake, and wild natural splendour, with graphic and simple touches; she dwelt with pathos and even power on the affection of the clan for their chief; she effected wonders for her cause when she described Ellen rescuing little Mary Donovan from the pitiless rain and the merciless elements; and again she awoke a strong responsive interest when she pictured Ellen weeping with her father's followers, when the news was broken to them that old Inchfawn must go away. Interest gradually came back to the well-bred London faces, and a few pairs of eyes were kindled with an earnest ray; these people had been afraid of Irish politics and Irish discontent, but this was a dramatic tale of every-day and-all-the-world-over sorrow.

If Arundel had sketched Ellen slightly, Margaret did not follow his example. She made this girl live to her auditors, and almost genius seemed to move her when she spoke of Ellen O'Donnell. The story was now over, and Margaret's guests, moved out of their habitual reserve, were prepared for the moral of the tale.

"I want you all," continued Miss Ellerslee, "to take the right hand of fellowship with Ellen O'Donnell of Inchfawn. What is there to prevent you and me from opening our full purses to relieve her necessities? What is there to prevent you, who have intellect, using it in her behalf? The privation, the misery at Inchfawn is rapidly approaching famine. There are other children as pretty and as sweet as little Mary Donovan; must they die of hunger? There are other maidens as graceful and beautiful and loyal of heart as Nora Mahoney; must they die because a morsel of bread is denied them? The past season was so wet, so bad, that the potato crop has all but failed, and the turf, which is their only fuel, is so saturated with moisture that it will not burn; thus they are deprived of both warmth and

food. Famine will soon bring fever in its wake—fever and despair. Have we any right to be so happy when they are so miserable, and when so little from us, so very little, would save their bodies and souls alive?"

Then Miss Ellerslee sketched in few and terse words the plan Arundel proposed for the deliverance of the people at Inchfawn—the plan which was to save them now, and bring them into a larger and happier state of existence by-and-by. Her little speech came then abruptly to a close, nor did she ask for a result, nor wait for a single response. She thanked her friends for listening to her patiently, and the next moment had disappeared into the centre of her guests.

CHAPTER XXXV.—HOPE.

FERGUS O'DONNELL had used a right metaphor when he spoke of himself as pulled up by the roots. He was a proud old man, with a certain barbarous greatness about him. There was nothing petty, nor mean, nor small in O'Donnell. Large of frame, he was also in a certain measure large of heart. He was a wild, untrained, and in many senses ungoverned man; but even his sins, if he did sin, would not have consisted of little meannesses. He broke his heart when he left Inchfawn; but after the first exceeding bitter cry he made no moan, nor let a single murmuring word pass his lips.

He went away, and lived in the small cottage which Ellen had selected. Every day he took long walks, and every day he slept for several hours, by the fireside in winter, and in the little rose-covered porch in summer. He was never a reader, and he certainly did not turn to books now; even the newspaper failed in interest. He still laid his heavy hand, with a certain affection, on Oscar's head, and his deep-set blue eyes still brightened up at sight of the colleen, and glanced with admiration at Geoffrey. The glance he gave Ellen was all love, the look he bestowed on Geoffrey was a mixture of love and pride, and also of sadness. The lad was a true O'Donnell, a disinherited scion of the old race. O'Donnell lived his lonely life, and spoke of his innermost feelings to none, not even to the son and daughter whom he loved.

Outsiders, to look at the old man, would have said that he was capable of no very strong feeling now, that the blow which had stripped him of his patrimony had prematurely aged both his mind and body. Here, however, outsiders would have been wrong. O'Donnell's mind was not permanently weakened; and even now there was smouldering in his breast a dull fire, which might leap into flame at any moment. One subject was ever before O'Donnell's eyes; it accompanied him in his lonely walks, and it visited him in his dreams. The subject was a human subject, a man, the man who now possessed his fair lands, and who lived in his old home. O'Donnell hated more fiercely every week, every month, John Henry Brownlow, the wealthy shipowner, who had bought from him Inchfawn.

"He didn't do it fair," he used to murmur to himself. "It was a nasty trick made up by him and lawyer Grey. What chance had I, a country gentleman, beside the sharp townfolks? They made a fool of me, and took me in. Brownlow didn't do it fair." This thought he pondered over, sometimes with sadness, sometimes with passionate anger. But it was never very long absent from his mind, and the idea that he had been cheated and robbed grew and grew upon him, and took faster and firmer hold on his imagination.

Not a word of this, however, did he drop to mortal. Whenever he happened to mention Brownlow's name, which was rarely, and only when he was forced to do so, he spoke of him quietly and with moderation. No one ever ranted against John Henry Brownlow at Rose Bank Cottage except Miss Bridget: and when the Squire did allude to the man for whom he felt so strong a hatred it was generally in desiring his sister to moderate her rancour against him.

Ellen had come back, after her interview with Arundel, with a strange excitement pervading her. The deliverance offered to her and those she loved seemed so sudden and so complete that she felt a little stunned.

Her mind, however, was not so absorbed in the good thing which had fallen at her feet, as to prevent her remarking the curious change which had come over her father and Geoffrey. What had puzzled Arundel, now puzzled Ellen still more.

They were both suppressing an internal elation and elevation of spirits; Geoffrey with a certain masterful and youthful self-control, the Squire less successfully. It was so long since any hope or any joy had come to the poor Squire that he was roused out of his usual calm, and his stoicism had deserted him. He laughed and made merry one moment, the next his keen and hawk-like eyes grew misty.

It was at the sight of Ellen that the

Squire showed this rare emotion. He folded her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, and with an expression on his face as if he were giving her a blessing.

"What is the matter, father? Have you heard any news; are you well?" asked his daughter, looking at him with surprise and anxiety.

The Squire glanced at Geoffrey, and some words, which were bubbling to his lips, were arrested by a warning glance from his son.

"Oh, ay, colleen!" he said, "it's the young folks about a house, they cheer up an old man. You, and Geoffrey, and Arundel, you all do me a sight of good. I was falling into a sleep, body and soul, but young folks wake the old folks up; ain't that true, Biddy O'Donnell?"

"You may speak for yourself, Squire," said Biddy, "but a woman who has scarce turned her sixty don't like to be considered old. Well, to be sure, I remember the day when Honora Macnaughten and I used to dance the Irish jig, and right merrily we'd jig it too."

"You may well say that, Biddy," responded the Squire; "and Honora was a neat-footed colleen enough in her day. Well, to be sure, do you remember when you and Tom Macnaughten kept us all waiting for dinner that stormy night? Ah! you were a saucy imp, Biddy O'Donnell; ha! ha! Why I declare, Geoffrey, my boy, your old aunt is actually blushing. Ha! ha! ha! Biddy, I have caught you there."

Miss Biddy seemed rather pleased at being caught. She went up and gave the Squire a resounding smack between the shoulders, and Fergus O'Donnell laughed again, long and heartily.

Not since the old Inchfawn days had there been so merry a dinner as was served that evening at Rose Bank Cottage. Arundel was present; but neither Arundel's grave reserve, nor the disturbed and watchful expression in Ellen's eyes, could check the Squire's newly recovered spirits.

The laugh and the jest went round. Miss O'Donnell told her old-world stories, cheered on by her brother, who capped each tale with one of his own. Geoffrey related his most thrilling college adventures. Arundel supplied reminiscences from Egypt and Palestine. Real wit and real knowledge made the conversation, round that festive board, almost brilliant; but two things troubled Ellen, and two things sent her, after all, to lie down on a sleepless bed.

One was that, more than once during the evening, Miss Biddy, in her excitement and hilarity, had called the Squire by the old and beloved name of Inchfawn, and was uncorrected by him. The other was a little scene she witnessed just before she gave her father his good-night kiss. She saw the old man go up to Geoffrey, and laying his hand on the young fellow's broad shoulder, and looking into his face with his own blue eyes glittering, say, in a loud and emphatic whisper, more clearly audible than any ordinary speech:

"I have made up my mind, Geoffrey, my lad; I'll go with the men and ferret out the thing. And, hark ye, Geoffrey, you shall ride round to my old crony, Tom Macnaughten, the first thing in the morning and sound him on the subject."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—CRORANE.

INCHFAWN lay in a certain comparatively sheltered nook, behind Dunrea Head. A little farther away, a little nearer to the shore, and in such a position, that the full fury of the Atlantic winds might break upon it at will, lay the smaller patrimony of the Macnaughtens.

This little estate lay like an island in the very midst of the Inchfawn property. From time immemorial Inchfawn had belonged to the O'Donnells; from time immemorial also, Crorane had been held by the Macnaughtens. Never was there a more desolate or woe-begone-looking property; all the advantages that Inchfawn possessed seemed to be denied to it, and its one and only charm lay in a certain solemn and dreary grandeur of view, which amounted to magnificence in summer, but was almost appalling in the dark days of winter. The whole place was ugly, bare, and black. The few trees on the ragged lawn were distorted into hideous shapes. The house, a square building, with small windows and tiny panes of the worst glass that could be obtained, faced due north.

Even in summer it was scarcely ever favoured with a glimpse of sunlight. Its walls were discoloured with age and weather, and were unadorned by ivy or any other creepers. Through its slated roof the rain used to pour into the attics beneath, consequently the upper rooms at Crorane had long been given over to the sole possession of the rats.

The lower rooms were large, lofty, and bare; the paper hung in shreds from most of the walls—that is, what paper remained, for the plan of the Macnaughtens was to pull it down as the damp loosened it. The wi le

chimneys generally emitted volumes of smoke into the empty rooms; for on the calmest day in summer there was almost a gale at Crorane.

Behind the house were some kennels, for Tom Macnaughten assumed the honourable post of master of the hounds. These dogs, numbering about thirty, were usually seen roaming at will about the wretched lawn. Any visitor who happened to intrude on the privacy of Crorane, was greeted by these lean and ugly quadrupeds with vociferous barking and yelping; indeed, the rare individuals who ventured to come to the old place on foot were in danger of being torn in pieces by the hungry beasts.

Notwithstanding the exposed position of the house, the hall-door at Crorane was always kept open from sunrise to sundown, summer and winter alike. The hall within was broad and lofty, revealing in the distance low, carpetless stairs leading up into unknown regions. There was a fireplace, but no fire ever glowed in it. The oilcloth covering on the hall floor was worn bare in parts, and had long ago refused to show the faintest trace of pattern.

As a visitor stepped over the threshold he was generally greeted by a cat or two, which flew in an airy succession of terrified leaps out of his way. The cats were as much at home in the house as the dogs were outside.

Here, in this ugly and sparsely-furnished abode, resided the fierce and proud Macnaughtens—a family nearly as old as Ireland itself, pure Celts, without a drop of Saxon blood in one of them. Here they had lived from father to son for many generations. Every year they grew poorer, their land less profitable, and their resources from sea and shore more and more circumscribed by the incoming tide of civilisation.

The present family consisted of the Squire of Crorane, a red-faced, loud-voiced man of about fifty, and his two sisters, Honora, who was his senior by three or four years, and Kate, who still aped youth, and was in reality close on eight-and-forty. Here they lived, year in, year out, Irish to the backbone, conservative to such a pitch that they hated even the sight of an Englishman. The word improvement struck them with horror, and, on principle, they never either mended or repaired.

Crorane possessed all the failings which had distinguished Inchfawn in the O'Donnell's days, without any of its attractions. The Macnaughtens possessed neither the Squire's nor Ellen's largeness of heart, they did not allow the poor around to eat them out of house and home. They were so essentially Irish and so truly the original dwellers on the soil that it was impossible for the peasants of Inchfawn to dislike them, but neither Miss Honora nor Miss Kate evoked blessings as they passed, nor did any hearts ache with an indescribable longing to see them. Miss Honora was a curious mixture of stinginess and waste; she had not an idea how to spend money, but, in right of her seniority, she had assumed the position of housekeeper at Crorane. She was by no means a good housekeeper, she always managed to prevent the joints being properly cooked, and to order the fires to be put out when they began to burn with a cheerful ray. In short, she spent her whole time trying to save, without having the faintest idea how to set about it. One horror was ever before her eyes—the horror of having to go away as the O'Donnells had done.

"Bless my heart alive, Kate!" she would exclaim; "is it a fire like that is fit for us? What d'ye mean, Kate, by wasting the good turf in that lawless fashion? It's sharing the fate of Biddy O'Donnell we'll be doin', and living in a mean bit of a cottage. Oh, Heaven preserve us, to think of an ancient family being brought down like that! You stay your hand, Kate Macnaughten, and learn from your sister to retrench in time."

Thus adjured, Miss Kate always meekly submitted, and went away to shiver in her own desolate bedroom. In her time poor Miss Kate had been a bonnie, buxom girl, and there had even been a talk, in those blooming, far-off days, of her securing the hand and heart of Fergus O'Donnell; but the English lady—the foreigner, as she was called—had long ago come and reigned in her stead, and poor Miss Kate was left to waste her sweetness on the desert air, and to grow old, unknown to herself. The one sad pleasure left to her in life was the strong belief she entertained that she was still young and still fair to look upon. She was not averse to hoarding the few shillings that came into her possession on the chance of sometimes riding on her brother's dog-cart to Derry, and expending the money on pale blue and pale pink ribbons, which no longer suited the heightened colour of her cheeks, and no longer added piquancy to her black eyes. Miss Kate had wept some tears, when the hope of securing Fergus O'Donnell had been denied her. All during his wife's lifetime she had cherished a secret dislike to

this gentle lady, but after her death the idea had often presented itself most agreeably to her mind that Inchfawn might return to his first love. It had been a crushing blow to poor Miss Kate when the O'Donnells were obliged to leave their home, and since then life had become very flat indeed to her, and even the blue and pink ribbons worn for the sake of a vague hope, failed to excite any interest.

Tom Macnaughten was more good-natured than his sisters. When he could do so without personal inconvenience, he could be generous and open-handed enough; he had a hearty way of speaking and a genial manner, and being master of the hounds, and therefore more or less brought into contact with other county gentlemen, his extreme bearishness of manner was toned down. On one point he was firm, and almost tyrannous: the kennels must be kept clean, and the harriers must want for nothing necessary to their well-being. This was a point of honour with Tom Macnaughten, and no one dared to disregard it. One friend he had made in his life, one man he loved—that man was Fergus O'Donnell. One man also now, for O'Donnell's sake, he hated—that man was Brownlow.

It was to visit this family that Geoffrey ordered a horse from Derry and rode out to Crorane on a wild and wintry day, which succeeded the splendid weather which had lately brooded over the landscape. He had not asked Ellen to accompany him; on the contrary, he had gone away quietly, hoping that she would neither observe him nor ask him any questions.

She did see him go, but she did not make any remark nor coax him to let her go with him, as she would have done with a thousand pretty words and endearing speeches in the old days.

Geoffrey felt that there was a little cloud between him and Ellen, and though he was very glad that she had made no comment on his present proceedings, yet he sighed a trifle also, for he loved her well. There was no use, however, in dwelling on a keen look of disappointment which Geoffrey had fancied he saw in Ellen's blue eyes. He was about man's work now, and it would be fatal to the success of his enterprise to have a woman interfere.

"Ellen is as dear a girl as any fellow could have for a sister," thought Geoffrey, "but she has too tender a heart for the rather rough bit of work we have before us. She is better out of it; she is much better out of it."

Geoffrey fancied that some such ideas as these were his—but it is quite possible to be very dishonest with ourselves now and then, and Geoffrey scarcely knew that he was shutting away from his own mind another side of the picture. Had his whole conscience approved of this work, would he have cared to have a girl like Ellen out of it—would he not rather have called her courage, her endurance, her faith to his aid? In all instances where a man can bring a good woman's influence to the fore, he may well remember that "It is not good for man to be alone."

Geoffrey had never visited Inchfawn since the day when he had left it for good; never since the day when he had changed his position from that of heir to an old and recognised property, to the penniless son of a penniless man, had he set foot in the old place.

Since that day he had led a busy life, and made friends, and seen the world. He had taken up other ambitions, and had dreamt of recovering his faded greatness by other means and in other ways.

He would become a great lawyer some day, and command such a position at the bar that his name should go down to posterity; or he would be a great writer, for eloquent words came as naturally to him as the air he breathed. In one way or another he would add greatness or celebrity to the name he loved; but after all—and here was the pang—do what he would, try as he might, he could never be O'Donnell of Inchfawn again.

There was always a certain soreness about the young fellow's heart in connection with Inchfawn, and when he returned to his father and Ellen no consideration would induce him to visit his old haunts. But he was going there to-day, with hope sparkling in his eyes, and animation and interest lighting up his handsome young face. As he rode quickly across the country he noted every object, every hedgerow, every bush; he saw the gap in the wall through which he and Ellen had once squeezed; he saw the tree which they had climbed when, little children, they had wandered far, far away from home; he noted the very branch where they had cuddled close to each other, like two downy wee birdies, and where they had mutually shivered, but neither said a word nor uttered a syllable when their pursuers had passed under the very tree where they were sheltering.

Oh! how many adventures he and Ellen had gone through together, how free as the

air had been their lives, how healthy and innocent their pursuits. Why that was the very path, leading to the cave which he and Ellen alone knew of, which no other human being had ever discovered, and which still lay hidden from all the world.

Old memories thronged upon Geoffrey as he rode to Crorane, and his hopes still were high.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE MACNAUGHTENS AT HOME.

He had started very early, and he arrived at Crorane to find its inmates still lingering over a late breakfast. Geoffrey was not surprised at this, for he knew the ways of the Macnaughtens, who sat up till all hours, and very often had not finished breakfast until past noon.

As he rode up the avenue he was greeted by the usual signs of desolation and half-savage wildness.

The dogs collected round his horse and barked angrily, the furious wind nearly lifted the hat from his head, and the cats in the distance frisked out of sight. From the small lattice windows, bedroom towels and even dusters were hanging to dry.

Geoffrey rang the hall-door bell, and the next moment was greeted by an almost shout of welcome; the Squire and his two sisters rushing out of the adjacent dining-room and all but embracing him.

"Well I declare, if it isn't Geoffrey O'Donnell! Come in, me boy, come in. Pat, where are you, you lazy ruffian? come forward here this minute and hold the gentleman's horse. Get down, you beasts; quiet, you ill-mannered brutes." This to the dogs, to whom Squire Macnaughten administered several savage kicks. "Now then, Geoffrey, come away into the parlour, and Honora will give you a drop of tea. Why, my boy, it's you that is kindly welcome, and more than kindly welcome, for your father's sake."

"And I am sure he is grown into a most beautiful-looking young man," said Miss Kate, glancing up at the tall young figure with strong admiration; "and to be sure I always figured you a child still, Geoffrey. But how time does fly; why it makes me feel as if I was past my own prime."

"And so you are, Kate, only you always were a silly," said Miss Honora in her deep-set Irish brogue, "but now don't stand talking nonsense, but make yourself useful, and run out to the kitchen and fetch in a drop of water, screeching hot, mind you, screeching hot, to wet a nice fresh cup of tea, for I dare say you are a bit dry, Geoffrey."

Geoffrey laughed, declared that he was sufficiently thirsty to accept one of Miss Honora's good cups of tea, and then he assured Miss Kate that she was still young and bonnie, and that it was a vast mistake to suppose she was past her prime. Both the ladies were pleased with the glib words of flattery which fell so gracefully from the lips of the Irish lad, and bustled about to entertain him.

Miss Kate even did more; she went softly up-stairs to her dreary bedroom and, opening a drawer, took tenderly out of a piece of tissue paper one of those pale pink ribbons with which she loved to adorn herself. This ribbon she fastened round her wrinkled neck, beneath a very dirty linen collar, and came down-stairs again.

Miss Honora had never yielded to the vanities of dress, and she was attired now, as Geoffrey had always remembered her—in a greasy, black alpaca dress, and in a cape of the same material, made with no attempt at fashion but with a great idea of width and liberty of movement. Her hair was fastened up in little corkscrew curls at each side of her large face, and on her head she wore a combination which she was pleased to call a cap, and which in its pristine splendour was supposed to be black, but was now of a rusty and very dusty brown.

Geoffrey, glancing from one to the other of the Miss Macnaughtens, came to the conclusion that beside them Aunt Biddy was a most stylish and refined individual.

"Ah! here comes the tea," exclaimed Miss Honora. "Ho, ho! Kate, pink ribbons! well, never mind; Mr. Geoffrey ain't the Squire. Now Geoffrey, could you fancy a little morsel of bacon? I'll toast it on the end of a fork by the fire here in a minute, if you say the word; it might give you a relish, you know."

"Or may be a fresh egg," said Miss Kate. "The black hen went into her roost as I was passing the kitchen, and I expect she has laid by now—ah! to be sure, that's her cackling. Would you fancy a fresh egg now, Geoffrey, and a rasher along with it?"

"No, thanks; no, thanks," said Geoffrey, trying to choke back his laughter. "No, thanks, Aunt Honora and Aunt Kate." He and Ellen always called the old ladies by these familiar terms of relationship, although there was no connection whatever between them. "Your good cup of tea is all I want to set me up, Aunt Honora," continued the young man. "Squire, I have come over to have a word with you at your convenience."

"And so you shall, my boy; so you shall,"

said Tom Macnaughten, "as many words as you please, Geoffrey my lad, only we'll let the girls have their say first."

"How is your father, Geoffrey?" proceeded Miss Honora; "from what I hear from Biddy, he is but poorly. I shouldn't be surprised if he was took off by a stroke any minute."

Here Miss Kate uttered a groan, and went and stood in a sentimental attitude by the window.

"Oh! come, Kate, none of your airs," said Miss Honora in a very sharp voice, "it's time you should be giving over at your age that folly, and—— why, I do declare," raising her voice to an almost scream of horror, "if you haven't gone and forgotten the cats' breakfast! There, that's what comes of thinking of your little bits of vanity; there are those poor cats almost starving!"

Here Miss Honora flew from the room with a jug of milk in one hand and a broken hunch of bread in the other, Miss Kate tripping meekly after, bearing a fair-sized earthenware pan which had hitherto stood disregarded on the floor.

"Now we'll have a little peace and quietness," said Squire Macnaughten, getting up and not only shutting the door but locking it.

"Honora will be in a rare bit of a rampage when she finds she is locked out, but she knows *me*. They're just as they always were, Geoffrey, the two poor girls—wonderful taken up with the cats; why, would you believe it, they have got nearly forty now, about the place. Nasty beasts, I call them, always under your feet, and stealing the best that's in your larder; and would you believe it, Geoffrey, these cats are that pampered, and spoiled, and overfed that they'd as soon touch a rat as they would poison. The top of the house is overrun with rats, and they've got into my bedroom now; but there, when you have got girls about a place you must humour them, and anything for peace and quietness. Now Geoffrey, my boy, shall we draw up our chairs to the fire, and tell me, would you fancy a drop of cordial before we set to our business?"

"No, thank you, sir, indeed," replied Geoffrey, "I don't want anything further to eat or drink." Then, looking first in the flames and then for an instant into Squire Macnaughten's weather-beaten face, he said abruptly, "I have come over here to-day to ask you about Inchfawn."

"About Inchfawn?" repeated Squire Macnaughten. "Ah! my boy, I've nothing to tell you; it's sickening, it's sickening—the profusion, the revelry, the squandering of solid gold. The place is turned topsy-turvy, Geoffrey, and with it all there's the starvation and despair. What's come of the folks who used to squat as thick as peas on the ground where he has made his model farms now? You go up and ask Squire Brownlow that question, Geoffrey; you put it to him what he has done with the souls and bodies that have been turned away from their mud cabins and deprived of their bite and sup that he might grow richer. Ah! he has got the curse of the poor upon him, and no mistake."

Geoffrey's young face grew black, and his dark blue eyes flashed an angry fire, but only by these signs and by the compression of his lips did Squire Macnaughten know that he had even heard his words. The Squire was too light-hearted and easy-going a man to keep up any strong feeling long. When next he spoke it was in his usual jocular manner.

"Here's a fine joke for you, Geoffrey. What do you think that fellow had the impudence to do the other day?"

"What fellow, Squire?"

"Why that English fellow—that foreigner—that underbred supplanter, Brownlow; he had the impudence to come up here and call upon me; upon *me*."

"Yes, Squire, what did he want?"

"Geoffrey—I never let it out to the girls, for as sure as I'm alive Kate would have had hysterics for a week; but he had the impudence to walk in here and say, as cool and easy as you please, that he wanted to know if I would sell him Crorane; he said it was in the very middle of his property, and mighty inconvenient to him, and if I liked to turn out, he would give me a good long price for it."

"And what did you say, Squire? You never consented to go, surely?"

"*I* consent to go, Geoffrey! I consent to sell my bit of a property! Look here, my lad. I'll tell you what answer I gave the impudent scoundrel. I stood up as tall as I could make myself, and I looked him full in the face, and I said, says I, 'I am glad that I am a thorn in your side, Squire Brownlow, and if for no other reason than simply to stay here and give you all the annoyance in my power, I wouldn't sell Crorane.'

"'Is that your answer?' says the Englishman, getting a bit purple in the face, and coming up to me.

"'Yes,' I says, 'that's my answer; and if you want any other, d'ye see that horsewhip there in the corner?' With that,

Geoffrey, he went out of the room, looking for all the world like a beaten hound, and I'll tell you what it is, my boy, I let the dogs bark at him all the way down the avenue, and never called them back."

This story rather disgusted Geoffrey, who had his own civilised ideas of manners, and of the courtesy due even to an open foe. He knew, however, that his father would have chuckled loud and long over it, and this knowledge made him sigh and feel that there was a great gulf between him and the former generation.

"Squire Macnaughten," he said, bending forward and looking as impressively as he could into the Squire's red face, "you know, on the honour of an O'Donnell, that what I say to you here, what we both say here, is sacred and confidential."

"On the honour of a Macnaughten, it is sacred as the blessed Bible, lad; ask me what you will."

"We all know that there is a great deal of illicit whiskey made about here," continued Geoffrey, "and my father once implied to me that you knew more about this manufacture than some of our other neighbours."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Squire Macnaughten. "So Fergus O'Donnell let that out to ye, did he? sly old fellow, Fergus. Glad enough to get a keg or two of my potheen; but wouldn't go in for the making of it—no, no. I put him up to a wrinkle or two, but he wouldn't listen. Why bless you, Geoffrey, you might all have been as safe as possible at Inchfawn now if the Squire had done my bidding. The opportunities he had with all that reach of the shore belonging to him and his. Why look at me who have only a few yards so to speak, and yet I have kept Crorane alive—ay, and will too, unless I know the reason why."

"What has the shore to say to it?" asked Geoffrey.

"What has the shore to say to it? hark to the innocent baby lad. Bless my heart, Geoffrey, I thought you were a man and knew something of the ways of your native place. Well then, to show the confidence I place in you and the respect I have for your father's son, I'll tell you on the honour of the Macnaughtens, what the shore has to say to it. How do you think, Geoffrey, we keep our kegs of whiskey from the knowledge of the excisemen? I'll let you into the secret, my fine boy. It's just because we've got that nice bit of soft yielding sand, and we bury the kegs below low-water mark, and place tokens of our own to discover where they're hid, and I defy any exciseman to risk drowning himself, even for the sake of a keg of potheen."

Squire Macnaughten having confided his little secret, laughed again noisily, but only the shadow of a rather sad smile played about Geoffrey's lips.

"But the potheen is not what it was, my boy, it's all molasses now, all molasses, and the pure old barley-made whiskey, pure as the finest spring water, and with never a headache in the whole keg, ain't to be found. No, no—old times, and old whiskey, and all alike, they pass away."

"It is possible," said Geoffrey—"I am not saying that it is probable—but there is a possibility that those who cheat her Majesty's excise officers so cleverly with regard to the whiskey kegs, may smuggle also, on a larger and more extensive scale."

Squire Macnaughten's red face now assumed a purple tint. He gazed hard and with a kind of stunned astonishment at the young man who had dared to let such audacious words drop from his lips. The next instant he sprang to his feet.

"If you really mean me by that, Geoffrey O'Donnell; if you have the baseness and the meanness to mean me by those words, I tell you, though you were twenty times your father's son, that you stand in rare danger of getting that horse-whipping which Brownlow escaped the other day. Me smuggle, me hide away and sell again contraband goods! What will you be meaning next, young man? Let me tell you that if those are the fine gentlemen airs you've got with your college life, ye'd better have stayed at home and learnt to think no ill of those who are your equals. Is it me who'd stoop to their dirty smuggling tricks—me a county gentleman and sprung from the old Irish kings? No, no. I'll leave that to those who have no true blood in 'em. To hide away a few kegs of our own home-brewed potheen, and even sell them on the quiet to an intimate friend or two, is one thing; but to smuggle—to get in dirty contraband bits of silk and baccy from foreign parts, that's altogether another matter. Heaven preserve us, the boy must be silly!"

"I beg your pardon from my heart," said Geoffrey; "and I did not accuse you, and I don't think I even suspected you. I have come here, however, to state a fact, that contraband goods, in the shape of tobacco and a few bales of silk, were found last week, buried, not below, but above high-water mark, on that portion of the coast which

belongs to Crorane. Wait a bit," continued Geoffrey, for the Squire began to blaze like a furious wild beast. "I don't think any one suspects you. The whole thing came to my knowledge through the agency of a secret society to which I belong. Nobody claims the goods, and the Excise officers have taken possession of them, without having the faintest idea who the smugglers are. The whole history of that tobacco and those bales of silk lies wrapped in mystery; and we people of Inishowen, in these days of darkness and famine and mystery, would trouble our heads very little about the matter did we not hope to lay it at one man's door."

"Good gracious, boy! speak, speak! Let it out, I tell you, Geoffrey! A secret like that is the death of me! Let it out, I tell you, boy! let it out! Who's the man? who's the man?"

"We have a shadowy clue," said Geoffrey, "shadowy, intangible. We want to lay the crime to Mr. Brownlow's door."

Squire Macnaughten gave such a yell of triumph at these words that his two sisters thundered loudly outside, and demanded, with feverish eagerness, to know what was up.

The Squire neither heeded nor heard them. He sat down close to Geoffrey's side, and talked to him long and earnestly.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE SAND GRAVE.

On a certain afternoon in the early part of the January of 1880, John Henry Brownlow, junior, took it into his lazy head to go for a stroll. He went out alone, as was his wont, wrapping himself up well in a thick overcoat, which boasted of Astrachan collar and cuffs. His hat was pushed a little forward over his white face, and his hands were buried in his pockets. He had no particular motive for this stroll, but he had simply found the house a little duller than usual, and now, as was his custom when once set going, he walked on and on, with something of the regularity of an automaton. As usual, he met several peasants on his way, and, as usual, he gave them a lazy and good-humoured greeting. Unlike the rest of his family, he had not the slightest feeling of ill-will towards the aborigines.

Mrs. Brownlow and her daughters, when first they came to Inchfawn, would have treated the people with whom they came in contact with a certain easy-going but perhaps contemptuous kindness, but being met by black looks on all sides, and receiving frowns and muttered words, the reverse of blessings, wherever they turned, their easy good-nature soon evaporated. They spoke of the natives at Inchfawn as out-and-out savages and barbarians, and did all they could to induce their lord and master to surround them with English dependants.

John Henry, senior, was ready enough to comply with this request, for he had not the smallest sympathy or sentiment for the original dwellers on the soil, so he served evictions plentifully, and turned away the domestic servants who had worked for so many years with the O'Donnells.

Beyond the fact of the servants being dismissed and the tenants being evicted, there was nothing really harsh or unfair in Brownlow's treatment. The house was his own, the land was his. In each case where he dismissed or evicted he gave first a fair warning, and, second, compensation, in the shape of a small gift of money, quite sufficient to send the dismissed or evicted person to a distance, where he or she might seek a fresh holding, or obtain another situation. In this way the conscience of Brownlow, senior, was amply satisfied; and when he heard of the people of Inchfawn only retreating into the fastnesses of the neighbouring mountains, where, his money soon expended, they were likely to die of famine, he said openly he had no pity for them, and no patience with their headstrong folly. He joined his wife and daughters now in cordially detesting the Irish peasantry, and the only person at Inchfawn who ever gave a good word to the natives of the place was John Henry, junior. He was sometimes heard to mutter, in his lazy, indifferent voice—

"Poor beggars! we must allow for a little bit of sentiment." Or sometimes again, in an almost angry tone, "What is the good of growling, mother? If they do like their pig and their mud cabin and their tiny potato garden better than the money my father gives them, why in the world can't we let them be? What is the use of making a lot of folks miserable? I don't see what we want with the model farms. I'm sure, in all conscience, we have money enough."

On this particular afternoon John Henry indefinitely extended his walk, and found himself for the first time on the Crorane property, which now lay like a small and barren island in the midst of his father's fertilised land and meadows.

John Henry did not trouble himself with this difference of agriculture; he was, indeed, quite unaware that he was not still on Inchfawn land, but the high winds which always pervaded Crorane were scarcely agreeable to

his rather feeble frame, and he scrambled down to seek the shelter of the shore.

Here he came across a phenomenon which slightly excited his curiosity. A vast pile of sand was heaped up in the shape of a hillock; this sand was above high-water mark. John Henry went up to examine it more closely, and now discovered that there were two hillocks, and in the depression between them, something deep and hollow and almost in the shape of a grave. The young man would have continued his walk, merely giving this curious elevation of sand and this equally curious depression a passing thought, but for the fact that, looking down into this sand grave, he saw something which made him start and look again. A girl was seated on a large stone in the centre of the grave.

"I say! what in the world are you doing there?" exclaimed John Henry, peering down with well-roused curiosity.

"Oh! whist, whist!" replied the Irish maiden, now raising her dark and deeply-fringed eyes to his face. "You go along; you have no call for the like of me and mine—you go along and mind your own business!"

"Oh, that's nonsense, you know!" said John Henry. "My business and yours are not so wide apart as all that comes to; we are both human beings, and we both sprang from Adam and Eve. You did not think I knew about Adam and Eve, did you, little girl? But, 'pon my word now, I am really quite devoured with curiosity to know what you are doing in this ugly lonesome place: now do tell me?"

"If you will know," said Nora Mahoney, springing to her feet and confronting him with anger. "If you will know, you black, cowld-hearted Englishman, 'tis because I'm taking my turn at the watch."

"Good gracious! what curious words you use; do you know your customs quite interest me? What watch, little girl?"

"The watch that's on the trail, and that will never let go, night nor day. Now, Mr. Brownlow, sir, will you plase to lave me?"

"Oh! so you know my name? Well, you are a very romantic little girl, and I don't dislike romance at all myself; I really prefer it to the hum-drum ways at home. It's awfully dull at Inchfawn, you know—awfully dull. I daresay now you had things quite different in Miss—Miss—Miss O'Donnell's time?"

Nora Mahoney gave the Englishman a sharp and penetrating glance, then, without deigning any other reply, she reseated herself on the stone in the middle of the sand grave, and half-buried her face in her hands.

"I asked you a question about Miss O'Donnell," said John Henry; "there is no use in being rude and uncivil. I have always heard that Irish maidens are as polite as they are beautiful, and you must not suppose that I am not interested in you all, for really though, now—ah:—I am a lazy dog, you know you all rouse my sympathy. I feel an interest in people who won't work, and yet expect something to eat. I am so awfully tired of that proverb, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat,' and the reverse of the picture pleases me—it really does, it's something quite new. Once I saw Miss O'Donnell, and she was very polite to me, so I don't see why you should be rude."

"Miss Eileen," said Nora, raising her head, but not deigning to get up, "ah! well, Miss Eileen wouldn't hurt a worm; but if so be as she was good to yez, why Nora Mahoney must try and be civil; so what was it you was wanting to know?"

"Oh, come now, you can't think how much nicer you look, and it's rather hard lines to be rude to a fellow for nothing. I want to understand, first of all, Nora, what you are sitting in the middle of this grave for? it's a horrid, lonely, draughty place, and quite enough to give you neuralgia."

"What am I sitting here for? To keep watch, I tell yez."

"But, watch for what?"

"Mr. Brownlow, do you know what was found in this place, about a fortnight back?"

"No, I am sure I don't; it could not possibly have been a great fish."

"No, no. What d'ye say to baccy—baccy and bales of silk? There, now, I'll add no more; only go home and ponder on it, sir. There's thim as 'ud punish me for letting out this much. But Miss Eileen won't. Oh! Miss Ellen, *mavourneen*, *mavourneen*, to think that I should be parted from her now!"

"Parted from her? What do you mean?"

"Nothing. I tell ye, I won't say no more. Get you gone, or you'll anger me, so as I could knock you down. 'Tis only, as Miss Eileen is going one way, and me as 'ud lie at her very feet, is forced to go another. Oh, my heart's broke, my heart's broke!"

Nora now covered her face and sobbed violently, and Brownlow, who saw that she was really too disturbed to pay him any more attention, slowly and languidly continued his walk.

That evening, at dinner, he so far roused

himself from his usual silence as to relate his adventure on the sands to the young English lady who sat next him. She drew him out with much laughter and many queries, and then repeated her own version of the affair for the benefit of the assembled guests.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Brownlow, "if there is a mortal thing I dread it's smuggling and smugglers. I believe if I clapped my two eyes on a smuggler that I'd just die on the spot."

"Why, mother, what are they like?" asked Katie.

"Don't ask me, child; don't none of you mention the word. I am all of a shiver when I even think of them. The place is fearfully lonely as it is; but if smugglers are getting round, I simply won't stand it. You don't suppose, John Henry"—raising her voice and addressing her rather stern-looking lord—"that smugglers are really able to land on this coast?"

"I have not heard of it," replied Mr. Brownlow. "I expect," he continued, turning to his neighbour, "that the young girl whom my son saw to-day must have alluded to the illicit whiskey, which is, I know, still made in these parts."

"She said tobacco and silk," replied John Henry. "However," he added, "do let us drop the subject; it sounded fresh enough on the sands, but by this time it really has become enormously uninteresting."

"That's just like you, Jack," said two of his sisters in chorus; "you have been awake so long that you want to go to sleep again."

WHAT TO THINK ABOUT.

By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—PHILIPPIANS iv. 8.

ST. PAUL seems as if he could not break off his glad, humble, grateful letter to the beloved Philippians, whose generosity to him while he was a prisoner had touched his lonely heart. Several times he seems to be on the point of ending it, but cannot resist the desire to give one more solemn and helpful message. He has already told them to rejoice in the Lord; to let their sweet reasonableness be known unto all men; to lay aside all nervous anxiety about their future, secure in faith and prayer: and so he says that the peace of God, better than any device of man, shall stand sentry over their hearts. Then follows this verse. He tells them what to think of, what to value and make of great account, what to practise in their lives. And if they do this he says that the God of Peace will certainly be with them.

2. The things which he suggests to their meditation and practice fall into three groups. He bids them think, absolutely, of things real, and things awful; to think of whatsoever things, relatively to man, are just; and of whatsoever things are, relatively to themselves, chaste and pure. Then he sums up all these things with reference to the moral appreciation of them, as being lovely and of good report; as making up the sum total of virtue, as being the sole things worthy of praise. These things, he tells them, should be their absorbing meditation—their lifelong care. Let us look at them a little more closely, if so be that we may find grace to obey these golden counsels of the great apostle to us Gentiles.

3. "Whatsoever things are true." The word has a fuller and deeper meaning in the Bible than now it has. Truth with us means the opposite of falsity *in speech*, but in Scripture it means the opposite of *all* unreality, all sham, all semblance. St. Paul bids them to think habitually of all that is real; on the substance, not on the shadow; on the eternal, not on the transitory; on God, not on the world. He means the same as David meant when he prayed, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity,"—*i.e.* from dwelling on what is hollow and empty—"but quicken thou me in Thy law." He means the same as our Lord meant when He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." In this, as in all else that is valuable, the sacred authority of Revelation does but emphasise the universal experience of the world. The vanity of human wishes, wishes that disappoint equally in their frustration and in their accomplishment, wishes which are almost more bitter in their fulfilment than in their unsuccess, is a lesson common alike to Solomon the disenchanted king, and to Juvenal the heathen satirist; it is the lesson alike of Paul the Apostle, and of Horace the Epicurean. What

is the world, and what the things of the world? Scripture and experience teach us that they are like a mirage in the wilderness—bright, enchanting, full of promise, ending only in scorching drought and glaring sand. In the famous vision of Mirza our moralist describes mankind chasing bubbles on a bridge of three score and ten arches, which span the rolling waters of a prodigious tide, and sinking through hidden trapdoors into the abyss in the midst of their vain chase. Shakspeare speaks of the soldier

> "Seeking the bubble reputation
> E'en in the cannon's mouth."

Our Poet Laureate makes his weary queen exclaim,

> "Oh, bubble world,
> Whose colours in a moment break and fly."

What is a bubble? It is a thin globe of water enclosing air, which children chase. It glitters in the air like a ball of opal and emerald; but leave it alone, and in a few seconds the black spot will show itself amid the colours of the prism, and nothing is left of the radiant phantom but a pellicle of impure water. Man himself, apart from God, is but such a bubble. "To appear, to gleam, to disappear—to be born, to suffer, to die; there is the *résumé* of our ephemeral lives." In youth they "shine like a bubble, or the colour on a dove's neck, or the hues of the rainbow, whose very image is fantastical;" in a few seconds appear the dark spaces of manhood's trouble, of care, of sickness, and of age; and then—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust." And as is man, so, still more, are the things which man pursues. They look beautiful when they float above our reach; but touch them, and they burst.

> "This world is all a fleeting show,
> For man's illusion given;
> The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
> Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
> There's nothing true but heaven.
>
> "And false the light on glory's plume,
> As fading hues of even,
> And honour's wreath, and beauty's bloom,
> Are garlands given to the tomb,—
> There's nothing true but heaven."

So sings the light gay poet; so also says St. Paul. "The fashion of this world passeth away."

Well then, if you would not be utterly disappointed, utterly and inevitably, and most miserably, "Whatsoever things are real"—God, the soul, eternity, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—"think on these things."

4. And "whatsoever things are honourable." The word σεμνὰ means "awful," "dignified," "grave," "reverent," "seemly." It is an exhortation to "dignity" as opposite to meanness of thought. It invites to the gravity of self-respect. Most of the many base things which men say are said anonymously, or on false pretexts, with the pretence, that is, of motives more reputable than those by which they are really actuated. Men and women often deceive even themselves. "All the little mean work of our nature is generally done in a small dark closet, just a little back of the subject we are talking about, on which subject we suppose ourselves to be thinking." A high sense of our dignity as redeemed ennobled beings would render impossible nine-tenths of the small, mean, envious baseness of which the whole world is full. Almost every vice and sin is, of its very nature, not only sinful, but also unseemly, ignoble. It is the tendency of all sin to degrade us, to drag us down, to make us often the more contemptible the more proud we are. "Sin is the greatest and highest infelicity of any being. It depraves the soul within itself, vitiates its powers, deforms its beauty, extinguishes its light, darkens its glory, disturbs its tranquillity, violates its harmony, destroys its life."

When a man fills all his thoughts, and therefore all his life, with business of any kind he ignores the essential and transcendent dignity of his immortal nature—the dignity of God's image upon him, the sign of his redemption, which he believes to be marked visibly upon his forehead. Oh! let us strive to cherish more and more in our hearts, ere it be too late, that honest and haughty self-respect which shrinks from every baseness as from a stain—that nice and delicate fastidiousness of honour for ourselves which cannot plunge itself into what is mean and vile.

> "No one will ever know it;
> Be mine and Sin's for one short hour, and then
> Be all thy life the happiest man of men."

So argues the subtle tempter. But the answer is, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Though none ever know it, I shall know it—God will know it; it will lie for ever like a spark of fire upon my agonising conscience; the sense of it will degrade me; the guilt of it will drag down my life. Nothing becomes too bad for a human being, man or woman, who has once lost utterly his self-respect. From that moment they fall headlong, headlong, and they are miserably conscious of it Why is this sea of life strewn with hopeless wrecks? Why are these streets of cities full of ghosts? Could that wretched man hang about the public-houses and the corners of the streets; could he sink so low as to live on the grinding toil of his wife, and to squander on

his blighting crave for drink the money which should go to feed and clothe the dirty, ragged, depraved children, whom he is training up to be as great a curse to the world as himself; could he have sunk to this loathly worthlessness of degradation if he ever thought of whatsoever things are honourable?

Could that draggled, miserable, unwomanly woman live in the horror of drink and vileness if the dignity of pure womanhood had not been eaten away out of her heart?

Could that foolish youth run greedily with open eyes into disease, and shame, and death —selfish, blasphemous, improvident—if he had ever kept in his soul the truth that man was made to glorify God here, and live with Him for ever in heaven hereafter? Under the pure and infinite majesty of the midnight with all its stars you see some scenes of infamy; you hear words of leprous defilement, or see two women reel out of the gin-shop to tear each other to pieces in the street, till it seems marvellous that the insulted heavens do not darken themselves with wrath, or bicker into avenging flame, to overwhelm in deserved destruction the human beings who have sunk themselves so unutterably low. Ah! may God preserve every soul of every man and woman and boy of us from such a hell! I know no advice more deep-reaching to young men than this: Respect yourselves; honour and realise your immortal nature. Whatsoever things are seemly, awful, reverent, dignified—God, judgment, eternity —whatever elevates and ennobles you, and delivers you from the coarse seductions of present temptation—think on these things.

5. And "whatsoever things are just." Justice is one of the most elementary of human duties; ay, and one of the rarest. Men's thoughts are commonly swayed by their interests, tainted by their prejudices; they judge by appearances; they judge unrighteous judgment; they are warped by unreasonable antipathies; they use false balances and unjust weights in judging of one another. I know few just men. One of the very purest and noblest characters in Greek history was known as "Aristides the Just." Not long ago there died a clergyman who had won among his schoolfellows at Winchester the honourable nickname of "Aristides the Just." He had borne that name for life. He had never sullied it. He carried it with him to the grave. When a friend was asked to write his epitaph his answer was, "Carve him a monument with the three words on it, 'Aristides the Just,' and leave him to sleep in Jesus." Try to imitate him. Try to be, what so very few are, habitually fair—"Whatsoever things are just, think on these things."

6. And "whatsoever things are pure." Ah! that this warning might reach the heart of every one of you, and inspire you with the resolute effort to banish from your minds everything that defileth. As on the one hand there is nothing in this world more exquisite than a soul from which the bloom and dewdrops of innocence have not been swept away; as there is nothing more divine on earth than the indignant blush of modesty on the pure young cheek; so there is nothing more wretched than he whose soul is a desecrated temple abounding in chambers of unclean imagery, haunted by the spirits of impure and polluted thoughts. Alas! this unsullied loveliness of soul is only possible to those who guard it like the golden apples of the Hesperides. It is gone for those who dwell upon unhallowed thoughts; who long for the poisonous fruit of the tree of the knowledge of evil; who indulge in a base and morbid curiosity; who have once given themselves over to work all uncleanness with greediness. Remember that thoughts are under our own control; that it is our own fault if we indulge in them; that the thought of wickedness is sin; that God sees and knows our most secret thoughts; that impure thoughts voluntarily encouraged lead inevitably to fatal deeds and blasted lives. There is no more sure way to blast, as with the poisonous breath of a sirocco, every green leaf and fair flower of youth than to subject it to the hot breath of lewd imaginations. I can imagine no worse misfortune happen to any youth than wilful and guilty indulgence in the pollution of debased and debasing thoughts. He can eject, he can suppress, he can refuse them a lodgment if he will; and if he does not—oh, unhappy youth!

> "Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups in the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou owds't yesterday."

Therefore, if the snake creep into the Eden of thy purity crush its head, otherwise thy paradise is lost. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

7. And "whatsoever things are lovely"—winning, attractive, thoughts that live and are radiant in the light. If you think of such things the baser and viler things will have no charm for you. Try, then, above all the expulsive power of good affections. Empty by filling; empty of what is mean and impure by filling with what is noble and lovely. When the Argonauts sailed past the treacherous

rocks of the Sirens they sailed in perfect safety, because Orpheus was one of them, and the song of Orpheus was sweeter, more delightful, more full of noble witchery than the Sirens' vile, voluptuous strains. Let your souls be filled with the music of Him whom the early Christians delighted to represent as Orpheus charming the wild beasts of bad passions by his harp.

Your souls are a picture-gallery. Fill the walls with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshly will only seem revolting. "Hang this upon the wall of your room," said a wise picture-dealer to an Oxford undergraduate as he handed to him a noble engraving, "and then all the pictures of jockeys and dancers will disappear." Try the same experiment within your souls. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect—the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, and sunset, and ocean. Oh, do this, and there shall be no room for the thoughts of carnal ugliness, which deprave corrupted souls!

8. And "whatsoever things are of good report." Here is the difference between the children of the world and the children of the kingdom. The world delights in whatsoever things are of ill report—base stories, vile innuendoes, unclean surmises, scandalous hints. The world revels in those vices of the most spiteful of all contemptible evil spirits—gossip, calumny, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It finds nothing piquant for its base and jaded appetite in the beauty of fair deeds and noble desires; but tricks, and glittering softly-spoken lies, and backbiting, and stabbing reputations in the dark—these the world and the flesh and the devil find amusing; these things flatter their innate ignobleness; on these things they gloat and feed. Do not you be content to sink into "sponges saturated from the stagnant goose-pond of city gossip." You, if you would be noble, if you would be a Christian at all, have nothing to do with these things. Do not help the sick wild beast of envy to stick its claws into the noble and the good. "Hear as little as you possibly can to the prejudice of others, believe nothing of the kind unless you are forced to it; never circulate, nor approve of those who circulate, loose reports; moderate as far as you can the censure of others, always believe that if the other side were heard a very different account would be given of the matter;" above all remember thyself, lest thou also be tempted; and so be not over quick

> "To catch a loathly plume fall'n from the wing
> Of that foul bird of rapine, whose whole prey
> Is man's good name."

Whatsoever things are of good report, think of these things.

9. So, then, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things. The form of expression does not imply the least doubt that there is virtue, and that there is praise, but it means "whatever virtue, whatever praise there be." It involves an appeal even to pagan morals and sensibilities. Virtue is not a Christian word; it occurs scarcely once in the Bible. Why? Because it is a word which belongs rather to heathen ethics than to the Gospel, rather to Plato and Aristotle than to St. Paul. Not that it is not beautiful, more beautiful (as Aristotle says) than even the morning or the evening star. But in Christianity it is superseded by something deeper, purer, brighter, higher. The morning and the evening star vanish into a sea of lustre when the sun has risen; and virtue is nothing in comparison with holiness. Yet even ordinary heathen virtue meets with its own praise; and even virtue and human praise bid us think of whatsoever things are real, seemly, just, pure, winning, of good report. How much more then does the loftier standard of God's praise, and of holiness, make this demand upon us! Think, then, oh, young men and young women, above all think on, take account of these things! For these things, St. Paul tells you, are the secret of the peace of God. Thought passes into action. The thought becomes the word, the word the deed, the deed the habit, the habit the character, the character the eternal place of our souls. The evening air clad in the beauty of a thousand stars is not lovelier than the character of him whose whole being is passed in the region of eternal realities; who knows the awful reverence which is due from every man to his own soul; who loveth the thing that is just, and doeth the thing that is lawful and right in singleness of heart; who keeps the temple of his soul pure and bright with the presence of the Holy One; who loves all beauty whether of nature or of art; who hates all vileness, and loves his neighbour as himself. What has such a man to fear? The eternal forces are with him. His heart, his hope, his treasure are beyond the grave, and ever and anon in moments of permitted rapture, he sees the heavens open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.

JUNE.

THE mighty sun, like a magician old,
Has changed to budding fruit the flow'rs of May,
And mower's hand transformed to scented hay
The waving grass and cups of floral gold.
The whispering trees, in leafy splendour drest,
Beneath whose shade the cool, green ferns abound,
The rippling streamlet, with a pleasant sound,
Tell of tranquillity and dreamy rest.
The blue forget-me-not, to lovers dear,
The tall reeds quivering with a gentle sigh,
The busy bee, the gorgeous dragon-fly,
The blooming flag and celandine are here.
And water-lilies mirrored in the lake,
A bright, resplendent summer picture make.

JENNETTE FOTHERGILL.

TORCH-BEARERS OF CHRISTENDOM.

By Mrs. E. S. ARMITAGE,
Author of "Childhood of the English Nation," etc.

III.—POLYCARP.

POLYCARP, the friend of Ignatius, though probably much the younger of the two, stood nearer than Ignatius to the apostles, through having been himself the disciple of St. John, and having thus been one of those personal depositaries of apostolic teaching, by whom it was handed on to others while it still had the bloom of its first freshness and vitality. As a link between the apostolic age and the later Church, the position of Polycarp is remarkable, and it is especially well attested. Irenæus, who wrote towards the end of the same century in which Polycarp was martyred, was himself the pupil of Polycarp, and based his defence of Catholic tradition against Gnosticism on the apostolic teaching which he had received from his master. "I distinctly remember," he says, "the incidents of that time better than events of recent occurrence; for the lessons received in childhood, growing with the growth of the soul, become identified with it; so that I can tell the very place in which the blessed Polycarp used to sit when he discoursed, and his goings out and his comings in, and his manner of life, and his personal appearance, and the discourses which he held before the people, and how he would describe his intercourse with John and with the rest of those who had seen the Lord, and how he would relate their words. And whatsoever things he had heard from them about the Lord and about His miracles and about His teaching, Polycarp, as having received them from eyewitnesses of the life of the Word, would relate together in accordance with the Scriptures. To these things I used to listen at the time with attention, by God's mercy which was bestowed upon me, noting them down, not on paper, but in my heart; and, constantly, by the grace of God, I ruminate upon them faithfully. And I can testify in the sight of God, that if that blessed and apostolic elder had heard anything of this kind, he would have cried out and stopped his ears, and would have said after his wont, 'O good God, for what times hast thou kept me that I should endure these things!' and would have fled from the very place where he was sitting or standing when he heard such words. And indeed, this can be shown from his letters, which he wrote either to the neighbouring churches for their confirmation, or to certain of the brethren for their warning and exhortation."*

We must not imagine from the horror of heresy delineated in this interesting picture, that Polycarp was a narrow-minded sectarian. We must not judge the second century by the standard of the nineteenth. The struggle of early Christianity with Gnosticism was a matter of life and death. St. John, the master of Polycarp, is reported by the same Irenæus to have rushed out of a bath-house when he heard that the Gnostic Cerinthus was within, for fear the roof should fall upon him.† Some historians reject this story, because they do not like it. We have no right thus to pick and choose in history; we had far better try to understand a recorded fact, which is not in harmony with nineteenth century ideas, from the point of view of the actors. Christianity, which was attacked on its front by paganism, and on its flank by its bitterest enemies, the Jews, found itself assaulted in the rear by those who had professed to belong to its own camp. All that Christianity held most precious, the reality of Christ's human life and death, the sacredness of human nature as redeemed in all its relations by Christ, above all, the supreme necessity of purity and holiness of life, were threatened with destruction by a system which proclaimed Christ's humanity to be a mere apparition, which fixed its attention on intellectual speculations instead of on moral teaching, and which again and again betrayed that tendency to sensuality which is never far from extreme mysticism. I believe it was this last consideration especially which gave the barb to the resentment of the early Christians against Gnosticism. "Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, and she teacheth and seduceth my servants to commit fornication." (Rev. ii. 20.) That the grossest sins of the flesh should be committed under the sanction of the name of Christ, was a stultification of the very essence of Christ's teaching which might well rouse the anger of the apostle of Love, to whom Love meant purity, holiness, the hope of perfection.

We must imagine Polycarp then growing up under the eye of St. John, and deeply

* Irenæus, Letter to Florinus, quoted by Lightfoot. "Apostolic Fathers," part ii. vol. i. p. 29.

† Iren. Contra Hær., vol. iii. pp. 3, 4.

imbued with his teaching. The next we hear of him is his contact with the martyr Ignatius. Ignatius, on his way to Rome, passed some time at Smyrna, where Polycarp had become bishop of the church. This sojourn at Smyrna appears to have been to Ignatius a time of happy Christian intercourse. When he reached Troas he wrote a letter to the Church of Smyrna, and another to its bishop, Polycarp, full of affection and esteem. "Welcoming thy godly mind which is grounded, as it were, on an immovable rock, I give exceeding glory that it hath been vouchsafed me to see thy blameless face, whereof I would fain have joy in God." *

We catch a glimpse of the Church of Smyrna from Ignatius's letters. There are the same heresies there as in other churches. There are the plausible ones who teach strange doctrine. They are known by their lack of the works of love. If they had love they might rise again; so they must be prayed for, but avoided. Polycarp must stand firm as an anvil when it is smitten. He must try to bring the pestilent to submission by gentleness. He must ask for larger wisdom than he has; he must be more diligent; he must watch over all classes of his flock; he must teach the sacredness of family life. The church must honour its bishop and do nothing without his knowledge.

Ignatius went on his way to death, and Polycarp continued for some forty years to be bishop of the Church at Smyrna. His letter to the Church of Philippi, written shortly after the martyrdom of Ignatius, shows that he had worthily received the exhortations of Ignatius and the teaching of John. Faith, love, and hope, is his summary of Christianity; "love towards God and Christ and our neighbour." † The practical precepts of Christianity, the carrying out in deeds of the Gospel of Love, the sanctification of family life, are insisted upon by Polycarp in the same spirit as by Ignatius, though in a very different style, for where Ignatius is vehement, spasmodic, and metaphorical, Polycarp is even, calm, and unimaginative. His mind, as Dr. Lightfoot observes, was receptive rather than originative,‡ well fitted for the office which he fulfilled, by his long life placing the church of the second century in touch with the church of the apostles. "During the remainder of the century Asia Minor was the focus of activity in the Christian church." § Polycarp, the disciple of John, would be the centre of this influence, the most conspicuous man in the church of his day. It was probably during the later years of his life that Irenæus and Florinus were his pupils. We have only one more historical notice of him before his martyrdom; towards the end of his life he visited Rome to confer with Anicetus, the head of the Roman church, on the proper time of celebrating the Passion. They could not agree, but they did not allow this to interfere with their friendship. Polycarp ministered at the Eucharistic celebration at the request of Anicetus. The time was not yet come when ceremonial trifles could split up the unity of the Christian church. The tolerance of Anicetus and Polycarp in this matter shows how much more serious were the interests at stake in the dispute with the Gnostics. For it is recorded by Irenæus that, during this same visit to Rome, Polycarp having been one day confronted by Marcion, the leader of the ascetic school of Gnostics, who demanded to be acknowledged by him, "Acknowledge you! ay!" answered Polycarp, "I acknowledge the first-born of Satan."

It was apparently not long after Polycarp's return from Rome that he experienced the fulfilment of what must have seemed to him the prophetic words of the writer of the Apocalypse about the Church of Smyrna. (Rev. ii. 10.) We are fortunate in possessing an account of his martyrdom, which is one of the earliest and the most authentic of the Acts of the Saints. It is in the form of a letter from the Church at Smyrna to the Church at Philomelium and "to all the brotherhoods of the Holy and Universal Church sojourning in every place." This letter is a simply-written document, free from exaggeration, but marked with many notes of the highest Christian feeling, such as this: "It is the part of true and steadfast love, not only to desire our own salvation, but the salvation of all our brethren." *

For some cause which is not mentioned, a persecution had broken out at Smyrna. It appears to have been on the occasion of a great festival, for eleven Christians were thrown to the wild beasts in the stadium before Polycarp was arrested. These festivals, when the worship of the Emperor as God formed part of the day's proceedings, were frequently and naturally the occasions for outbreaks against the Christians. In the presence of the bloodthirsty populace, and under the most cruel tortures, these eleven martyrs showed the most wonderful calmness

* Ignatius, Ad Polycarp, i.
‡ See Apostol. Fathers, ii. 581.
† Polycarp, Ad Phil. iii.
§ Ib. p. 428.

* Ecc. Smyrn. Epist. i.

and constancy. One especially, Germanicus by name, "fought with the wild beasts in a most signal way. For when the proconsul wished to prevail upon him and bade him have pity upon his youth, he used violence and dragged the wild beast towards him, desiring the more speedily to obtain a release from this unrighteous and lawless life." Only one of those who had been arrested quailed at the sight of the wild beasts. The letter records of him that he had forced himself and some others to give themselves up of their own free will, and adds, "For this cause we praise not those who deliver themselves up, since the Gospel doth not so teach us."

But the only effect of the valour of the Christians on the cruel and ignoble crowd that witnessed their sufferings was indignation at their obstinacy, and a cry was raised for justice to be done on their leader. "Away with the Atheists! Let search be made for Polycarp!" The old bishop (for he was now more than eighty-six years of age) had retired into the country at the request of his friends, and was passing his days in prayer for all men and for the churches throughout the world. "And while praying he fell into a trance, three days before his apprehension, and he saw his pillow burning with fire. And he turned and said unto those that were with him, 'It must needs be that I shall be burnt alive.'"

The chief of the police was sent in search of him, and a slave-boy having confessed his hiding-place under torture, he was seized in the upper room of a cottage. He might have escaped, but refused to do so, saying, "The will of the Lord be done." He ordered food and drink to be set before his captors, while he himself pursued in prayer the great themes with which his soul was filled, "remembering all who at any time had come in his way, small and great, high and low, and all the universal Church throughout all the world."

The men who had seized him met the chief of police and his father as they were bringing Polycarp towards the city. These officers seem to have had some desire to save the bishop from his doom, for they took him into their carriage, and tried to persuade him to make the trifling concession of calling the Emperor Lord, and offering incense to him. His calm refusal at length roused their anger, so that they knocked him roughly out of the carriage with threatening words when they reached the stadium, and his leg was bruised; but he walked into the stadium without even looking behind him.

The stadium of Smyrna can still be seen, though stripped of its marble seats and decorations. It stands on the slope of a hill above the town, raised at one end on a vaulted substruction, to make it level. Here, overlooking the beautiful city, the splendid harbour, the blue waters of the gulf, and the rich valley of the Hermus, the birthplace of Homer—a scene fit to be the home of poetry and beauty—a raging Eastern mob, still lusting for the sight of torture, was waiting the arrival of its victim. A roar arose from the whole assembly as he entered. Yet, through the tumult, one sympathizing voice was heard by Polycarp and some of the Christians near him, "Be strong, Polycarp, and play the man!" It seemed to them like a voice from heaven. Polycarp was brought before the proconsul, and again pressed to swear by the genius of Cæsar, to repent, and say, "Away with the Atheists!" Then Polycarp, looking calmly round on the host of cruel enemies who were thirsting for his blood, sighed, and looking up to heaven, said, "Away with the Atheists!" But when the proconsul continued to press him, "Swear the oath, revile Christ, and I will release thee!" Polycarp answered, "Eighty-six years have I served Him, and He hath never done me wrong; and how can I blaspheme my King who saved me?"

Vainly did the magistrate continue to urge Polycarp, vainly did he threaten him with the wild beasts and with fire. The courage of the martyr seemed to rise with the prospect of death; a sublime and lovely joy lit up his face. The proconsul desisted from his efforts, and sent a herald three times round the stadium to announce that Polycarp had confessed himself to be a Christian. A cry of rage burst from the whole multitude, and with one voice they shouted, "This is the teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians, the puller-down of our gods, who teaches numbers not to sacrifice nor worship the gods." And they called for a lion to be let loose upon Polycarp. This was refused by the president, because the sports had already been ended. It was settled that he should die by fire, and the excited mob found scope for their fury in the work of collecting faggots from the baths and workshops, the Jews lending their help with great eagerness, as they always did at the persecutions of Christians. Polycarp prepared himself calmly and with dignity for the stake, though he had no one near to pay him those personal attentions to which he had long been accustomed, on account not only of his great age, but of the deep respect and love in which he

was held. As the executioners were about to nail him to the stake, he said, "Leave me as I am; for He that hath granted me to endure the fire will grant me also to remain at the stake unmoved, without the help of nails."

"So they did not nail him, but tied him. Then he, placing his hands behind him, and being bound to the stake, like a noble ram out of a great flock for an offering, a burnt-sacrifice made ready and acceptable to God, looking up to heaven, said: 'O Lord God Almighty, the Father of Thy beloved and blessed Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the knowledge of Thee, the God of angels, and powers, and of all creation, and of the whole race of the righteous, who live in Thy presence; I bless Thee that Thou hast granted me this day and hour to receive a portion amongst the number of martyrs in the cup of Thy Christ, unto resurrection of eternal life, both of soul and of body, in the incorruptibility of the Holy Spirit. May I be received among them in Thy presence this day, as a rich and acceptable sacrifice, as Thou didst prepare and reveal it beforehand, and hast accomplished it, Thou that art the faithful and true God. For this cause, yea, and for all things, I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee, through the eternal and heavenly High-priest, Thy beloved Son, through whom with Him and the Holy Spirit be glory both now and for the ages to come. Amen.'" *

The flames were kindled, when behold a great marvel! for minds in a state of extreme tension behold marvels in the simplest natural incidents. The wind so warped the flame that it made an arch round the body of the martyr, which appeared in the midst unconsumed, like gold in a furnace. Even the smell of the burning wood seemed redolent of some celestial fragrance. Do not let us smile at these things. The momentary glimpse of heaven which we get when a great soul enters it sheds a heavenly light on common things, and they are seen for an instant steeped in the same divinity as the parting soul itself. It was necessary to summon the executioner to despatch Polycarp with his dagger. The fire was extinguished in blood. His body was then set in the midst of the stadium and burnt, at the instigation of the Jews, who insinuated that the Christians would begin to worship Polycarp instead of Christ. "Not knowing," says the letter, "that it will be impossible for us either to forsake at any time the Christ who suffered for the salvation of the whole world of those who are saved, suffered though faultless for sinners, nor to worship any other. For Him, being the Son of God, we adore; but the martyrs, as disciples and imitators of the Lord, we cherish as they deserve for their matchless affection towards their King and Teacher. May it be our lot also to be found partakers and fellow-disciples with them!"

The probable date of the martyrdom of Polycarp is fixed by Bishop Lightfoot and others in the year 155 A.D.

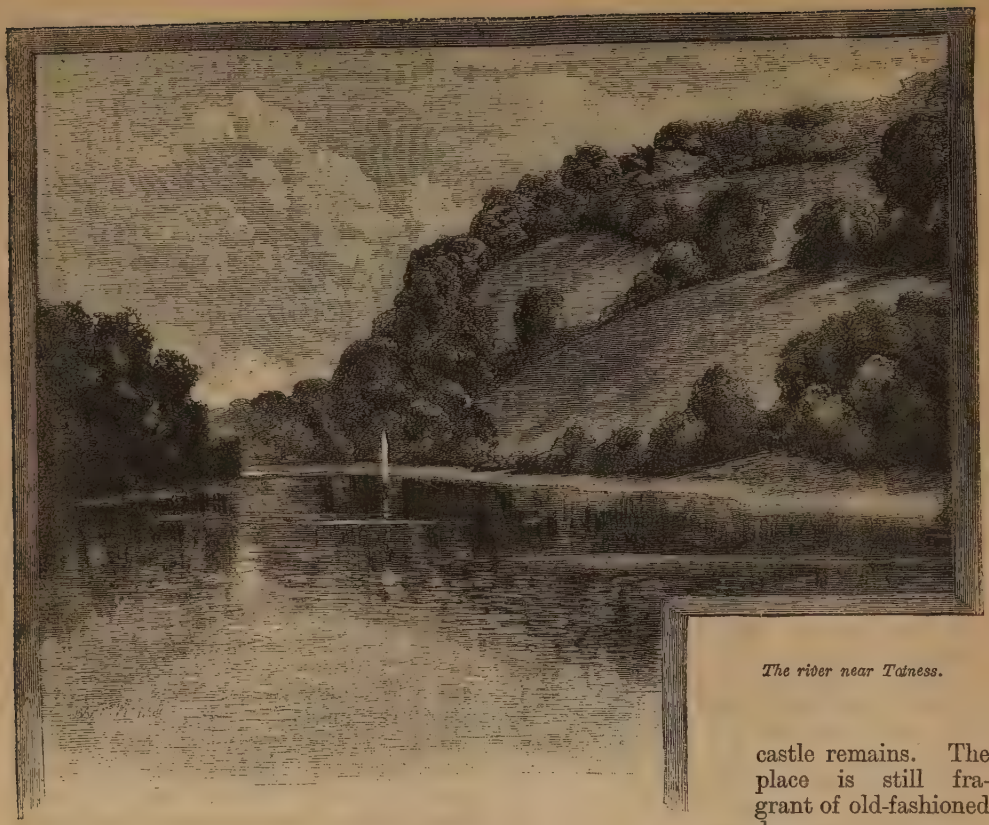
* Lightfoot's translation, Apost. Fathers, II., ii., 1063.

THE THRUSH.

STILL whilst he sings, loving the best
A laurel branch above the nest,
Where his good mate, the hatching nigh,
Listens to strains first low, then high;
Then low again and lower until
To her ear only audible.

The two had quarrels at spring's dawn,
Brief as an April shower, born
To spice their love or make it more;
But now such setting suns are o'er.
Hope is more largely mixed with love,
And hope and love together move,
In sight of birthday crowning all
As shadows of the evening fall.

E. G. CHARLESWORTH.



The river near Totness.

THE LITTLE RIVER DART.

By MARY HARRISON.

WE started on our voyage from the town of Totness, an ancient town, whose streets seem to have nothing to do with our modern world, if we except the glaring tinned meats which stare at you through the grocer's windows, and some of the girls whose hideous distortion of their figures by the things they wear is, in such an old-world place, anything but pleasing. But neither tinned meats nor fashionably-dressed girls could destroy the half pathetic, half stimulating charm of this typical old English town.

It is an ancient place, this Totness, and it still wears the aspect of centuries ago, with streets winding the way about with the hill on which it is built, overhanging house-fronts, and gables of quaint device, and beams and ancient timber columns carrying rooms of houses over the path; crowned with its warm red sandstone church-tower. There was a Totness in William the Conqueror's day, and of that an ivied, ruined castle remains. The place is still fragrant of old-fashioned days.

The ancient town was holding its market-day, and the streets had in them the sweet odour of the country, the kind of gilly-flower feel a town gets from the country air of villagers: farmers with their knee-breeches and gaiters; waggoners with their smock and whip; women with sincere womanly faces touched with care and kindness, with their Sunday best on, and baskets of butter and eggs; little children with wondering eyes, who had come in on the farmers' carts, which their fathers drove, to whom Totness was the greatest real city in the world. Plain women talked respectfully and pleasantly with the ladies of the gentry as if they were pleased to see one another; and gentry chatted familiarly with the farmers; and there seemed a sort of contentment and good-fellowship, which made one understand why, on the whole, agricultural classes are happier and more virtuous, and act to wife and child in ways more creditable to the country, than on the whole do the city artisan class. Here, there

Totness from the river.

is a natural fellowship between the ranks and orders of life, they go up and speak to one another. Among artisans, life is mere mechanical routine. Their master has no human interest in them, nor have they any in him. They sometimes see his coat; he often sees theirs; but in their living hearts there is no fellowship; nothing stirs the quieter, deeper, more lasting, and heavenly things of manhood.

As one gazes on the pretty scenes of the street here, a great sadness steals into the mind at the recollection of the separation, a daily growing one, between English master and workman, and the slow, the terrible and certain consequences which must come to the land by it, already written on too many faces and in too many families and homes of both, and in the doom-book of the country itself. There are no two men in the world becoming more entirely foreigners to each other, though they dwell in parts of the same city, than the London workman and London employer. The strangeness is peculiarly apparent to those who can remember fifty years ago, when the master's house was by the works, and the wife and children of the family deriving its wealth from labour were familiar with the labourer's wife and children. The showy and splendid life of modern London is unpatriotic and selfish, hugely selfish, and fraught with danger. The very idea of good-fellowship is

becoming unknown; the police are coming to be more and more regarded as the only safeguard against the wild passions of men whose humanity for a quarter of a century has been grossly ignored, and who are coming to be feared. "We ought to thank the City Mission," said a great London banker, speaking recently at the Mansion House, "for maintaining the only agency by which the citizen's property is safe." It was a terrible thing to say that the gospel, which was to beautify natural human relations, should have come to be regarded as a property defender. But property secure, the city is no better. Neighbourliness of richer and poorer has almost disappeared, and in its place has come mutual derision. But there is the *country* still, with old bonds of interest in it, where the name "squire" means "friend." Times are bad, and many things are wrong, all over the land; but everything is not yet gone which makes life worth living.

Heart is not everywhere dead, rank is not immeasurable distance, as if money were oceans, making citizenship an illusion; so at least it seems among the people in this ancient place.

There are English people who never saw an English market-day. They have seen markets in Bergen, and fairs in Moscow, and carnivals in Venice, but they have never seen a market-day in their own England. There is nothing more entirely foolish. No heart at leisure from itself, especially if it be a stranger's heart, can go where a quiet and prosperous community, such as that which surrounds Totness, comes together once a week, without almost a holy pleasure. Truly human eyes cannot look on its company of old and young—the poor who have trudged on foot, the rich who have ridden in their landau, and the children who have been allowed to come because their boots are worn out, their bonnets done, or because they have been "good," all enjoying in their little way man's social nature in this to them strangely larger world—without finding the market-place almost a place of prayer, a gate through which come some of the feelings of heaven.

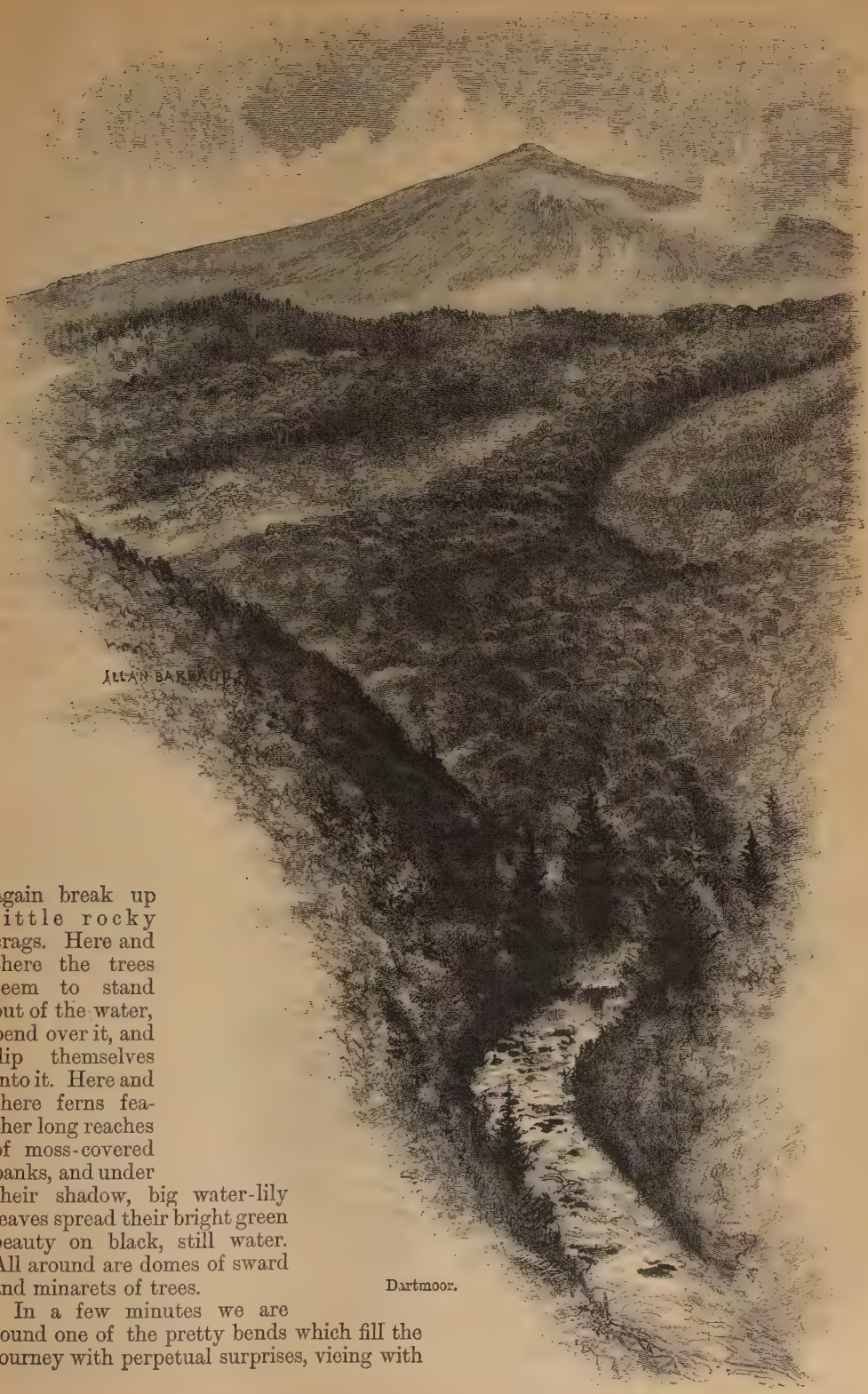
The poetry of the colour and architecture of the sloping "High Street" of the little town is peculiarly apparent to the man who enters it from "desirable villa" suburbs of London, and the canal-like coldness and straight lines of London's modern streets. Looking out of the inn window at the leaning gables and quaint façades, the ancient houses and shops, we feel almost as if we might be in the distant Antwerp, or more distant Munich, save for the warm transparently English faces which are going past the window.

But we came to see the Dart, and seem scarcely to wish to see anything else than the busy, simple life of Totness streets.

After a little food—served as if the people wanted to make us comfortable—we drove down the quaint, sloping, irregular street, a kind of garden of old-fashioned architectural flowers—in a bus to the river. We should have walked, but delightful dreamings in the sights of the streets had used up all the time.

Moored at the little black-timbered landing-stage we found a small, graceful steamer, with a fussy little safety-valve and screaming whistle, all seeming impressed with their importance. Just above the starting place is the last of the Dart bridges, with its three old-fashioned arches. Farther up the river there are many bridges of great picturesqueness. This one speaks of antiquity and repose.

A detailed description of the scenery on which we enter when the steamer leaves its moorings and we are away on the winding course of the river, would be impossible. Birch and beech, scrub oak and elm, all in the first glory of spring leaf, clothe the soft, grassy, melon-shaped hills, and steep, sloping banks, among and above which now and



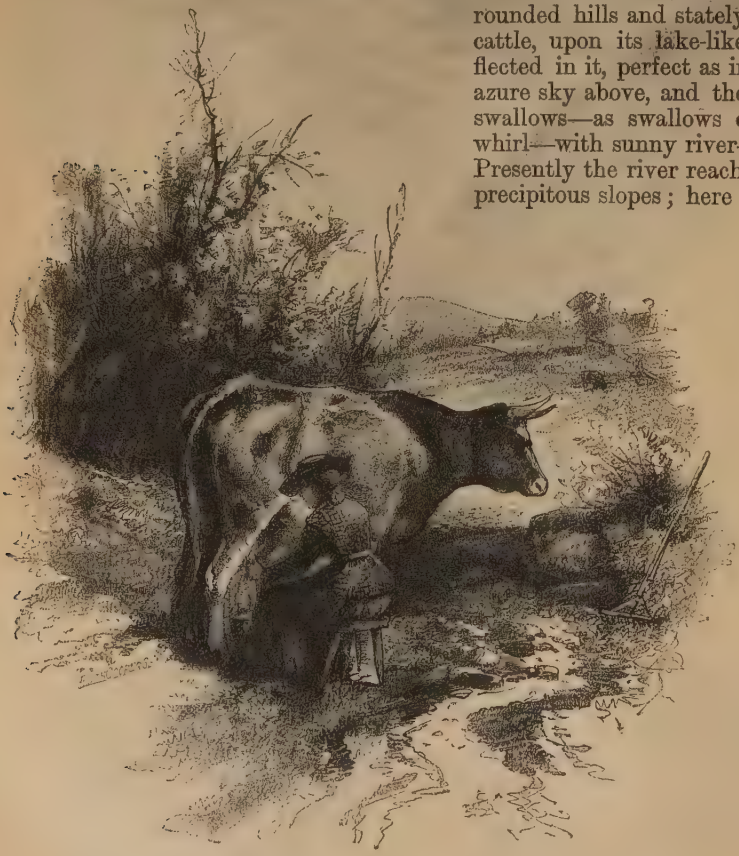
Dartmoor.

again break up little rocky crags. Here and there the trees seem to stand out of the water, bend over it, and dip themselves into it. Here and there ferns feather long reaches of moss-covered banks, and under their shadow, big water-lily leaves spread their bright green beauty on black, still water. All around are domes of sward and minarets of trees.

In a few minutes we are round one of the pretty bends which fill the journey with perpetual surprises, vieing with

each other in the freshness of their beauty; an almost cloudless blue sky over them all, against which some of the taller elms seem to be as pictures on enamel; and at every turn the endless popping in and out of fussy little water-birds, with the bushes on the bank of preserved parks for their home, and all the life of the river for their granaries; and through all—no little of its charm—a sense of silent loneliness, which the presence of the steamer and the small "swish" of its prow scarcely disturb. Some people have called the Dart "the English Rhine." To me it is as foolish and flippant as comparison can be. I have "done" the Rhine, but the Rhine did not move me as the Dart. The Rhine among rivers is to the Dart what the oratorio is in music to "Home, sweet home." As we steam up the Rhine we talk high diction of its hills and castles, and feel the effect of the huge steamer, the large company, the river's width and length. On the Dart we are on a little steamer, which scarcely breaks the placid water into waves as it goes; almost nobody is on board; the stillness is wonderful, broken only by cawings of distant rooks, occasional lowing of cattle, and silvery "chipper-chipper-chipper" of a startled kingfisher. Never on the Rhine did I seem so far away from human life, so deep within primeval quiet. And, in spite of a few points of magnificence and many of beauty, the Rhine could not be so tender, nor so near, nor could its vineyards be so pretty as was that lovely panorama of the Dart as seen from the deck of the Totness and Dartmouth steamer. It was dreamy noon of a bright spring day, with air as cool as evening, as bright as July.

Round the bend, the clustering houses around Totness church-tower vanish, and the river assumes the quiet, pool-like aspect of a well-kept gentleman's lake. The way into it, the way out of it, does not appear. And for the whole ten miles from Totness down to its mouth it preserves the same mysterious unlikeness to a river; and so placid is the waveless surface of the water that the green rounded hills and stately trees, even the red cattle, upon its lake-like margin, are all reflected in it, perfect as in a mirror, with the azure sky above, and the whirling, wheeling swallows—as swallows can only wheel and whirl—with sunny river-air for their home. Presently the river reaches higher hills, more precipitous slopes; here and there the bank rises abruptly from the water to great heights, and continuous forests let it pass through. Then there appears a mansion, and again a village on a clearing. We do not steam far into this bolder splendour before a curve in the river brings us into a surprisingly beautiful lake-like water, where a tall grey heron stands in the margin like



On the banks.

some character in a legend, the sun shining full on him, while the black of a cave-like background made by an arch of dense overhanging trees behind him, throws his form into such silvery prominence that we can see his features, and take in the dreamy aspect which life must present to him. He lifts himself lazily upon his beautiful wings and moves, rather than flies, as though carried without effort, serene and

Bridge above Totness.

motionless, away right across the course of the steamer, his long legs and now tassel-like feet pendent below him. The effect is delightfully novel and weird.

We have hardly entered the lagoon-like reach of waters from which he rose, before we are made aware of the characteristic feature of Devonshire. A little cluster of moss-green roofs and a dumpy church bell-tower rising above pink and white clouds of blossoms of apple orchards appear in one of the grassy hollows of the hills. The sight moves us like strains of soft sudden music, and will not soon be forgotten. Ever and anon little creeks running from the Dart Moor break their way through the bank into the river, carrying the eye up their short silver path into lovely wooded dells. Behind us, throned high above the green, smooth, rounded hills by the water, reaching away towards the sky, rises the wild moorland home of the Dart-springs, its vast buttresses planted in richest woods, all full of majesty and magnificence. There stand the tors which once upon a time served as the altars of the wild ancestors of Devon, who could not do without God, though they had to do almost without clothing and houses; who bathed and fished in this stream —at least so say the legends of the shire.

Moneyed men would pay a thousand pounds apiece for any of the half-dozen pictures on which we now look who would not go a mile to see the originals. It is surely not the simple and sincere love of nature, but rather the vulgar love of miracle which gets the painter his money and the millionaire his renowned gallery.

We beheld marvellous glories, which have served for pictures ever since, yet there were not six people on board the boat besides the little crew, and some of these were lolling over towards one another in blameless chatter, without knowing that anything but the convenient boat to Dartmouth was there. There were frescoes in the hills, harpers in the silent sky. The languid movements of the heron, the motionless position of the swan, the timid dartings of the little water-hen, the up-soaring of the tree, the bridals of the orchard were a vast company of preachers, yet those two men were there only moving from Totness to Dartmouth.

I am sure there will be more religion when there is more soul to which the deep, mysterious music of river and moor and mountain can appeal, as once upon a time it did to David, and afterwards more deeply and simply to David's greater son—Nature prepares the way of the Lord more than most people think. All lasting piety has been wedded to the world in which it lived.

With more soul for the beautiful river-sights around them, those two blameless men would have had more realisation of the livingness and beauty of their God.

The steamer continues its course through fringes of leaves of all manner of shrubs and plants big with bursting bud, glorious fern banks upholding smoothest turf, and rounded hills with stately trees, till we feel the now widening, now narrowing river is at length reaching the sea: seaweed is on its shores; the pretty saltmarsh aster stars the banks; the trees begin to lean inland, and look rather wind-battered; houses appear on the banks of the now steadily widening stream, and soon masts mingle with the trees, and white-sailed yachts and yellow-sailed trawlers; then the town, the castle, the church, the haven of Dartmouth, with huge hulks of men-of-war, and the broad estuary of the river stretching to the sea beyond, and the voyage is over.

Standing in Dartmouth, one remembers it is the city of Raleigh and Davis, from which "in the brave days of old" went men to explore, discover, and fight the world; and where, it is said, when the French landed, "the women did much service." In the old quarters of the town there is still something left of its Elizabethan glory in sharp, gable-timbered fronts, latticed casements, bold oriels, with carved corbels and figures, and beams and doorways—such as Elizabethan merchants were so proud to build themselves, and which, in carving at least, Devon men could so well supply. But the adventurous men, who gave England so much of her greatness in the earth and left their names upon its history and seas, have gone without so much as their names being given either to their houses or their streets: and where has been the sound of battle, there is now only the daily life of a sleepy little community.

It was a delightful little voyage, this voyage down the winding way of the Dart, and the kind of old-world place in which it ended was a reason why it was possible to take it. A prosperous city at its mouth would have crowded those banks with tea-gardens and mansions where now herons wade, and acres of quiet await the minds that weep for very weariness of the sights and sounds of the works and ways of man.

FROM HALF-PAST TWELVE TO ONE AT LISSON GROVE.

By ANNE BEALE.

WHO shall say how many children have been saved from starvation during the last three years by the free dinners given to the poorest of those who frequent the Board Schools? Fathers out of work and widowed mothers may help to answer this question. They do answer it, in effect, satisfactorily enough to-day, as we meet some of them and their children at Omega Hall, Alpha Road, Lisson Grove. Great excitement prevails here every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, from half-past twelve to half-past one, when some hundred and fifty children from three of the great Board Schools of this poor district are fed. It is from this centre that have radiated similar streams of light which now pour into other channels, and eleven jets are sustained from the parent meter—if such a simile is admissible. We hope soon to see a hundred.

Work begets work, and out of this first Board School dinner a mission has grown which benefits equally parents and children. A cursory glance at one morning's work may suffice to show its value and necessity.

An hour or so before the dinner come some of the weary mothers, each with a parcel of work. Mrs. Pennington, the honorary secretary and real foundress of this ever-increasing labour of love, is here to receive them. Over a dozen women bring garments made during the week, for which they receive a shilling or eighteenpence, and but for which, and the children's dinners, they say they and their families must have starved. These garments will be sold again at or below cost price to the mothers, and, to judge from previous sales, will be bought up as soon as offered.

And these mothers! A glance at them and a word with them, suffice to show their privations during the hard winter months. Here is one whose husband has been seven months out of work, and who, herself ill and badly clad, walked the other day two miles for a can of soup. She fainted three times on the way home, and but for a friend who accompanied her on the same errand, would never have reached it alive. Here is another with a sick husband and five children, who says she has pawned everything just to keep a roof over the heads of herself and family. A third, whose husband has had scarcely any work for a year and a half, and who has

supported him and five boys by charring and needlework. No; the eldest boy brings home five shillings a week, which pays the rent. The same story is told, with slight variations, by all, who declare their husbands to be sober men and anxious for work. "It is not the likes of us that make the riots," says one emphatically. "We neither want to beg or break the law; we only want to earn our bread." Her husband is a plasterer's labourer, who, like the painters, finds few jobs in the time when Father Frost smashes up the tools and dries the material.

And what of the widows? They look more drooping than the wives, for so long as the so-called bread-winner lives there is at least hope of better times. Here is one with several children and with heart complaint, whose husband has been dead seven years; another, who could not have completed her sewing but for the aid of her eldest girl who "helped out of Board School hours." And here is a child who brings the shirt and receives the one-and-sixpence in her widowed mother's stead. "Please, ma'am, mother was too ill to come," she says with earnest pleading in her eyes.

There is a large bale of goods in the middle of the inner room where this happy business is transacted which has been sent by friends of the poor. It is composed of frocks and petticoats that are, like Joseph's coat, of many colours, for they have been manufactured by the untiring sewing-machine from odds and ends of warm material of various hues, deftly arranged into garments by clever fingers.

"You may take two apiece and choose them," says Mrs. Pennington, who is as untiring as the sewing-machine, and more ubiquitous.

The mothers dive into the bale and select what may chance to fit their offspring, not pausing to consider colour or material. As is so often seen amongst the poor, there is a remarkable absence of greed. "Am I not encroaching in taking two?" asks one; "I think this will just fit my Ada, if nobody else wants it," remarks another.

And so the bale dwindles down, and the mothers depart with thanks, curtseys, and tearful eyes. Once a month they meet two of the ladies to discuss with them the best means of inculcating purity of life into their children, and using the opportunities given them of introducing decency into their poor and over-crowded dwellings.

These are some of the mothers of the juveniles about to be fed, and their sisters are not forgotten. To find places for some of them, clothe them, and sometimes to rescue them from awful peril, is another offshoot of the dinners. Diving into the depths will sometimes bring up a net overcharged with mud in which a jewel may be found here and there. Here is a case in point. Mrs. Pennington is in earnest conversation with a young girl whose surroundings are immoral, and who wishes to escape from them. A younger sister has already been rescued and placed in a Home. The Salvation Army has had something to do with turning her mind to good things, the ladies of this mission still more. She is about to be removed from a bad atmosphere and placed in a better; she is going to service, and both by manner, look and voice, promises to do her duty. Her scanty wardrobe is supplemented by gifts from the superfluous garments of her richer sisters, and she leaves even more hopeful than she came. She is succeeded by another, who has been obliged to quit her place to come home and wait on a sick mother and younger brothers and sisters, and all are in want of food.

This lack of food is at the root of much of the misery, for if the children cannot learn on empty stomachs neither can their elders labour. These young girls for whom places are procured often go to them so weakened by previous privation that they are incapable of the work they are required to do, and literally need "feeding up" before undertaking it. One recommended to service from this mission in this state, was so affected by nervous terrors at being in a large house and having a bedroom to herself, that she was obliged to be sent away. It seems almost impossible to meet the evils that surround the girls, and though much is done, more is still necessary to save them from destruction. Hunger is a grim tyrant, and often drives them from their pitiful homes to the pitiless streets.

We will, however, master him to-day. Scarcely have our young sisters left when in troop the children. Their manners are improved since last we saw them seat themselves at the long tables. They are less vociferous, and bide their time more patiently. They also look more healthy. The mothers have told us how much good the dinners do them, and the teachers say they learn all the better for them. To the kind hearts of these teachers is due much of the efficiency of the work, for they soon discover those who have had no food from their listless, incapable ways. The formation of a small new branch at Hackney Wick was due to a little scene

between teacher and taught. A boy asked his master to be allowed to leave school before the prescribed time. On inquiring the reason and receiving no satisfactory answer, the master pressed for one, and at last, said the lad,

"Please, sir, I want to go and buy a ha'porth of potatoes for brother and me."

"Have you had no dinner?"

"No, sir."

"Breakfast?"

"No, sir."

"Dinner or breakfast yesterday?"

"No, sir; I did a little job for teacher, and he give me a halfpenny."

And so the coin burnt in the poor child's pocket, and his sympathetic master wrote for help.

In similar ways, or at the entreaties of ministers of the gospel of all denominations, there are now Board School free dinners at Saffron Hill, Clerkenwell, the Strand, South Lambeth, Whitecross Street, and in several East End districts. One is shortly to be established in Chelsea and others elsewhere: three years' good work truly! The benefit to the poor is incalculable; so are the funds needed to maintain such an organization, but the public is merciful, and has an open palm.

While a gentleman help carves vigorously and ladies wait, we are again recalled to the kind teachers by three tiny children who arrive with some sort of missive in their hands when the hundred and fifty are seated; not the pink ticket that insures the dinner, but bits of paper torn from a copy book. Inscribed are the words, "Dear Madam,—Will you please give the bearer a dinner to-day, as his father has no work."—Nightingale Street, Infants. "Dear Madam, — Will you kindly give these two children dinners, as their father has been out of work two months and they are quite destitute?"—Bell Street, Infants. The "two children" are boy and girl, hand in hand, clean and tidy, and with the sweetest faces in the world. They are lifted to the high stools and fed, this day at least.

The legs of mutton, haricot beans and rice pudding disappear quickly, and we discover that in some instances it is the first meal. One eager boy with pock-marked face, tells us that he has had nothing before; another that he has partaken of that universal panacea of the poor, bread and tea; a third has rejoiced in bread and treacle, and so on.

"They are as ill off here as in the East End," we say to a City Missionary, always present at the dinners. "God help them if they are worse! I don't know how they can be," is the rejoinder.

Yes; this pinching, grinding poverty is everywhere, and so the Board School dinners multiply, and are spreading to all points of the compass. And spread they will in spite of the grumblers; for people there are who will grumble at everything, even the feeding of starving little ones. Surely they would find it hard to grumble to-day, for the cold is bitter without, the winter seems interminable, and we all know that honest, industrious men and women by the thousand are out of work everywhere. Most of these children are decently clad, yet here and there is one in rags, through the holes of whose garments peeps the white skin. We are introduced to two or three of one family, whose parents have been long in a sad plight. Father no work, mother in consumption, and all—until happily made recipients of the dinners—kept alive by crusts supplied by neighbours, one of whom, a milkman, is permitted to bring them from a family whom he serves! But it is useless to multiply examples, or "heap up the horrors."

Still we must quote from a letter just put into our hands. Similar missives arrive constantly, that it breaks the heart to read. This is from a man long out of work who entreats for a ticket for coal and soup to save him and his family from starvation. He is a teetotaller—member of a church—and only idle from compulsion. No food—no fire—no wonder he prays for help "for the love of God." If one morning in our neighbourhood brings forth so many proofs of so much privation, what of the whole of London with its five million of inhabitants?

The clergy answer this question as far as the Board School dinners are concerned. From all the branches come words of encouragement and gratitude. We quote from one or two clerical acknowledgments. "The teachers, especially, bear emphatic testimony to the mental and physical improvement of the little ones. I earnestly hope that funds may be forthcoming to meet the wants of those who cannot afford to pay either a penny or a halfpenny." "Our children are a weakly little set, never having had enough nourishment. They improve very evidently after a course of dinners." "The dinners are as much needed as ever," &c., &c.

And to quote also from the last report, "The teachers tell us how some of these children, pale and inert, sat sleeping through the greater part of the school-hours; but since they have had regular food have

wakened up and become quite brisk." "It was impossible to teach this child," said one lately, "he was nothing but skin and bone; now he has some colour and is lively; we have even a trouble to keep him still."

Certainly our dinner party to-day waxes "lively" at sight of a pile of "Child's Companion Almanacks," given to us by a friend for distribution. Every hand is outstretched, every tongue cries, "Give us one, please, teacher," as the tempting illustrated cover is displayed. The bodily food is forgotten in the mental, and all eyes are riveted on the pictures, as the juvenile literati turn over the leaves. We intended to have enough for all, but suddenly the door uncloses and a score of unkempt and ticketless urchins who have been biding their time outside in the frost, enter to "pick up the crumbs," if there are any. "I haven't had one, please, ma'am." "Nor I," "Nor I," resounds.

"I am sorry. They are all gone, and yet I have more at home," we regretfully exclaim.

"Take down their names and I will give them to-morrow," proposes the missionary aforementioned.

The task is not easy, for the London pronunciation is—not to put too fine a point upon it—peculiar, and we cannot understand them. Thanks to the march of education, however, they can all spell their names, which is more than many of their elders can do, and we write them letter by letter at their dictation. They watch the pencil eagerly meanwhile, and assure themselves that we have not mistaken them. The sweetest sight of all is that of the two "infants," who have clambered down from their stools, and are standing hand-in-hand mutely appealing for a book. We have just one left, which the four-year-old boy gravely receives and puts under his arm, still holding his tiny sister's hand. They have angelic faces, and as we watch them trot off alone, we think of the anguish of their parents when food fails. And they must be respectable, for they are exceptionally neat, and their faces still round and even rosy. Starvation has not yet set in.

Those who would help may apply to Mrs. Pennington, honorary secretary, 5, Alexandra Road, South Hampstead, N.W.; or H. E. Allen, Esq., 44, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W., treasurer.

THE PURPLE EMPEROR.

By DARLEY DALE.

"A beautiful creature that is gentle by nature."
WORDSWORTH.

As we stroll through one of the oak forests of this country on a sunny summer day, gazing upwards at the cloudless sunlit sky through the grateful shade afforded by the mazy canopy of green from the fierce light of the noonday beams, we may catch a glimpse of the imperial monarch of the insect race, the Purple Emperor butterfly, soaring aloft near the upper branches of his favourite tree, or very probably engaged in a duel in mid air with an imperial brother. Very tantalising the sight is unless we happen to know how to decoy him down within reach of closer observation from the giddy heights in which his majesty loves to soar.

But we do know. All great men have their weaknesses. The Purple Emperor has his. Putrid flesh of any kind—rabbit, bird, field-mouse, or even venison—is a delicacy he cannot resist. Most epicures like their game well kept: the Purple Emperor goes farther than the epicures; he likes his putrid. A strange taste for so high-flying and beautiful a creature, for we generally suppose a butterfly lives on nothing more substantial than the nectar he sips with his long tongue from the golden cups of the flowers he visits. And the owner of this morbid taste for carrion is not an ordinary butterfly, no common White or Blue, no homely Skipper, not even a Red or White Admiral, but the imperial monarch of the butterfly race.

We are reminded of the Roman emperor Adrian, who, joined to many noble qualities which call for admiration, was guilty of such meannesses as bathing *incognito* with the common people, in order to hear what they said of him, and who constantly disguised himself and played the eavesdropper for the same purpose. If such are the inconsistencies of some of the world's great men who have worn the purple, we cannot wonder that the lovely insect with his purple wings and his high flights is inconsistent also. Yet, for all that, are inconsistencies painful surprises even in the insect world.

But our bait has attracted him, and here he is, feasting on the very highly flavoured piece of putrid flesh which we have nailed to the trunk of the mighty oak, on which his

majesty was enthroned until we disturbed him. Let us examine him more closely, though for that matter one of his humblest subjects, a Meadow Brown or a Large Garden White, would afford us as much food for observation as his imperial majesty himself.

> "The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
> The silken down with which his back is dight,
> His broad outstretched horns, his hairy thigh,
> His glorious colours and his glistening eye,"

may well give us pause and make us gaze in wonder and amazement, if not in adoring love of the Creator, who has expended as infinite pains on the fluff which decorates the creature's wings as on the formation of those countless orbs whose infinite number, marvellous splendour, and stupendous size call forth our wonder on a starlight night, when the heavens above are more thickly strewn with suns than the sweet meadow-grass at our feet is with daisies in the spring.

What artist can achieve such a triumph of art as this displayed in the painting of a butterfly's wing? Here is brilliancy of colour only to be compared to the flashing hues of precious stones, rubies and emeralds, turquoise and topaz; here are gradations of light and shade so subtle and delicate that a powerful microscope only increases our wonder at the exquisite, harmonious blending of tint with tint in this marvellous piece of mosaic.

For in very truth this jewelled dust, this fluff which adorns the wings of butterflies and moths, is a mass of tiniest feathers, or rather scales, not unlike the scales of a fish in miniature; these dainty clean-cut atoms are so arranged as to overlap each other, so that the upper ones cast a tiny shadow on the underlying row, and it is this arrangement which gives the wonderful chiaroscuro to the wings. These mere specks of powdery dust will be seen, if placed under a microscope, to vary exceedingly in shape, though all are attached to the wing by a tiny stalk or root; some are fringed at the edges, others smooth; some resemble a fairy battledore in form, others a shut up Lilliputian fan; others miniature leaves of various shapes. Between the two layers of exquisite mosaic formed by these scales, which, by the way, are always of different pattern, the under surface of the wings often varying exceedingly from the upper, is a thin silky gossamer membrane like that which forms the wings of flies and bees, stretched over a foundation of delicate veins. This gossamer is colourless, which fact proves that the pigments used in painting are in the scales.

Our imperial friend is resting from the labour of feasting for a moment, thus giving us the opportunity of observing, if we care to do so, the under surface of his wings, for those are bent upwards, back to back, in the fashion in which butterflies always dispose of their wings when sleeping or resting, but moths never; for butterflies seem to disdain to put their wings to any other use than that of flying, for which they were primarily intended, whereas moths when resting wrap their wings round their bodies, thus swathing themselves in a warm cloak lined with delicate feathers.

We cannot, however, accept the monarch's tacit invitation to examine his wings more closely, though we might well linger longer over the construction of that wonderful nap which we sometimes so lightly brush away without a thought, for the Purple Emperor's eyes also call for attention. In addition to his two deep-set, simple eyes, he possesses, like most insects, two compound eyes, containing together three thousand four hundred lenses, each of which is said to answer the purpose of a single eye. And if a pang of envy mingle with our admiration of the butterfly's wings, inasmuch as the power of flight will never, so far as we know, be ours, none need poison our wonder at the creature's eyes; for in the great hereafter, when we, too, have shuffled off the mortal coil of our caterpillar state, and emerging from our chrysalis sleep of the grave (that intermediate state about which we speculate so much and know so little) rise with our glorious resurrection bodies, then that mental illumination, that perfect knowledge of which the butterfly's many eyes and powers of vision are but a faint type, will, we hope, be ours, for then we "shall know even as we are known," and our eyes shall see "the King in His beauty;" the Beatific Vision, the desire of our hearts, will be granted us.

But our Emperor has nearly finished his after-dinner nap, and will be anxious to re-ascend his throne on the crown of the oak; so, before he wakes, let us examine those graceful, waving appendages to his head called in science antennæ, those delicate, thread-like horns terminating in a club—one of the distinguishing marks of difference between butterflies and their cousins, the moths, as every tyro in entomology knows.

These antennæ are sometimes called "feelers," though it is by no means certain that feeling is their chief use—indeed, their exact function is unknown; it may be they are the organs of a sixth sense of which we are ignorant; perhaps they are the means whereby our imperial friend communicates

BUTTERFLIES. Page 332.

his wishes to his consort or his subjects; we do not know. But this much is certain: if we were to deprive him of his antennæ, or even of part of them, he would take no more airy flights, but would fall plump to the ground, after a feeble effort to soar upwards; so one of the functions of these mysterious threads is apparently to guide the insect's flight.

His majesty wakes, and resumes his feast. Let us steal gently up to him and examine his method of eating his unsavoury repast. He has no jaws, no teeth, he can hardly be said to have a mouth, properly speaking; how, then, does he manage to eat? By that long spiral tube or proboscis in the middle of his face called the sucker. Most delicate is the mechanism of this tube, no thicker than a horse-hair, yet consisting throughout its length of two distinct parts, which can be opened and yet closed again so firmly as to be air-tight; for the edges of these pieces are covered with minute fibres, which interlace when the tube is closed, as the web of a feather interlaces when closed. With this sucker or tongue the insect draws up his food by suction; through it he also breathes, for it is perforated with minute air-holes, and in some of the Purple Emperor's foreign connections this tongue is one foot in length.

At last his majesty has sucked as much as he wishes of this unsavoury juice, and wings his way to a neighbouring tree, for we have not the heart to give the lovely insect that nip in the thorax which ends his career painlessly and instantaneously; he and his subjects are so perfectly harmless to the human race that *noblesse oblige* must be our plea for letting him escape. He has not gone far—only to the first goat-willow or sallow-tree; we will follow, for we may be rewarded by a glimpse of the empress.

Yes, there she is in her sober brown garb, for she does not wear the purple like her husband, so we may have erred in giving her the title of empress; perhaps she is only the emperor's wife; but if her wings have not the purple hue, from which the emperor takes his name, they are much larger than her husband's. She is a stay-at-home lady as a rule, for we may generally see ten emperors to one empress, and so we may be sure she has some business to transact on the sallow, or she would not be here. In point of fact she has the end in view for which she was created, and is doing the business of her life, namely, laying her eggs on the leaves of the sallow. Why on the sallow? Because, like every other butterfly, the empress knows the particular food her offspring will fancy when hatched, and, like every other butterfly also, she never by any chance makes a mistake, and lays her eggs on the wrong plant; some wonderful instinct guides her, and all these "creatures of air and light," these "nurslings of the day," to deposit their minute eggs on the particular, and, in most cases, the only plant on which their respective caterpillars will thrive.

A butterfly's eggs!—

> "What atom forms of insect-life appear,
> And who can follow nature's pencil here?"

With the help of a microscope we will; and many and beautiful are the various shapes these tiny atoms disclose. Some are smooth and pear-shaped, others round and delicately fluted, though not larger than a pin's head, like a melon; others are exquisitely sculptured fairy bosses; others minute balls, their whole surface honey-combed; others ribbed like wicker-work; all beautiful in their various ways, and fragile as they appear, capable of resisting the frost and cold of an English winter, during which time many of them lie *perdu* till the warm spring sun shall come and hatch them. Indeed, the eggs are not subject to so many dangers as the caterpillar, for caterpillar-life is fraught with many troubles and trials, and on this account as well as because of its grovelling nature, has been so often compared to our human life on earth.

> "Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept
> On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
> And such is man, soon from his cell of clay
> To burst a seraph in the blaze of day."

But let us hope when our empress's eggs are hatched, her beautiful apple-green caterpillars with their horned heads may not fall victims to that terrible caterpillar enemy the ichnuemon-fly, which deposits its eggs in the soft, warm bodies of the caterpillar, where they are hatched, and the horrid brood feed on its soft flesh without killing it absolutely; should this happen to the empress's young, no glorious Purple Emperors will emerge from the chrysalis, if, indeed, the unlucky larvæ even reach the chrysalis stage, but instead, a swarm of ugly black ichnuemon flies will issue from the shrivelled skin of the caterpillar's body.

But if they escape this danger and survive the painful changes of moulting, which they will have to undergo four or five times, then will they make for themselves a beautiful tomb of pale green, and sling themselves up in it by a silken thread, to the under-surface of a willow-leaf, there to sleep that death-like sleep from which they wake as perfect insects, to spring upwards with quivering

wings in the bright sunlight and sweet air.

Our imperial couple seem anxious to spring upwards also. The empress having finished her work, is already gone back to her bower in the oak, and the purple monarch himself, after so courteously submitting to our somewhat minute examination, is making a preliminary skirmish in the air before following. We will not attempt to detain him longer.

> "Child of the sun, pursue thy rapturous flight,
> Mingle with her thou lovest in fields of light,
> And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
> Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold;
> There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
> Expand and shut with silent ecstasy."

"THE CHILDREN'S HOME."

A Scotch Story.

CHAPTER III.

IT was New Year's Eve. Before a bright fire, in the comfortable library at the Castle, a low wicker chair was cosily drawn up, and, sunk in its luxurious depths, a book on her knee, but her thoughts far away, was Lady Isabel. Daylight was waning fast, and the ruddy blaze cast fitful shadows on the ceiling and book-lined walls, and gleamed on the massive gilt picture-frames. Lady Isabel had spent a sad Christmas entirely alone, according to her express desire. She had felt strongly that utter seclusion, at such a time, was her only chance of peace; the conventional "wishes of the season" would have been but a hollow mockery in her present frame of mind; their enforced cheerfulness but a jarring discord to her sensitive spirit. She had even declined, though it touched her deeply, Mrs. Forbes' loving offer to come and bear her company; an offer involving no small self-sacrifice to "Aunt Jane," for she was something of an invalid, and but rarely went farther from her own house than Cockletown, a pretty little watering-place in the near vicinity of Edinburgh.

After a considerable time Lady Isabel roused herself from her reflections to observe that it was long past Grierson's usual hour for bringing in the lamps, replenishing the fire, arranging the afternoon tea-table, and, as often as not, winding up with a confidential chat with his beloved young mistress. Attendance on her was his special privilege, and one he never would consent to relegate to the younger and more active footman. But on this wintry afternoon Grierson would appear to have entirely forgotten his duties. Four o'clock rang out in silvery chimes from the old clock on the stairs; then the quarter past, duly followed by the half-hour, and still no Grierson. Lady Isabel had risen from her seat, and had stretched out her hand to ring the bell, when her attention was suddenly arrested by an unwonted sound—that of a woman singing in a rich, full, sweet voice, which seemed to proceed from the gravelled courtyard before the house, and Lady Isabel crossed the room to look out of one of the uncurtained windows.

A very fair picture lay before her. A keen frost held all nature bound in its iron grip, and a slight sprinkling of snow, fallen in the early morning, had cast itself, like a warm, light mantle of spotless purity, upon the frozen bosom of mother earth. It still clung softly about the trunks and branches of the stunted trees, sparsely scattered over the slope of the brae and throughout the valley; it clothed the rugged peaks and bare hillsides in dazzling white, and now the pale rays of a crescent moon, rising up from behind Scaursbreck's giant shoulder, added an almost ghostly effect to the whole. But Lady Isabel gave no heed to the wondrous beauty of the scene, for she had suddenly become conscious of a strange familiarity with the melody now ringing out in the still, frosty air. She could just discern two figures, those of a woman and a child, standing in the front court, and the woman apparently was singing, with earnest eyes gazing steadfastly before her. Then, as Lady Isabel listened, in one moment there flashed into her mind, with a quick rush of tender memory, the recollection of her little Douglas's last hours on earth. The dim room; Nettie in her white dress; and the child himself lying back in her arms, with dilating eyes and a glad smile upon his face, as, dying, he heard for the last time the song he had so loved.

> "Once he had given her a flower,
> And, oh, how he smiled to see
> Her thin white hands through the railings,
> Stretched out so eagerly,"

chanted the singer, and as the words came floating up to her, Lady Isabel threw open the window and, careless of the snow-laden wind which blew sharply in her face, stood as one entranced, drinking in the music of that glorious voice. It was a beautiful contralto; the low notes, liquid, round, and swelling full and deep like those of some

grand organ; the higher ones soaring high and true, and clear as a silver bell. And, ah! there was something more than mere sweetness of tone in it; it vibrated with every breath of varying feeling, from profoundest melancholy to glad triumph, while all through there ran a strain of such unutterable yearning pathos as thrilled every nerve of the listener with the strange, subtle sense of exquisite pleasure that goes hand-in-hand with pain, and when the last note had "trembled away into silence," the hot tears were coursing down Lady Isabel's cheeks, and she was quivering from head to foot with suppressed emotion. She controlled herself with an effort, however, and the same magic power that had led her back, against her own inclinations, to Drumcairnie, seemed once more to cast its potent spell over her and prompt her to lean out of the window and call gently to the woman outside.

"Go round to the kitchen," said the lady in her low, sweet voice; "I will give orders that you shall have some food, and then I want to come and talk to you myself, and hear where you learned to sing like that."

The poor creature obeyed without a word, and as she looked up at the window with her fixed, earnest eyes, Lady Isabel saw that she was blue with cold and shivering in her miserable shawl. She took the child's hand in hers, and together they disappeared round a projecting angle of the house.

Then Lady Isabel shut down the window and rang the bell.

"Where is Grierson?" she asked of the footman who answered the summons.

"I believe he is down in the village, my lady," was the reply.

"Then please go or send some one to find him, and tell him that I wish to see him at once; and, William"—as the man was leaving the room—"tell Mrs. Young that I have sent a poor woman and her child round to the kitchen, and I beg she will give them a comfortable tea by the fire."

When William had vanished she began a restless, unquiet walk up and down the long room. Her mind was full of an indefinable agitation; an uneasy sensation possessed her that something—she knew not what—was about to happen. She had no very clear idea why she had sent thus imperatively for Grierson, except that the faithful old servant might prove a support to her in whatever it was. She had felt strongly tempted to send an urgent message begging Dr. Cameron to come to her, but then, how ridiculous it would have been to have had to explain that she had no good reason to offer for having done so, especially as he had paid her a long visit only that morning! It was all very foolish, and yet there was the unaccountable haunting dread that before the year, which had brought such darkness into her life, had fled for ever, yes, even this very winter evening, yet another wave of change was to sweep in its relentless course across her path.

Meanwhile a strange scene had been enacted at the Manse. Dr. Cameron had been sitting, pen in hand, meditating deeply over his New Year sermon. Somehow he had found it unusually difficult to fix his attention on the matter this afternoon, and was secretly rejoiced to hail an interruption, which, on looking up suddenly, he perceived to be imminent, in the shape of Grierson coming quickly through the garden. As he approached, however, a swift and horrible suspicion flashed into the minister's mind. Could this be Grierson? this man whose hurried step and disordered appearance, flushed face and rumpled hair, was so totally opposed to the deliberate movements and precise manner of the Grierson he had known and respected for over thirty years? Could such a thing be as that Grierson, who had always been looked up to as a very monument of sobriety, had succumbed to the attractions of the season's festivities, so often, alas! summed up in a Scotchman's opinion as "just a drop." The entrance of the old butler cut short Dr. Cameron's speculations, and to his intense relief all his fears melted away at the man's first words.

"Eh, doctor, doctor!" he was saying, "it's a' richt noo. Hughie's back; *he's back*, I'm tellin' ye, man! I seen him wi' ma ain een. Ye'll be thinkin' I'm the waur o' drink, maybe, or gane clean daft, but I'm no' neither the t' ane nor t' ither. I've seen the bairn mysel', *mysel'*, and, maircy on us——"

But he was interrupted by the minister, who had sprung to his feet, white to the lips with excitement.

"Hughie!" he gasped. "Hughie back! Grierson, in Heaven's name, I beseech you calm yourself, and tell me all quietly; and she—Lady Isabel—does *she* know? There," pushing the other into a chair, "sit down, man, and tell me what has happened calmly. I cannot but believe you are dreaming."

"Dreamin'! no' a bit o't. I'll tell ye hoo it's comed, doctor, but I'm feelin' a' dazed and stupid-like yet. Na, *she* no kens yet onyway. I've ta'en gude care that it no' comes upon her too suddent like. An' noo I'll tell ye. I gaed doon aifter ma denner

the day tae hae a bit crack wi' auld Donal' McAllister; he's been lyin' this while, ye ken, and very badly he's been tae. Weel, I was comin' doon the toon, aboot four o'clock it maun hae been, when here I sees a puir wumman and a bit laddie wi' her comin' oot o' McPhail's shop. I gie'd her a look as she came by, and wi' that she comes forrit, and says she, 'Sir,' says she, and she spoke wi' the English tongue, says she, 'hev the kindness to tell me if yon big hoose,' meanin' the Caustle yonder, 'is whaur Leddy McGregor bides—the young lady wha is a widdy,' she says, 'and has a son wi' her they ca' Douglas, an' the t'other son,' and here she stops on a suddent, and says I, 'Ma wumman,' says I, 'ye've guessed it.' And thaun, eh, doctor, hoo will I ever can tell ye? the laddie, he'd been playing a whilie wi' McPhail's bonnie wee dowg; he cam' up til' her, and I kenned him yon vera meenit! Wha wad na hae kenned his ain bonnie curly pow, and the glint in his een, sae like Malcolm's as they are tae? My certy! it was na' Robert Grierson that's forgotten *them*, an' I jist couldna' help it, doctor, I up wi' the bonnie bairn in ma airms, and grat like a wean, and says I, 'Hughie, my man, do ye no mind o' me, auld Grierson that ye likit sae weel tae torrment and rin aifter a' through the hoose?' and says he, aifter he ta'en a thowt aboot it, 'Ay,' says he, says he; 'Ay, I mind, and I've been tellin' Ninnie here'—that was the wumman, ye'll understan', doctor—'that I mind bein' here ance, and she's gaun ta tak' me tae ma ain mammy.'"

And then the good old man fairly broke down and cried for very joy. Dr. Cameron had to cough loudly once or twice before he could get the better of a very uncomfortable lump in his throat, when the narrative came to this abrupt conclusion, nor was his voice quite steady when he spoke.

"And where are they, Grierson? We must break it gently to our dear lady. I think I had better go up with you at once."

"Ay, that's just what I'm wantin'. I telt the puir body to gan' up to the Castle and ask Mistress Young to let her in tae the kitchen fire or I comed up, and I telled her maist perteekler she was na' to say a worrd tae ony o' them, nor her leddyship neither, an' she seed her, which is no' very likely. She micht gie her a song furst, I said, for she's a singin' body, seemin'ly, puir body, and a maist respectable, decent body tae."

"Then let us waste no more time," said Dr. Cameron, and together they hurried up the steep Castle road as fast as age, and a certain stiffness not unconnected with it, would permit. On their homeward way they encountered the footman, who delivered Lady Isabel's message to Grierson.

"Ha' ye seen a singin' wumman wi' a wee laddie comin' aboot?" was the slightly irrelevant answer to William's remark that her ladyship wanted to see him without loss of time, and on the man's answering in the affirmative, and volunteering the additional information that her ladyship herself had sent them round to the kitchen to have some tea, a deep groan broke from Grierson, followed by the remark, which startled William not a little, "Losh! presairve us a'! the laird gane roun' tae the kitchen til' his tea!" And then, without another word, the two elder men hurried forward with such marvellous rapidity that the astonished footman came to the conclusion that they had taken a temporary leave of their senses!

On reaching the Castle Dr. Cameron went straight to the library, where he found Lady Isabel still walking restlessly to and fro. She sprang to meet him, with an exclamation of delight; but one glance served to show her that he had something on his mind, and, with nerves strained already to their utmost tension, she immediately construed the strange expression on her old friend's face as presaging ill news for her.

"Ah!" she said, laying her hand on his arm, "I knew it; you *have* come to tell me something. Please, Dr. Cameron, say it out at once. Nothing—no, nothing can hurt me now."

"My dear lady," was the old man's reply—and for a bearer of evil news his expression was wonderfully, reverently glad—"my dear lady, you have borne sorrow and ill news so well and so patiently that I think the good God is giving you your reward tonight. No," he continued, reading incredulous surprise in her sweet eyes, "do not shake your head, for it is good, beautiful tidings, the very best, that I bring you. Your long-lost——" But he got no farther.

"Hughie" was the single word that escaped her trembling lips, and then, like an arrow shot from a bow, she had flown past Dr. Cameron, past Grierson, standing just within the room, past William, hidden behind the door, his curiosity by this time having completely done away with such scruples as he may at other times have entertained with regard to eavesdropping, across the wide marble-paved hall, down the long stone passage that led to the kitchen and offices,

and straight into the servants' hall, where, by a roaring fire, with an untouched meal before her, sat the poor "singin' body," and on her knee the little curly-headed lad, who was endeavouring to wipe away the tears that were raining down the poor worn face bent down to his.

As Lady Isabel, her eyes gleaming and every trace of colour gone from cheeks and lips, rushed into the room, the child, with a low cry of "Mammy, my own mammy! she said she had brought me back to you," bounded to meet her, and was clasped, in another instant, to his mother's heart.

For a brief space no sound broke the stillness of that moment of ecstasy, till the woman by the fire rose unsteadily to her feet, with a wild cry of "At last, thank God!" then threw out her hands as though to save herself from falling, and sank, senseless, to the ground.

It was long before she returned to consciousness, to find herself in a comfortable bed in a large warm room; but before she could clearly remember what had happened she fell into a quiet, refreshing sleep—a blessed, healing sleep that brought rest and peace to the weary wanderer, and, as Dr. Maclean told her afterwards, in all human probability saved her reason, which, owing to exposure, privation, grief, and bodily fatigue, was trembling in the balance.

Just as the clock struck twelve, and the old year went out, and the new year came in with gay clash of bells and joyful welcome, Susan Lawrence — or to speak more correctly, Susan Stewart, for such was her lawful name—opened her eyes, to find Lady Isabel standing by her side, one arm fondly encircling her recovered treasure, who, in a little red dressing-gown that had belonged to Douglas, his bonnie eyes weighed down with sleep and his curly locks falling in pretty confusion over his forehead, was perched beside her on the bed.

"Ninnie!" he exclaimed, as her eyes slowly unclosed and a very tender light stole into them at the sound of Hugh's childish treble—"oh, Ninnie, I'm so glad you've awoke, for I've come to wish you a happy new year. Grierson's been to first-foot me, only I was asleep, and I've come to first-foot you, only mother said I wasn't to awake you; and, Ninnie, mother put me to bed herself, and heard me say my prayers and everything, and I've told her about Rosie, and now I think I'll go back to bed, mother," and, indeed, the words had hardly come tumbling out of the rosy mouth before little Hughie was sound asleep again on his mother's breast.

Before she slept that night Lady Isabel had heard all the piteous tale of Susan Stewart's life. While she had been undressing her boy and preparing him for his night's rest in the little white cot that had never been moved from its old corner in the night nursery, the child had told her enough to convince her that, unquestionably, this woman was the mother of Rosie Lawrence, the little Edinburgh girl she had so vainly sought for, that but for her (Susan's) self-devotion and courage her boy would never have been restored to her, and, moreover, that during the years he had been away (and it was long before he could think of that time without a shudder) his young life, hard and miserable though it was, would have been tenfold more unendurable but for the motherly tenderness and pitying love this woman had lavished on him. Her story may be told in much fewer words here than the poor creature herself took to pour it out to the gentle, sympathising woman who heard her. She had gone out to service at seventeen, both her parents being dead, and had found a comfortable situation as nursery-maid in a clergyman's family, and it was there that her mistress, possessed of great musical talent herself, discovered that Susan's fine ear and beautiful voice were gifts which might one day prove very useful to her; so to this lady, who forthwith taught her to the best of her ability, she owed all her musical knowledge.

While she was in this situation she met and fell desperately in love with Duncan Stewart. Despite the repeated warnings of her mistress and fellow-servants, who mistrusted the man, in spite of his handsome face and insinuating manners, the infatuated girl persisted in accepting his attentions, and at nineteen became his wife, to reap in an incalculably short time, alas! the fruits of her obstinate folly, for she speedily found that she had married a hard, tyrannical bully; his boasted "business" turned out to be a sixth-rate travelling circus, and he expected her to accompany him on his "provincial tours," with the object of making herself "generally useful behind the scenes." It was revolting work to one who all her life long had been carefully shielded from every contaminating breath of evil; the foul language, the hideous sights, the brutal treatment of, not animals alone, but human beings as well, sickened her very soul, while the coarse food and the rough jolting of the

waggons they travelled in, rendered her physically weak and useless.

After little Rosie's birth, she was forced to tell Duncan that she could not accompany him any longer. He had answered with a savage oath that "he wasn't going to be saddled with an idle wife; she must work for her own bread, if his trade wasn't good enough for her," and after that she had seen but little of him for several years. She supported herself and her child as best she could, and was happy enough, except at the rare—mercifully rare—intervals when her husband returned to idle away a few weeks, and spend in every low pursuit conceivable what money he might have made on his last tour.

One winter he had been absent longer than usual, when one January evening, close on four years ago, he had appeared unexpectedly, bringing with him a little child, whose fair face was stained with weeping, and disfigured by more than one deep red mark, suggestive of blows dealt by a heavy hand. He was clad in an ill-fitting garment of roughest serge, and had wailed and cried incessantly at first for "Mammy," "Douglas," and his "pretty sailor clothes." Duncan averred that the boy was a nephew of his own, whom he had taken out of charity, but that he fully intended him, baby as he was, to work for his own living. Susan's motherly heart died within her at the cruel words and the harsh laugh that accompanied them; but she knew too well that they were not spoken in jest, and from that hour her one endeavour was to protect the little one, as far as she was able, and defend him, at the risk of attracting them to herself, from the shower of blows and oaths which rained upon him, before he had learned to please his brutal taskmaster in what he was teaching him.

Poor Lady Isabel! how she sickened and shuddered as the tale of her darling's misery unfolded itself, and Susan, noting how her hands would clench suddenly, as though the pain of hearing it were too intolerable, forbore, with intuitive tact, to dwell on this darkest side, so far at least as her hearer was concerned, of the dismal picture.

The day following his reappearance, Duncan roughly told his wife that, for reasons which he did not vouchsafe to enter into, he had decided on dropping the name of Stewart, and adopting her maiden name of Lawrence; he further bade her make haste and pack her traps, for they were all to leave Birmingham, where the whole of her life hitherto had been spent, and be off to London that same night. It was not till later that she discovered the cause of this extraordinary step to be the fear of detection and punishment which perpetually dogged the villain's footsteps. Once settled in London, in a dark unwholesome room in a crowded quarter of the East End, poor little "Jimmy" was taught to dance all manner of fantastic Highland steps, the fling, the sword-dance, and many another intricate measure; and when he was considered to have acquired them perfectly, Duncan would go out with him into the busy thronging streets, and make him "go through his performances," while he himself played on a battered old violin. Duncan must often have flattered himself in those days, that his "venture," as he enigmatically styled the boy, had proved a success; for passers-by always stopped to watch the little lad in Highland dress, as he moved in graceful rhythm to the strains of the old fiddle, his wee arms akimbo, and his tiny feet twinkling in and out, and up and down, with wonderful precision and agility. Many a silver coin was dropped into the wooden plate which the child would hand round among the spectators now and again, and more than once a gold piece had found its way in from the well-lined pocket, maybe, of some gruff old gentleman with tender, hazy recollections of that far-distant time when Tom, now lying in a soldier's grave, and Hal, far off on the mighty ocean, were bonnie little chaps like this one here, looking up at him with those great, pleading, wistful eyes of his. How sadly tired he was, poor wee Jimmy, after those long, long days in the streets! how his little limbs did ache, till he got used to it all! and oh! how delicious it was to get back to Ninnie, who was always ready to pet and fondle him, and sing him to sleep! And meanwhile Susan herself toiled and moiled for her little daughter's sake, and during this most wretched time of all her wretched married life, her one solitary happiness was the "children."

Then had come the autumn day, when all London was enveloped in a dense yellow fog, and Duncan had surlily informed the boy that, "*He* wasn't going to trouble to pipe for his dancing on a day when folks couldn't see their hands before them." And so, late in the afternoon, he had strolled out alone, never more to return to the dingy room they called "home;" for two hours later a breathless messenger arrived to summon Susan in all haste to St. Thomas's Hospital, where her husband had been carried, and was not expected long to survive the effects of an acci-

dent he had met with in the street. A passing 'bus, unseen and unheard in the fog, had knocked him down, and the internal injuries were so severe, that they must, the doctors agreed, prove fatal in a very short time. Duncan had received their verdict calmly enough, and had asked that his wife might be sent for at once, as he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to her, and in as short a time as was possible, Susan was kneeling by his bedside, holding his hand in hers, and hearing his dying confession. The story he gasped out was no shock to her; for the one concerning little Jimmy's parentage, with which he had sought to blind her, had never deceived her for one moment. She had long been sure that the child was well-born, and his childish talk had only served to convince her of it, so it was a matter of very small surprise to her to find that her husband had deliberately stolen him from his family, decoyed him from the side of a careless nurse, placed him in safe hiding, and, to avoid suspicion, had pretended to give every assistance in his power to forward the search that was promptly set on foot. He had told her who the child was, entering minutely into all particulars concerning his parentage, and was on the point of dictating the full address of the widowed mother, having previously extracted a solemn promise from his wife that she would restore the boy at once without seeking the aid of any one, or betraying the shameful story to a living soul—for even on his death-bed detection and punishment had terrors for the guilty wretch—when he was attacked by a sudden spasm of frightful pain, there was a moment of breathless agony, and Duncan Stewart was summoned into the awful presence of the Judge of all men, there to give account of a wasted and misspent life.

Might God forgive her, cried poor Susan, but she could not mourn him. His death was a release, nothing could alter that terrible fact. Nevertheless, she returned home with a tumult of conflicting emotions, and sore perplexity lying heavy at her heart. How should she now proceed as to the restoration of little Jimmy to his family? She had always been very much kept in the dark by Duncan as to the whereabouts of his childhood's home, and after the advent of the child all allusion to his native land had been forbidden. Bound by the promise she had made, that the dying revelation she had heard should be kept a secret from all save the parties immediately concerned, she finally determined herself to proceed straightway to Scotland and to leave no stone unturned for the discovery of the McGregors of ——, where, alas! she knew not.

To her unenlightened mind (if the poor soul had ever known much geography, she had long since forgotten it), the Highlands of Scotland presented no such very wide field of search; besides, the McGregors were people of note, Duncan had said, and then too she remembered, as by a happy inspiration, the address of one of his brothers in Glasgow, and once she saw him her difficulties would be at an end. So, little guessing the extent of her undertaking, she sold her few effects, and set out on the long weary journey to Edinburgh, which has been described elsewhere. The troubles which overtook the poor soul on her arrival there have also been dwelt upon, nor have I space for many a graphic detail which she gave Lady Isabel concerning that stage of her sufferings, but will pass on to tell briefly how hopelessly she had failed to find her brother-in-law in Glasgow (which was not surprising, considering that the man had emigrated in the preceding year), how she had been assured that McGregors abounded in Ross-shire, whither, accordingly, she had made her painful way, only to be met on every hand by cruel disappointment and rebuffs. How, after three months or more of wandering in the northern counties, she had, in utter desperation, turned her footsteps southward again, with no very definite idea as to what she should do now, or in what direction next pursue her inquiries. How, finally, she had resolved to try and get to Aberdeen, and throw herself for help on the mercy of Mr. Ramsay's mother, to whom, it may be remembered, she had promised to apply in case of need. By this time her bodily strength was fast failing her, because she stinted herself both in food and raiment that the child should not suffer more than could be helped, and every penny she could earn, or beg, was spent on him; to add to her misery, a fierce bleak winter was fast setting in, and, once her travels afoot put an end to, where would she be?

On second thoughts she made up her mind to write to Mrs. Ramsay as her son had implored her to do, and the remembrance of his excessive kindness emboldened her to take this step. On that eventful 31st of December, she had arrived, spent, footsore, and well-nigh exhausted, at Strathcairn, a small country town, five miles from the village and castle of Drumcairnie, and there, in the little village inn, even while laboriously engaged

in writing her appeal to Mrs. Ramsay, she had overheard casual mention made of the McGregors, and, as a forlorn hope, had timidly made further inquiries concerning the family at Drumcairnie Castle. Then a wild longing seized her to get to this place and make one last despairing effort to attain her goal. Hope again lent wings to her leaden feet and aching limbs, and the five miles seemed as nothing to her, for the minute particulars of the McGregor's family history that she had obtained from the Strathcairn gossips, tallied exactly with those she already had from her husband, and so she pushed bravely on, praying as she went for strength to carry her just as far as the old Castle up the valley yonder, standing out on the bare hill-side like a stern grim sentinel against the clear wintry sky, and that there she had found her heart's desire is already known to my readers.

"And now," concluded our poor Susan, when her narrative was done, "now I can die happy, knowing him safe, and I pray God will take me home to my little one who is waiting for me; for, oh! lady, you have never known what it feels like to have to go out into the world again as friendless and forlorn as I am." But Lady Isabel, at that, had cast her arms about Susan's neck and cried, No, no, never friendless any more so long as she and Hughie lived; she must not die, she must live and let her try to prove the deep, unspeakable gratitude that she could never put into empty words. Then, with her arms still round her, Lady Isabel had gone on to relate the story of Douglas's dying request and her subsequent search; and thus, with their tears falling thick and fast, and their mother-hearts too full for speech, there was riveted an indissoluble bond of sympathy between these two women, and I think that when one of them knelt, that glad New Year's morning, to pour out her fervent thanksgivings at the foot of the Heavenly Throne, there went up with them a very earnest and very humble petition that she too might be counted worthy to obtain that high place in the kingdom of God which would surely be awarded to brave, faithful Susan Stewart, inasmuch as, like the widow of old, "she had done what she could," and, having done it unto one of the least of His brethren, had "done it unto Him."

* * * * *

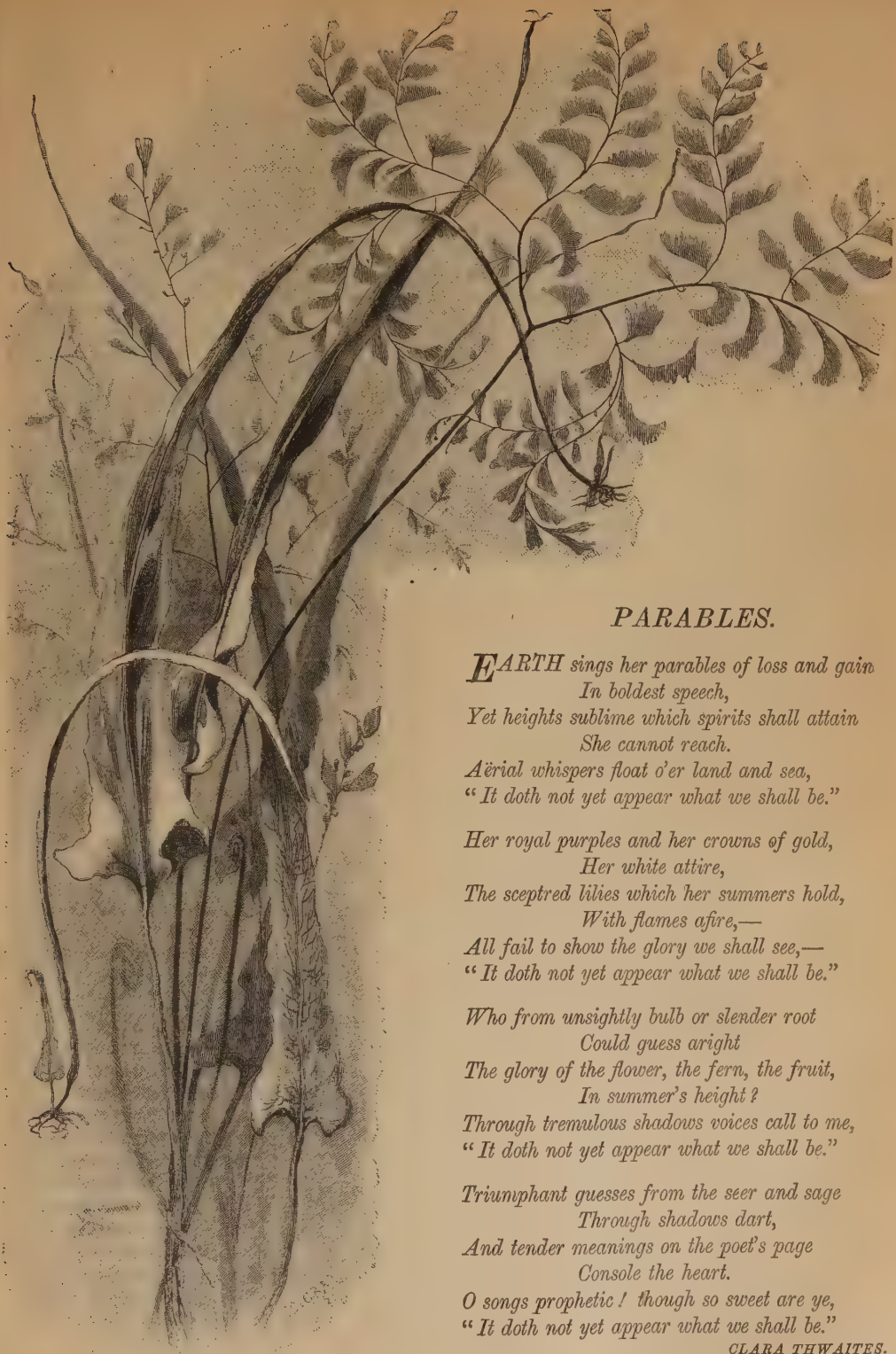
All this occurred some few years ago now, and of the different actors who played their parts in the scenes recorded—

"Some are married, some are dead,
Some are scattered wide and fled."

When Lady Isabel, a few weeks after Hughie's return home, received an ecstatic letter from Nettie Forbes announcing her engagement to Kenneth Ramsay, she evinced very little surprise and a very great deal of pleasure. The young couple were married in the following spring and sailed very soon after for, I am not prepared to say exactly what remote corner of the globe, where the young missionary had heard of a likely opening for the work he had so much at heart. Before the year, which opened so memorably at Drumcairnie, had run its course, Dr. Cameron succumbed to a rather sudden illness. Death had no terrors for the faithful old servant, he was "wearying to be home," and he went down into the dark valley as peacefully and as calmly as he had lived. Many friends, in every rank of life, still mourn his irreparable loss, but none so deeply perhaps as Grierson, who is getting very frail now, "gey far through," he says himself, and he talks of retiring from service soon, and settling in a little house "doon the toon." Life spent farther from the shadow of the Castle would scarce be worth living to the good old man, who has never ceased to lament that the young laird, on the day of his return home, "Suld hae been sent roon' til his tea in the kitchen."

Lady Isabel, calmly and contentedly happy, lives on at Drumcairnie with her boy, who is fast out-growing his delicacy, and promises to be a fine specimen of a man yet.

And what of Susan? Thanks to Lady Isabel, she was enabled to spend two years in hard study in the best Italian schools for music, and, at the end of that time, was pronounced competent to enter the arena of professional life. Following the advice of her friends, she determined to go out to Australia, where, under the influential patronage of John McGregor and his kindly wife, she bids fair to become the most popular singer that ever took the public of Sydney by storm; and Lady Isabel often smiles sadly to herself as she reads the laudatory newspaper reports that reach her from time to time, for she gathers from these that no one has heard "Madame Lorenzo" (such is Susan's professional cognomen) at her best who has not heard her marvellous rendering of a "simple but highly effective song," called "The Children's Home."



PARABLES.

EARTH sings her parables of loss and gain
In boldest speech,
Yet heights sublime which spirits shall attain
She cannot reach.
Aërial whispers float o'er land and sea,
"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Her royal purples and her crowns of gold,
Her white attire,
The sceptred lilies which her summers hold,
With flames afire,—
All fail to show the glory we shall see,—
"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Who from unsightly bulb or slender root
Could guess aright
The glory of the flower, the fern, the fruit,
In summer's height?
Through tremulous shadows voices call to me,
"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Triumphant guesses from the seer and sage
Through shadows dart,
And tender meanings on the poet's page
Console the heart.
O songs prophetic! though so sweet are ye,
"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

CLARA THWAITES.

DAVID'S EARLY LIFE.

Chapters for Young Men.

By J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D.

IV.—GROWING ENMITY OF THE KING.

IN this paper I propose to trace the development of Saul's hostility to David. The successive stages through which evil passion was suffered to attain the mastery over his distempered mind are indicated with sufficient distinctness in the narrative of First Samuel. Starting from the single combat with Goliath and closing on the night when David fled from his home in Gibeah to seek refuge in Samuel's college, the period extends certainly over several years; but we are without any marks of time which would enable us to fix its duration with greater precision.

His victory over the giant could not fail to be a turning-point in the career of David. It made him, at a very early age, a popular hero. Many who did not know as much as Samuel knew of the divine purpose, must have augured a noble future for one who in his modest youth could display a devotion and a valour worthy of the best names in Hebrew story. When the tidings ran from lip to lip, it is certain that many a pious heart in Israel blessed God that, at a dark hour when the sacred war was languishing through the strange paralysis which had come over Saul, He had raised up for His people a new "horn of salvation." Of such generous souls, the prince apparent made himself the mouthpiece. Frank and soldierly, his heart leapt to greet in young David such a man as he himself had been years before when he scaled the cliffs at Michmash. His quiet piety recognised a kindred soul in the lad who had dared to trust Jehovah against such odds. Without misgiving Jonathan took the youthful champion to his bosom as a comrade and a brother. Nor did the least distrust enter just at first even into the mind of Saul. The king appointed David on the spot to a post of command. Then, if he had not done it before, he attached him permanently to his body-guard. It could not be long, however, ere a suspicion awoke in the king's breast that this youth might turn out to be that supplanter on the throne with whom the prophet had threatened his line. As our narrative runs, the moment is clearly defined.* The brief raid was over. The invader had been chased right down the dale, home to the very gates of his coast-towns. The abandoned camp where the fight of the champions occurred had been looted by the conquerors on their return march. Then it was that, as Saul leisurely pursued his way back to Gibeah, village after village—Bethlehem, no doubt, among them—poured out its troop of girls (as the fashion of the time was) to salute and eulogise their deliverers. It ought to have been nothing to a generous captain, used to military honours, if the name of the young hero of the day was coupled with his own. Even when the chanting maidens who led the procession with timbrel and dance seemed in their girlish enthusiasm to heap superior praises on the champion who slew the giant, did it become a grizzled captain, grown grey in successful war, to grudge the lad the tribute of a song? But Saul was not now a generous, or even a dispassionate, man. Disappointment at the failure of his early hopes and moody resentment against God who had rejected him, had soured a nature originally magnanimous enough. That unfortunate refrain in the ode of victory struck on an uneasy apprehension. It first awoke the secret suspicion:—Can this new hero be the predicted rival, the upstart "neighbour of thine" who is to be "better than thou," who is to be a "man after Jehovah's heart" and the king that shall be?

This was precisely the sort of suspicion to fall like a drop of vitriol upon the king's mood and to work there like poison. According to our Hebrew text, he was seized the very next day after he reached home with one of those fits to which he had become subject; a circumstance not in the least unlikely after the agitating events he had recently lived through. When the harper of Bethlehem essayed his art as at other times, who can be surprised if the music ceased to charm, since now the sight of the minstrel was more apt to irritate than to soothe his lord? Twice over the mad king is reported, even thus early in the story, to have made a threatening gesture with his weapon. This incident is omitted by the Greek translators; nor does it find a place in Josephus who followed them. But if it

* But if the passages be omitted which are wanting in the Septuagint, then 1 Samuel xviii. 6 may be supposed (as Dr. Geikie does) to belong to a period somewhat later.

occurred, it was not likely to attract much attention, for it was sure to be set down to frenzy; and on his recovery from that ill-turn, the king himself took measures which rendered the occurrence of any similar scene highly improbable. He discharged David from attendance upon the royal person, and in reward for his victory assigned to him instead a military appointment of some consequence. David was made captain over one of the tribal divisions, technically termed a "thousand;" a rank which might answer somewhat to a colonelcy with us.

The reason which the sacred historian assigns for this step is that, at the back of his first suspicion, there had come to the king a hidden dread of David. It is a feeling which one can well understand. Men fear what they apprehend, because it is an unknown danger, the precise extent of which they cannot yet measure. Bad men moreover usually shrink with a sort of timid instinct from the fearless port of one in whom they recognise a superior moral nature, and whom for that reason they cannot help disliking. Supposing Saul's suspicion respecting David to be well founded, he surely had good reason to feel alarmed at the young man's popularity. If it were groundless, why, still he was better away, since the sight of his open eye and the ring of his musical voice could only bring back to the royal mind that nameless nervous dread which as yet had been breathed in no living ear.

Had Saul been wise, he would have choked down at this point the guilty passion which had been begotten in his heart, and tried to strangle it before it gave birth to a guiltier. Such evil is always best dealt with promptly. No one can hinder the starting within him of a bad thought. It comes like an inspiration; and for aught we know, it is one. What we are really to blame for is giving it house-room and encouragement, instead of at once turning it out of doors. To harbour a thought of envy or ill-will, to brood over such circumstances as foster the feeling, to keep revolving the painful subject until it gathers to itself the currents of inward life and has set in a flame passions more malignant and overpowering even than itself:—this is the path of a criminal. Indulged after such a fatal fashion, it is the habit of one evil feeling to give rise to another. Suspicion in the mind of the Hebrew king bred an uneasy fear. Fear gave rise to dislike. By-and-by dislike was to grow darker from day to day till it became hatred and rage, urging the man to treacherous violence. How easy, alas, is this downward progress!

Moreover, it is the Nemesis of a bad man that the very shifts to which he has recourse in order to gratify his passions, usually end by inflaming them yet more. The post of consequence to which Saul had removed David afforded an opportunity to the youth for displaying prudence and capacity beyond his years. As his reputation for skill as well as for valour grew, so did Saul's apprehensions of the upstart's possible rivalry grow in a like proportion. It was the young man's popularity which had first made the king dislike him. He could not but observe that this popularity was growing. It was his own patronage which had helped it to grow; but he hated him for it all the more on that account. How long matters went on in this manner we do not know; David "behaving himself so wisely in all his ways" that "all Israel and Judah loved him as he went out and came in before them." But it ended in the formation on the part of the king of a distinct, though, at first, unacknowledged, desire to see this career cut short which threatened to eclipse his own. A new monarchy erected for military reasons must live by military successes. It can ill brook close to the throne a captain more capable and more trusted by the soldiers than the king himself.

When Saul had reached the point of secretly considering how to rid himself of David, the first suggestion which presented itself was a cunning scheme for effecting this indirectly. In the longer text of the Goliath incident, the hand of one of the princesses is reported to have been promised to any successful champion who should volunteer to enter the lists with the giant. Such an offer had no share in inducing David to fight; and he seems neither to have expected nor claimed its fulfilment. But that such a promise had been made explains why Saul ever contemplated making a son-in-law of the man he most dreaded. Deliberately to renew the proposal may well appear a foolish policy; but hatred is a blind counsellor. Two daughters had been born to Saul, both of whom were still unmarried; and the king seems to have offered first the hand of the elder. The offer was accompanied with no other condition than an honourable obligation on the future son-in-law to distinguish himself in the guerilla warfare with Philistia—a contest which sometimes languished, but rarely slumbered. The king's secret hope was that in one of these border skirmishes

the adventurous young leader would be captured or killed. Why this alliance was never carried out is uncertain: whether David's reluctance hindered it or the maiden's pride; whether the fickle father changed his mind on the suit of a wealthy sheik from the other side of Jordan, or discovered in time the partiality his younger girl had secretly conceived for the handsome Bethlehemite. In any case, Saul modified his proposal without really changing his crafty scheme. Michal was in love with David. There is reason to think David returned her attachment. When this was discovered, it decided the king, instead of offering his second daughter in marriage as he had done the first, to tempt her lover to make suit for the lady's hand. Some of the king's creatures about the court were put up to incite David to venture on this proposal. Already, however, the youth had developed a large share of that shrewd caution, springing out of insight into character, which is indeed characteristic of his race, but which is not often combined with a nature so generous and susceptible as his. On this occasion he avoided the snare, alleging as an excuse that he was too poor a man to afford a suitable price for the hand of a king's daughter.* But this excuse opened to Saul the very chance he was seeking. Clever as he was, David seemed to have fallen into his toils. What money payment could equal a signal success against the enemies of Israel? Let valour achieve the reward of beauty. Let him win his bride as a hero should by adventurous daring. Saul well knew that the romantic condition was one David could not possibly decline. Allegiance, patriotism, love and honour, all combined to impose it on him. But how low had Saul sunk, when he could make his own girl's affection the bait to lure a gallant soldier, as he hoped, to a bloody grave; masking hatred beneath a show of parental kindness!

If one would read aright the lesson to be learnt from such lamentable degeneracy of character, it must be borne in mind how Saul had begun by setting his own will in antagonism against God's. Pride came first, and self-willed revolt against the conditions under which he held his crown from Jehovah. Next followed his refusal to accept the doom which made the crown pass from his line. Fighting thus against the Almighty, he came in the end to fight also against the blameless man whom he suspected to be preferred before him. David was but an instrument in the hand of Providence. But because the king hated God, he hated the instrument of God's will. So prolific is rebellion against Heaven! To what a brood of vices it gives birth! It turns the soul into a viper's nest; stinging the tortured sinner into the meanest of stratagems to gain the foulest of ends!

The issue of this clumsy and abominable plot turned out as it deserved to do. From the condition imposed, the reader gains a glimpse not quite pleasant into the coarseness as well as barbarity of the age, and the shocking style in which Eastern warfare has usually been conducted. But the ghastly evidence was forthcoming, and the rising guerilla leader, having fairly won his princess, stood thenceforward on the steps of the throne. What had Saul made by his manœuvres? It was a favourite thought with David that an all-wise Providence catches wicked men in their own traps.* So it had turned out. The very measures by which the king had sought to rid himself of a possible rival had elevated that rival into prominence, and brought him by many degrees nearer to the crown on which he was supposed to cherish ambitious designs. Had David been in reality desirous of supplanting his patron, he could have asked for nothing better than to become the king's son-in-law, with only his friend Jonathan between himself and the succession.

It was inevitable that this ill-success of his scheme should irritate Saul exceedingly. His baffled enmity rose in fact to a high pitch of rage, all the rather because he could not help discerning in the steady rise of the man he feared a proof of favour from Israel's invisible Sovereign: "he saw and knew that Jehovah was with David." Month by month it grew more probable, next to certain, that the king's first suspicion was a correct one; that this fortunate upstart, this general favourite, must be the very man whom Samuel had selected to displace his family upon the throne. It was under such a conviction that for the first time Saul so far forgot himself as to let fall bitter and threatening expressions against his new relative. Up to this point he had been able to keep his malice pent up within his own bosom. Now he dropped in the hearing of Prince Jonathan and the innermost circle of courtiers words which were a distinct incentive to assassination. It is probable that the

* If it had been Adriel's superior wealth which induced Saul to bestow on him the hand of Merab, instead of on David (1 Samuel xviii. 19), this reply must have carried a sting with it.

* See, for example, Psalm v. 10; vii. 14—17; ix. 15—16, and elsewhere.

king reckoned upon his son and heir sharing to a certain extent in his own jealousy. A singularly close attachment had always existed betwixt father and son. The father on his side was proud of the high qualities of the prince and of his military fame; so proud of him that it was for his sake, to secure for him the reversion of the kingdom, he was now prepared to steep his hands in innocent blood. Jonathan, on the other hand, had all along shown himself tolerant of his father's faults, and was still so loyal to his filial duty that nothing, not even his love for David, was ever to draw him from the side of his unhappy parent till the day when, fighting side by side, they fell, united even in death. It was natural enough perhaps for the king, infatuated with his own fixed ideas, to anticipate that Jonathan would both understand and second his desire to be rid of David. In spite, however, of their unusual affection for each other, Jonathan and his father were as unlike as any two men could be. Saul can have read very little of his son's character. He cannot have known his manliness, which was sure to scorn any attempt to compass by base means a rival's death, or his loyalty to a sworn friend, or his devotion to Jehovah which taught him to acquiesce even when it pleased God to take from him a crown and give it to another. Nothing of all this nobility and piety of nature can the king have been capable of appreciating, or he never could have tempted his son to the secret murder of David. For a time Jonathan succeeded by his pleadings in diverting his father's purpose and patching up a temporary reconciliation in the royal family. Those pleadings have been preserved to us, and they convey a charming impression of the purity and simple nobleness which marked that fair soul, set as though he were a foil, designed by his whiteness to cast into deeper shade the dark and darkening features of the king.*

In the eyes of Jonathan, as in the eyes no doubt of devout Israelites generally, his friend David was a chosen instrument raised up by Jehovah to work deliverance for His people. Whether anointed by Samuel or not, such a man was too sacred to be assaulted, even were he less modest or lovable than he was: a man in whom, as in the heroes of the olden time, one ought to recognise the Divine hand working salvation, and rejoice with a reverent and pious joy. Surely this was a rare pitch of unselfish patriotic devotion to be reached by a disinherited heir-apparent! It surrounds the prince's name with a very pure halo, and the contrast which he offers to his father serves to remind us how far asunder men may travel from one another, even as heaven from hell, according as they yield up the guidance of their hearts to the good or to the evil spirit. On both hands are all men at all times solicited—we no less than these Hebrews, the king and the prince. Are not such tales told us for "ensamples," that by them we may take warning to resist the devil in his first approaches, but to cherish as the true life of our soul each sweet and sacred influence from the Holy Spirit?

There followed upon this occurrence another interval of apparent cordiality. The king's moody and variable condition of mind renders it quite conceivable that at times he may have displayed a good deal of affection for his early favourite, for even till the last this tenderer feeling survived underneath his jealous fits. For the time, therefore, he seemed to have laid aside his suspicion.

David settled with his bride in a suitable dwelling lower down the hill of Gibeah than the king's house, and resumed his attendance at court. It was for him a pleasant little interval of domestic felicity, the enjoyment of which was enhanced by cloudless intercourse with his bosom friend. Save the foreign intriguers whom Saul's policy had brought into places of trust, or those courtiers who saw with chagrin the royal favour restored to one who had outstripped them in the race of ambition, there were probably few in Israel who did not love and praise this pair of brothers. In their intimacy men read a happy promise for days to come.

All at once the storm broke forth afresh through this deceitful calm. It happened in this wise: the war which had paused for a while burst into activity again. David as usual assumed the command of the troops in the field, for, with unaccountable remissness, the old monarch no longer led his levies in person or even sent Jonathan in his room, but left the conduct of the war to the man he most disliked and dreaded. On the present occasion the land was saved by one great battle, more decisive than usual, in which, through the help of God, David utterly routed the Philistines, and inflicted on them a severe loss. The return of the army in triumph possibly contributed to bring on one of Saul's bad turns. At any rate, it appears that David had resumed his old habit of harping at such times to dispel the king's gloom, for while the two, on a

* 1 Samuel xix. 4, 5.

certain fatal day, were sitting thus together, the old frenzy came back like an uncontrollable impulse upon the king. Suddenly, by the hurried gesture of a maniac, he launched his javelin at his son-in-law, with such violence that it stuck in the partition wall and hung there quivering.

This incident drew after it more serious consequences than at first appeared likely. When David reached his own house he probably set it down for nothing worse than another outbreak of the king's distemper, for which the unhappy man could scarcely be held responsible. As evening came on, however, circumstances occurred which lent a graver complexion to the affair, and convinced his wife at least that her father must be deliberately bent on mischief. Possibly Michal, like Jonathan, may have been privy to what both of them would be likely to conceal from David—that horrid proposal to assassinate her husband, from which the king had been with difficulty turned aside. At all events, when she observed how the outer gate of her house was watched after dark by a detachment of the body-guard, and saw well-known enemies of her husband prowling stealthily about the lanes of Gibeah, she became convinced that at last his position was a critical one. It took all her wifely urgency to persuade the hero to flee, for he was bold in his integrity, and all her woman's wit to cloak his flight, for the premises were beset with enemies. It was an anxious and memorable night. Under cover of darkness this devoted princess took a tender farewell of her husband, whom she was never again to meet till the vicissitudes of some fourteen trying years had aged and altered them both. Then from a window at the back she let him down, as Saul was long after to escape from Damascus, or the spies had long before escaped from Jericho. Next she dressed up an image in his bed to deceive the officers who came next morning to search the house. By the time they returned on a second visit with instant orders to fetch him to the king, sick or well, her trick had answered its end, and David lay safe for the moment under Samuel's protection at Ramah.

Now at length the conviction must have forced itself on David's own reluctant mind that the captain whom he served, the father-in-law whom he loved, the sovereign to whom was due his respectful loyalty, was bent on shedding his blood. How this discovery affected him there is nothing in the narrative to tell. If the date long ago prefixed by some editor of the Psalter to the Fifty-ninth Psalm could be implicitly trusted, we should possess in that poem not only the earliest fragment of David's verse of which we can feel at all certain, but also a most suggestive record of his feelings on that night of fear when his life was saved by the ingenuity of his wife. Modern criticism has thrown considerable doubt upon the correctness of this inscription. It has not, however, overthrown it, in my opinion, and I believe we shall not err very far if we still venture to read the psalm as reflecting the inner life of the youthful hero when he had first to face a full disclosure of his sovereign's hostility and of his own danger. On this assumption it must be a satisfaction to find no trace of personal bitterness against his royal father-in-law. Neither then, on the first discovery of Saul's enmity, nor indeed during the long persecution which was to follow, does he seem to have given way to a feeling of revenge against Saul himself. On the contrary, he made for the king such excuses as were possible. Enemies he knew he had at court, and these he assumed had poisoned the king's mind. They had told lies against him; they had instigated the king by their envenomed tale-bearing.

Nor can we be at any loss to account for the hostility of a party, which had more than one reason for disliking the popular Bethlehemite. Some of them must have found their personal chances of promotion damaged by his rapid rise. Successful merit never wants detractors. Others belonged to the old party in the State which felt no sympathy with the Samuel reformation or the revived religious life of the people, and cared little for Jehovah or the sacred destiny to which Israel had been called. These could regard with no favour a man who, more than any one else, represented the new generation that had been moulded by the reforming prophet. Along with such Hebrews, who in heart were half heathen, must be numbered a few men who were heathen also by race. In his later years Saul was fond of attracting to his service uncircumcised foreigners. Of one of these we read who was an Edomite; of another who was a Hittite. It is one of the indications which suggest how feeble was the king's own adherence to Jehovah-worship. These various parties feared and detested David simply because he represented the cause of Samuel and of the revival—in one word, the cause of Jehovah. They constitute the "workers of iniquity" denounced by him in his poems, traitors to the cause of Israel, who, if they had their way, would

reduce Israel spiritually to the level of surrounding heathenism, extinguishing the name and the law of Jehovah.

Now, if the psalm alluded to belongs to this date, it was these men whom David charged with "weaving a plot" against his life. They had worked on the poor king's frenzy, and on that night of alarm, thinking they had their victim in a trap, they went "howling" about the streets like city dogs, "belching out" imprecations, in the hope at sunrise to gratify their thirst for his blood. In the teeth of a peril so grave, two considerations sustained the young man's courage. The one was that he was innocent. "Not for my transgression," he cries out in this earliest psalm; "not for any sin of mine, O Jehovah!" The same appeal of hunted innocence to a righteous judge will be found to characterize all his utterances for the next four or five years of his life. Can God rule over Israel in very deed if He cannot deliver guiltless blood? Add to this, in the second place, that David knew himself to be set for the defence of Jehovah's cause. Why had he been taken from the sheepfold, anointed at Bethlehem, rescued from the giant at Elah, crowned with victory in repeated engagements, elevated already to the royal house? Why but because Jehovah had made choice of him, and meant to make use of him for His own high designs? Because in the life and death struggle which Israel had to war against heathendom for the faith of Abraham, and the law of Moses, and the God of their fathers, a place and a destiny had been reserved for him. It was the consciousness of a Divine call lying on his bright young soul which made him brave and told him he must live—live in spite of plots, and lies, and prowling adversaries; live to make all men see that not Saul but Jehovah was the true King over Israel! Therefore could he pray with a good conscience:

> "Awake, O Jehovah, God of Hosts and God of Israel!
> Rouse Thee to visit all the nations! . . . .
> Make them to reel by Thy strength,
> And cut them down, O Lord, our shield!"

Therefore could he anticipate that the knavery of his foes would be confounded when, after passing the night on the watch for him, they should miss their expectation in the morning:—

> "But as for me I will sing in Thy strength—
> Yea, I will shout aloud in the morning of Thy loving kindness,
> For Thou hast been a high tower for me,
> And a refuge when I was in distress.
> O my strength, unto Thee let me sing,
> For God is my high tower,
> The God of my loving kindness!" *

* Perowne's version of Psalm lix.

FARMERS AND WILD BIRDS.

By THEODORE WOOD.

FOR several years past we have heard a good deal of the various misfortunes to which farmers in this country are liable. Late frosts, long-continued drought, excess of rain, absence of sunshine, superabundance of blight and other insect pests; all these result in bad harvests. Bad harvests, if they repeatedly occur, mean ruin to the farmers, and ruin to the farmers means ruin to the agricultural prosperity of England, and, through that prosperity, in greater or less degree, to our very position as a nation. Surely, then, our first duty should be to discover the extent of the evils which we must combat, and our second to learn the most successful methods by which the battle may be carried on.

Now it is evident enough that we cannot control the weather. Heat and cold, sunshine and rain, are beyond our jurisdiction, and no effort of ours will serve to obtain for us more of one or less of another. But, if we come to look into the matter, we find that at least one-half—to speak without exaggeration—of the losses which farmers suffer, taking one year with another, is due, not to unfavourable weather at all, but to the agency of insects. Blight, perhaps (or green fly), appears in overwhelming numbers, and corn, hops, beans, cabbages, vegetables of almost every kind, in fact, are in great part destroyed; or the turnip-fly swarms in our fields, and strips the plants of every green leaf; or wire-worms are present in multitudes beneath the ground, and roots of every kind are so injured by their jaws that the crops are wholly ruined. And the result is that capital and labour are wasted, the land is exhausted without yielding a due return, labourers are thrown out of employment, and scores upon scores of families find themselves obliged to choose between starvation and the workhouse.

It may seem strange, but it is none the

The bird, safe among statistics.

less true, to say that such losses are due, not to Nature, but to the farmers' own folly, both in the past and in the present. Had they but left Nature to carry out her own arrangements, these hosts of blight and turnip flies and wire-worms could seldom or never appear, for every living being has its appointed foes, which have power to keep its numbers within due limits, and so to prevent it from overrunning the world. And all these destructive insects are literally *surrounded* with foes, which in killing them are also working for us, and helping us to till the ground, and to cause it to yield its increase.

Now a farmer's best policy is obviously to encourage these foes, so that his loss from insect agency may be as small as possible. He should help them to help himself, in fact, and surely, what with their exertions and what with his own, he ought to make headway against the pests which almost annually cause to him such terrible losses.

Let us see of what his encouragement consists.

The kestrel lives almost entirely upon mice. Mice feed upon grain, and every farmer knows but too well what mischief they cause in his granaries; so the farmer shoots the kestrel.

The barn owl also lives almost wholly upon mice; so the farmer shoots the barn owl.

The long-eared owl and the short-eared owl feed upon cockchafers as well as mice. Cockchafers eat the leaves of our crops, and their grubs, more mischievous still, devour the roots; so the farmer shoots these owls as well.

Every adult goatsucker kills many thousands of cockchafers and other mischievous insects in the course of every summer, and feeds *entirely* upon living prey; but he thinks that it sucks the milk from the cattle, a thing which it cannot do, and the farmer shoots the goatsucker.

The sparrow eats corn and fruit at certain times of the year, and so the farmer shoots the sparrow. But for about nine months out of the twelve, and particularly in the breeding-season, the sparrow lives largely upon grubs, of which each bird kills upon an average some fifty thousand in the course of the year. These fifty thousand grubs, if left alive, would have eaten at least fifty times as much of his produce as the sparrow takes for himself; but the farmer does not think of that, and he shoots the sparrow.

The magpie and the jay are apt to feast now and again upon a partridge's egg, or perhaps upon a young pheasant, and so a zealous gamekeeper, who of course has no regard for crops, and cares only for game, shoots them whenever he can find an opportunity, though these birds destroy myriads of mice, cockchafer grubs, and other equally mischievous creatures, and so repay the *farmer* fifty or a hundred-fold for the trifling losses which they cause to the *gamekeeper;* but still even the farmer shoots the magpie and the jay.

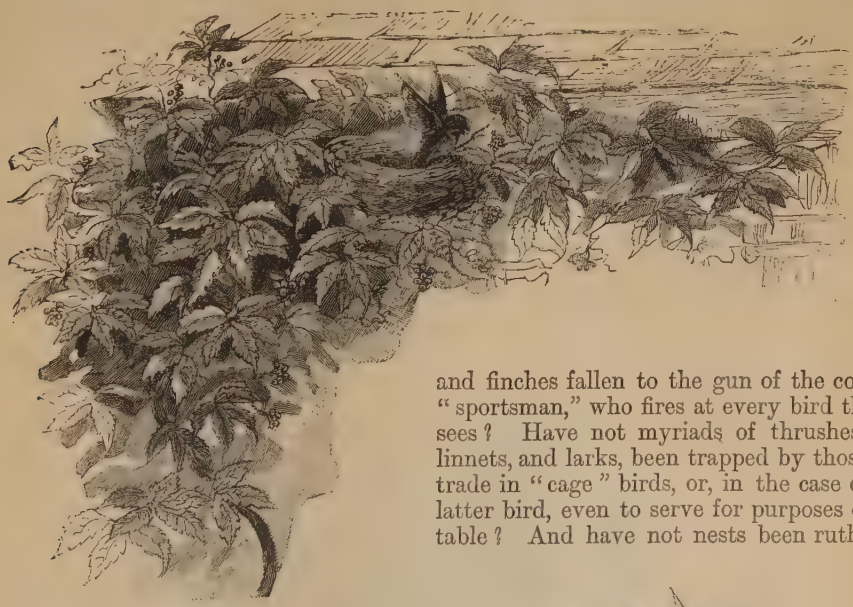
And *this* is the manner in which the farmer "encourages" his friends. He actually kills

the creatures which are working in his service, and then complains of the losses which he suffers from the ravages of the insects which those very creatures would have kept in check, had he but allowed them to do so. Supposing that the shopkeepers were to shoot our police because the rate-payers were taxed to keep them up, crime would instantly increase to a terrible extent; but should we have any one but ourselves to blame? Now the kestrel, and the owl, and the sparrow, and their fellow-workers, are the police of nature, and the farmer shoots *them;* and then he complains that insect criminals overrun his fields.

What if the rook or the sparrow should tax him of a little of his corn at seed-time or at harvest? Surely that is better than losing half his crops, or more, by the attacks of insects. What if the blackbird or the greenfinch should now and again deprive the orchard of a little fruit? Surely a small loss is better than a great one, and we may feel assured that the insects which these birds devour at other periods of the year would have caused far more damage than can ever be attributed to feathered thieves. We must look upon the small robberies committed by such birds, indeed, as a kind of toll or commission upon the amount which they annually save for us by the slaughter of injurious insects. If we employ a man to collect our rents or our debts we pay him a percentage upon the amount which he obtains. Why, then, should we grudge a similar allowance to the birds?

It is sometimes said, and with much apparent truth: "Yes, no doubt the sparrow and the titmice and the finches are very useful birds, and do a great service to the farmer. But then we must remember that for many years past we have killed off the hawks, which nature intended to prey upon these birds, so that there are *more* of them than there should be, and consequently we must kill a certain number every year to keep them within due limits."

This seems a very plausible argument, but only until it is looked into. It is true enough that hawks *have* been persecuted, but, on the other hand, *the small birds have been persecuted also,* and so we have done on a large scale what nature would have performed on a small one. Do we not read of "sparrow clubs," and of prizes offered to those who could produce the greatest number of slain? Have not thousands upon thousands of tits and finches fallen to the gun of the cockney "sportsman," who fires at every bird that he sees? Have not myriads of thrushes, and linnets, and larks, been trapped by those who trade in "cage" birds, or, in the case of the latter bird, even to serve for purposes of the table? And have not nests been ruthlessly



Servants, to be shot.

destroyed year after year for the sake of the eggs which they contain, or even in a spirit of pure, wanton mischief, for no purpose whatever? Could we have *increased* the numbers of the hawks ten-fold, instead of *decreasing* them to one-twentieth of their original numbers, the small birds which would have fallen victims to them would not have been nearly as numerous as those which we ourselves have killed.

And we must also bear in mind another point. By thus killing their natural destroyers, we have allowed the insects to gain the upper hand. The green-fly, and the turnip-fly, and the wire-worm, and many other mischievous insects, are far more abundant than they should be, or than they would have been had we allowed Nature to carry out her own arrangements. And so we require that there *should* be more small birds in the country than Nature herself would have provided.

See what has happened when one of these birds, and that perhaps the most abused of all—viz., the sparrow—has been killed off.

At Maine, some thirty years ago, a Government order went forth that sparrows should be exterminated. The order was carried into effect, and the following year the crops, and even the green trees, were utterly destroyed by caterpillars.

At Auxerre, about the same time, a similar order was given, with precisely similar results.

In our own country we may instance the case of a certain parish in Norfolk, the farmers in which banded together to destroy the sparrows on account of the grain which they devoured at certain times of the year. Accordingly, in early spring, large quantities of poisoned corn were scattered upon the ground, and dead sparrows were picked up, as an eye-witness states, "literally by bushels." The clergyman of the parish, however, refused to be a party to the slaughter, and encouraged the birds by every means in his power, until his garden became a haven of refuge for all those which were left alive.

That year the only fruit to be found in the entire parish was in that clergyman's garden, and there the crop was greater than had ever been known before. Elsewhere, every green leaf was devoured by caterpillars, blight, and insects of all descriptions; and then, too late, the slaughter of the sparrows was regretted.

And, as with the sparrows, so it is with other birds. They may rob us to a small extent, but they prevent other creatures from doing so to an infinitely greater, and thus perform for us, *at a small charge*, work which we cannot possibly do for ourselves. And can we, knowing this, be so blind to our own interests as to prevent them from carrying out their mission? Can we afford to destroy our best friends, and that at a time when we need all the assistance that we can obtain? If we do so, it is as though a drowning man should push from him the plank which alone could enable him to reach the shore. Helpers we have — powerful, numerous, and efficient helpers—always at hand to assist us, and always capable of doing so. And if we refuse their aid—if, instead of encouraging them, we do our best to trap and destroy them—we deserve the greatest losses that can fall upon us, which will be nothing more than the just retribution for our wilful and deliberate folly.

INGRATITUDE.

THE promises of God are past our dreaming,
There is no end to His fair works and ways;
Creative Love is one with Love Redeeming,
And everything He does is full of praise.

He spreads His dome-like mercy all around us,
We cannot get away from His embrace;
We hide ourselves, and lo! His love has found us,
Earth has no corner but is full of grace.

He, in the mazes of life's wondrous garden,
Deals with our hearts in mysteries of His own,
Brightens the gloom, or softens what would harden,
Speaks from the burning bush or silent stone.

But we have grown accustomed to the blessings
Which tangle and entwine us day by day,
We take for granted our dear God's caressings,
Nor heed the beauty strewn upon our way.

His very mercy almost scandalizes,
  It lies like common dust beneath our feet;
He is so prodigal with His surprises
  That we at last have failed to think them sweet.

We take a discount from His loving-kindness,
  And weigh it in the scales of common sense,
We moderate His light to suit our blindness,
  And hear His truth with cool indifference.

While He, in patient pity and enduring,
  Pours out His heaven upon the world for us,
Yea, spends Himself to purchase the securing
  Of men who have the heart to treat Him thus!

GENEVIÈVE IRONS.

THE BLISS OF PILGRIMS.

By the Rev. W. GARRETT HORDER.

"Sojourners and pilgrims."—1 Peter ii. 11.

THIS is a true and touching description of our relation to earth. We are but *sojourners* permitted to find resting places on the road because only *pilgrims* bound forward to the land where the toil and travel for ever cease. Doubtless the writer of this Epistle took the idea of life which had become sacred in his nation through the sojourn of his fathers in the wilderness, and which Abraham (Gen. xxiii. 4) and the Psalmist (Ps. xxxix. 12) used so pathetically. Again and again in these pages the idea of our life as a pilgrimage is met, and in this idea may be found a true conception of our earthly course.

We must not, however, suppose that the pilgrim life is of necessity an unhappy one. To us Western folk who live in fixed habitations, the idea of constant movement may not be the most pleasant. We naturally think of the inconveniences connected with frequent change from place to place. Although, if we may judge from the restlessness of many in our day—of servants who, when they have been a year or two in a place begin to say, "It is time for a change;" of families, who think that three years is long enough to remain in the same house or the same district—the old love for a settled habitation is on the wane. Still, I suppose there are many who regard the life in tents of the East as anything but attractive. I dare say the Arab, accustomed all his life to such constant movement, would turn with even greater aversion from that more fixed life to which we are used. I am not sure, however, that the preponderance of enjoyment would not be found under the ever-shifting tent of the East. It is very much a question of habit. *We* should fret against the movement which is so characteristic of his life, just as the Arab would against the stationariness so characteristic of ours. I imagine that those who, like Jacob, "are plain men dwelling in tents," extract quite as much delight out of *their* life as we, who dwell in ceiled houses, do from ours.

Nor must we, as so many have done, *think of the land through which we journey as having no attractiveness.* Life has often been described as a passage through "a waste howling wilderness." It is sometimes spoken of as "a wretched land that yields us no supplies." That would not be true even of the wilderness through which, for forty years, the Israelites journeyed. It was not *all* desert, it had its oases of verdure. We read of "Elim, where were twelve springs of water, and three score and ten palm-trees."

And life is not all desert. It has its sandy tracts which tire our feet and weary our hearts. It has its long stretches of barrenness where no trees offer their shade, or brooks their refreshing waters, or birds their song. It has its Marah whose waters are too bitter for us to drink. But it is not all thus. And it is very easy to exaggerate the *extent* of the desert. Some there are who think it a mark of piety so to do. The wail of the pious is often as mournful and, I will add, more unthankful than that of the Pessimist; more so, because the pious *do* believe that the desert is of God, whilst the Pessimist regards it as the result of uncontrolled natural forces. I cannot see that it is any part of true godliness to decry the land through which we have to travel. Children are not regarded as more filial because they are ever complaining of their home and its arrangements. I, as a parent, should feel that, so speaking, they were charging me with not making it as comfortable or as beautiful as my means permitted. And that which is wrong against an earthly parent cannot be right against the perfect and heavenly One! Complaint against the world in which our lot is cast, or any of its Divine arrangements, is surely a charging of God foolishly. We ought to be on our guard against such complaining. The Pessimist says, "This is the worst of all possible worlds." The truly godly man should feel that this is the *best* of all possible worlds for him in his present stage of development. A worthy parent makes the home and surroundings of his child's life the best that his means and knowledge permit. And we may be sure that the God whose power is but the servant of His love has made our lot the best that is possible for our highest good; not perhaps for our greatest enjoyment, but for the developing and perfecting of our character and life. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how *much more* shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask Him." It is not so much in the land through which we

have to pass, as in our relation to it, that we must find the explanation of the terms here before us, "Sojourners and pilgrims." And the chief idea in these terms is, that life here is so marked by change and movement, that we cannot say, "Rest and be thankful." The repose of the night has to be followed by the march of the day. We may not tarry even beneath the shadow of Elim's palms and beside her cooling springs. Life is ever moving forward. Childhood passes into youth, youth into manhood, manhood into old age.

In the earlier stages of the journey we look *expectantly* forward. The child longs for the strength and stature of youth; youth for the seeming liberty of manhood; manhood for the repose of age. But in the later we look *regretfully* to the earlier stages of the journey. The man looks back to the freedom from care of his earlier days. The aged regret that the time of vigour they knew in earlier manhood is theirs no longer. In no stage of the journey are we *quite* satisfied. In youth we long for a home and a partner in life. When children gather at our knee we anticipate the time when they will run alone. When (as the proverb has it) "little children and *head*-aches" are ours, we long for the time when they will be big children, forgetting that when the *head*-aches cease the *heart*-aches often begin. When our minds and hands are full because our home is boisterous with the noise of up-grown boys and girls, we inwardly sigh for the quiet of the time when, the birds being fledged, they will have made nests of their own; but when that time comes, the home seems empty, and we feel lonely because of their absence. Only a day or two ago I heard a mother, whose children had begun life for themselves, say she felt, "Oh, so quiet and lonely." "Nothing abides in one stay." Life is more restless and changeful even than the sea.

Then, too, some of the pilgrims fall by the way. Every company has a record of loss. Every home has its vacant places. There are pathetic pages in the history of every family; there are names that cannot be mentioned without tears. We all know what it is to cry:

> "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

And as the years of life increase, the vanished hands and the silent voices grow in number. The band of pilgrims who started together grows smaller. Such is life! Such it has ever been! In this respect our lot differs nothing from that of the "early world's grey fathers," as Henry Vaughan calls them. Herein lies the real pathos of life; it is a catalogue of changes and losses. We sometimes fret at this, and wish that a less sorrow-kindling order had been ours; but we do well to ask how could it have been different? We do well to imagine what life would have been were it without these elements of change and loss. Picture to yourselves a life without them. Mothers look back with fond regret to the time when their children nestled in their bosoms; but would they have liked to keep them in perpetual childhood? The father's heart goes back to the time when his boys were about him and trusting to his guidance; but would he like them never to have gone alone? The mother sits solitary in the home that once rang with the merry voices of her girls; but would she be willing to keep them always at her side? We fret against the inroads which death makes in our circle; but are we prepared to banish death from the world, for old age with its feebleness to be rendered perpetual? Shakespeare seems to have felt all this when he says—

> "There's the respect
> That makes calamity of *so long* life."

A thoughtful consideration of the whole matter will surely make us rather

> "Bear the ills we have

(if indeed they are ills)

> Than fly to others that we know not of."

The Divine plan for our life is wiser than it seems to us. It is easier to complain of it than to offer a remedy for its seeming faults. We grieve that the flowers wither and die, but after all, the very shortness of their life gives them a peculiar glory. Everlasting flowers would be a poor substitute for those which fade in our hands. And the changes that are inherent in our pilgrim life are only blessings in disguise; without them life would grow weary and monotonous. A life so stereotyped that no change could enter would, after all, be a poor thing. Who would change the ever-moving life of England for that of the Celestial Empire, as much civilised a thousand years ago as it is to-day. For, after all, change is essential to the growth and development of our natures; and even loss, bitter as it is to bear, often proves for the enrichment of life. Our Poet Laureate would not have been the singer he is, if the friend of his youth had not been taken from his side; the death of Arthur Hallam was gain to Alfred Tennyson, for thus he came to think of him as living in God, where

he found him worthier to be loved. And it is when loved ones are taken from our side that our hearts are drawn out to a wider world. The heart that has never been torn by grief knows not the full meaning of existence. Even our blessed Lord Himself was made perfect through suffering, and if this was necessary to Him, it is surely necessary for us.

> "Christ leads us through no darker rooms
> Than He went through before;
> He that unto God's kingdom comes
> Must enter by this door."

And it is part of the mission of Jesus Christ, to show us that even a *perfect* life must be a pilgrim one subject to change, to loss, to sorrow.

And now let me indicate some of the high purposes served by the changes incident to this pilgrim life. One is to remind us of God. One of the great objects of the pilgrim life of Israel in the wilderness was to teach them their dependence on Jehovah. Amid the flesh-pots of Egypt they seemed dependent on the land rendered fertile by the overflowing waters of the Nile. To this they seemed to owe their corn, their leeks, their onions. God was hidden from them by the very works of His hands. They thought of the *river* rather than of Him by whose rain, far away in the mountains of Africa, it was replenished. But amid the barrenness of the desert they learnt by the manna, the quails, the rock stricken for water, that their life really depended on God. He became to them a living reality. Journeying on, day after day, depending for their supplies on an unseen hand, they learnt what Egypt had never taught them, that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." And in like manner, the changes of our pilgrim life may teach us to remember "the years of the right hand of the Most High." For, as a rule, it is not when things go smoothly with us that we remember God. It is amid the changes, the crises, the sorrows of life that we turn to Him. The Psalmist discerned the value of such changes when he spoke of "The men who have no changes, and who fear not God" (Ps. lv. 19). Mrs. Browning sets this forth in her touching lines—

> "There is no God," the foolish saith,
> But none "There is no sorrow;"
> And nature oft the cry of faith
> In bitter need will borrow:
> Eyes which the Preacher could not school,
> By wayside graves are raisĕd;
> And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
> Who ne'er said "God be praisĕd."

It is sad to have such a confession to make; for it is a token of the perversity which sin has wrought into our nature, but if we are quite true to ourselves we must make it. In sunny weather even the child may forget his mother; but when the storm rises, when the lightning is seen, when the thunder is heard, he will creep to the shelter of her arms. And we children, larger grown, are apt, when all goes brightly and smoothly, to forget our unseen Father; but when some of the great changes of life come upon us we creep to His side, and pour out our hearts in prayer before Him. And if life were without such changes it may be we should grow quite forgetful of Him. The Seer of the ancient time saw this to be true in the case of Moab. "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity; therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed" (Jer. xlviii. 11). Whilst the prophet Isaiah records the testimony of Hezekiah the king after his sickness: "I shall go softly" (as in solemn procession) "all my years, because of the bitterness of my soul." And then follows this remarkable confession: "O Lord, by these things men live, and wholly therein is the life of my spirit" (Is. xxxviii. 15, 16). The discipline of life is, after all, suited to our spirits, just as the world is suited to our bodies. And if we are wise we shall not be ever fretting against the order for our life, but, thankfully acknowledging its suitability to us, we shall learn to profit thereby. And then it may be the experience of the Psalmist will become ours also and we shall gratefully cry, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now do I keep Thy law." "I will go into Thy house with burnt offering; I will pay Thee my vows which my lips have uttered and my mouth hath spoken when I was in trouble."

Such changes of the pilgrim life may further remind us that the wilderness is only the way and not the end. The Desert of Sinai was not to be the settled habitation of Israel. It was only the pathway to the Promised Land. Before their expectant eyes rose the vision of the land flowing with milk and honey. And the movement and change associated with their march did but serve to remind them that the desert was not their home or rest. And the changes of our pilgrim life are but reminders that this is not our final abode—that we seek "a better country, even a heavenly." But for these changes this would soon be forgotten. We should soon root ourselves so deeply in the earth that we should not be fit to be transplanted.

When trees are intended for removal to a permanent garden, they are first often lifted from the soil of the nursery so that they may be able to bear the removal. And if we are to be fitted for a better country, even a heavenly, here on earth we must be prepared by the discipline of change. In the smooth ways of life, in any long halting place, we grow unwilling, as did the men of Israel, to go forward on our journey. Under the palms of Elim and by her pleasant springs content to remain, permitted to stay too long, we soon forget that we are only pilgrims. And so by a loving Hand we are forced away from the pleasant shade and refreshing waters and compelled to gird our loins and take our staff in our hand for the onward journey. All unwillingly do we move, but move we must, lest, at Elim, we should altogether forget the milk and honey of the Promised Land. And He is not our foe but our friend who sounds the call to press onwards, for thus alone will the vision of the land we seek be kept before our eyes. The voice may sound stern and even hard, but it is the voice of the Great Captain of our Salvation, and behind the voice there is the heart of One who cannot bear to have us miss the prize of our high calling. In the past we may often have resented the word that called us from some quiet resting place to the onward march of the desert. We may have cried, out of the bitterness of our hearts, "Let me rest." Yes, but to rest would be to die, just as the traveller tired and weary amid the snow would die, if he were permitted to sleep. He is his best friend who by entreaty or even violence compels him to move onward. And it is our Father who will not allow us to rest too long on the pilgrim way. He knows full well that clinging to the pleasant oasis we may cease to desire the Promised Land. And so even from the shelter and coolness we are forced to the onward and sometimes weary way.

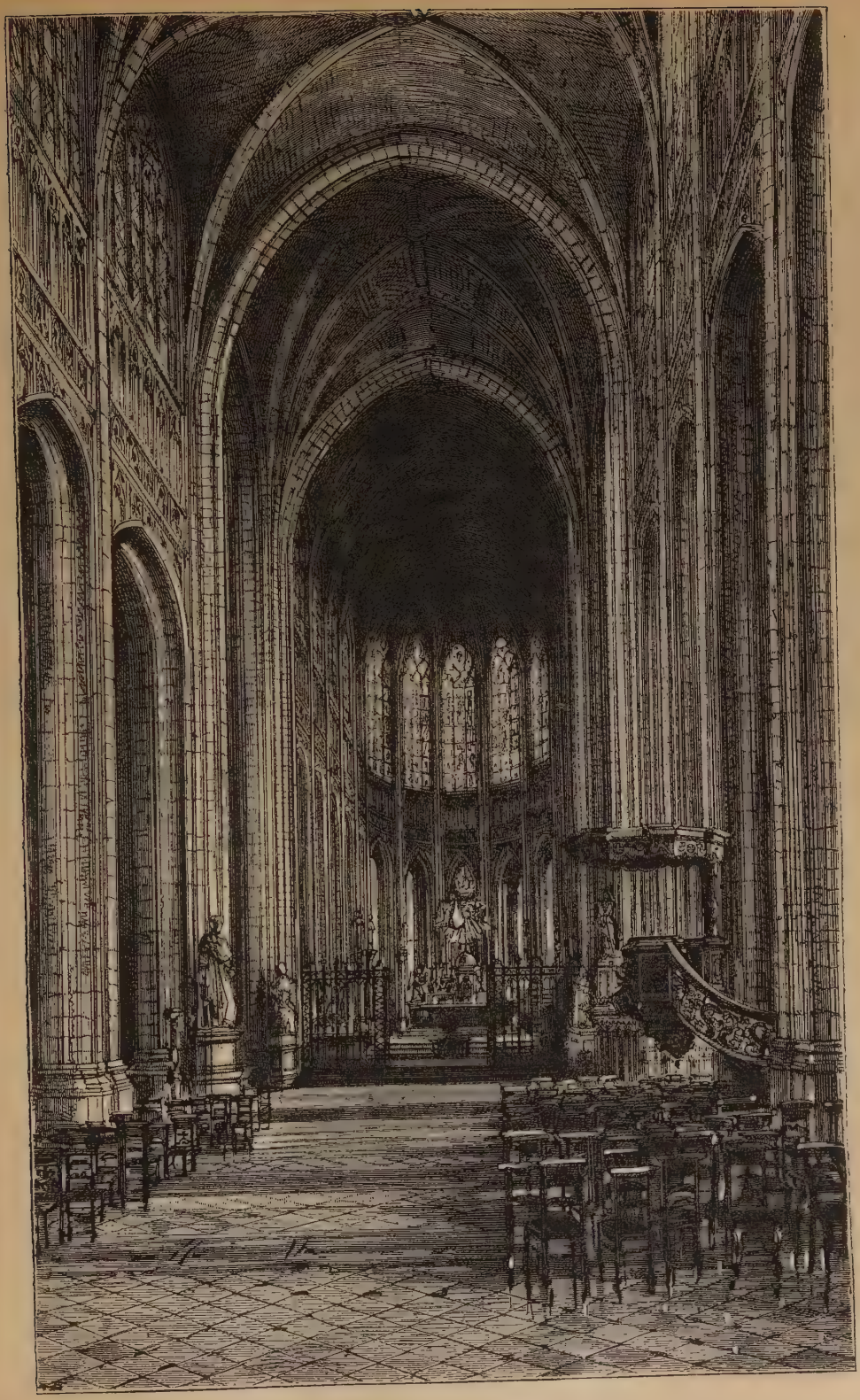
Such changes *must* at some point or other be ours. How shall we regard them? As the harsh rule of One who is against us; or as the loving, though mysterious rule of One who is on our side? If our eyes were opened we should see that "He doeth all things well," and that if we will but lovingly submit, the discipline of the pilgrim life will work for us the peaceable fruits of righteousness, preparing us for the home into which nothing that defileth can enter, and where the pure in heart shall see, even more clearly than here, the face of God. When, in the Middle Ages, Europe was stirred to its depths by the preaching of Peter the Hermit, all classes of the people were moved to join the Crusade by which the Holy Places at Jerusalem were to be rescued from the hands of the Infidels. Even quiet farmers yoked their oxen to their carts, placed their goods, wives, and children in them, and set out for the Holy City. As the walls of town or castle came in view the children would ask, "Is that the Jerusalem we are going to?" And so each change in the solemn pilgrimage of life is intended to excite in our hearts a fresh longing for the Jerusalem which is from above, which is the Mother of us all. Thrice blessed will be even the changes of our pilgrim life, hard though they be to bear, if they thus draw our hearts to "a better country, even a heavenly."

A SANCTUARY.

HERE in this sacred aisle I seem
As if awaking from a dream,
To hear long-silent voices bring
Behind the laden years a spring—
The life again of youthful days,
Of hope and love and inward rays,
That hid the darkening, coming ways.

In memory, with a lessening pain,
Sweet sabbaths past appear again—
Sweet sabbaths that the sun shone on,
And faces spoken of as gone,
For over all there springs a faith
That partly says, "There is no death!"

E. G.



GIRLS' EVENING HOMES.

By C. M. PATON.

"You women have been living in a dreamland, but dare to live in this disordered world of God's, and it will work out in you a better goodness than any dreamland of your own."—James Hinton.

"Culture for its own sake is the worst form of self-idolatry. Culture, as the preparation of self for the service of others, is as the preparation of the plot of ground entrusted to our care that it may bear a harvest in which many may rejoice."
Samuel R. Gardiner.

EVENING time to the majority of well-to-do men and women is the hour of recreation, when, the day's work over, there is leisure to take up the favourite book and pet hobby, or to enjoy the society of friends. But evening time to England's working men and women is a very different thing. True, the day's work in the close, bustling mill and factory is over, and they go home tired out to find—anything but comfort or attractiveness awaiting them in the small dingy room that is their home.

It is of these young working women that I now especially write—the girls on whom the welfare and happiness of future England depend. In the "Ethics of the Dust" John Ruskin says, "The last and worst thing that can be said of a nation is, that it has made its young girls sad and weary;" and yet, so far, scarcely anything has been done to brighten these poor young lives, or to win the love of these warm hearts. Physically worn out, they leave their work for a home which in many cases is very wretched, or is so crowded with younger brothers and sisters that there seems no room for them; or for lodgings where the "more scarce" they make themselves the better pleased is the landlady. "Where shall we go, and what shall we do?" is the question they all ask. There are the streets with the dancing-saloons and the public-houses at every corner. To show how great the attraction of the public-house, with its dazzling lights and stirring music, is to our girls I would appeal to facts. The following is a return of the number of persons entering seven publichouses in the town of Nottingham between seven and eleven on Saturday, October 17, 1885:—

House.	Number of men over 21.	Number of men under 21.	Total number of men.	Number of women over 21.	Number of women under 21.	Total number of women.	Total number of customers.
A	720	98	818	470	416	886	1,704
B	692	73	765	340	117	457	1,222
C	344	24	368	124	186	310	678
D	164	47	211	141	85	226	437
E	407	0	407	163	66	229	636
F	87	30	117	75	45	120	237
G	653	188	841	364	94	458	1,299
7	3,067	460	3,527	1,677	1,009	2,686	6,213

In every case the number of girls, it will be noticed, far exceeds that of the boys; indeed, on an average, there are four girls to every boy. The reason of this terrible fact can in many cases be explained by the words of a pretty girl who was seen by a lady entering a public-house, and was entreated to go instead to a bright coffee-house over the way. "Oh," she said with a laugh, "I has to pay for my coffee; my beer costs me nothing!"

We would not forget the mission-room, open once or twice a week, or the Associations which provide reading-rooms, &c., for these girls, but, alas! Christianity there seems to them like the east wind of the fable, so cold and bitter that they only wrap themselves closer in their cloak of sin and misery, and keep out of its way. It was to help such girls as these that our first Evening Home at Nottingham was started in January, 1879. This and our three other Homes are mission-rooms, or large schoolrooms, which we rent, and have furnished with tables, chairs, and cupboards, and, most important of all, a piano, and have made bright and cosy with a gay bit of carpet, and some curtains and coloured pictures and mottoes. A special point is to have the room well lighted and cheerful, for we feel the necessity of making it as attractive as the places from which we try to draw the girls. Every Home is provided with water, towels, and looking-glass for girls who come straight from work to us. A kettle is always boiling, and cups of tea or cocoa are provided at a halfpenny per cup: also a slice of bread-and-butter, a few biscuits, or a piece of cake may be bought for a halfpenny.

We began our first "Home" by inviting sixty of the poorest and roughest girls we could find to a free tea, then we explained to them about the Home and what we intended it to be, and told them that by paying a penny a week they might become members. The other Homes have grown from the first one as we have found workers and funds. Our aim is to interest and teach, and try to lead these girls to a purer, nobler womanhood through Him who gave His life a ransom for them.

Classes are held for reading, writing, arithmetic; but these are not at all popular, unless they are taught by some very bright

worker who makes the subject very attractive. In writing the girls like chiefly to write letters or copy poetry. Arithmetic is taught altogether as a game; sometimes a girl pretends she is going to be married, and details as to the expenses of her trousseau and furnishing are calculated for her by her friends. These classes are of necessity short; the girls have been hard at work all day, and, though we may persuade them to learn, they cannot bear more than half an hour of lessons.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"—this is true among the factory girls at any rate; without one exception our girls are fond of listening to singing or playing. Many of them sing very sweetly, and some have remarkably good voices. In two of the Homes choirs have been formed this last winter, and have been a great success. The girls have been taught to take parts—"*terrible* and *also*," as one girl of ready wit called them, and they are already preparing for a choral competition of all the Homes to be held next winter. The songs they learn are the simplest and most catching, and any street songs of a good tone. Many of the girls only come at first for the sake of the singing, in which they join heartily.

This winter we have begun "musical drill," and have found it very attractive. We do not allow dancing, because of the temptation it might prove to girls whom we are trying to draw away from the dancing saloons and similar places. Musical drill gives all the pleasure of dancing, as well as a more bracing movement to the arms, and at the same time trains the girls in accuracy and grace. The girls are extremely fond of the drill, and often practise it on their own account. A fortnight ago I saw three or four girls in a corner of our room performing some curious antics, and roaring with laughter. Fearing some mischief, I went to ask them what they were doing, and found that it was "transformation scene," a name they had given to a new figure they had just learnt. We are hoping that the drill may bring about a reformation with regard to tight dresses. Already a girl whose dress is so tight across the chest that she cannot drill properly, is beginning to be told about it by her companions, and expressions like the following:—"Lor, it does make us bones ache; but us feels better after," often come to our ears.

The sewing class and clothing club bring a great many of the poorest class of girls to the Home. Some are more easily reached at first through our help and interest in their clothing than in any other way. The sewing class is worked on the mothers'-meeting principle. The clothing club is not so easily managed, and needs some one who thoroughly knows and understands the girls to work it without quarrels and jealousies. Ladies give us cast-off clothing, which the girls buy very cheaply, and are taught to mend and alter, not only for themselves but for those at home. Sometimes a dress is sent which happens to fit half-a-dozen girls, who all need it equally badly, and then comes the "tug of war," which taxes all the wisdom and patience of the workers. The club, however, is of so much use to the girls and attracts so many of the most needy to the Home, that we are encouraged to persevere. New girls are at first most puzzled with our clothing club; some thinking it a respectable kind of pawn-shop, where they may order what they want.

The girls are fond of being read to, they will listen quite quietly to a pathetic or comic story either in prose or poetry. The "library night" is always well attended; the girls take home the books not only for themselves to read, but to lend to fathers and brothers.

A time-table of what is to be done each evening and of the workers who are coming, is hung up in each Home so that the girls may know what to expect. The following is a specimen of one:—

MONDAY—Library, Arithmetic, Hearth-rug making.

TUESDAY—Clothing Club, Sewing, Toy making for the Children's Hospitals. [The girls take the toys they make to the little invalids.]

WEDNESDAY—Reading, Crewel-work, Text Painting.

THURSDAY—Writing, Musical Drill.

SATURDAY—Singing, Games *i.e.* Romps.

SUNDAY—A Bible-class in the afternoon.

Music and quiet games every evening.

It must be understood that this programme is subject to constant alterations, as the girls will not bear monotony, and our object is to provide them with homes, not with schools. None of the classes are compulsory. Indeed, many of the girls are so tired that they prefer to sit by the fire and rest all the evening. Every evening is closed with hymns (Moody and Sankey), which the girls like very much, a few verses from the Bible, and a short simple prayer.

We have NO RULES. Our members are all over fifteen years of age and are in a very independent position, so are naturally very impatient of restraint. It is, however, always

understood that there is to be no bad language or rude behaviour in the Home. No girl is excluded because she has borne a doubtful character, if she is now trying to be good.

We have frequent "parties," concerts, or magic-lantern entertainments, with readings, songs, recitations, and temperance dialogues. The girls themselves often sing and recite. At Christmas, prizes are given for regular attendance and good conduct, and a small present is given to every member.

In the summer we have an excursion into the country; and sometimes, instead of spending the evening indoors when it is fine, the workers take the girls for a walk countrywards if they cannot get as far as the country itself. Very often we have what the girls call a "birthday night," that is an evening on which there is some small treat or event such as toffee-making, chestnut-roasting, or a potato or mussel supper. At one of our parties on Shrove Tuesday, the pupils belonging to the cookery class of the Girls' High School made one hundred pancakes, and gave them, with the necessary oranges and sugar, to the girls of one Home, a gift which they thoroughly appreciated.

Every now and again friends give us short lectures on topics that interest the girls, as simple cookery, ambulance and temperance lessons. A short time ago two nurses from the Hospital came to show the girls how a poultice should be made and applied, and to teach them how to put on a bandage. Occasionally we have "open" parties, when the girls are allowed to invite their fathers, mothers, brothers, and lovers.

This winter our First Industrial Exhibition was held. It was an exhibition of work open to all members of all the Homes, for all sorts of work, plain and fancy. A great deal of work was sent in. Lady Laura Ridding gave away the prizes and spoke to the girls. We found the exhibition so useful as an incentive to work, and the hope of a prize so great a help in cleanliness and neatness of work, that it is likely to become an annual institution.

Every girl who has been a member for six months and shows that she is trying to be steady and do right, receives a Badge—a small bronze brooch with our flower, the violet, upon it; after wearing it with credit for three months, her name is entered on the honour list hung up in the Home; for we hope that the remembrance that their names are up on our list may help our girls, even if far away from us, to keep their honour and womanhood pure and unsullied.

The workers are all young ladies, two of whom are responsible for each evening in the week. We find that the girls will more easily tell their difficulties and troubles to young ladies than they will to older married ladies. It is only by showing personal interest in the girls that we are able to win their love; when once that is done we have comparatively no trouble with them. In order that we may maintain a free and sisterly feeling with the girls, we find it is better not to have more than eighty members in a Home, about half that number being a good average attendance. Each Home should be large, so that several different groups can be variously employed without disturbing one another. As it is very important to visit the girls in their own homes and become personally acquainted with them, each worker takes a special number under her own charge in this respect. In return we encourage them to visit us, and they often come to consult us about their own private concerns. To know the girls so well that we are able to recognise them even by gaslight is a great necessity. The other evening, one of us in going to the Home through a quiet back street, came upon a small crowd. A drunken quarrel was going on, and my friend was hurrying by when she saw a girl standing at the end of an alley watching. "Will you come with me to our Home?" said the lady.

"No!" said the girl; "that yer girl is my friend."

On looking at the crowd she saw it was one of our delinquent girls who was struggling with a big drunken man. She hurried to the girl and, quietly laying her hand on the girl's arm, hot and shaking with passion, said, "Lizzie, come away," and before the drunkard or the crowd could realise what had happened the girl was led round a corner where, in a few minutes, with scalding tears of shame and repentance, her tale was told.

It is most encouraging to see the improvement in some of our elder members. Girls who came to us with no idea of self-control, and often with hardly any common decency or cleanliness, are now bright, gentle girls, using their influence over the new-comers. We are convinced that it is only by showing and teaching them better things that we can lead them to live better, nobler lives.

The expenses of a Home when once started are, under ordinary circumstances, from £20 to £35 a year. In a flourishing Home about £8 of this is refunded from the girls' weekly pennies and the clothing clubs.

The work is unsectarian, but the workers

are banded together with the one object for which the "Homes" were instituted, and without which our efforts would be an utter failure, namely, to help the girls to live holy, useful lives by becoming faithful followers of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A union of all the Clubs and Evening Homes for Girls throughout the kingdom has lately been started. Twenty-two Homes already belong to the Union, and we hope that others will soon join. In the *Girl's Club Union Magazine* the editor says, "We have formed this Union in order to promote the establishment of 'Girls' Homes' throughout England, feeling certain that there is no better way of helping working girls than in providing them with places of innocent recreation in the evening. We believe that the managers of our different Clubs will all benefit by the experience of others. We do not wish to have uniformity of rules, as different localities require different treatment and management, and those interested in the girls will learn how best to carry on the work in their different neighbourhoods, but the same conditions may repeat themselves, and then the experience of established and successful Homes may be of use to those who are starting new ones."

The London School Board has lately very generously promised to consider any application made by the "Recreative Evening Schools Association" [1, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.] for the commodious rooms in their buildings for the social uses of the people.

The ladies' branch of the above association is accordingly devoting itself to the establishment of "Girls' Evening Homes," in various parts of London, in the rooms thus kindly placed at their disposal. Workers—bright Christian girls who are willing to devote one evening a week to the cheering and elevating of their poor working sisters, and an afternoon to visit them in their homes, will be needed to carry on the work already planned. Money to buy pianos and furniture is wanted.

THINGS LOVELY AND OF GOOD REPORT.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "If Jesus Christ was sent."
Lesson: Luke v. 18—32.

IT will do you good to think awhile on what it is which makes the deeds of men lovely, and how dignified and blessed we should be if we lived in a world where only lovely deeds were done. To do lovely deeds is to be in little a son of God; to do nothing but lovely deeds, that is to be a perfect son of God.

Nobody whatever looks much like a son of God, even beautiful John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, showed but little of the heavenly soul that was in him. It had only just awoke in him; the perfection of it still lay deep beyond his reach, and high above him. To be like Jesus, that it is which is full sonship with God, and to be that is to be the grandest, most blessed thing a man can be.

I am going to show you what loveliness is, by the story of a soldier, because the ordinary life of a soldier has as few marks of loveliness in it as any life well can have.

He was a cavalry soldier, serving during the Mutiny in India, which was a terrible time, when furious and frantic with their hatred of foreign rulers, hordes of Sepoys (native soldiers of India) rose against the armies of our Queen. Little companies of English people, hunted out of their houses, had to fly for life at a moment's notice, without time to pack up food or clothing, and had without pause, day and night, weary and footsore, as best they could, to make for fortresses for safety, as timid deer with the bay of a pack of wolves behind them. There is, indeed, scarcely a record of hungry wolves reaching their prey which is so intensely horrible as the record of the Sepoys of that terrible time, panting after English blood, when the hunted things failed to escape, and the wild pursuers had reached their victims. It was in these times, and when messengers had come to a small English camp with the news that hordes of Sepoys were rapidly marching on it, that my story happened. There was not one soul in all the little company of Queen's men there, who would not have stood and fought the thousands, though it would have been certain death to them all, rather than fly; but they were too much needed in the land just then, to throw life so recklessly away. And they took what would otherwise have seemed to them only a craven's refuge, and a criminal's resort:

they fled. They packed up the women at the place, all of the lowest order, in waggons, and despatched them. What soldiers' valuables they could not carry they destroyed, and then they mounted their chargers and left the fortress empty, just as the Sepoys were coming in sight, swarming like ants over the tops of the hill above. In a few moments the company had crossed a river at the deep ford and were spurring their horses' flanks up the slope on the opposite side, when amid the loud clatter of the horses' hoofs upon their stony way and the mad cries of the Sepoys rushing down the roads of the lofty hill, thundering their disappointed rage after them, they heard one shrill voice of a woman. It came from behind, and glancing on the other side of the river, they saw one of their company-women making all sorts of signs of entreaty and despair. Somehow she had been left behind.

But their ride was a ride of life and death. To save her was impossible: it was too late. So at least thought the company, who keeping their horses' heads to the hill, galloped on—all, save one.

At the sight of the forlorn thing with those hordes of murderers approaching her, with that deep, rapid river before her and no manner of escape, an immense yearning broke in him. Yet she was no relative of his. He did not know her at all. She was an Indian, a woman of the most wretched sort, counted without rights and without worth, of whom there were plenty more to be had, however many were killed, and she was only one. But no such thought occurred to him. She was a woman, a woman in deep distress, wringing despairing hands.

Unwitting, unheeding what it might bring him, he reined his horse, and leaving his comrades to fly by themselves, turned its head, and putting it to its most tremendous speed, galloped back, it might be to death from the guns of those hordes of foes, or to capture, stabbing, torture, and murder. Yet he faced it all, loosed his horse's rein freer than he had loosed it when galloping away from such horrible things, and spurred it to its fullest speed.

He forgot, too, that he was breaking his officer's command, which was to fly; that he was a son of somebody—maybe, I do not know, a husband of somebody; a father perchance of little children, all of whom might be left in another moment bitterly to mourn his death. He never thought of it, nor that it was all for an outcast, despised of the very mother that bore her, a burden to herself, coarse, ignorant, filthy. For the moment he was only a man, but *all* man; and she was a *woman;* and as his heels dug into his horse's flanks, his heart muttered to itself, "If I may only save her!" and he made headlong towards where she stood.

It was a question of minutes—success or failure—two living folks or two dead ones. He saw not the ground over which he urged his reckless way; he saw not the hordes of murderous rebels yonder, rushing down the mountain roads towards the point to which he rode; he saw not the clouds of rifle-smoke that now wreathed the hill and made the "whizz! whizz!" about his head which he scarcely heard. He was carried, he cared not how, over rugged stones, over dead men, over blood-stained turf, looking as he went only at the woman that was before him. As he plunged down the slope of the river, his flying comrades turned their heads and looked after him as some people look at a madman, expecting every moment to see that a bullet through his brain had laid him dead. But, as for himself, he had no thought of bullets or of death. He was blinded to all the world by the dazzling light within him of the soul of a son of God. His love of his horse stood him in good stead now; and his horse in love of him, understanding his terrible anxiety, flew along the road, and picked his way like a Christian, faster than he had ever gone in a cavalry charge, faster than he had just been flying in retreat. He seemed to feel that he was racing to save.

After the charge over the land, came the river, into which he plunged his horse just as the last stragglers were leaving it in flight, muttering to themselves, "Good heavens! what's up? Where *is* he going?" And the soldier was in the river alone, spurring his horse right in the face of the foe, bullets literally splashing like hail upon its surface, with his eyes fixed on the woman in distress. He was reckless about death, if they chose to slaughter him. One minute of the river, and he would be at her side. It was a minute of supreme peril; every rifle of the hooting, yelling foe was levelled at his head. The desperate and breathless effort was made, the river crossed, the bank reached, and in a second the woman lifted to his saddle, and his horse of its own will had turned sharply round again to the stream, which was scarcely entered before the arm that held the rein was hit by a bullet; and for that creature on his saddle pommel he had a broken arm. What of that? He would have lost his life. Hearing the guns that

cracked behind, the yells, and cries, his dripping horse strode like a greyhound up the hill as if striving for its master's life, and was not long before it reached the road it had just left and overtook the flying regiment. There his master was safe again; and the race of a son of God for a woman's life was over—and won.

A soldier, as a soldier, ignores the command, "Thou shalt not kill," and becomes a hired slaughterer. "It is for my country's sake," he says. True; yet that does not make it right. But for all that, no man, whatsoever his occupation, but has hidden away down in the shadows of his soul, fast asleep may be, the original man, the true life, with all the graces and refinements of heaven in it. For ought he cares, it may be in eternal slumber; but God won't let it. He sends dangers and troubles, and in these, the sleeping soul awakes like a miracle, starting into life.

This it was which made the loveliness of this deed—the feeling of a son of God awoke in him, to which the horror of being selfish was more keen and deadly than the horror of anything else, even of death. It was the deed of a daring spirit, but there is all the difference in the world between such daring and the daring of a mere bravo who wears a sword and rides a charger, and slays in battle.

Often enough had that soldier, as he had fought his Queen's battles in the rebellion, known defiance of enemies and risking of life when he had made his horse's feet swift to shed blood. When the wild spirit awakes in them and they plunge into struggles for victory, all English soldiers show fearlessness with almost frantic lavishness, and their slaughter is often as criminal as it seems heroic. His horse's strength and his own habits of riding at the face of death all served him well in his race that day. But only because it was run not to kill, but to keep alive, out of the spontaneous goodness of a heart which risked degradation and death to save a nameless nobody, was it an altogether manly and lovely race.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lord, a little band and lowly."
Lesson: Luke vii. 11—18.

I will tell you of another deed of loveliness and good report.

It was thirty-three long years ago when it had been raining hard. It had rained hard all over the land on plain and hill, but especially up among the hills of the North, where what I am going to tell you happened. There it fell so heavily and so continually that all out-door work was stopped, the fields were soaked, the roads were like beds of running streams, the little hill-streams were bounding torrents, and the rivers, now deep, broad floods, spread away far and wide beyond their usual banks.

The scene of the story I am going to tell you was in a short, narrow, deep valley, closed at its head by abrupt hills, down which ran streams from springs in the tops of them, —pretty, blithe enough, silvery things they were in ordinary weather, and very useful, too, men had made them; for they had blocked up the valley a little way down from its head with a broad high bank made very strong and right across it, and so had stopped the waters of the little streams and made them fill a vast reservoir from which the little town a short way from it, farther down in the valley below, might get its water supply for taps, cisterns, and baths, for drinking and washing. When the deep reservoir was full enough, a little flood-gate at the top of it let what was not wanted run on through it and down into the valley, where was a shallow, rapid, stony river which was fed by other streams running into it from the steep slopes of hills lower down.

Heavy and blinding rains had been falling continually, night and day, for weeks, and the reservoir rose higher and higher. The town did not use enough, the wide-opened flood-gates could not let out enough, and the weight of the backed-up water was become terrible, and fears began to be entertained that it might indeed break its bank away. Navvies were driving in piles to make weak places strong, opening new outlets to let out a great deal more of the water than could possibly get through the regular flood-gates. But the rain continued and the little streams, now roaring torrents, poured continually into the swollen floods of the reservoir till the driven piles gave way, the flood-gates were wrecks, the bank was overflowed, and all hopes of saving it ceased: it was giving. In one terrible moment, all saving work was abandoned; workmen threw down their tools and made a rush to the hill-sides above the water's edge: nothing was left to them to do but to save their lives; for the big bank was already breaking and in another minute the vast waters would be let out and rush with a bound down the valley, and the town below would be drowned.

All the men made for the hill-side save

one, who thought so much of a little child and an aged woman in a cottage in the path which the terrible waters would take down below, that he had no other thought. "It's going," he muttered, as he felt the ground shifting from under his feet, as everybody else did.

"Clear away!" shouted the ganger, who was the master man, as loud as he could, to be heard above the swish and roar of things, when he saw that nothing more could be made of it. And there was a general rush to the nearest place of safety.

Nobody in the little town below had ever heard of a reservoir bursting, and nobody had thought that it could burst; but nobody had ever known it rain in this way before, and though some anxious people there were a little excited about it, nobody was alarmed. And the two people of whom the navvy was thinking were not even excited. How could little Susie be alarmed? Was not her big, strong father at the bank? "It will be all right," took for granted the old grandmother, too infirm to think much about anything; and the state of the two simple minds was the peace which is a little child's over evils of which it hears and knows little. The question was too wonderful for them, and they both took their pleasures with the old cat by the fire, and Susie looked through the window and listened to the splashing, and wished it would be fine.

At the thought of his cottage, with one deep moan the navvy plunged down the face of the yielding bank, and tore away, yards at a stride. He had worked hard long hours and at exhausting work; but at the thought of his doomed child and mother the strength of a lion had come into his muscles. The yielding bank was behind, with the waters breaking away; and drowning and death were quite near.

"Oh, Susie! my Susie," he moaned, as he plunged splashing through the streams that were coming down the bank everywhere almost as fast as himself. He had no idea that he could ever get to the cottage for which he was so madly making; but he would try, if he were drowned in the doing of it. At the bottom of the bank he dashed through a wide stream, which was almost strong enough to have carried him away, and reached the road that led past his cottage door. He was almost faint; no bite or sup had he had for all the long busy night, and it was now noon, though for thick clouds and darkening rain it was not much lighter than dawn. He was soaked through and steaming with the heat of the pace at which he ran, and dizzy and blind with fear, his heart beating like a hammer, his head bursting with rush of blood. But he held on his way, sustained by the thought of his poor old mother and his dead wife's little girl. How long he was in reaching his door he never could tell. There are moments in life in which time is not. Such were those of this man's desperate race before the flood. Had he coolly calculated his chance of doing any good, he would certainly have stopped on the hill-side above the water's edge, or have given up on his way. How he found his way must remain a mystery. Scarcely two arms' lengths could he see before him, and already when he reached the lower part of his road, the waters of the now fast swelling river had reached it and covered it. At last his hand was on the latch of his cottage door; he opened it, and without a pause or word seized the old woman under one arm and the child under the other. Through the opened door the rising waters followed him, and before he could leave the room, whilst he was fumbling to get out by the door behind, the fire was put out, the furniture was floating, and he was in peril of being drowned with his treasures in his arms. Not a word was spoken; child, mother, and man all understood and were breathless. Upon instantly getting the bolts back hung life and death. All was silent, but the swish of the rising water: the flood had come. In another second, in the sweep of the strong stream, the house would be covered, carried away, and them all with it.

The back door was opened, with both arms full. He never knew how.

"Open Sesame," said the magician, and the door opened. But terrible earnestness is more wonderful than magic, and up to the waist in swirling waters he passed through the little yard and the doorway in its wall, up the sharp, stony slope behind, and without a word staggered higher and higher till he felt that he was above where the waters could possibly reach, and then he sank down on the drenched hill in the pouring rain without power to move one yard farther, as a jaded horse which has been goaded to the very last throb of its pulse; and as he put down his two burdens he fell back on the turf, exhaustion overcame him and he seemed in a dream. His mother knew now what he had done, what fright he had had; for she guessed what the waters meant which followed him into the house, and which she had dimly seen rising as they staggered

through the yard. And she stroked her boy's brow, and was proud of him as his head lay there upon her knee; and she drew her poor clothes about him to keep him warm, for he was shivering. Susie put her hand into her pocket and pulled out her handkerchief and wiped his face, as she had seen him wipe her mother's face when she looked like that before she died. And the strong man revived a little and put his arm round her and drew her down and kissed her. He was so glad his run had not been all for nothing; and as he kissed his child he said, as men seldom say it, "God be thanked!"

"The Lord be praised!" sobbed the old woman, and they crouched together in the open in the rain.

"Kneel down, Susie," he said, and rising from his half-lying posture, he knelt too, and granny knelt; and the tired man prayed for the people in the valley, and then granny and the child knew what had happened, as they had not thought of it before; and they all cried. Whom should they find living when the rain had gone, and they could go about to see?

When the rain had gone they saw where their cottage had been; nothing was there now but a few stones; the very walls had been carried away. And the narrow valley was a heap of homes in ruins, and away down the river were lying many bodies of men, women and children dead.

Now a heart which loves like that—which outruns floods by strength of soul, and faces death to save, that it is which makes deeds lovely. It is when men are strong in God's strength, the strength of a boundless love, and do what God wishes them to do, that the actions win from both man and God a good report.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "All things bright and beautiful."
Lesson: Luke vii. 1—10.

I have shown you how the power to do lovely things sleeps within us, now let me show you how it is eternal, and will rise some day and make a bad report for wrong-doers. It is never wholly dead, this power to do lovely things; it only sleeps, and it can be all wretchedness and misery at evil things.

I will show you what I mean in the story of an ugly deed, which a boy did to himself when nobody thought he was doing so, and only credited him with bravery and daring—just what he had done it to obtain—and afterwards he wore a certain dignity in his boyish comrades' eyes, which, though he knew that he was not entitled to it, he was vain enough to enjoy. For vanity and pride have no objection to dishonesty, and, indeed, generally require a little, sometimes much, of that sort of thing. This youth told a little untruth, and then a great one, all from a wretched desire to appear what he really was not.

I don't mean to tempt you to do the wrong of hating liars, for if we do such a thing we are murderers, which is surely worse than to be liars. We have not got very far on our way towards a heavenly life till we genuinely acknowledge our own sin, not other people's.

My story is of one of two brothers who lived long, long ago, in Morayshire, in Scotland, in very hard times for shepherds, made so by the ravages of wolves. Sheep were so robbed of their lambs, and devoured, that in many a grassy glen of the land, grazing flocks became impossible. Dogs were no match for wolves. At all times there was danger, but much more was it so when the wolves had their young, which was in the cold, bleak spring, when north winds blew and snow still drifted on the hills; and when they had keen appetites, and had their young to feed.

One of the two big brothers was a brave, good-hearted youth, and lent his courage and daring to his more timid neighbours to rid their district of wolves; and the other was not bad-hearted, but, alas! for him, he mixed his kindness with a good deal of cowardice and a little vanity.

Now there was, some miles away from the village in which these brothers lived, a hill where was a small opening into the rocks that crowned it, making a cave which two wolves had chosen for their den, and from which they went out creeping through the scrubwood with which the hill was covered, got miles away unseen and stole sheep from the shepherds' flocks. And they had young ones there which they fed with the stolen food, and which would grow up in a few months to feed themselves with the same. And these two brothers undertook to rid the neighbourhood of the young at least. The braver youth had but one desire—he wanted to save his neighbours; the other had but one—he wanted to be thought a hero. It was this one of the two youths who first told his comrades what his brother, and he with him, had resolved to do. He bragged about it.

"Indeed!" said all their wondering, honest, faces. The boys and girls were too awe-struck to speak, they only looked with wide-

opened eyes which, more than words, said just what the speaker looked for and liked.

What being thought well of is to the heart of a boy—and a girl too, and men and women for that matter—you need no words of mine to tell you, your own hearts will do that best, for hearts are just the places for joys which admiring gazes give. But false joys, stolen joys, joys to which we have no right, ought not to be admitted into them; they ought to be rigidly excluded and frowned upon, and heartily despised, for they are wrong, and, like all else that is wrong, they are hollow and bad, and have misery in them, and bring all sorts of startling fears, and put the folks that have them into very awkward corners, bringing bitter humiliations and shame. And how much grief that means to the God who loves us—vain, and silly, and sinful though we may be—we little think.

The day of the perilous adventure came, and, quite alone, the two brothers left the village for the den on the distant hill; and a cold, dark shadow fell on the children of the place, and they wondered what would happen; would they come home alive? It was agreed between them that they should watch in some sheltered place till they saw the old wolves leave the den, which it was known they did, for they had been seen away from it together, seeking prey which they could better hunt in company. And when the pair had got clear away, the youth who liked to be thought a hero was to stand at the mouth of the cave to watch and give the alarm should the old wolves return before his brother, who was to go into the den and kill the young wolves there, had completed his work. They reached the place; and so it was. The would-be-hero youth stood sentinel near the entrance, and the shepherds' pests were one by one being dispatched by his brother's knife within; when suddenly the gaunt forms of the old wolves appeared. They were returning! They were upon them! The sentinel's heart jumped into his mouth; his face turned white as snow, and, without turning to give his brother even one warning word, he took to his heels and fled for his life.

He was sorry for his brother, for he knew what leaving those wolves to find him killing their young ones meant—it meant death. When he stopped to take breath he said to himself, "My brother is dead," and began to cry. Of course, he was very sorry; yet what could he do? It was dreadful. But he had to go on to the village. He must make a show in the village of having done his best, for he remembered, what everybody knew, that if he had not been so ready and anxious to be a helper in his brother's work somebody else would have been standing sentry, who possibly would not have run away and left that brother to such a horrible death. And in his inmost soul he loathed himself; but he must not let others loathe him too. He must not *seem* a coward; he could not bear to *seem* a coward. So he scratched his face and hands with thorns, and wounded himself a little with the knife he had taken in his hand, and which he had shown boys as his defence. He made himself bleed, marked, tore and smirched his clothes, and went on. When he reached the village, there was no doubt about the genuineness of his sorrow for his dead brother. And the people listened with beating hearts to the horrible tale of how the wolves had returned; how he had struggled and fought and been defeated, and how his brother was killed; and the people saw his torn skin and clothes. And it was all over, and he was still thought well of. They only pitied him, and said it was too daring a thing to have done. And they went into his house with him to comfort him in his sad loss; and came out and stood about in the streets, and were miserable that his brother was dead, and all to save sheep.

And so the hours went by, when suddenly, faint, torn, streaming with blood, and ready to drop, almost beside himself with the effects of his terrible struggle, the brother supposed to be dead, and certainly only just alive, dragged himself up the village street.

"I have killed them—every one," he said in a husky, hoarse voice, his tongue almost refusing to move in his mouth for dryness, every muscle and nerve of his body quivering from the terrible effort he had made and the pain of wounds; and he wiped the sweat and the blood from his brow. People were amazed, horrified, struck dumb. They stared. Could they believe their eyes? Had he then come to life again? They could not understand. How could this be? Gradually they came round him, and followed him to his house to see what it could all mean? And there it all became clear, how that would-be hero had lied, and had expected nobody could come home to tell the truth. A coward was he; a wretch! No thanks to that coward, lying fellow, his brave brother had managed, almost as by miracle, to slay the maddened wolves there, by their dead cubs, in their own den.

Most pitiable was it to see the would-be

here. For a moment, he stood dumb and petrified, then he moaned and cried aloud, then he wrung his hands, and prayed his brother and cursed himself. And the eyes of his companions looking down upon his dreadful exposure seemed like torments of hell in him.

"I thought you'd be killed," he said. "I'm glad you were not." And he sobbed bitterly.

"What *did* you go for, if you were frightened?" said the wounded brother.

The answer was not given; but if it had been given, and if it had said the honest truth, it would have been—

"Because I wanted to be thought well of."

It was vanity that led him to brag; that led him to cover the truth about his timidity and final cowardice with a lie. His wanting to be thought well of had deceived him and mocked him, and the people despised him, and his own heart, made to be a paradise of honest joys, was turned into a place of miseries and wretchedness. There was no escape, it was all done. And he was the victim of reflections on things which he would have given the world to undo.

This was an *un*lovely deed. And all the best things in us have to give it a *bad* report: God made us so. And the *doer* of it too, even he had to condemn it. So will it be in the long run with all wrong.

Let me beg you never to deceive people—count it too mean for you. Speak the truth; take no honour which does not belong to you honestly; shun it far more than you would shun shame or pain that does not belong to you, honestly, but is given to you in ignorance or mistake. It is by these means you will never lay up bitterness and mockery for yourself—which is surely too foolish and sad a thing to do.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Courage, brother, do not stumble."
Lesson: Luke viii. 41—56.

We will finish our brief talks together this month with a story of a lovely deed, which brought the doer pain and trouble; yet the best things in us, and in all men, see it to be lovely, and give it a good report. It is a story of the heathen days of Rome, at one of its merry times of festival and fair, when one of its great buildings was filled with holiday-makers, watching sports too horrible for Christian hearts even to name without shame and grief; yet were they witnessed with great excitement and delight; people sat watching men fight with men, wound one another, fall, and die. The fighting men's limbs were clad in armour, their heads were covered with helmets, and they wounded and stabbed each other as best they could through the joints of the armour with short, double-edged swords. They were trained to their deadly work, and did not kill of hatred, but only to provide sport, and for prizes. They fought with great caution as well as with great ferocity. For moments together they would firmly stand face to face, the toes of their extended fore-feet almost touching each other, moving round, each eyeing the movements of the other, seeking a favourable second in which to plant his sword at some open place in his antagonist's armour and thrust it to his heart. Sometimes the fight was long, and many deep wounds were made before the end; but, faint and bleeding and full of pain, the wounded man fought on. When the final fatal stab was given, and the victim staggered forward and fell dead, his murderer was clapped and loudly hurrahed, and while he bowed to his applauders, the lifeless body was dragged away and thrown into the dead-house.

These horrid fights were regarded as sports, and watched for the pleasure of them by men, by women, by boys, even by girls, for the Romans were a hard and cruel people. Sometimes a fallen wounded man, lying bleeding and giddy upon the floor, at the thought of his wife and child, now far away, was glad that there were women's faces there, for he wanted his life, and he looked up and made pitying signs and looks that they would let the fight stop now. He was hopelessly wounded; he could not even rise of himself. And he looked all round on the faces in the galleries in vain; not one eye was there to pity, not a woman's, not even a girl's; nor did a voice speak that he might be saved. It would deprive them of the crowning excitement, which was to see a fighter killed, and they would not be cheated. They made signs for his conqueror to finish him off; and the conqueror turned on the helpless man, and at a blow slaughtered him there. And a thrill of delight ran through the place. And again the sightseers settled themselves. "The next," cried the director, and there came out another man. More clever gashes were made; another staggered, fell, and died.

It was on one of these dreadful Roman festival days, when the big, sweeping circles of seats in its biggest circus were full of men and women, who, with gleaming eyes and

throbbing hearts, were fixedly gazing on one of these conflicts, that suddenly a man entered the fighting ground. Nobody saw him enter, for it was at the moment of supreme excitement, when the two men with their drawn swords were cautiously closing upon one another, intently eyeing every movement, to seize the second in which to fix the deadly weapons each in the other's heart. So that this third man, who came rapidly across the arena, had planted himself right between the two uplifted blades before he was seen. He seemed to come out of the ground. Everybody was startled. He was not known, but he was clearly a very old man, and infirm, and of beautiful face, as men remembered afterwards. He had been allowed to pass the guards of the outer gates, for he seemed to be a sacred person and in terrible earnest; and suddenly he appeared between these two grim figures in full fight at the very moment when the spectators felt in at the death.

The whole place was baffled and annoyed. The spell of the gladiators was broken. What was this? they wondered, as they glanced off from one another, first to his pleading face, long, disordered hair and spare limbs, and then away to where the director sat, as if they wanted somebody to explain. Meanwhile the old man pleaded with the fighters to cease their wretched fight and go home. "Good men!" he cried, "it is all wrong. God is grieved. It is wicked." Meanwhile the audience, the moment before breathless, was for another moment more profoundly so. What could it mean? And the old man, turning from the fighters, looked entreatingly on them all, and cried aloud to them to give up these wicked delights.

"Who is the man?" demanded the director in great perplexity and bitterness.

But nobody knew.

Then the people suddenly remembered that in one more moment they would have been at their highest delight; and that man had appeared and spoilt it. And in spite of his holy look, they were disappointed and angry, and murmured, and broke into shouts and cries.

"Give it him!" they roared—which meant "Stab him!"

And amid all the uproar, the old man continued to plead and entreat with the two men, to put away those wicked swords. And knowing now that he had no business to interrupt, they were enraged at his presence, and thrust him aside to renew their conflict. But he did not heed them, and returned to his position and continued his dogged, his agonised pleadings with them. And nobody would have it any more. By the director's orders, one of the attendants rushed to the spot, and while he was crying out, "Oh, it is wicked; it is wrong. Our God is grieved," tears starting on his old eager face, the attendant's sword was in the air; it descended, and the good old man, with his eyes still looking on the fighters, and pleading with them, fell bleeding, speechless, dying to the ground, and was immediately dragged by the hand away to swell the heaps in the wild beasts' food store. Then bustle and outcry quietened; order and dead stillness were again restored, and the two fighting men, who had resumed their positions, eyed one another and fought out their fight till one fell wounded to the ground, and was dragged away a corpse. The old man's plea did not avail. The people were not deprived. They had had the highest excitement of their gala day.

Never did good life seem more thrown away. But after all, Rome had another tale to tell. True, the old man was dead, and his body had been given for food for lions; but that night, before they went to sleep, the people who had seen him die for no prize but that he might do good, could not but talk about him; and now the excitement was over and they could see in their memory that old face of his as it stood there between the two brutalized cruel faces of the fighters, it seemed very lovely, and began to win a good report, and with his sweet dying look and kindly attitude, so clearly thinking, not for himself and his own bleeding wound, but for those very men who had thrust him aside and cared nothing for him, it seemed to be the face of an angel. And they could not help feeling sorry that they were irreverent to him, and from that day they thought more gravely of the dreadful sport, and their taste for bloodshed seemed rather wretched to them and they were chastened and subdued about things. And after they had seen that heavenly old man dragged away dead they could no more bear to see the fights. That fight at which the old man's murder happened was the last fight of man with man to provide sport for folks at Rome. And this was all because his deed was a "lovely" deed, stirring that good within men which must give it a "good report." So victory came to him, though not in the way he had hoped. He did not stop that fight, but he stopped all fights from that day until now. His deed had the loveliness of things that have immortality in them.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

"WHO is sufficient for these things?" must be the feeling of very many hearts, as loyal and brave Christians look out into the mass of suffering and evil in the world, and see so much to be done and so few at work, so many standing aside, not ready to do their share of labour—to take their part in the battle. In so noble a cause indifference seems strange, and yet it is but too easy to account for its existence. How, do you ask? Why, just because sympathy and tenderness of heart need cultivating and training like all our purest emotions and all our noblest powers. Very many of us are born with the gift of song: we have the capacity, but it may be left undeveloped; it may be stunted, thwarted, the very life almost crushed out of it. So it is with the sense of colour, with the sense of sound, and with all our faculties. And just in the same way, unless a child is taught to help others, unless he is trained to feel for them, the heart will soon cease to be tender, and the willingness to aid suffering and distress will soon become crippled and paralysed. There are some natures, it is true, more favoured than others, in which unselfishness grows and blossoms of its own accord, but with most of us kindness has to be acquired in spirit and in act like truthfulness and all the other virtues. It is always easier to learn in company, and the "Ministering Children's League," founded a little more than a year ago by Lady Brabazon, will do much to make the world brighter. It has taken a firm hold in Canada and America, and it is spreading fast here in England. "One kind act, at least, in the day" is its law; a simple prayer for help is its inspiration; love for the world and all in it is its link. Many children will be reached who are not touched by the Sunday-school. United effort in charity will be stimulated, and many an orphanage and children's hospital should be the better for its help. It will give us "ministering children" now; and the children of to-day will be the large-hearted, helpful men and women of to-morrow. Cards of membership and all information may be obtained from the Honorary Secretary of the League, 83, Lancaster Gate, London, W.

THE TRAVELLERS' AID SOCIETY.

"All journeys end in welcomes to the weary," says a pathetic but unreal hymn, which is more popular than it should be. For in journeying, as in living, too many of us, so far as this world is concerned, make utter shipwreck, and lose all their hold upon goodness, faith, and hope. How often is the parting on the platform of the railway station, at some little country village, the first scene of a tragedy dark and terrible as any created by the genius of a great poet! How often is the iron road the road to ruin! How often does the path lead down through the very horror and blackness of hell! Year after year, generation after generation, the same tale is told. The heart grows sick; there seems to be no help. What can be done to put an end to all this misery? it asks in despair. Well, perhaps it is not possible to do very much, so long as thousands will rush, in their ignorance and inexperience, to their own destruction, eager to escape from the monotonous quiet of the country to the stir and excitement of great towns. In their folly they are easily attracted by fair-seeming situations, which promise high wages and little work, and in their ignorance and helplessness they are easily beguiled with false references. All that can be done at present is to stop the inflow where it is possible, and to surround those girls who will come with such protection as others can give them. In this work the Travellers' Aid Society renders invaluable service. The friends connected with it will meet girls at the station—where too often their peril is greatest; they will save them from innumerable pitfalls and snares by providing them with safe and respectable lodgings; they will make inquiries for them, and see that there is nothing suppressed or concealed. It is very ordinary, very commonplace work, but infinitely helpful. It may be very romantic to go down into the depths of misery to reclaim and to release, but Christian common sense will set itself to keep hearts from being broken, and to save souls from sinking down into the darkness. The Society's headquarters in London are at 16A, Old Cavendish Street, W. But the work should be taken up and developed till the whole country is covered with a network of similar associations.

GIRLS' EVENING HOMES.

Whether we like it or not, the fact remains that our towns are full of young girls; they crowd our shops, our warehouses, and our factories. We cannot remove them from the temptations which surround them, and so all that is left for us is to see how we can help them as they are and where they are, and whether we can make the path safer and easier in which now it is so hard to keep from falling. If these girls are left to themselves they will wander about the streets; from thence they will drift into low music-halls, into dancing-saloons, and into other haunts as dangerous as they are disreputable. If we wish to keep them from these, we must find other places more attractive. It can be done; experience proves it. How it can be done, the excellent paper on the Nottingham Homes, to be found in another part of this month's number, clearly explains; and what has been done in one place can be done in others. What is the evidence of seven years' experience and success? Briefly put, it comes to this: The Home must be a home; not an institution, not

a class, not a crowd. If there are classes, they must not be compulsory. In occupation and in amusement there must be variety, and more games than lessons. The unwritten law of feeling is the strongest safeguard against disorder and coarseness. The family feeling must not be crushed by numbers. There must be plenty of light inside and outside, in the rooms and in the hearts, plenty of liberty, and, above all, plenty of love.

AN APPEAL FOR THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

If people in general really understood the value of the work which this Association and similar Societies throughout the country are doing, an appeal for aid would be quite unnecessary. Help would flow in, and instead of indifference and carelessness we should see an eager enthusiasm and a loyal zeal on every side. What is tne special work of this Association? It sets out recognising the great fact that a young man is certain to want society, a certain amount of amusement, some athletic and physical training, and probably some intellectual help as well; that he will have religious needs and cravings; that he will meet moral temptations with which he will have to struggle. And so, it draws together individuals into a community, strengthens their higher aims and purer natures by association, insures that their amusements shall be sound and healthful, and that for teachers they shall have men filled with the spirit of the greatest of all teachers. In short, it endeavours to meet the special needs of young men at every point, and by uniting their forces to make the strength of all the strength of each. The Association has now existed for more than forty years; it has nearly one thousand six hundred members, and three thousand branches scattered all over the world, and binding young men in every land together. It is well housed in Exeter Hall, and flourishing in almost every way. The chief burden is a heavy mortgage of more than £8,000—a burden which led to a deficit of about £200 on last year's working. This ought to be cleared off, and then the Association would ride on an even keel. The Treasurer asks for five thousand subscribers of One Guinea each. He ought to get them. The Bankers of the Society are Messrs. Barclay, Bevan & Co., 54, Lombard Street, E.C., and to them subscriptions may be sent.

DR. HEYWOOD SMITH'S NEW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

Of all those who had to suffer last year in the attempt to strike a heavy blow at the criminal vice of the country, not one had harder measure dealt out to him than Dr. Heywood Smith. At the worst he committed a merely professional indiscretion, and how many of his colleagues are there who would not do the same where duty and discretion seemed to conflict? Unfortunately for him, his conduct was dragged before a court of law, made the subject of incidental and somewhat arbitrary comment from the Bench; excitement was directed against him, and he had to share in the obloquy that fell upon an unpopular cause. He was even driven to abandon his post at the Soho Hospital for Women. This was touching him at his tenderest point, and one might have expected that those who knew how well and faithfully he had served that institution would have had the courage and the generosity to stand by him against the outcry of the hour. However, the committee took the other course, acting with some precipitation, perhaps under the influence of temporary excitement. It has been suggested, whether with reason or not we cannot tell, that Dr. Heywood Smith had already provoked some ill-will by blending a religious with a medical ministry, not in the wards but outside the hospital. It is hard to believe that this feeling can have influenced the committee. They must know as well as any of us that though religion will not by itself make a man a good physician, still less can it make him a bad one, that it is skill alone that cures suffering and that disease knows nothing of creeds. After all, Dr. Heywood Smith's trials have not been without their compensations. Friends have gathered round him, and he will be enabled to carry on his life's work under new conditions and with larger liberty. At his private Hospital for ladies in Maida Vale he will have perfect independence. The strong committee of reference who have associated themselves with his work will not hamper or hinder him, and before long he will look back upon his recent trials and disappointments as passing clouds that have vanished away. May all success attend him in his work of ministry.

WESLEYAN METHODISTS AND THE CIRCUIT SYSTEM.

In institutions and methods Wesleyan Methodists show a distinctly conservative spirit; but however strong may be their natural distaste for change, they will hardly retain some characteristic parts of their system unaltered for very much longer. The circuit system itself is in danger. At present there is an itinerating ministry: a man spends three years in one district, and then he moves on. Some advantages the method may have, but to most of us they will seem comparatively trivial. A stream of change sets through the pulpit of every church, and there is a constant succession of fresh faces and fresh voices, while, in his turn, the preacher is not bound from one end of his life to the other to spend his best hours in producing a perpetual stock of new sermons; he can increase and develop his resources at leisure. But, on the other hand, what a loss of influence and power there is! A man, however noteworthy, does not make himself felt in the life of a great city in that short period. He is off and away again before the people have come to know him: "While I was busy here and there, the man was gone," is a text which the itinerating system is always illustrating. Men revolt against the iron law themselves, and so, the *Methodist Times* points out, all the best men who

should be pastors of the churches crowd into the departmental offices which free them from the tyranny of the revolving wheel. They were meant to be prophets, but they are secretaries, accountants, and teachers instead. If this be the case, and there is no reason to doubt that it is so, there is a sad loss of spiritual force, a loss which no gain elsewhere can compensate.

DYNAMITE AND ITS DANGERS.

The now famous article in the *Times* came at a most opportune time, for if there were any timid souls who were alarmed at the prospect of a renewal of outrages if the Irish Bills are rejected, they will take courage when they find what the result of the dynamite campaign so far has been. The struggle between law and crime has been long and severe, but the issue is distinct. Order has triumphed, outrage has failed, and the policy has proved more perilous for the dynamiters than for their intended victims. The number of those actually engaged in the commission of outrages has been comparatively small, yet two of the band are known to have perished in their fruitless attempt on London Bridge; twenty-five are in penal servitude—two-thirds of them for life. The very criminals still at large are marked men, known and watched; and if they venture to show their faces on English ground the law will make short work with them. The moral is, not to be betrayed into panic, to keep our heads; to make sure in our own minds and consciences that our acts are fair and just, and, that point once settled, to set our faces like a rock against any appeal to terror. We will listen to argument; to intimidation we will concede not an inch.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

GERMANY AND ROME.

One of the moralists who has written upon Friendship tells us always to treat a friend as one who may some day become a foe, and a foe as one who may become a friend. We are always to make certain reserves, always to leave an open door. Prince Bismarck, in his public policy, has always conformed to the spirit if not to the letter of this maxim, and it is now evident that the struggle in which for several years past he has been engaged with the Vatican is drawing to a close, and that there is to be alliance instead of enmity. It is a strange transformation, and its incidents have been no less remarkable We have seen the German Chancellor throwing overboard the famous May Laws, and his subordinates who were immediately responsible for them. The weapon has served his turn, and now it is discarded; it is all a matter of policy, not of principle. All the laws about the education and appointment of the clergy are to be set aside, so far as the greater part of the empire is concerned. And so after all, the great conflict in which Germany was embroiled but a few years ago, was all for nothing. Priests were punished, and bishops deposed, and the peace of the empire disturbed all in vain. And, strangest sign of all, Prince Bismarck, instead of dealing with his Catholic fellow-countrymen through their representatives, has preferred to conduct negotiations with the Pope himself. He made Leo XIII. an arbitrator yesterday in the case of the Caroline Islands, he makes him a ruler to-day. What will be the next step? Such a change might well encourage the Pope to cherish hopes of a complete restoration to his former power, but if he should be so beguiled, he is doomed to certain disappointment.

THE McALL MISSION AT LYONS.

It is not only at Paris that the Rev. R. W. McAll's great mission enterprise is being carried forward. It has struck root in other places, and wherever the work gets a fair start it rapidly lays hold of the working classes. But too little is done for the people by the churches. Rome is not much of a power among the busy stirring populations of the great manufacturing towns. The Protestant Churches of the country seem to have no force for a great forward movement, and live rather in the past than the present. Mr. McAll, and those who work under him, find an open field, great needs and little attempt to satisfy them, for after all, at the core, the hearts of nations are very much the same. French and frivolity are not synonymous terms, and the labourer and the peasant in France do not lead such bright, and easy, and prosperous lives that they are altogether engrossed by the things of this world. Give them the truth of Christ in a plain form, free from superstition and from political associations, and they will receive it gladly.

THE MURDER AT MADRID.

The tragedy at Madrid shows how difficult it is to recover ground where once it has been lost, and with what obstinate and fierce resistance any devoted man is sure to meet who sets himself to draw people up to a higher level against their will. The murdered Bishop was not an unpopular man by nature. His one offence was that he had determined to put an end to the scandals that are destroying the religious faith, such as it is, of Spain, and had insisted upon expelling from the priesthood men of notoriously corrupt lives. One of those who had been justly punished for his iniquities set himself to take revenge, and the Bishop has fallen a martyr to his zeal. What terrible and urgent need there is for true and courageous leaders among the Catholics of Spain may be inferred from the fact that a terrible explosion, which occurred in one of the churches not long ago, is universally assumed to be the work of the priests themselves. The people would not buy candles for worship at an extortionate price from the priests and their agents who carry on the traffic; the priests saw their profits in danger, and in their alarm contrived to fill one of these alien candles with explosive materials. They imagined

that the catastrophe would bring back the custom which they had lost; but theirs was a short-sighted policy; it has but intensified and envenomed the hatred with which the people already regard them.

A NEW "MAYFLOWER."

The spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers is not dead yet, and it lives not only in the chosen homes of freedom, but also where tyranny and oppression reign supreme. In the May number of *Evangelical Christendom*, the Rev. B. La Trobe tells a strange and pathetic story of the sufferings of a Bohemian colony at Shadura, in the province of Volhynia, a Russian district bordering on Poland. The colony at its outset was one of mixed nationality and of conflicting creeds. Its members had been drawn together by the necessities of life, and beyond that they had no common tie. For some time their history was one of strife, jealousy, disappointment, and despair. When their hearts had been opened by trouble, some of their number came across a preacher associated with the Moravian Brethren. They induced the Brethren to send a minister to Shadura; and upon Lutherans and Catholics alike the charm of the gospel he preached worked with marvellous power. Hitherto religion had been a name and a creed with them; now it became a reality. God was with them, and they were set upon serving Him. They had the spirit of worship, but the official sanction was wanting. Unwisely, perhaps, the ordinances of Baptism and of Holy Communion were administered without legal right, and for once both Catholic and Lutheran were united in indignation at this informal and illegitimate worship. Sanction was refused; and the only alternatives were to abandon their home at Shadura or to sacrifice their convictions. They decided to leave houses and lands, and to seek a new home in Brazil, where the one great boon, "Freedom to worship God," will be theirs. They are seeking the south of the New World as the Pilgrim Fathers sought the north; the same spirit exiles them; and the emigrant ship that will carry them across the seas is the *Mayflower* of these modern days.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

OUR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

The annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held during the first week in May, was in its way eventful. For the first time within the memory of two generations, a new president occupied the chair. After more than fifty years of loyal and devoted service, the Earl of Chichester passed away a few weeks ago, having lived long enough to see and to rejoice in the great wave of missionary enthusiasm which rolled through the country during the united meetings in the early part of this year. A veteran succeeds to the place of a veteran, for the new president, the Hon. Captain F. Maude, R.N., lately the treasurer of the society, can also claim an association with the work and enterprise of the society of more than half a century's duration; and his interest and devotion are still fresh and vigorous. At this, and at most meetings of kindred societies in the past month, there has been but one story to tell, one report to make; that a deficit has been incurred, not through a diminution of income, but owing to an increased expenditure. In spite of commercial depression, and the general sense of insecurity at home and abroad, generosity has not flagged or failed: in almost every instance the subscription lists show an increase. But then the needs have developed still more rapidly. On every side new work has been pressed upon the Churches. They have had no choice but to advance, and they will have to quicken their pace if they are even to keep abreast with the demand of the age; for as the President of the Wesleyan Conference said in bold and incisive words, "Either God is going too fast, or we are going too slow."

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND AND THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

In the last number of the London Missionary Society's *Chronicle* the Rev. J. P. F. Hallowes, of Barnsley, has published a very interesting article, short as it is suggestive. He throws a new light upon familiar facts, showing how the conditions of our national life have acted upon Christian activity and enterprise. Taking Professor Seeley's well-known book as a starting-point, he reminds us that our colonial empire is but one of several which rose into existence out of the first contact of the old and the new worlds—that there was once a "Greater France," a "Greater Holland," a "Greater Portugal," and a "Greater Spain," as well as a "Greater Britain." But the centuries which have seen our growth have witnessed their decay, and, save for one great shock, when our folly drove the young eagle of the United States out of the old nest, we have held together. Our expansion has been continuous, it is going on still; and, wherever we have gone, we have carried with us not only commerce, not only civilisation, but the truth and the freedom of Christ. Suppose it had been the other way, however, that Spain or Portugal had risen and that we had sunk; what would have been the state of affairs then? Over vast regions of the earth there would have been darkness instead of light, and, if any faith, only superstition in its most debased forms. And it is the last century, in which the expansion of the nation has been greatest, and her population has increased with the most rapid growth, that has witnessed the most remarkable development of missionary zeal. The great missionary societies are the creations of this period, and as the overflow has gone streaming out of the old country into all parts of the world, the old faith and the old principles have been carried along with it. That many of our colonists disgrace the name of Christian is but too true, yet for all that their general influence is in the other direction; they are missionaries even against their will.

"In the soup kitchen."

Page 442.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE "BARBARA ALLEN" AND THE "WHITE WITCH."

MR. BROWNLOW was a shipowner, and a wealthy one. He owned six merchantmen, as neat and trim vessels as ever sailed merrily over summer seas. Brownlow, senior, belonged to no company; the vessels marked by his name—the *Lively Sally*, the *Mary Ann*, the *Minnehaha*, &c.—were his own undoubted property. He had now resided for over twenty years in Derry, and during that time he had built warehouses, and added store to store, and gradually, also, increased his number of ships. Six ships he now possessed, and they looked a goodly sight as they unloaded at the wharves.

Brownlow had always been an ambitious man. When a boy—and when he was serving his time in a shipping yard—he used to look enviously at the gallant vessels, and longed to possess one of his own. His desire came to him, as most earthly desires do come to those who earnestly strive, and the man might have been rich and noble and happy had he wished. He was certainly rich—and there were some who went the length of calling him a great man—and as happiness is a thing apart, and little commented on in the world, it is to be supposed that he had his share of this sometimes brilliant and always capricious blessing.

It is a well-known fact that riches do not necessarily bring happiness; the poor man with his crust and his cottage, his bonnie wife whom he loves, and his first-born son, may be bubbling over with its great delight, while the rich man, bringing a golden vessel to this well, goes often empty away. Brownlow, in his poor days, had been a joking, jovial, light-hearted fellow; now he was red of face and stout of limb, and he could laugh, too, loud and long; but he was scarcely jovial, and assuredly not light-hearted. There was none of the old unction in the tone in which he said to his richly over-dressed wife—"Well, Mrs. Brownlow;" the old, cheerful, "Hullo, Bess! where are you, old girl?" had a much truer ring about it.

Still, Brownlow was a great man, for he had raised himself and his family; he had liberally educated those of his young people who would receive instruction, and on the rest he had bestowed all else that money could buy. He would make his children great according to that well-known standard which rules in this world, but of that other greatness which makes the angels rejoice and God Himself well pleased, he knew little or nothing. Not that Brownlow was intellectually deficient; it was simply that those things which are revealed to babes and sucklings had not been made known to him.

In the years that had passed over Brownlow's head he had by no means neglected the culture of his own mind; he read, he attended lectures, he cultivated a taste for classical music, and he knew a good picture when he saw it. The good taste which the man naturally possessed, and which he had so sedulously endeavoured to improve, came to his aid in the renovations which he instituted at Inchfawn. His picture-gallery was worth going to see, and that spacious new library, which none of his family cared to enter but himself, possessed a really noble collection of modern books, and a few rare folios. He had the sense not to disturb what was worthy of remaining in the old part of the house, and what portraits there were of the old O'Donnells—at all times a handsome and a blue-eyed race—still remained on the walls.

Yes, Mr. Brownlow was rich; he was now far and away the most wealthy shipowner in Derry, and he bade fair, by reason of his wealth and the undoubted power of his character, to become one of the most influential men of the county. To become a county magnate was his ambition of ambitions. Beyond this ideal height he could not even attempt to soar, and when the neighbouring gentlemen, who had at first stood rather aloof, gave him a friendly nod and a more friendly word, and when their wives visited his wife, he could not help feeling that the topmost stone was about to be placed on this great tower of his ambition.

Brownlow was growing richer and richer, and there were those who now and then, not often, just faintly whispered a slight feeling of surprise. The man was a trader, and a successful one; he had six goodly vessels—vessels which traded with many ports in many distant seas; but, after all, six ships were but six ships. How was it that Brownlow's silk and Brownlow's tobacco, and the many other delicate and precious fabrics

which he imported, should fetch such very large sums, should so quickly make the man a mighty man amongst his kind.

There were other shipowners in Derry, for it was a place which boasts of large and splendid wharves; but they did not grow rich as he grew rich.

These shipowners were wealthy, too, after a fashion, and they lived in solid stone houses, and had all that modest, and even ambitious, men might reasonably desire; but what with the losses on the stormy seas, what with the spoiling of more than one precious cargo, and what with the acknowledged fluctuations of trade, their gains were variable, their ships were not always coming merrily into port, but were often either becalmed in southern tropics or lying idle in the docks. None of these reverses, however, happened to Brownlow, never did a ship of his lie longer at the docks than was necessary for its thorough cleansing and repairing; then, laden with some out-going freight, it would start again, to return in due time, bearing riches to its fortunate owner. The Derry people commented slightly, and at intervals, on Brownlow's invariable luck, and on the very high prices he received for his importations; but the faint whisperings came to nothing, and never yet reached the rich shipowner's ears.

On the morning after John Henry's remarks at the dinner-table, Brownlow, senior, got up quite an hour earlier than usual. It was his custom to leave Inchfawn sharp as the great stable clock struck eight; with a pair of spanking horses, he would drive the sixteen miles which divided him from the thriving town of Derry. By this means he was generally seated in his office chair before ten o'clock. On this special morning, however, he ordered the dog-cart to be ready at seven, and hurriedly left his room, calling back to his wife—

"Good-bye, Bess, my dear; good-bye," in a way which caused her heart to beat, and made her remember old days.

On this morning he was seated in his office chair at nine o'clock. A pile of letters, as usual, awaited him; he did not glance at one of them, but, ringing his office bell sharply, demanded if Mansell, his principal clerk, had yet arrived.

"Yes, sir; he's down-stairs in the ground-floor office."

"Ask him to step up here directly," said the chief.

Mansell, a little thin man, with black hair a good deal oiled, and clinging close and long to his small head, stepped obediently into Brownlow's presence.

Mansell was one of Brownlow's most devoted and faithful servants; he had come with him to Derry, and had served him faithfully now for many long years.

"Mansell," said Brownlow, "shut the door and sit down. How many vessels have we now in port?"

"The *Barbara Allen* and the *White Witch*, sir; but the *Minnehaha* has been signalled, and we are sending out a pilot-boat; she will probably arrive in the course of the morning."

"Will you kindly shut that inner baize door, Mansell? Have the ships you mention, the *Barbara Allen* and the *White Witch*, been unloaded yet?"

"They've been partly unloaded," replied Mansell in a slow, emphatic voice, and without raising his head.

"Ah! but if my memory serves me aright, they have been in port for some days."

"They've been in port for a week, Mr. Brownlow."

"Then why not complete the unloading?"

Mansell raised his head.

"There are loafers about," he said significantly.

"In that case you must do the work at night. It has not been the first time."

"There are loafers about both night and day."

Brownlow's face flushed ominously, and a heavy cloud gathered between his brows. After a time he said—

"What cargo does the *Minnehaha* bring in?"

"The *Minnehaha* has sailed straight from China, sir, and brings in a full cargo of tea and silk."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else, Mr. Brownlow; she is crammed with tea and silk in every nook and cranny; hers is a very rich cargo."

"Well, Mansell, I will send for you later; don't be out of the way. I shall probably want to speak to you before I leave to-night."

"One word before I go, Mr. Brownlow. That was a nasty little occurrence which took place on the sands at Crorane; has it reached your ears?"

"I have heard of it, Mansell. What fool has been playing us false?"

"I expect it is Drake's doing; he is restless and cunning. I have not liked the fellow for a long time."

"Is he about the docks to-day?"

"I believe he is; but he keeps well out of my way."

"Find him, Mansell, and, d'ye hear, ship him off by the very next boat to America."

"I believe one leaves this very evening, sir."

"All right; you can give him a ten-pound note and his passage; if he refuses to go, you can leave him to me to manage."

"Oh, he won't refuse, sir," said Mansell, leaving the room.

CHAPTER XL.—A TEMPTATION.

ABOUT six o'clock on the evening of the day young Brownlow had seen her, Nora had completed her watch; she was relieved now by a boy of about fourteen, who took his seat on the stone in the middle of the sand grave. Freed at last from a duty which she felt irksome, Nora ran home as quickly as her two small, bare feet could carry her. She was naturally a most excitable creature, and the circumstances which were now surrounding her, and the trying conditions of her present life, had stimulated her sensitive nerves to almost fever pitch.

Her love for her country was a passion with her. This love came first; next to it in her heart was her adoration for the O'Donnells. Nora could have found it in her nature to die for Geoffrey or for Ellen. She worshipped them as her sovereigns; she imagined the gulf between her and them so vast as only to be bridged over by her love. She had a poetic nature, and a voice like a bird, and as she scrambled and ran up the mountain side, some sweet, wild words, as pathetic as her own sad face, escaped her:—

"'Tis fading, oh, 'tis fading! like leaves upon the trees!
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like wail upon the breeze!
'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore,
Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Lough Swilly's waters roar—
Where the parting sunbeam kisses Lough Corrib in the West,
And Ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame—
Is slowly, surely, sinking, into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories of those who loved the Past.

"'Tis leaving, and for ever, the soil that gave it birth,
Soon,—very soon, its moving tone shall ne'er be heard on earth.
And with it too seem fading, as sunset into night—
The scattered rays of liberty that lingered in its light."

The mountain up which Nora was ascending was now so steep that she had to pause for want of breath, but when she reached the summit, her bird-like tones rang out again clear and limpid, and yet with a passionate ring, as if the songstress's heart was silently bleeding:—

"Through cold neglect 'tis dying now; a stranger on our shore!
No Tara's hall re-echoes to its music as of yore.
Ah! magic Tongue, that round us wove its spell so soft and dear;
Ah! pleasant Tongue, whose murmurs were as music to the ear;
Ah! glorious Tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart enthrall!
Ah! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall!
The Tongue that in the senate was lightning, flashing bright—
Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might!
That Tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay,

"As chieftain, serf, or minstrel old, is silent there to-day!
The Celtic Tongue is passing, and we stand coldly by,
Without a pang within the heart, a tear within the eye,
Without one pulse for Freedom stirred, one effort made to save
The Language of our Fathers from dark oblivion's grave.
Oh, Irishmen! be Irish still! Stand for the dear old tongue
Which, as ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung!
Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck! the only and the last;
And cherish in your heart of hearts the language of the Past!"

"Nora!" called a voice.

"Yes, mother, *gille machree*,* I'm just letting out a note or two for the blessed mountains to carry up to God, but I will be with yez in a minute."

Once more she sang out wildly and with almost a sob:—

"And cherish in your heart of hearts the language of the Past!"

Then she ran nimbly down a very narrow path, and the next moment had entered one of the worst description of mud cabins to be found in Western Donegal.

At one end of the cabin was a very wide chimney; on its hearth smouldered a few sods of turf. This turf truly only smouldered—now and then, when vigorously poked, it shot up a feeble spark or two, but most of the time it only emitted a little dreary smoke. Round the smouldering turf lay some sods which were so wet that the mud floor was damp where they lay.

* Brightener of my heart.

These sods were supposed to be drying for to-morrow's fuel, but there was very little hope of their sending out any light or warmth for many days.

The furniture of the little cabin consisted of a wooden dresser, on which was placed a row of about a dozen penny bowls; a small wooden table was pushed up against the wall, and a heap of straw in the distant corner was expected to do duty as a bed.

Miserable as the little place was, it had at least the rare virtue of cleanliness; the deal boards of the dresser and the little table were white and free from dust, and the penny bowls shone from recent washing.

Mrs. Mahoney was seated on a three-legged stool in the chimney corner. She was a woman of great height and size, and had been, three months ago, a splendid specimen of her native country.

Three months ago Mrs. Mahoney's figure was upright as a dart, her black eyes were full of fire and spirit, her ringing voice could command, and the noble cast of her slightly aquiline features gave her something the appearance of a Juno.

Three months, however, had wrought a change; her hair, white as silver, was still coiled in massive rolls round her shapely head; her eyes beneath her heavy brows were still dark and penetrating, but otherwise the queenly grace of this wild creature of the Donegal mountains was much impaired, her ringing voice had subsided to a hoarse whisper, her cheeks were emaciated, and great hollows now replaced their comely roundness; her grand figure which used to be upright as a column was much bent, and her full red lips were blue and pinched.

"Ah! mother," said Nora, "and are yez any better to-night?"

"Not much, child; the rheumatiz seems to go more and more through my bones; it's the damp, Nora, it's the damp, and I suppose also the hunger—it's wonderful how hunger keeps gnawing at one; but there, child, don't let's spake about me. The blessed Vargin be praised, ye're safe home again, alanna; and tell me, did ye kape watch true and faithful?"

"Oh! yes, mother; and not a sowl came nigh the place, but that black Englisher, young Mr. Brownlow. See here, mother," continued Nora, "maybe ye'd fancy a little Indian male; if I was to cook it up, hot and nice, ye'd thry a little drop of stirabout, wouldn't ye, mother?"

Mrs. Mahoney's great black eyes seemed suddenly to blaze with her intense longing for the warm nourishment, and she said with ill-suppressed eagerness—

"How much male is there in the jar, then, honey?"

"Oh! a nice little handful for us both, mother; shall I put it down?"

"No, no, child; I'm not hungry. Ate yer own supper, Nora *aroon;* * I found a crust of bread an hour ago, and I suppose the rheumatiz takes off the edge of one's appetite."

Nora sighed heavily; never yet had she moved her mother a quarter of an inch from the way she wished to go, but as she cooked a tiny supply of the meal for herself, she could not help remembering how the patient woman at the other side of the hearth had spoken of the terrible gnawings of hunger, when she first came in.

She ate her supper silently, feeling that her mother's eyes were following each mouthful with a wistfulness they could not altogether conceal.

"And now, Nora, we'll soon be off," said Mrs. Mahoney; "thank Heaven, the rheumatiz hasn't reached my legs as yet, and I can walk. How many of them will meet in the Red Glen to-night? Did ye hear any one spake of the numbers, me child?"

"Yes, mother, there'll be nigh upon forty there to-night, and they do say that the masther, Inchfawn himself, is coming, and of course, Mr. Geoffrey."

"Ay," said the hungry woman at the other side of the hearth, rubbing her rheumatic hands slowly together, "that's good news, that's rale purty news to bring to your mother, this night. The hunger and the cold and the rheumatiz too, are worth bearing, when we are sure of tracking him down in the end. Ay, forty of us, with the Squire and Mr. Geoffrey at our head, 'ull track him down, never fear, never fear; the good God in heaven be praised for all His mercies."

"Mother," said Nora, trembling a little, and standing, in her slim young grace, close to the taller woman, "I must spake what's lyin' close to my heart, or I think it 'ull break."

"Well, child; spake it all to your mother, *aroon.*"

Nora knelt by her mother's knee.

"Mother dear, you know you can't do much of the knitting nor the crochet now."

"Oh! musha, musha child, no more I can. 'Tis the rheumatiz has crippled all my fingers, and I was half an hour going round one of the gloves, child."

* Dear.

"Yes, mother, and what I earn is—is only just starvation, you know. We are only just barely alive on what I earn, mother dear."

"But we'll keep barely alive, Nora, we'll howld on for another month or two, until Inchfawn comes in for his own again, and then all will be well."

"Mother dear," said Nora, her voice now trembling visibly, "you have heard tell what our Miss Eileen is doing round here."

"Ay, child, and she'll always be our own Miss Eileen, but she ain't one of us for all that."

"Mother dear."

"You know what I manes, Nora *machree*. We wanted to take her into our heart of hearts, to make her sowl of our sowl; but the Squire and Mr. Geoffrey go one way, and Miss Eileen goes another. We love her still, but she ain't one of us; it ain't nothing to us what she does in these parts, Nora."

"Oh, mother! and she's opening a school, and she's payin' double, double what anybody else does, for the gloves and the stockings and the muffatees and the crochet-edgings; and there's Indian male for the asking there, mother, and hot soup and bread twice a day for everybody; and Miss Eileen herself, with her smile that's like the sun, when it glints across the Lake of Shadows—oh! mother."

"You want to go to Miss Eileen, Nora."

"Yes, mother, my heart breaks to go to her."

"You can choose, Nora Mahoney, you can be false to the cause for which your mother would die, and go over to her, who has joined the cowld Englishman—you can do it, Nora, and you'll have full and to spare, but do you know what it manes?"

"Warmth," said Nora slowly, "and food, and honest work, and the touch of the hand, and the smile from the eyes of her I love."

"Ay, child, but it manes more than that. Your mother sitting here has had some whispers come to her, and thim whispers divide you and me from Miss Eileen, vast as a mighty gulf; hers is a secret society too, Nora, and thim as joins her must give up thim of the Red Glen. Do it, Nora; lave your mother and the cause of right if you will, but hear me, false girl, whose heart could not suffer, and whose strength was not great enough to endure, go choose the warmth and the shelter and the love, but from this moment you have got the curse of the woman who bore you."

Nora turned deadly pale—give up her creed, her party, her mother! Alas! she felt too weak, too weak as yet. Strong fetters were round her, the fetters of old associations, of her whole young life. Her mother looked at her and believed that she had won the victory. So she had for the time, but only for the time. She little guessed how strong the weak girl by her side was yet to become. Now, however, was her moment of triumph. She raised her thin, shadowy hand, and repeated slowly, "You have got the curse of the woman who bore you."

"No, no, no, mother!" almost shrieked the weak and exhausted girl; "it was but a temptation, and it has gone. I'll never lave you, nor thim of the Red Glen—*never!*"

And thus, by creed and party, is the best and often also the weakest thing in us overborne in great things as well as in small.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE CAVE OF GOOD-WILL.

ARUNDEL'S scheme was beginning to prosper, funds were coming in to enable him and Ellen to do their work thoroughly.

Miss Ellerslee had not only sent over a cheque for a considerable amount, but she had done more and better. She had told Arundel that if he liked to open a depôt for the sale of Irish work in London, she would not only be responsible for the first expense of setting the shop going, but she would insure to it the patronage and custom of her many friends.

Miss Ellerslee had managed to create a strong interest about Inchfawn, amongst her large circle of acquaintances, and she assured Arundel that if he worked hard and took this prosperous wave of fortune at the flood, success should be his.

There is no doubt that Arundel and Ellen did work hard; Ellen for love of the cause, Arundel perhaps in great measure for love of her.

The impulsive Irish girl discovered, however, for the first time, in Arundel her lord and master. Hitherto Ellen herself had more or less directed the plans of those about her. Her nature was stronger than either Geoffrey's or her father's. In all her ideas for the benefit of others she rather ruled than was ruled; but now for the first time, she found somebody much stronger than herself, who, while he treated her with a certain reverent admiration, yet drew from her obedience.

Arundel made all the plans and drew up the organization, and Ellen followed in his steps, with a few protests which he smilingly disregarded.

"You must bring a system into their midst," he would say to her, "you must teach them the necessity of obeying law and order."

"It will be a tough lesson," the young lady would reply; and then she added, "Don't be too autocratic in your rule."

The cave that Ellen had mentioned made a very admirable starting-point for all operations. Arundel said that if this scheme prospered he would build large schools by-and-by, but at present the romance of the cave drew many people to its door.

Here literally lived, during the greater part of the terrible winter of '79, Ellen O'Donnell and Aunt Bridget.

The back part of the cave made an excellent storehouse for the bags of meal and flour and the great sacks of potatoes, also for some very precious loads of coal and dry faggots.

There was a small shed erected outside, where a large copper was put up, and where soup was always boiling; and down to this little ingle of the shore, and always flocking to the entrance of the cave, came truly the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind.

No one was ever sent empty away, though Arundel's work by no means ended when he had given a little to bodily necessities. He and Ellen were the founders and organizers of a new secret society. This society, unlike any other of its kind, was to inculcate order, self-restraint, and contentment. It was to make a discontented people content by the simple means of giving them abundance to do, and the necessary materials for earning, if they chose to be industrious, a comfortable living.

Arundel looked to Miss Ellerslee to create the demand, which might enable these people to forward the supply; but, as he knew that the demand ultimately must be more or less limited, his grand future aim, as he said to Ellen, was emigration.

Geoffrey was asked to join the society, which Arundel had christened The Society of Good-will. He laughed and said in his light and easy manner—

"Oh, certainly, it seems a delightful idea!"

"It's a fact, not an idea," said Arundel in his driest voice, "and those who wish to become members of our Good-will must conform to our rules."

"And they are—" said Geoffrey.

"First and foremost, that the member, when he takes our vows upon him, can faithfully and with truth declare that he belongs to no other secret society in Ireland; further, that he will belong to no other as long as he remains a member of the Good-will."

Geoffrey laughed and reddened a little at these words.

"I fear there are those of the Red Glen who would object to that clause of yours, Arundel. I must therefore remain an outsider, though I wish you and Ellen all luck."

This clause of Arundel's had caused Ellen a great deal of pain and perplexity, and she had pleaded hard with him to abate its severity.

"I would gladly if I could," he said in reply, "but—how can I bring your common sense to bear on the point, Miss O'Donnell? The primary thing I want to teach is order. How can I teach order to-night when the members of our society go to-morrow night to the Red Glen to learn the reverse? No, no, our rule must stand, and at first, doubtless, our recruits will be few—but time and patience, Miss O'Donnell, and you, by the magic of your sympathy, will win many to our side."

Ellen submitted, her intellect approving, but her passionate heart and hitherto unguided sense of generosity making her long to scatter her gifts with a prodigal and unstinted hand.

Food was given to all who asked for it, but the little society of the Good-will remained for the first month with no other members than Arundel, Ellen, and Miss O'Donnell.

Arundel held out many baits, and in consequence numerous inquirers came daily, but two things sent them away with dissatisfied head-shakings—first, their fear of offending the members of the Red Glen; second, their antipathy to Arundel as an Englishman.

At last, however, three girls who had herded together in an almost starved condition on the mountains, and had slowly discovered the unpalatable truth that the Red Glen was all words, and had done nothing, decided to cast in their lot with Miss Eileen.

Arundel instantly subjected them to a week's novitiate. At the end of that time there was a very short and impressive religious service. Ellen sang a couple of hymns, and Arundel, from his whole heart, prayed such a prayer that the most ignorant could follow and understand. The girls were admitted, were given a very simple badge to wear, which any known infringement of the rules would instantly deprive them of, and, lo and behold! it seemed to the poor creatures that they had entered into fairy land. They instantly became members of the school, which was held in a recess of the cave, where Arundel had rudely constructed a chimney, which

carried off the greater portion of the smoke, and where a great fire was always burning. That fire alone was delicious to these frozen creatures, but more was to follow—they were given stockings to knit and gloves to make; and when the work was complete they received double the pay they had ever got.

These recruits carried the joyful tidings abroad, and from that day forth there were many members who were wise enough to prefer the solid advantages of the Good-will to the chimerical benefits of the Red Glen.

It was more difficult to find work for the men, but Arundel determined that they should at least learn cobbling and some rudimentary ideas of carpentering. When his recruits numbered about thirty in all, he suggested that in the spring his men should build a house, which might be turned into a school for the further benefit of his society.

When this idea was received with acclamations, he said that all the men members of the Good-will Society should have practical lectures delivered to them during the winter evenings, with a view to the house they were to build in the summer.

"I want to prepare these poor outcasts for South America by-and-by," he said to Ellen, but not a word yet did he breathe about emigration. One evening, about half an hour before Ellen was about to leave and return on her pony, Shela, to Rose Bank Cottage, she was standing at the entrance to the cave, when she was much startled by the, to her, rather unfamiliar apparition of John Henry Brownlow, junior.

It so happened that Ellen was alone, Aunt Bridget being kept at home that day by a severe cold, and Arundel, who generally spent his nights in the cave, being absent for a few hours.

"I say, Miss O'Donnell," said John Henry, "I—I—I beg your pardon, but may I speak to you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Brownlow. I am sorry I cannot ask you inside, but it is a rule that only members enter the cave of Good-will."

"Oh! ah! that's what I came to speak about. I want to become a member."

"You!" said Ellen. "Not really—this kind of thing is not meant for people like you."

"Ah! yes, really and truly. I never was more in earnest in my life—I never was. And why shouldn't a poor beggar like me have a chance as well as another? I'll learn and I'll be obedient, and I'll do what that Englishman wants—you'll see if I don't. Don't be hard on me now, Miss O'Donnell; let me be a member of the Good-will."

"But why?" asked Ellen. "What possible reason can you have in wishing to join us?"

"Ah! well; really now, Miss O'Donnell, a fellow needn't turn his heart inside out, need he? I suppose I've got a great many reasons. I'm a lazy beggar, and I want to be taught to work; and I—I—— It's awfully slow at Inchfawn—*awfully* slow. Oh, I forgot; what a brute I am! of course you won't like to hear that; and I'm sure it wasn't slow in your day. I expect it was as jolly as possible in your day. But look here, Miss O'Donnell, may I join you? may I become a member of the Good-will? I'll promise to be as satisfactory as possible; I will, indeed."

"I don't know how to answer you," replied Ellen; "neither Mr. Arundel nor I ever contemplated having any such member. I don't really know what to say."

"But you didn't make a law to keep me out, did you?"

"Oh! no; of course not. We never thought of you, one way or the other."

Brownlow's pale cheek grew a shade whiter.

"Ah! well," he said, "I'm a worthless sort of dog; I always knew that; and yet I have got something in me which—— But never mind. I can do one thing, however, Miss O'Donnell. There's that two thousand pounds, you know, you wouldn't have."

Ellen flushed a rosy red. "I have never forgotten that," she said; "oh! thank you again for it now."

"You needn't thank me. It was my delight to offer it to you, and had you taken it I should have been more than glad. I have never touched it since. Bless you, Miss O'Donnell, it's no use to me. I don't want money. It seems to me that if there is a stupid, useless thing under the sun it's money. It cannot make a fellow happy. There's lots of it at Inchfawn, and the place is so slow I almost die there. Oh! I forgot; but it usen't to be slow in your day, and you had no money. Yes," continued John Henry, speaking slowly and emphatically, "if there's a thing under the sun I loathe it's money. Money never yet made a gentleman; and if you would only take that two thousand, Miss O'Donnell, and use it in the Good-will Society, it would be the greatest boon to me; it would indeed."

"But we cannot take your money without you," said Ellen.

"Then take me too, Miss O'Donnell. I'll promise to obey the laws and not be troublesome. I'll do the most menial things," added the poor fellow. "You'll never regret having me as a member, and I'll just do anything. That's the good of a cad," continued John Henry; "he'll stoop to any dirty work."

CHAPTER XLII.—MEN OF THE RED GLEN.

While the Good-will Society prospered, the members of the Red Glen were by no means idle.

From an insignificant and scarcely known society, numbering a little over a dozen members, it had swelled to nearly fifty.

From a society with no ostensible object, but just with a general idea of righting itself and avenging what it considered the wrongs of centuries, it became a society with a very definite object indeed. At one time its most eloquent head was Nora Mahoney's mother; its most gifted organizer Tom Doherty. But now Geoffrey O'Donnell, with native-born eloquence added to the culture of a public school and university life, was its orator of orators. His burning words came from his own indignant young heart, but his actions were guided by men double his age and double his experience.

One object now animated every breast of all the fifty men and women who met in the Red Glen. That object was to find out who was the smuggler in their midst; that object was, if possible, to lay the sin at the feet of John Henry Brownlow, and to force him to quit Inchfawn.

These impulsive and half-starved people never looked a step beyond this grand issue. It seemed to them that, once Brownlow was gone all would be well, that the O'Donnells would return, and old times come back again to Inchfawn.

Once more they pictured the great kitchen crowded with retainers; once more they saw the waste and prodigality in which their souls delighted. Once again their rents were paid when and how they could; once again the pig had the warm corner by the fireside, and the praty garden flourished.

The thought never once occurred to them that sending the Brownlows away would not re-establish the O'Donnells; that no more now than two years ago would the O'Donnells have money to buy back the land. This oversight on the part of ignorant peasants may have been in part excusable, but the strange thing was that in a certain measure it was shared by Geoffrey and his father. They were both filled with a nameless and yet an exultant hope; and this hope, truly built on sand, improved neither of them. The Squire no longer mooned away his time in his easy-chair. He did not openly join the Red Glen Society, but every man at Inchfawn knew that he was one with it in its present aim. He would roam restlessly up and down the roads, watching for Geoffrey to return from one of the meetings; and then he would inquire, in an eager, tremulous voice, "What news? what news?" And he himself would peer along the shore, and if he saw the most distant ship in the offing he would fetch out his telescope and examine it with a kind of vindictive interest. Ever since he left Inchfawn Fergus O'Donnell had hated his supplanter Brownlow, but hitherto he had kept this hatred to himself with a certain noble reticence. All this reticence now was over; he spoke of Brownlow openly as the villain, the cheat, the rascal.

If Geoffrey brought him tidings that any, even the faintest clue was bringing the mystery to light, then he would rub his hands and go home in an excited state, and allude openly to Inchfawn, and almost speak as if he might soon be there again; but if the news was bad and the faint clue seemed to be fading utterly into vacancy, then the Squire would be very irritable, touchy about his food, and inclined even to blame his own colleen when she was out a little later than usual. Aunt Bridget used to be almost afraid of him on these occasions, and even Ellen, who knew him better than any other creature did, found no other means answer but just to sit down on the floor at his feet, and say in her soft, round tones—

"Tell me, father, tell me what is troubling you?"

If the poor Squire had deteriorated, certainly Geoffrey had not improved. This desire for revenge, this life with an aim, and yet without an aim, was bringing out the very worst points in his character; the indolence, which was his Irish heritage, but which his school and college life had very nearly overcome, was again coming to the front. He was impetuous and full of fire when roused, but at other times his was the happy-go-lucky temperament, which satisfied itself with the present and never looked too far into the future.

Geoffrey believed that by some stroke of good fortune Inchfawn would drop once more into their hands, and for the present the meetings at the Red Glen gave to his life the keenest zest and enjoyment.

Nature had endowed him with many of

the qualities of a leader—his ambition and pride and affection were all stimulated by the adoration with which each word of his was listened to. He and Arundel were men of totally different fibre; but while Geoffrey, who was surely leading his followers to no bed of roses, was absolutely worshipped, Arundel, who was leaving not a stone unturned to save the members of his society both body and soul, was only tolerated. Arundel knew well that but for Ellen he would scarcely have been listened to by these wild mountaineers.

Ellen's own life was so full just now, so crowded with work, and so stimulated by healthy and strong influence, that she had not so much time to notice the sad change in her father and Geoffrey.

The true aim and object of the Red Glen was absolutely unknown to her, and she chiefly lamented the fact of its existence because it prevented Geoffrey joining the grand mission, which was now filling all her heart and life.

Arundel, however, was not so unobservant. After watching Geoffrey for some time, he one day assumed the privileges he had long ago had, as the lad's Rugby tutor, and took him to task.

"When are you going in for a profession, O'Donnell? It is four months now since your college career came to an end."

"I might return the question with interest," said Geoffrey reddening, and his blue eyes flashing; "you have not embraced a profession, Arundel, and you are several years my senior."

"That has nothing to say to it," replied Arundel. "Through neither fault nor virtue on my part, I have a sufficient income to live as an idle man if I choose. I don't think I am an idle man, but I don't particularly want to go in for the work which may take the money from some one who wants it more than I. You must admit that your case is different, Geoffrey."

"Yes, my case is different," replied Geoffrey; "you do right to taunt me with the fact that I'm a beggar."

Arundel went up and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"We used to be friends," he said. "In the old days O'Donnell would never have spoken in those tones to Arundel, even though Arundel must sometimes have appeared to him an intolerable prig. Forgive me, Geoffrey. I can't help remembering the time when you were a lad and I a man, and you used to pour out your boy heart to me. I used to love it for its freshness in the old days; but never mind, we are both men now, and I've no right to pry into your life."

"I'm a brute," exclaimed Geoffrey. "I never believed it possible that I could resent any word you spoke to me; but the fact is I am bothered and harassed, and it's horrible to feel that all this time I am living upon Ellen's money."

"I don't believe the thought has once occurred to your sister that the money is especially hers; but all the same, if you feel like this, why do it, old fellow? Means can surely be found to start you in any honourable profession you may fancy."

"The fact is I can't leave the neighbourhood of Inchfawn at present."

"Because you are a member of the Red Glen?"

"That is the reason."

Arundel was silent; he and Geoffrey were pacing up and down on a little sheltered piece of the road which led to Rose Bank Cottage. It was a road with a high hedge on each side, and this hedge sheltered it now from the full blasts of the spring winds.

Arundel and Geoffrey were both smoking; now Arundel, after a brief pause, flung his cigar away, and, turning to his companion, spoke with energy—

"Geoffrey, may I say exactly what I think best to you?"

"Certainly, Philip. I am not going to quarrel with you twice on the same day."

"Then I should like you to know that I am in possession of the secret so carefully guarded by the members of the Red Glen."

Geoffrey turned white.

"You? Heaven help us! Who has been the traitor?"

"No one has been the traitor; a word suggested here and implied there, joined to the fact that every one knew of the smuggled goods buried in the sands at Crorane, put me in possession of a simple fact. Geoffrey, you want to track this crime to Brownlow, the great shipowner, and you trust by these means to make Inchfawn too hot to hold him."

"Good heavens! Arundel," said young O'Donnell, turning round and facing his companion with almost terror in his face, "you have very little idea of the meaning of the words you are saying. If the Red Glen people discover that you have guessed our secret, I tell you plainly that it will be scarcely safe for you to remain near Inchfawn."

Arundel smiled.

"No fear for me," he said. "I have been careful not to divulge the faintest whisper of what I have learned to any one but yourself. I would not make your sister unhappy with this news for worlds."

"Why should Ellen be unhappy?" asked Geoffrey in a testy voice.

"If you do not see it, it is useless for me to try to explain; but I think her sense of honour would be cruelly wounded. Geoffrey, in this hot pursuit for mere revenge you are doing something unworthy of your race."

"You had better hold, Arundel—my father is in it too."

"I have nothing to say to your father, but I remember you as the boy; however, no matter. Geoffrey, just answer me one question, and then I won't trouble you any further. Suppose you succeed—suppose you manage to lay this sin at Brownlow's door, and oblige him in consequence to give up Inchfawn, how will that enable you to earn your bread?"

"I suppose we can live at Inchfawn."

Arundel stamped his foot impatiently.

"Now what folly this is!" he exclaimed, "how can your father buy back Inchfawn—where is the money to come from?"

Geoffrey grew very red and turned his face away.

"At any rate," he said incoherently, "if Brownlow goes another man will buy the place, and the people will have a better landlord."

"Or perhaps a worse," said Arundel. "Brownlow is not the ruffian you make him out, and I tell you plainly that I consider your present life low in aim and altogether unworthy of you. However, I won't say any more, for as you justly reminded me, I have no right to interfere."

Arundel strode away, feeling thoroughly angry and annoyed, and Geoffrey, after a very slow and meditative turn up and down the road, re-entered Rose Bank Cottage.

When the path was quite clear of both men, there was a slight rustle behind the quickset hedge, and a girl and a man stepped out of the shadow where they had lain concealed and looked at each other.

"He knows all, all our sacrets, the black-hearted Englishman," said Nora Mahoney in keen excitement and anguish.

"Whisht, girl, whisht," said Tom Doherty, "you lave it to me and kape your own counsel. When you are wanted to spake we'll call for you; until then you kape yer own counsel, Nora."

"Horses wouldn't drag it from me," replied Nora; "but oh! glory, ain't he a black heretic after all!"

CHAPTER XLIII.—BROWNLOW'S CHAMPION.

Young Brownlow became a member of the Good-will Society, and proved himself both efficient and useful.

Arundel would not take his two thousand pounds, but he allowed him to subscribe freely to all their enterprises, and he assured him that if the emigration scheme ever came to anything, he would not scruple to use some of the money so freely tendered. Brownlow entered into a new life, a new phase of existence was opened up before him, and his mother and sisters wondered at the change in indolent John Henry.

He who had been truly the laziest of the lazy, and seldom appeared until noon, was now often up and away long before any member of the family, except his father, had appeared.

Ellen would generally find him waiting for her when she arrived at the cave of Good-will, and when she held out her hand, and he clasped it for a moment, a faint radiance would come into his pale and ugly face, transforming it for the time into passing beauty.

Except for this one brief moment, Brownlow did not often see Ellen again for the rest of the day, for her duties lay altogether with the girls and women.

Brownlow did, with a curious meek obedience, what Arundel told him, and he made himself immensely useful to Aunt Bridget.

Aunt Bridget, who had been drawn into the whole undertaking, to a certain extent against her will, had long ago declared that teach she would not and cook she would. She was therefore given the management of the soup kitchen. In this department Miss Bridget O'Donnell was immensely popular, her soup was strong, had a fine flavour of meat and a delicious and appetising aroma of onions.

Miss O'Donnell said, however, that peeling onions *ad libitum* made her eyes water, and when John Henry offered to perform this service for her, she considered him an extremely civil and well-spoken young man. He and she spent a great deal of time together in the soup kitchen, and perhaps one looked as grotesque as the other, when they appeared, after their arduous labours were at an end, for Miss Biddy's black poke bonnet would as often be tied back to front as otherwise, and John Henry's lanky hair

would not only be plentifully sprinkled with pea flour and other soup ingredients, but his always rather weak eyes would be much reddened by the baneful influence of the onions.

The two, however, were fast friends, and John Henry considered Miss Bridget one of the most delightful and original women he had ever met. With her he felt thoroughly happy and at home, and she, as she expressed it, turned the poor young man inside out as clean as a whistle. She was never tired of asking him questions about Inchfawn, and when he mentioned any change that she did not approve, she was by no means slow in expressing a broad opinion.

"Now tell me this, young man, how would you like to be treated that way yourself—turned out of your bit of a cabin in the cold winter—oh! come now, it's very fine talking, but handsome is that handsome does, and that's Biddy O'Donnell's motto, I can tell you, Mr. Brownlow."

"But I—ah—you don't understand, Miss O'Donnell, I never wanted the poor creatures to be turned out; as to the money value, why you know if there is a thing I think worthless it's money, but it was my father's doing you know."

"And you have got to remember your fifth commandment," said Miss O'Donnell. "Oh! yes, and I'm not blaming you for sticking up for your parents. But, oh! fie—to speak like that of the money. I tell you what it is, Mr. Brownlow, it was the want of the money gave us that big heart ache we have never yet got over."

"Does—does Miss Ellen's heart ache then?" said Brownlow wistfully.

"Eileen—oh! bless the girl, she's only a child, that kind of thing is but a pin prick with young folks, Mr. Brownlow. If you want to see a big sorrow look into the heart of Biddy O'Donnell; there's a wound here, and 'tis always bleeding; why, as I was saying to Honora Macnaughten—but there, good gracious! Mr. Brownlow, take the soup off the fire, it's just come to a boil. Now then we'll peel this bunch of onions, and we'll have the whole thing screeching hot for the poor creatures when they come round."

Brownlow peeled his onions, and boiled his soup, and discoursed abundantly with Miss Bridget. He was happy so employed. His silent greeting morning after morning with Ellen was his supreme moment of bliss; but with Arundel he felt uncomfortable. Some feelings hitherto unknown to him crept up and up round his heart, when he conversed with the man who was his superior. Brownlow had not a vivid imagination, but what little he possessed was always picturing scenes in which Ellen conversed in absorbing interest with the man who was a gentleman.

"I hate him," he would sometimes say, clenching his small white hands with almost passion; "why should he be so happy and I so miserable? I don't want Ellen O'Donnell; I know I am not worthy to be anything but her servant, but I don't think I could quite bear to see him have her."

In Miss Bridget's presence, however, Brownlow was so interested and so entertained that he had no time to dwell on these bitterer feelings. Miss Bridget was loud in his praise, not only in her soup kitchen, but in Rose Bank parlour.

"Well, Fergus," she exclaimed one day in the face of the assembled family, "ye needn't be so downhearted, my man."

"Why, Biddy," asked the Squire, "what special news have you brought home to cheer me with?"

"Oh, well, it's just this," said Miss Biddy: "I have made up my mind it's no use crying over spilt milk, and that young fellow, who'll be Inchfawn some day if he's spared, why, he's as nice, and well-spoken, and civil a boy as you could find. There, now, I've said it. Why, he minds me least word, as if it were the Gospel; and the way he peels onions is just out and out beauty-full."

The Squire frowned; Ellen tried to turn the conversation; and Geoffrey devoted himself ostensibly to Oscar.

"Oh, come now, Geoffrey," said Miss O'Donnell, "I mean no disparagement to you, me jewel of a boy, and 'tisn't I who would compare your pretty face to Mr. Brownlow's; but there, what I say is let's be thankful he's the harmless, well-meaning creature he is. Why, look here now, Inchfawn, whether 'twas the onions or his feelings, his poor eyes were as red as ferrets' this morning when I let out my mind about the wrongs done to your favourite tenants. I could see plain that but for the fifth commandment he'd have spoken his mind pretty strong. My notion is this: that when he comes in for Inchfawn we may all do pretty much what we like there again."

The Squire moved uneasily in his chair; his face grew very red, and Geoffrey cast an imploring glance at Ellen. She returned his gaze, and instantly endeavoured to stem the tide of her aunt's conversation.

"Aunt Bridget, I forgot to tell you that we are to start quite an hour earlier to-morrow morning. Mr. Arundel will bring a car from Derry, and we can all three drive over together."

"Oh, yes, miss, it's very fine, and I am to be at the beck and call of a chit of a girl like you. 'Tis you and Arundel, and you and Arundel all the time. You and that man between you will wear your old aunt to skin and bone, but you neither of you have a spark of consideration. I must say this, Ellen, that I would be glad if your Mr. Arundel would take a leaf out of poor young Brownlow's book, but the masterful, dictatorial ways of that man are sometimes more than I can abide."

Ellen's face flushed.

"I don't think you quite understand," she began, "and it is ridiculous comparing the two."

"Oh, hoity-toity, miss; and so you doubt your aunt's understanding, indeed. Well, then, I'll let you know that Biddy O'Donnell is not an out-and-out idgiot yet, and what's more, Ellen O'Donnell, it would be nicer and more considerate of you if you thought well of them that think well of you. There's Mr. Arundel; oh, he's all very fine with his airs, for all the world like a nobleman's; but Mr. Brownlow, who has no airs and no pretensions, and that I will say, he talks of you, I can tell you, you ungrateful girl, in a way that's truly elegant to listen to."

"Look here, Biddy," suddenly shouted the irate Squire, "you once for all drop the subject of the Brownlows: it is not welcome and never will be welcome in my house. Ellen, child, I can't make out why you let the fellow join your society."

"It was a most impolitic and a most injudicious thing to do," murmured Geoffrey.

"Well——" began the irrepressible Miss Biddy again.

But the Squire was down on her.

"Bridget O'Donnell, I command you to be silent. If you don't shut up this moment either you or I leave the room."

"Oh, I am sure, Squire, mum's the word," muttered Miss Biddy.

THE TEACHERS OF MANKIND.

By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

"Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding."
Exod. xxxvi. 1.

ART.

IT is a great and common error to overlook the many sources of revelation which God has provided for us; to listen but to one of His voices, and, in consequence, to understand even that voice far more imperfectly than we should otherwise have done. We talk of the Bible, rightly, as a Book of God, but we should not forget that it is but one of many books. God has revealed Himself to us, most of all, in two ways:—in the life and words and death of His Son our Lord, which is the Gospel: and by the inward witness of His Spirit in our hearts, which is the voice of Conscience. But, besides these, He has other teachers. He teaches us by the works of His hands, that is, by Nature; by the personal providence which guides our life, that is, by Experience; by His manifestations of Himself to the minds of other men, in many parts and in many ways—as, for instance, in Holy Scripture. But Scripture, while it represents the highest, does not represent to us the only, form of this latter mode of inspiration. "Every good gift, and all perfect giving, are from above, and come down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning." Thus all great and noble literature, all pure, passionate, and entrancing poetry, all faithful and reverent art, must be reckoned by all whose eyes are opened to be among the teachers of mankind.

2. It is of one of these teachers of mankind—it is of the revelation of God to us through the medium of Art—that I purpose to speak to you this evening. If we need Scripture authority for so doing, we have it in my text. Bezaleel and Aholiab were two artists, the artificers of the Tabernacle; and Scripture, in attributing inspiration to them, teaches us to regard art as a gift of God. The beautiful faculty is much—the gifts of hand and eye with which God endows some men for the blessing of mankind; but yet more precious is the divine vision, which enables them, by the work of their hands, to express the faith or tenderness which is in their souls. Look, for instance, at architecture. If the Tabernacle of old was built by artists whom God endowed, why should

we suppose that God did not also inspire the builders of the Abbey, which is so incomparably grander and more stately than that poor tent in the wilderness? It reminds us everywhere of God and of death—of duty and of salvation. Every part of it is a religious symbol. Why does the number three dominate its structure? The triple breadth of aisle, and nave, and aisle; the triple length of nave, choir, and sacrarium; the triple height of arch, triforium, clerestory? Is it not to remind us of God, the Three in One, and One in Three? Why is its structure cruciform? Is it not to remind us constantly of the Atonement; and did not the pillars of Edward the Confessor's Abbey, as well as of other cathedrals, actually deflect at the East to symbolise the head of Christ leaning upon His shoulder in the hour of death? The chapels which cluster round the east end indicate the communion of saints. From the pillars, the sculptured angels look down upon our worship. The gargoyles without represent the excluded spirits of evil. Even the soaring height of the whole, overcoming the horizontal lines, the upward curl of the foliage, the upward spring of the arch, the high pitch of the roof, are meant to teach us that we should conquer earthly desires, and ever be ascending heavenwards in heart and mind. Well may bubbles burst and folly's dancing foam melt if it cross this threshold!

> "They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build."

3. It is not, however, of architecture, or sculpture, or music, or any other art, but of Painting, that I shall chiefly speak. The works of art which enrich London at this season attract thousands of visitors. Our various exhibitions are not meant for mere idle amusement. So much toil of hand and brain has higher objects. Pictures may have no small share in the general education of the people in all things sweet and tender; in all things great and good. I want this evening to seize that influence, and to consecrate it. Religion, so far from being a mere formal visitor—a mere Sunday friend, ought to mingle with our familiar life, ought to ennoble our most common interests; and all men's brightest endowments should also subserve the glory and the gospel of Christ. It is the task of Art to study God's revelations of Himself in Scripture, in Nature, in History, in daily life, and to interpret them to us in forms of beauty,

I know no sadder proof of the extent to which our minds are darkened and coarsened by worldliness than our indifference to the beauty with which, as with a garland of celestial roses, God has crowned the works of His hands. I know no surer proof that God is, and that His name is Love, than the fact that, having implanted within us the sense of beauty, He has, as it were, with superfluous, superabundant goodness, delighted that sense of beauty with all the glories and melodies of this outward world. Too often we suffer this sense of beauty to atrophy by neglect, and we sink in consequence into corruption and despair. God gives us Art to reawaken this innocent delight in the beauty, the wonder, the power, which are the very autograph of His goodness. We must earn our bread in the sweat of our brow, but Art may at least save us from fret of nerve and weariness of brain.

4. When we pass from any gallery of old masters to one of our yearly exhibitions we are at once struck with one difference. It is that what we regard distinctively as religious art was far more common four centuries ago than it is now. Some of the greatest mediæval painters—Giotto, Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael—were occupied almost exclusively with sacred subjects. Why is it otherwise now? Partly, no doubt, because the old masters lived in an age of more universal and more concentrated devotion, and that not a few of them were men of that deeply spiritual mind which is always rare; but partly, also, because the interests of man are indefinitely wider than once they were, and that we rightly extend the conception of sacredness to things once deemed secular. Art may be fulfilling in the highest sense its ideal function, which is "to present to us, in many parts and fashions, the dim yearning of the universe for its divine restitution into perfect unity with the will of God," even when it is not painting Scripture scenes or Holy Families. Let us, however, be thankful that the works of some modern painters are still, even in the old sense, deeply and directly religious. Of one such, the great English painter to whom we owe "The Light of the World," "The Scapegoat," "The Shadow of the Cross,"—I need not speak. But I may mention the French painter, François Millet, who died in 1871, the painter of "The Angelus," "The Sower," and many paintings of deep instructiveness. Another living painter of France, Edouard Frère,* has made it his mission to reveal the beauty and sacredness of the poorest peasant life, and to show us that prayer may make the floor of the peasant's

* He has died since the sermon was preached.

hut sacred as the rocks of Sinai; but in Millet's paintings there are even deeper truths.

His life indicates how close is the connection between art and morality—how certain it is that

> "With truth and purity go other gifts,
> All gifts come clustering to these."

He was a man of very humble birth, and he began to paint in the popular Parisian style. But one day he happened to stand beside two strangers who were looking into a Paris shop-window at one of his works, and he saw that the effect on their minds was neither good nor noble. He went home, and he and his wife agreed that he would never paint in that style again. "Life," he said, "will be harder; you will suffer, but I shall accomplish what I have always intended." The effort cost something. They became so poor that in 1848 they were once absolutely without food; but his peasant mother encouraged him to give up honours and wealth rather than fall short of his own high conception. "François," she said, "follow the example of that man who said, 'I paint for eternity.'" Nearly all through his life he was struggling with neglect and difficulty. It was only after his death that men began fully to recognise his greatness, and gave for his works ten times more than he had ever received. His own generation did not care for him, would not listen to him any more than to any prophet; but now men try to spell out his thoughts, and the sons of those who scorned him come to throw their garlands on his grave. Yes; the character, the religion of a painter tell upon his works. "Believe me," says Sir Frederick Leighton, "whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us will dignify and make strong the labours of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it; for as we are, so our work is; and what we sow in our lives, that beyond a doubt we shall reap, for good or for ill, in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot."

"Poetic art,

> "Whether the instrument of words she use,
> Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
> Has need of mind and soul in every part
> Heroically fashioned, to infuse
> Faith in the whisper of her lonely Muse."

But the lesson is true, not of Art only, but of all work. In proportion as we are weak and unfaithful, in that proportion is our work deteriorated; in proportion as we are good and pure, in that proportion is our work stronger and more bright.

5. But when you visit our Royal Academy and see the preponderance of landscapes, or of daily scenes and domestic incidents, perhaps you think that they have no religious teaching for us. My friends, that would be a narrow and mistaken view. We cannot be too thankful for this pure, healthy English school of art. How many a domestic incident, rendered on the walls of our Academy, may awaken us to better and purer feelings! In such pictures Art may show us the beauty and brightness which are meant to gladden the sorrows of our common life; she may deepen our sense of duty to man and gratitude to God; she may reawaken the spell of home affection; may bring home to us the sacredness of all humanity by showing us the pathos, the dignity, the sweetness which ennoble even the humblest life.

And landscape-painting, too, has its own pure function. It opens windows for us into the sunlight from the gloom. In these dreary cities it enables us to hear the voices of the mountain and the sea, to gaze on golden headland and purple moor. But more than this, it helps us to feel that "the world's no blank for us—no blot;" that "it means intensely, and means good." It educes, in the region of the feelings, a mighty counterpoise to the atheism of the intellect. Those landscapes may appeal from the syllogism of a godless logic to the syllogism of a glowing faith. They may open our eyes to see, with gladness and thankfulness, what we never saw before.

> "For don't you mark, we're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have seen
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
> And so they are better, painted; better to us,
> Which is the same thing: Art was given for that,
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out."

"I never saw such colours in nature as you represent," said some one to Turner. "No," answered the great painter; "but don't you wish you could?"

"I assert for myself," said the poet-painter, William Blake, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance, and not action. 'What?' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?' Oh, no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

"Ah!" said François Millet, "I should like to make those who look at what I do feel the terror and splendour of the night.

One ought to be able to hear the melodies, the silences, the murmurs of the air. The infinite must be perceived." Now that is just what the painters enable us to do—to perceive the Infinite through the veil of the finite; to perceive, further, that the Infinite means no dull abstraction, but means our Father which is in heaven; to perceive that all the beauty around is but one rose flung down from the summer opulence of God; is but the woven arras of His antechamber to show us by its richly embroidered folds

> "What royalties in store
> Lie one step past the entrance-door."

The world, it may be, would be less with us; we should not so much lay waste our powers by sin and selfishness if we would take to heart these lessons; nor will this sermon have been useless if it teach that Art is not the mere handmaid of luxury—not the mere gratification of idle amusement, but is, when true to her mission, "a teacher sent from God."

6. But that I may not leave a mere vague impression, let me give you some instances. I will not go to the professedly sacred pictures, like those soft, pure pictures of Fra Angelico, or to the divine Madonnas of Raphael, nor will I speak of those which convey a professed moral lesson like Raphael's "Knight's Dream," or Dürer's "Knight and Death," or Holman Hunt's "Awakened Conscience," but I will take one or two typical paintings—domestic, ideal, mythological—of our own day, and try very briefly to show how we may learn from them, and what.

7. Take our national life and national conscience. Nations, benumbed by evil custom, often acquiesce in terrible wrongs. They become indifferent to the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, and the patient abiding of the poor. There are many matters still—many dark triumphs of injustice, avarice, intemperance, cruelty, and lust—about which art might help to awaken us to nobler action. You see around you the memorials of men—Pitt, and Fox, and Zachary Macaulay, and Sharp and Buxton, and Wilberforce—who were as prophets to teach England, in the days of our fathers, that in the callous acquiescence of hearts trodden hard by evil custom, she was guilty of the crime of using the arm of freedom to rivet the fetters of the slave. You know how Eloquence, and how Poetry helped the cause in England and in America. Could Art do nothing? Look at Turner's great picture of "The Slave Ship," and you have the answer. It is the picture of a black slaver chased by a frigate, under a lurid sky, and flinging her slaves overboard into the lurid sea. The horrors of the picture reveal, interpret, emphasise the horrors of the fact. The sky and the multitudinous sea are bathed, are incarnadined with blood—the blood of vengeance, the blood of wrong. That lurid, blood-red picture, overwhelming in its solemnity, and power, and shuddering intuition of wrong, is Turner's way of saying to his fellow-citizens, "Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth." It is his way of helping to educate the national conscience; it is the sermon of that great painter against the slave-trade, and no sermon more awfully effective was ever preached.

(ii.) Turn to the life of society with its luxury, its insincerity, its greed. In last year's Academy there was a picture called "Le Mariage de Convenance." It represented a husband and wife—an aged *roué* and a woman of fashion—dining together in the splendid luxury of a loveless home. In their faces the whole story is told. It is a warning to society in all ranks. It tells that wealth, sparkling wine, gems, delicate viands, unlimited magnificence cannot contribute one sand-grain to happiness where the world, the flesh, and the devil reign, and there is a flapping of harpy wings about the roof. This year there is the sequel to it. It is called "After." The same gorgeous room, the same luxurious table; but now the husband sits lonely in his deserted home, haunted by nameless miseries, dogged by the shadows of a wasted life, while the fires of hell mix with his hearth. And are not these two pictures two powerful sermons—sermons needed by a selfish and worldly society—on the text, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith"? "*After*"—is not the lesson applicable to all life? Is it not true of all worldly vanity, of all forbidden pleasure, that its hollowness disappoints, its poison tortures, its effects deprave; that "*afterwards* it biteth like a serpent"?

(iii.) There is yet deeper lesson in another strange picture in this year's Academy called "The Depths of the Sea." A mermaid, beautiful in face, but hideously repellent in her scaly train, has flung her arms around a youth, and is dragging him down through the green waters to her cave. In her face is the intense malignity of cruel triumph and cruel scorn; in the youth's face is the agony of frustration and of death. And the motto below is, "Habes totâ quod mente petisti, Infelix" ("Thou hast what thou soughtest with all thy soul, unhappy one"). Oh, that

it were in my power to preach a sermon of meaning so intense as that picture! The mermaid, like the Siren of mythology, like the strange woman of the Proverbs, is the harlot Sense. She is the type of carnal temptation, ending in disillusion, shame, anguish, death. It is the meaning of that saying of the rabbis, "The demons come to us smiling and beautiful; when they have done their work, they drop their mask." It is the meaning of Solomon, "But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell." God has granted to that youth his heart's desire, and sent leanness withal into his bones. He has got what he passionately longed for, and it is death!

(iv.) If you would see the other side of that picture, if you would see how youth need not succumb, but may be victorious, step into the National Gallery, and look at Turner's picture of "Apollo and the Python." The young god is kneeling in a circle of radiance, the glow of youth and purity in his form, his lips curled with divine disgust and scorn, and from this environment of light he has launched arrow after arrow against the huge, loathly monster, the Python of corruption. That dragon-monster looks inconceivably awful and terrible; but after all it is only a colossal worm, and where the arrow pierces it, it bursts asunder in the midst. Time would fail me to tell all the lessons which are in that picture; but I think that any youth who hears me, and who has in his spirit one gleam of noble imagination, might learn to despise as well as hate the pestilent foulness of moral impurity, and to strengthen himself in good resolves, who, standing before that picture, would learn that sensuality, though it look so strong, though it can crush to death all who put themselves within its power, is yet weak as a worm to those who walk in the light as Christ is in the light, and who pierce its vileness with the arrows of the dawn.

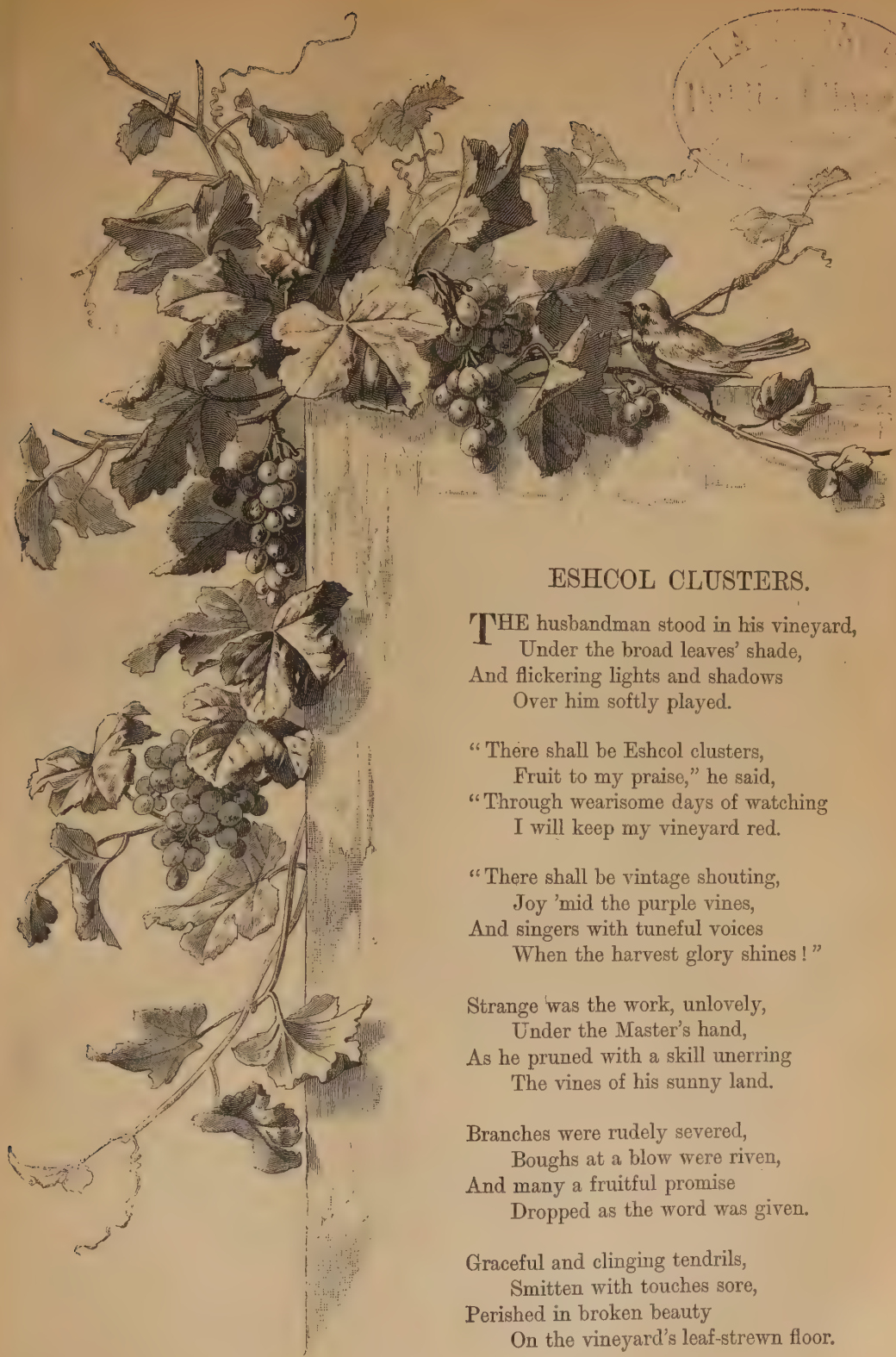
(v.) But, lastly, Art can not only, as we have seen, awaken the conscience of nations, reveal the hollowness of the world, teach us by nature's sunbeams to climb to the Father of Lights, show us that the wages of sin is death, and that God can give us the victory in Christ our Lord; it can venture, too, into the vestibule of theology and throw light into the world beyond. In the Grosvenor Gallery there is a picture which is intensely pathetic, though it is called "Hope." She is seated on the world, where she is needed most. She is blind, for Hope must walk by faith and not by sight; but she listens intently to the strains of her own harp. Alas, string after string of her harp has snapped! But one string is left; if that snaps, there is no music more. Will that string also break? If Hope have only an earthly harp it will; but if her harp be divine, it will never break, and all the silver chords, restrung, shall ring forth, in perfect diapason, the music of the spheres. And that the painter means her harp to be divine I hope from his other picture of the "Death of Cain" in the Royal Academy. On the rock, dying, his eyes half-closed, his hair white as snow, his mighty limbs relaxed, lies the first man born into the world, who was also, alas! the first murderer. Agony and despair convulse his dying features; but his guardian angel pleads for him to the lowering and stormy heavens—pleads for him, and not in vain, for the lurid menace of the storm has spent its fury, the lightning flickers in the distance like a frustrate demon, and through the darkened heavens a ray of mercy is gleaming down over the aged murderer's head.

And thus, my friends, Art, too, has her gospel, her gospel of hope, her interpretation of the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord. She adds to the innocent brightness of this world, and if we ask her of the next, she sings—

> "Waft of soul's wing—
> What lies above?
> Sunshine and love,
> Sky-blue and spring!"

She is, as I have said, a teacher of mankind.

If we learn that much this evening, if, of God's many voices, we have been enabled this evening to listen more intelligently hereafter to the accents of one of them, your Sunday evening in the Abbey will not have been in vain.



ESHCOL CLUSTERS.

THE husbandman stood in his vineyard,
Under the broad leaves' shade,
And flickering lights and shadows
Over him softly played.

"There shall be Eshcol clusters,
Fruit to my praise," he said,
"Through wearisome days of watching
I will keep my vineyard red.

"There shall be vintage shouting,
Joy 'mid the purple vines,
And singers with tuneful voices
When the harvest glory shines!"

Strange was the work, unlovely,
Under the Master's hand,
As he pruned with a skill unerring
The vines of his sunny land.

Branches were rudely severed,
Boughs at a blow were riven,
And many a fruitful promise
Dropped as the word was given.

Graceful and clinging tendrils,
Smitten with touches sore,
Perished in broken beauty
On the vineyard's leaf-strewn floor.

Voices of sorrow and sighing
Swept through the vineyard shorn;
But the heart of the Master pondered
The joy of the harvest morn.

Then came the festal triumph!
Singers, with tuneful breath,
Answered the lamentation
Of sorrow and loss and death.

Then was there vintage shouting
Over the sunny land,
For the Eshcol clusters purpled
The vineyard of His right hand!

CLARA THWAITES.

THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

By ELLICE HOPKINS.

ONE of the most wonderful narratives of human endurance and human heroism that perhaps has ever been recorded, has lately been given to the world by Major Greeley under the title, "Three Years of Arctic Service, being an Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881—84, and the attainment of the farthest north." Those who think meanly of human nature should read that marvellous narrative, and see for themselves the infinite possibilities of self-sacrifice and self-control that lie hidden in common natures, a sight indeed

"To make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity,"

and realise the truth of Lowell's words—

"All that has been majestical
In life and death since time began.
Is native to the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man,"

the deep heart of man, whose fall is still an angel's fall from divinest possibilities of good to lowest depths of evil. And if that heroic struggle, with all the most pitiless forces of nature, ended in but seven out of the five-and-twenty surviving their awful hardships, let us remember that the brave men who laid down their lives did not die in vain. In George Eliot's fine words:

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail;
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirit in our country's breast."

The Greeley Expedition was organized and sent out by the Government of the United States in the year 1881 for pushing still farther north our knowledge of Polar geography, and for carrying out meteorological and other scientific observations. The base of operations of the exploring party was to be as far north as Lady Franklin Bay, from whence, as soon as the Arctic winter was passed, they were to push on as far north as they could attain, and be relieved at the end of the summer. Lieutenant, now Major, Greeley was chosen to command the expedition, a comparatively young man, still under forty, and leaving a wife and little children behind him. His bonny face looks out at one from the frontispiece with frank, kind eyes, irresistibly suggesting a brave, tender-hearted man. And nobly indeed did he fulfil his post of commander, with all the splendid self-giving of the true leader of men, first in danger and privation, and last in taking relief and rest, bearing proudly the motto of every heir-apparent to rightful rule over men, *Ich dien*, "I serve." Five-and-twenty stalwart young men volunteered to serve under him.

Their first winter was spent comfortably enough in a somewhat spacious house which they built for themselves at Fort Conger, with its double walls of stone and blocks of snow making it fairly draught proof, and affording even a bath-room, that luxury of our race which, more than any other, holds fast to that epitome of all true religion, "Wash and be clean."

As soon as the long four months' night was passed, and even those stern solitudes had burst here and there into verdure, gay with the golden sea poppy and purple saxifrage, one of the exploring parties had the satisfaction of attaining the farthest north that has ever been reached by the foot of man, planting the Starry Banner far in advance of the Union Jack.

To their no small disappointment the summer passed, but no relief expedition appeared. It was detained till too late by the timidity of the captain, who feared to encounter the strong north-westerly gales which were the very condition for securing the

opening of the closely-packed ice, and so getting a navigable sea. Another winter had therefore to be passed in these extreme latitudes; but, as there was no shortness of provisions, no particular anxiety was felt as to the ultimate prospects of the expedition. The long weary darkness of the Polar night was again passed through; but no signs of rescue appearing, with the opening summer the situation began to assume a very grave aspect. It was clear that the provisions would not hold out much longer; and, concluding that the relief expedition had failed to force its way through the ice-blocked sea and were detained farther south, they resolved, as had been originally agreed upon, if no rescue reached them, to try and make their way to the neighbourhood of Littleton Island, as the appointed rendezvous.

So they broke up their quarters at Fort Conger and started, August the 8th, on their perilous journey south in their little steam launch, taking their three boats in tow laden with all that remained of their provisions. But the huge drifting islands of ice came crushing and grinding down on them, compelling them over and over again to haul up their poor little craft on the moving mass, lest she should be cracked like a nut between the vast opposing forces of tidal ice. But at length the ice closed remorselessly upon them and barred all further progress by open sea. There was nothing for it but to abandon the steam launch and one of the boats and endeavour to make for the shore, tugging the two remaining boats with their stores over the rough ice hummocks, as they are called, where the ice is torn and piled up in great broken heaps by storms and tides. "And so," writes Major Greeley, "that last Sunday afternoon on the frozen sea we offered words of praise to the Almighty, and with renewed faith in the divine Providence, with no repining over past sufferings, but with a determination to do our best and utmost on the morrow, we sought what rest we could in our comfortless sleeping bags."

One of the greatest difficulties they had to contend with in their march across the frozen sea, teaches us the use of shadows probably quite as much in the moral as the physical world. The decline of the long polar day which they had now reached (September 14) is accompanied by weeks of twilight before the sun finally disappears. "The absence of sufficient light to cast a shadow has had very unfortunate results, as several of the men have been badly bruised and sprained. When no shadow is formed and the light is feeble and blurred, there is the same uncertainty about one's walk as if the deepest darkness prevailed. The most careful observation fails to advise you as to whether the next step is to lie on a level, up an incline, or over a precipice. A few bad falls quite demoralise a man and make him more than ever doubtful of his senses." Travelling by this uncertain light night and day, now all but touching the shore after a hard day's tug, then drifted out to sea on the shifting ice miles away, now having the ice split beneath their feet, giving them only just time to scramble up on the ice floe which was crushing and grinding down upon them with the momentum of a slab of ice two or three miles in size, and some fifty feet thick, scrambling with their boats and sledges across the loose ice between, which for the moment was held together by the enormous pressure; after narrowly escaping being drifted out into Baffin Bay, and having had to abandon all but one boat, after hair-breadth escapes and exhausting toil, they at last succeeded in reaching the shore about three miles from Cape Sabine at Erskine Point, and twenty-five from Littleton Island, on September 29, having travelled four hundred miles by boat, and more than a hundred miles by sledge and boat together, in fifty-one days of incessant hardship, exposure, and danger.

A party at once started to Capes Sabine and Isabella in search of the relief vessel, which they fondly believed was waiting for them unable to get farther north. Alas, instead of the longed-for vessel they found a small "cache," recently constructed, containing a scanty store of provisions, and the intelligence that the relieving vessel, the *Proteus*, had been nipped by the ice and gone down, her commander and crew escaping safely in the boats, carrying off the main part of the provisions. The same document informed them that the U.S. steamer, the *Yantic*, was on her way to Littleton Island with orders not to enter the ice. "A Swedish steamer," wrote the commander of the *Proteus*, "will endeavour to reach Cape York during this month. I will endeavour to communicate with these vessels and everything within the power of man will be done to rescue the brave men at Fort Conger from their perilous position." Trusting to these assurances Major Greeley resolved to stay where they were and await the rescue.

But, alas! in that world of stern realities polite assurances can find no foothold on its slopes of eternal ice. The commander of

the wrecked *Proteus* did not adhere to the preconcerted meeting places. Infinitely precious time was lost in the relieving vessels and boats missing one another. And by the time the blunder was remedied it was too late, the frozen sea had closed in for the winter. The Lady Franklin Bay Expedition was abandoned to its fate.

Abandoned to their fate, and what a fate! Well might the stoutest heart quail before it. Five-and-twenty men left to encounter on barren crags the hardships and horrors of an Arctic winter, without food, shelter, or clothing, with neither fire, light, nor warmth, with a night before them 744 hours long, and a temperature of freezing mercury; to face undauntedly intense cold and bitter frost, disaster and slow starvation, insanity and death!

Yet their splendid pluck never failed them. Still with the hope that they would be relieved, their first step was to set to work, half starved as they already were, to build themselves a hut. Its walls were only three and a half feet high, as there was but little available rock to build with. But they managed to build in their boat into the roof, so that just in the centre they could stand upright. Here all the cooking was done, a chimney being made of tomato cans, stuffed up with rags when not in use; and here in bad weather the men could stand up and walk a few steps by turn. The rest of the hovel was occupied by the sleeping bags in which they lay all day, and which if they left them for a few hours were always frozen as hard as iron, and had to be melted by the warmth of their own half-starved bodies. Though a third of their number survived till June 22nd, even by October 26th their hunger was so ravenous that when some dog biscuits were turned out of the stores thoroughly rotten and covered with slimy green mould, the famished men sprang upon them like wild animals and devoured them greedily. "What will it be," was Major Greeley's melancholy reflection, "when the provisions are still farther diminished, if the men are like this already?" On October 26th, the sun left them for a hundred and ten days, and through the long hours of darkness their only light was a bit of rag dipped in a little oil or alcohol. "One bit of flame, affording about as much light as a poor tallow candle, suffices for the whole hut. The steam and smoke which are produced in cooking are so dense that but few of the party are able even to sit up in their bags while cooking is going on, and only on favourable occasions can a man see the face of his neighbour touching him. In the midst of these dense clouds of smoke and steam, without any additional light, the cooks are obliged to divide the stews, tea, and other food. I do not believe that either cook has intentionally shown partiality to any member of the mess, or retained an extra quantity for himself. The ravenous irritable condition in which the entire party are at present cannot but have the effect of making most men morbid and suspicious. Sergeant Gardiner lately said to me that he objected very decidedly to passing Rice's ration to him, if it could be avoided. He declared that he realised the fairness of the cooks, but that in allowing a cup of tea or a plate of stew to pass through his hands, he could not prevent himself from mentally weighing the food as it passed, by comparing it to the portion which came to himself. Such a comparison he knew was small and petty, but his starving condition must explain and excuse it. I readily understood his feelings, as I myself have avoided handing another man's portion for similar reasons."

Many grudged the expenditure of oil or alcohol for the lamp. But Major Greeley knew but too well that their sorest danger lay from depression and madness; and besides having the indomitable resolution to give a course of lectures on the resources and characteristics of each of the States in the Union, he instituted evening readings from the Bible, the Army Regulations, and a chapter from "Pickwick," the wretched Eskimo lamp being held close to the reader's face, and many a cheery laugh ringing out from the thick darkness in which the rest of the audience was enshrouded. Little did Dickens realise that his kindly and genial humour would serve so desperate a turn.

As game became more and more scarce, and their rations had steadily to be diminished, their situation became so desperate that Long, one of the two hunters, and Rice, a young photographer who had joined the party, volunteered to risk their lives, and go on an expedition to see if they could recover the hundred and fifty pounds of meat taken from an English "cache," which they had had to abandon in an earlier expedition to save the life of a comrade who was frost-bitten in both hands and feet. With the utmost reluctance their commander consented to so perilous an undertaking, and the two heroic men set forth with the broken blessings and prayers of all.

They succeeded in tracing the right direction and getting on their former track; and

Group of the Greeley Expedition.

when they got within some distance of the hasty "cache" which they had made they left the sledge with their provisions and sleeping-bags behind them, and made a forced march to the spot. Alas! not a trace of the provisions could be found. It is supposed that the ice floe on which they were left must have got detached from the shore and drifted out to sea. But already the intense cold, the fatigue, and the disappointment were beginning to tell fatally on poor Rice. In vain his companion warned him of his danger, and besought him to resist the fatal drowsy numbness which was fast gaining upon him. No; he was only a little tired, and if he would only let him rest a little he would be all right. At last the failing limbs gave way, and he sank on the snow. His devoted comrade stripped off his own seal-skin jacket to wrap it around his dying friend, in the vain effort to get a little warmth into him, and knelt in the driving snow-storm in his shirt-sleeves by his side, holding him in his arms till he died. God is love; and it must have been the divine power of the love in his heart that kept him alive as he knelt, half naked, in the snow to minister to his dying comrade. How that solitary man, left alone with God and death, unnerved by the loss of the comrade he loved, in Arctic cold and darkness, and in the midst of a driving snow-storm, fought his way back to the sledge and the sleeping-bags, which alone made a moment's repose possible, God only knows. But, more marvellous still, as soon as he had taken a little food and rest, he went a forced march of twelve miles there and back, reverently and decently to compose the poor dead limbs, and cover them with a canopy of eternal snow, so that the body of his beloved comrade might not fall a prey to wild beasts. Far easier would it have been, he confesses, to have lain down then and there by his side, and slept the sleep that knows neither cold nor famine, and where "never wind blows loudly." But he knew that this meant a rescue party to those whom he had left behind, and who would probably share poor Rice's fate. So now hauling the sledge, and now lying down for a little rest, but instantly starting up when he felt the drowsy numbness gaining upon him, and stumbling on a little farther, he at length reached Camp Clay, with his sad, heroic tale of frustrate labour and life laid down in vain. But when the sledge was unladen, it was found that he had endured it all on his own scanty rations, and had refused to touch his dead comrade's share, but had brought it back untasted to the starving men he left behind. Well might Major Greeley exclaim at such deeds as these and others, "For ever after I will think better of human nature."

The hunters becoming more and more unsuccessful in their search after game, they hit on the expedient of baiting a net for shrimps, and latterly they lived almost entirely on them and reindeer-moss, *tripe de roche*, which they trailed their poor frozen limbs round the bitter ice-crags to gather for one another.

From the first there had always been the hope that when the light returned the strait might be sufficiently frozen over to enable them, even exhausted as they were, to cross Smith Sound to Littleton Island, a distance of only twenty-five miles, where they would have found plenty of sea-fowl, and have been saved. But night and day the heavy grind and dull roar of the ice-pack sounded like a knell in their ears, telling them of the open sea, with its driving ice masses, in which no boat could live, and which would only insure their being drifted out into Baffin Bay, from which fate once before they had so narrowly escaped. "It is surprising," writes Major Greeley, "with what calmness we view death, which, strongly as we may hope, now seems inevitable. There is little fear of these men failing in the dire extremity, for the manly fortitude and strength of the many compel respect and imitation from the few. I have instanced as a fine example of the spirit with which men should meet death, the English troopship, when the men, drawn up at parade-rest, went to the bottom of the sea without a murmur, while the women and children filled the boats. One supreme effort is easier far than this long drawn out agony, when, too, it is easier to think of death than to dare to live. The story of the troopship appealed strongly to us as soldiers. The *Birkenhead* was often alluded to by us." These Americans, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, with one blood of heroes in our veins, were strengthened by our English heroism to die like true men, as their heroism will strengthen us to live truer to our manhood.

And now one by one those brave men began to succumb to slow starvation. Strange to say, Death alone in that pitiless, hard, white world of death seemed to relent and show them some pity, coming to them gently,

> "And wrapped them formless in his fold,
> And dulled the murmur on their lip,"

more like a mother hushing off her tired

Iceberg, Smith Sound.

child to sleep. They became quite unconscious of their danger and gently delirious, babbling much about their dear ones, the wife or the mother they were never to see on earth again, about happy home meals, and green fields and summer warmth.

> "Ah, not in sorrow, not in storm and strife,
> Died those brave hearts; for the great Comforter
> That walks with men, a silent minister,
> Moved back the shadow on the dial face,
> Back to the morning hours of sinless grace,
> Babbling of old home fields and childish play,
> And long-forgotten things, they passed away;
> Not through the crumbling portals of decay,
> But through the morning gate of childhood passed,
> To that still land where all find rest at last."

And as each was laid in a cleft of the ice, over the white upturned face in the white grave Major Greeley read our solemn English burial service, and the hard frozen stillness broke into the majestic words of hope: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Yet all through those terrible months, that long agony even unto death, those men were true to one another. Every day, every hour of the day they had to fight with the maddened appetite of hunger gnawing like a wolf at their vitals. Every day, every hour of the day, without light and without warmth, they had to hold the wild beast within them by the throat to retain their manhood. Yet not one of those famishing men by look or shadowed hint objected to the poor cripple of their number, a man who had lost both his hands and feet through frost-bite, being allowed double rations out of the scanty stock of food. No one urged, what was the use of preserving a life which never could be of any use to any one again? He who had no hands to grasp his portion, no feet to go in search of his share, had his double portion brought tenderly to him by a starving comrade. Strong brave men, they pleaded no necessity to sacrifice the weak and the defenceless; rather the weak and the helpless were always thought of first. And as one by one they dropped down, touched by the hand of death, the young commander of that heroic band would melt some broken ice against his own chilled body, to give them the drink of water which was the last thing they craved to quench their dying thirst, in that world where all but the divine heart of man seemed to have turned to stone, and the very mercury was frozen as hard as iron in the thermometer.

Only one man out of the five-and-twenty proved a deliberate traitor, and persistently stole the provisions which his comrades were trying to eke out to the uttermost. He was the only blasphemer of the party, and—*pace* Mr. Bradlaugh—blasphemy does not seem to be a success at the temperature of freezing mercury. Once when their backs were turned he got drunk on the scanty stock of alcohol on which the very lives of his fellows depended, and was found in a helpless state of intoxication. Another time he gorged himself on a bit of pork which he had managed to abstract from the stores; and surfeited and was sick under the eyes of his disgusted and famishing companions. Doubtless he excused

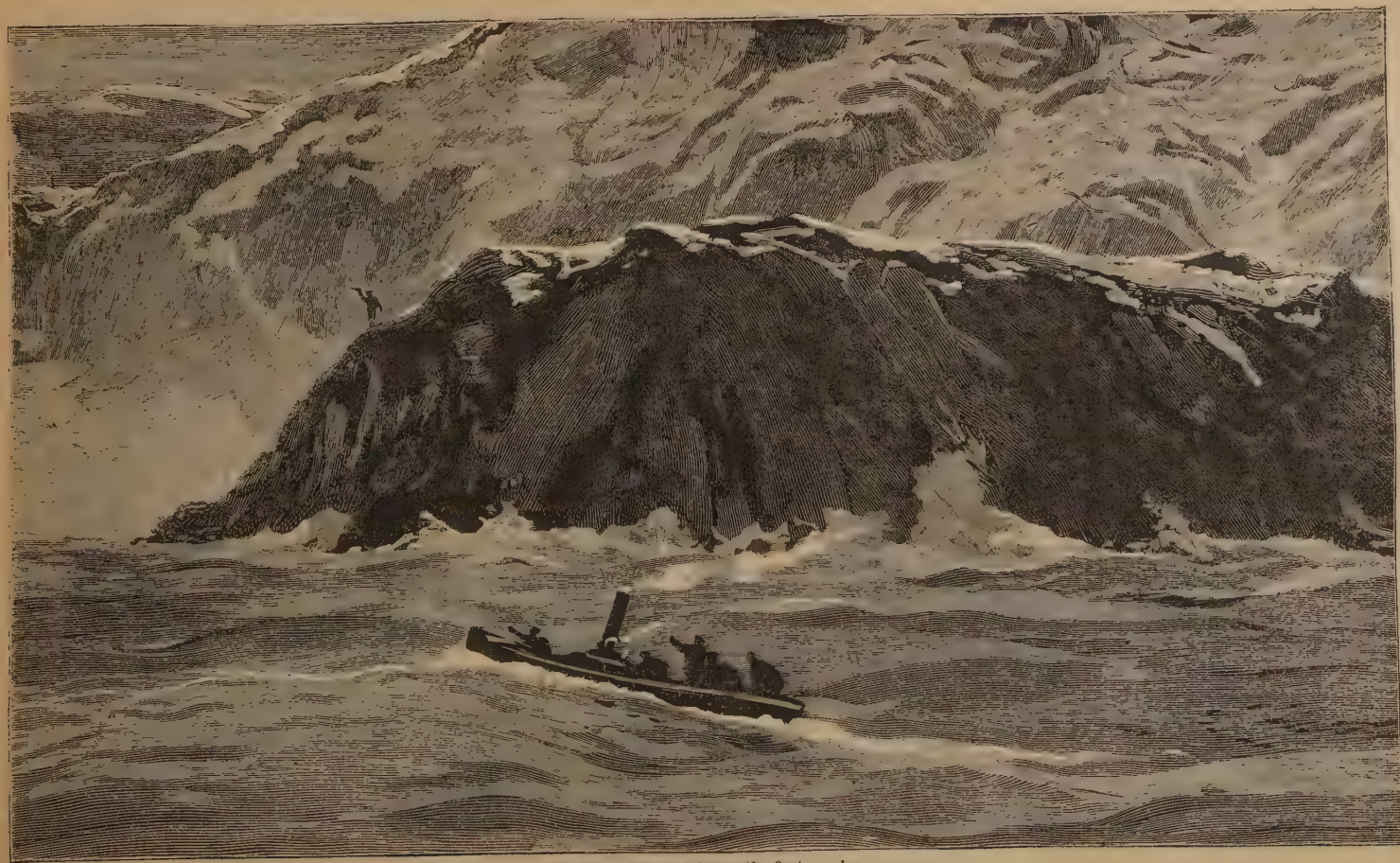
himself on the generally accepted plea, the invincible common-sense argument, that nature had given him these appetites, and that therefore it was but natural that he should indulge them at whatever cost to others. Whoever else was sacrificed, he was but obeying the dictates of nature. In vain his commander reasoned with him, as he reasoned with the others, when quarrelling and strife broke out among the men maddened by their sufferings: "If we have to die, let us die like men and not like brute beasts." Finding remonstrances and appeals to better feelings alike in vain, and seeing that the lives of all would be sacrificed to this man's uncontrolled appetites, he reluctantly gave orders for his execution. "No one," says the unfortunate commander, "appreciated more than myself the tremendous strain and determination needful to resist the great temptation of appropriating a morsel of food to stay the constant gnawing at our vitals. As long as we were exempt from death, and food remained, I could not bring myself to resort to violent measures. Henry's execution was looked upon by me in the light of self-defence for the remnant of our party, and was ordered on my individual responsibility."

About two o'clock shots were heard, followed by the dull thud of a falling body, and he who pleaded his own ungovernable appetites as an excuse for sacrificing others was no more. And the conscience of mankind approves his being shot down like a dog.

At length the long tragedy seemed to be drawing to a close. Even the reindeer moss and the shrimps had failed them; they had nothing wherewith to bait their net, the moss was exhausted. They had had to move out of their dismal hut, as with the returning sun the accumulation of snow on the roof, which they had no strength to remove, melted and poured in upon them till they were drenched to the skin. They were now huddled together in a tent at the foot of the frozen crag. For forty-two hours nothing had passed the lips of the seven, who were all that survived, but a little water and some boiled seal skin cut from Major Greeley's grimy sleeping bag. Without, an icy gale was blowing, searching them through and through in their miserable tent, part of which was blown down, while the centre pole swayed and creaked, threatening every moment to fall, and either smother them under the wet canvas, or leave them shelterless to the storm. Major Greeley endeavoured to read some psalms, but his failing strength was scarcely equal to the task. They lay there calmly awaiting the end which now seemed to be inevitable. Suddenly above the howling of the blast Major Greeley seemed to catch the shrill whistle of a steamer. Too weak to move himself, he asked Brainerd and Long if strength yet remained in them to go and see whether any vessel was to be seen. With their usual cheery self-sacrifice they got up at once and tottered out into the icy blast. Soon Brainerd returned, saying that nothing could be seen, no sign of life on the empty desolate sea. It seemed as if some evil spirit had sent that phantom sound to mock their dying agony with the bitterness of unfulfilled hope. There was nothing left now but to die.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Suddenly a sound of hurrying feet crunching the snow and strange voices calling them, "and in a frenzy of feeling as vehement as our enfeebled state would permit we realised that our country had not failed us, that the long agony was over, and that the remnant of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition was saved."

The narrative of the rescue is profoundly interesting. As soon as there was the smallest hope of penetrating the Polar seas, the Government of the United States fitted up a relief squadron under the command of Commander Schley, consisting of the *Thetis*, the *Bear*, and the *Alert*, the latter an English vessel, a free gift from our Government as an expression of English sympathy with the purpose of the expedition. The relief squadron was joined by a coaling steamer, *Loch Gary*, and by six or seven stout whalers, tempted to go farther north by the offer of the Government reward of £5,000 to the discoverer of any survivors. They had for clue the various known depôts or "caches," and the almost certainty that Major Greeley would have moved south, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Littleton Island, as originally agreed. The bold commander pushed on with a rapidity to which the survivors owed their lives, no vessel having penetrated so far north at so early a date. At Brevoort Island their search was rewarded by the discovery of Major Greeley's "cache" at the beginning of the last fatal winter, with all his instruments and scientific observations and a careful description of the position of Camp Clay, close to the depôt of the wrecked steamer *Proteus*. But what was their horror and dismay on finding that the latest record bore the date Oct. 21st, 1883, and stated that they had only forty days' complete



Off Cape Sabine, sighting the first survivor.

rations left to live on. Eight months had elapsed since then. Scarcely a hope remained that any could have survived.

With a sinking heart the cutter, under the command of Lieutenant Colwell, was at once dispatched to the spot indicated by the record, followed at a short distance by the *Bear*. At last the boat reached the site of the wreck "cache," and the desolate shore was eagerly scanned, but no sign of life could be seen. Rounding the next point a little cove opened out, and there, in the dull grey light, standing on the top of a little ridge fifty or sixty yards above the ice-foot, was plainly outlined the figure of a man. It was Long, who had twice left the outlook in despair, and twice been driven to return by a last hope. The coxswain caught up the flag and waved it frantically. Evidently the man had seen it, for he stooped and picked up a signal flag from the rock and waved it in return, and was then seen coming slowly down the cliff. Twice he fell down before he reached the foot.

"How many left?" shouted Lieutenant Colwell across the water.

"Seven left," was faintly pealed back by the solitary figure on the shore.

As the cutter struck the ice, Lieutenant Colwell jumped off and went up to him. He was a ghastly sight. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes wild, his hair and beard long and matted. As he spoke his utterance was thick and mumbling, and in his agitation his jaws worked in convulsive twitches. As the two met the man, with a sudden impulse, took off his glove and shook Colwell's hand.

"Where are they?" asked Colwell briefly.

"In the tent," said the man, pointing over his shoulder, "over the hill—the tent is down."

"Is Mr. Greeley alive?"

"Yes, Greeley's alive."

"Any other officers?"

"No." Then he repeated absently, "The tent is down."

"Who are you?"

"Long."

Hastily bidding the coxswain take Long to the cutter, the others rushed up the rocky slope in the direction the man had pointed. Reaching the brow of the hill, there on a little elevation directly in front stood the tent. Hurrying across the intervening hollow, they were met by Brainerd just outside the tent, while a feeble cry was heard from within: "Who's there?"

"It's Norman," replied one of the men, who had been with them on their voyage out.

This was followed by cries of "Oh, it's Norman," and a sound like a faint husky little cheer.

Meanwhile one of the relief party, sobbing like a child, was down on his hands and knees trying to move the stones that held down the flapping tent cloth, the proper ingress having been blown down. Lieutenant Colwell solved the difficulty by calling for a knife and cutting a slit in the tent cover and looking in.

It was a sight of horror. Close to the opening, with his head facing it, lay what was apparently a dead man. His jaw was dropped, his eyes were open, but fixed and glassy, his limbs were motionless. On the opposite side was a poor fellow, alive, to be sure, but without hands or feet, and with a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm. Two others seated on the ground in the middle had just got hold of a rubber bottle. They were engaged in giving their last drop of rum to their apparently lifeless comrade, mindful to the last of the one most in need. Directly opposite, on his hands and knees, was a dark man, with a long matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, and brilliant staring eyes.

"Who are you?" asked Colwell.

The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly.

"Who are you?" again.

One of the men spoke up: "That's the Lieutenant, Lieutenant Greeley."

Colwell crawled in, and took him by the hand, saying to him, "Greeley, is this you?"

"Yes," said Greeley in a faint, hollow voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words, "Yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record."

Then he fell back exhausted.

Life was all but extinct. Colwell fed them at once with a little biscuit and pemmican, which they munched deliberately. All hunger had ceased. But with the first few mouthfuls of food it revived with all the force of a drunkard's craving for rum, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Lieutenant Colwell could control their frantic entreaties for more than in their exhausted condition was safe for them to take. The surgeons were signalled for and were soon on shore. Warm beef-tea and milk punch was administered every ten minutes; and at last the spark of life left was fanned into a faint flicker-

Disco Island, where one of the survivors died on the voyage home.

ing flame, and it was thought safe to remove them to the comfortable ship cabins. This could only be accomplished with danger and difficulty, and at the cost of a severe wetting, the gale having now increased to a hurricane. Major Greeley's clothes were cut off, and heavy flannels carefully warmed were substituted, and he was comfortably installed in Norman's berth and seemed none the worse.

For some time Major Greeley's life hung in the balance, but at length he was brought round. Perhaps the photograph of his wife and children, which his rescuers with thoughtful tenderness had brought with them, helped to restore him as much as the warmth and the good nourishment. Connell, the man who seemed to be dead, also recovered. But the poor crippled Elison's state from the first was felt to be almost hopeless, though owing to his comrades' tender consideration for him he was the least exhausted of the party. With the good nourishment, came inflammation in the injured parts. Everything that human skill and care could do for him was done. An operation was tried as a forlorn hope, but the poor fellow sank, and on July 6th he passed painlessly and quietly away, having survived his terrible injuries eight months. Without hands and without feet, during those eight months he had probably done a greater work than they all; for his helplessness had brought out the great truth, that all true manhood thinks first of the weak, and sacrifices itself and not others; that the fiercest appetites and passions of our nature can be subordinated to the service of those who are placed helpless in our power; and that under the most maddening temptations, we can be true to the great trusts of our manhood.

The reception the relief squadron met, when at length it reached the great American port, named from the English Portsmouth, defies description. At two o'clock, on a beautiful August afternoon, the *Thetis*, the *Bear*, and the *Alert*, bearing their sacred freight of the living and the dead, steamed into the harbour headed by the flagship *Alliance*. The shores of the river on both sides were lined with people wildly cheering and waving their hats. The harbour was filled with steamers, sail boats, and small craft of every description, all of them dressed with flags and streamers. The crews of the great ships of war swarmed in the rigging to greet them as they sailed past. As the relief ships came one by one to anchor, the band of the flagship played "Home again," and the crews in the rigging gave them cheer on cheer, which was caught up and carried along the shore. At the same moment the barge of

the Secretary of the Navy, who had come down to give them an official welcome, left the flagship with Mrs. Greeley, who was the first person to come on board the *Thetis*. She met her hero alone in the little cabin.

A sadder ceremony yet remained to be performed. On the morning of the 5th the relief ships reached New York, and gave up the bodies of the dead who had laid down their lives in their country's service, and whose remains had been brought home to find their last resting-place in their native land. The batteries of the 4th and 5th Artillery were drawn up on the wharf at Government Island to receive them, and pay them military honours. The bodies were placed on military caissons and taken to the chapel, the long line of troops drawn up presenting arms to each as they passed, in token that they had died as true soldiers, slain but not conquered. At the chapel they were given up to their friends. All, but one whom no loving hands received; but he lies in his dishonoured grave apart—the man who made the strength of his appetites an excuse for sacrificing others to save himself, and who let the beast within him slay the MAN.

I feel as if any poor words of mine would only weaken the force of this pathetic narrative. Only let us remember that this is the stuff of which our race is made, and let us "go and do likewise." Thinking what this life of ours is, how many poor hungry souls there are all round us; how many a soul waiting a rescue party that never comes; how little light and warmth there is for us all in a world like this, where thousands of men and women are ground down by misery and shame; we at least will not plunder the little light and warmth there is, to squander it on our own ease and gratification; we will not get our pleasures out of other people's tears, cramming our own lusts, not caring who goes hungry and desolate so we be filled. Nay, but thinking on such men as Gordon and Greeley, as the men of Camp Clay and the men on the *Birkenhead*, we too will determine to do our best, and in the strength of our GOD, in the Name of Jesus Christ who loved us and gave Himself for us, we will live and die, not like brutes, but like MEN.

THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS OF 1886.

By PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the exhibition in Hyde Park was a world's wonder, a supreme effort, which it took eleven years to repeat; since then the great capitals have each had one exhibition at least, and now in 1886, in Britain alone, there are at least three in full swing—in London, Liverpool, and Edinburgh.

Some of our readers are doubtless old enough to remember the very extreme opinions that were sometimes expressed in 1851 both for and against—opinions of which the very echoes have died away. On the one hand, some denounced the undertaking as an impious display of the glory of man; an attempt to bring together all that could be contrived to gratify the lust of the eye and the pride of life; a Vanity Fair, under

the distinguished patronage of the god of this world; a kind of Tower of Babel, designed to show to the universe what wonders man could do. At the opposite extreme it was extolled as the morning star of a new era in the history of kingdoms, that was at last to inaugurate the reign of peace on earth and good-will to the children of men; it was the olive-branch to the nations of the civilised world, that were now to learn that it was far better to contend in the arts of peace than in the struggles of war; that were no longer to try which would kill most on the field of battle, but which would produce the most beautiful fabrics, which would carve the most exquisite statues, which would invent the most ingenious machines; in a word, which would stand highest in the market of the world.

We say the echoes of these opinions are heard no more. The first was foolish and uncharitable; the other was foolish and impracticable. It was uncharitable to ascribe an evil character to an undertaking which was designed in no such spirit, although it would have been quite reasonable to point to the inflation of human pride as one of the risks which might possibly attend it. And as for the expected revolution in the ambition of nations—alas! alas! Two or three years after came the Crimean War, followed almost immediately by the Indian Mutiny; then a war, or rather wars, with China; then the tide of battle swept frightfully over the plains of Italy; and at the very time (1862) when the second great exhibition was held in London, the United States of America were plunged in the most frightful civil war that has taken place, perhaps we may say, since the world began. It became very plain that the Millennium was not to be ushered in by great exhibitions.

But it does not follow, on the one hand, that there is no danger of evil in exhibitions; nor, on the other hand, that they do nothing to promote peace and the spirit of brotherhood.

When we glance over history, we find not a few things which had considerable resemblance to exhibitions. Some of the Egyptian kings of the earlier dynasties used to gather in their temples the richest products of the countries which they overran, as the monuments tell us, and present them to their gods. It was a convenient way of sanctifying the fruits of robbery and murder. All manner of articles of gold, silver, and copper, precious stones and precious gums; ebony and other woods; skins of giraffes, leopards and bulls and whatever else was worth the stealing, were solemnly dedicated to gods who seem to have had no compunctions in accepting them. No wonder the prophets were vehement in their denunciations of the pride of Egypt. But perhaps the thing likest to an international exhibition was that which was to be seen in Ezekiel's day in the markets of Tyre. Every country, civilised or uncivilised, seemed to show its choicest products there, and as the Tyrians went round and witnessed the countless monuments of their greatness and their riches, their hearts swelled with pride, and they extolled the wisdom that had gained such distinction. They talked as if they were gods. But God's voice was lifted up against them; they were to be "cast on the ground and brought down to the pit;" Tyre was "to become an astonishment, and never to rise any more."

In Hebrew history we read of two occasions when kings exhibited to strangers all the riches and glory of their kingdoms. One was, when King Solomon showed all his glory to the Queen of Sheba; the other, when King Hezekiah exhibited his treasures to the messenger of Merodach-Baladan, King of Babylon. But the two exhibitions were made in a very different spirit. Solomon was then in a genial, humble, innocent mood, by no means disposed to exalt himself, and eager, as the queen's words show, to give the glory to Him from whom all wisdom and glory come. But Hezekiah was in a very different mood. Good man though he was, he forgot himself on this occasion; he forgot the grand words of the Psalm, "The Lord is our defence, and the Holy One of Israel is our king;" he placed himself on a level with the King of Babylon, condescended to be weighed in his scales, and made a great effort to show that in a worldly point of view his kingdom was not so insignificant after all. He silently assumed that kingdoms were to be estimated by the quantity of gold and silver and other material splendour that they possessed; and as the kingdom of Judah could boast of not a little of these, it was not to be despised even by such a potentate as the King of Babylon. One can hardly fancy a more unworthy position for the successor of David, as if it was nothing that his kingdom was protected by the God of heaven—as if its strength and glory came from these trumpery treasures.

These two cases bring out in vivid contrast the right and the wrong use of exhibitions. The wrong use is when God is forgotten and man is exalted. If human

skill and taste be regarded as the sources from which all that is interesting and beautiful in an exhibition comes, it is only natural to hold that the one use to which all should be applied is the welfare and comfort of man. If all is of man, then let all be to man. Let the purpose of all existence be to minister to the needs, the comforts, and the luxuries of the human being. But is not the mere statement of this view enough to show its miserable character? All right-minded men must feel that nothing could be more wretched than that the result of any great national or international effort should be that man should be puffed-up with the conceit of his greatness. The motto and the moral should alike be: "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty!"

From this point of view it is not difficult to see some very useful lessons to be derived from great exhibitions.

1. They serve to show something of the "fulness" of the earth—how richly God has furnished it, with what a vast variety of objects he has stored it, for the use and benefit of man. It is always interesting and highly useful to dwell on tokens of the large-heartedness and generosity of God. In the garden of Eden he made every tree to grow that was pleasant for the sight and good for food, and though there is no Eden now, this feature of Eden is not rare on our globe. "The earth," says the Psalmist, "is full of thy riches." An exhibition which is really international, brings this very beautifully out. God might have deemed it enough, for example, to furnish a single metal for the use of man, but he has given him many. One species of stone might have been deemed enough for his buildings, or one species of timber for his carpentering—there is practically no limit to the varieties of both. One fibrous substance might have sufficed him for clothing, but both the vegetable and animal kingdom supply endless varieties, possessed of the most diversified properties and susceptible of numberless colours. Evidently it was not God's purpose that man should get a mere living out of the products of this world—provision is made for a very comfortable living. The trouble is in the distribution by man—the comforts are so liable to be monopolised by a few. But who does not feel, in a walk through a great exhibition, what a number of things God has provided beyond the bare necessaries of life! Sometimes, when a young man goes from home, and a dear mother or sister packs his clothes, he discovers on taking them out various little comforts and luxuries of which no mention was made at the time. The kind mother or sister has quietly slipped them in, thinking they would be welcome on the rough sea or in the distant colony; as he comes upon them, the words involuntarily escape him, how good, how kind! We do not need to go to an exhibition to see how many such things God has placed among the stores of this world. All nature is full of it. What are the flowers, so refreshing to sight and smell; what are the silver dawn and the golden sunset; what is the blue sky, and the "immortal arch" that throws such a glory over it; what are the beauty of the flowing stream and the dash of the waterfall; what are the smile of children, and the affection of dumb animals, and the song of birds, but tokens of God's desire to make our lot more than comfortable, to make it rich and full of happiness? And is not the same feature true of the glorious provisions of His grace? When God would save man, the salvation is not limp and narrow, but large, comprehensive, glorious. His purpose is "to show the exceeding riches of His grace, in His kindness toward us by Christ Jesus."

2. Further, exhibitions are fitted to show how much encouragement man has to fulfil the divine command to subdue the earth. When man first came on the earth, it was full not only of wild animals, but also of wild forces; and the order to subdue it applied to both. But the subduing of forces is a very different thing from the subduing of animals. Savage races can do the one, but it needs the most civilised and advanced races to achieve the other. It is a very slow process to subdue a force, and render it amenable to the purposes of man. Let us take steam, for example. For how many centuries was it absolutely useless, for it had never been subdued; but once it was subdued, or turned to account, what a splendid servant it has proved to be—what innumerable things it has done that nothing else could have achieved! Or take electricity. It, too, has been but recently subdued; formerly it ran wild, was known indeed only in the form of thunder and lightning; but now it has been tamed and domesticated, and it has become without exception the most marvellous of all man's servants. Who carries his messages with such rapidity, and delivers them with such accuracy? Who supplies him with a light like that of the mid-day sun? Who carries the spark to the rock beneath the sea, and sets fire to the

charge that rids the seaman of his terror and his curse? These are samples of what man gets by subduing the earth. Exhibitions bring to light the wonderful benefits that come from the patient investigation of nature—from the endeavour to find out its secrets and turn them to practical account. They teach us to cherish the highest respect for the practice of useful investigation in every form. Whether it be the investigation of the properties of matter or of mind; whether it be the physician investigating the laws of health; or the politician the laws of social well-being; or the philosopher the laws of mind; or the artist the laws of taste—all deserve our high respect. Religious people must not sneer at them as mere secular occupations of contracted range. They form the work to which God at the beginning appointed the race of man. The miserable thing is that often they are carried on in a godless spirit, and the most miserable thing of all is when the very laws on which physical science throws so much light are represented as proving that the world has no need of a God—that everything may get on quite well without Him. Would that all our kings of intellect and art and science and taste had the true spirit of God's children, delighting to trace His handiwork and to give Him the glory! Ye who believe in prayer, pray much for such men; they are exposed to many subtle and strong temptations; pray for them that they may take their work from God's hand, and so carry it on that while their labours tend to benefit man they may tend not less to glorify God.

3. Then there is the lesson of brotherhood to be learned from international exhibitions. Though they cannot carry out the lesson to perfection, they may advance it considerably. In such exhibitions, under one roof all become for the time members of one family. All have the desire to benefit one another, to show how they have succeeded in subduing the earth, and in their own way to let others reap the advantage of their methods. The spirit of enmity disappears, the spirit of brotherhood succeeds. We forget Crecy, Agincourt, Waterloo; we think of Sèvres, and Gobelins, and Lyons. In Christian hearts another feeling rises. Amid the many precious and beautiful things displayed by foreign nations, the question will steal silently into the heart—what acquaintance have they with the most precious of all? And another question will follow—may we not help them here? We remember the success of Mr. McAll in bringing so many of the people of Paris to know something of the pearl of great price. There is an open door to-day for the Bible and its treasures over the continent of Europe such as there was not for centuries before our time. The true brotherhood is Christian brotherhood. That which fuses hearts into one above all other means of union, is the love of Christ.

4. Once more, the glory of all international exhibitions is but a passing glory, and that feature carries with it its lesson beyond the possibility of mistake. They quickly come and they quickly go. Twelve months ago there was not a trace of them; twelve months hereafter, the traces remaining, if any, will be few and far between. Could there be a more striking emblem of human life and human glory? The Hindu triad describing existence—coming into being, being, dissolution of being—is eminently true of them, with this peculiarity that the middle stage, the stage of being, is wonderfully short. In the case of other collections, the middle stage is proportionately longer. A book-loving man spends his youth and middle age making a collection of favourite books; for a few years he enjoys the collection; then he dies, and the hammer scatters them far more rapidly than their late owner collected them. Collecting, possessing, scattering is the law of such things. And this is pre-eminently the law of exhibitions. Their days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

But, indeed, permanence is the law of no earthly good. Not only are our common treasures ever liable to pass away, but our higher treasures, the treasures of our homes, those whom we love best, are subject to the same law. A father thinks of the completeness and symmetry of his family while their ranks are yet unbroken, as he might think of the completeness and symmetry of a beautiful tree. But there comes a gust of terrific fierceness, and tears branch after branch from the tree, till it stands a mutilated wreck. And no after-growth can ever repair the breaches. If it were not for the hope of the life to come, this life with its bitter disappointments and trials would not be worth living. Let us then carry forward our thoughts to the future. Let us make sure our interest in its better promises. Let us think much of the New Jerusalem, and its great international gathering "of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues;" desiring above all things to be numbered in that company who dwell with God and see His face, and delight themselves for ever in His love.

IN GREAT WATERS.

SOFTLY falls the summer night
O'er the ocean wide,
Memories of the afterglow
On its bosom glide;
Silently the day drops down,
Far beyond the tide.

Fishermen put out to sea,
For the night is fair,
And a goodly draught awaits
In the waters there,
Where the waves lie rocked to sleep
In the evening air.

Tenderly the breezes come,
Cooling o'er the sea,
Fresh with kisses from the home
Where each heart must be,
While the children say their prayers
At the mother's knee.

Gracious is the fisher's lot,
Waking while we sleep,
God doth show him wondrous things
Out upon the deep,
Teaching him in parables
That his heart can keep.

Ocean, with its restless moods,
Sullen, mild, or gay,
Unto God unchangeable
Teacheth him to pray,
Trains him for the Sabbath morn
Of an endless day.

Heaven that watcheth all night long.
With its thousand eyes,
Countless stars, that silently
Sing about the skies,
Whisper to his simple soul
Thoughts that make him wise.

And his very fishing-net
Speaks a message true,
Telling him how joyfully
Man such work should do—
Since, with love let down from heaven,
God is fishing too.

GENEVIÈVE IRONS.

"Softly falls the summer night."

Page 464.

THE LIVING OF LANGLEYS.

A Story of Country Life.

By MARY B. WHITING.

CHAPTER I.—THE HALL AND THE RECTORY.

THE little village of Langleys was one of the prettiest in the beautiful county of Surrey. Situated upon the top of a hill, it was surrounded by the most exquisite views: from whatever point the eye looked down, a sweep of wooded landscape stretched away into the distance, intersected with silver streams. The village was very small, only containing, in fact, about three hundred people. There was no long, straggling road dividing it from end to end, such as one sees in so many of our English villages; but the cottages were dotted about here and there in picturesque groups, half hidden by the masses of trees. A traveller, coming suddenly upon it, might almost have imagined that it was a toy village, with its tiny schoolhouse, and its little thatched cottages, in which it seemed well-nigh impossible that a whole family could find shelter. But small though it was, few could resist an exclamation of pleasure at its beauty. Unexpected turns in the road were constantly bringing fresh views before the eye, each of which seemed more charming than the last. There were only two houses of any importance in the parish, the Hall and the Rectory, both beautiful in their different ways. The Hall was a fine old building of Elizabethan date, standing far back from the road in a well-wooded park. The oak-trees at Langleys Hall were counted among the sights of the neighbourhood, and visitors were often brought to see the exquisite view from the road, where a break in the trees allowed the house to be seen, the rich colouring of its old red bricks thrown up against the leafy background.

The Rectory had no such ancestral glories of which to boast, yet there were some who thought it no less worthy of admiration. It was nothing but a straggling, gabled house, with a tiled roof and casement windows; but such an air of homelike comfort breathed around it, that it seemed the place of all others where one would wish to find a resting-place. It was surrounded by a garden, filled with sweet-scented flowers, a garden where one might lie for hours undisturbed except by the sleepy hum of insects and the songs of birds. A green lane led down to the Rectory from the road, passing the church gate on its way. It was a tiny church, as befitted such a village, but as soon as one passed the lich-gate it was plain that the Rector was a very martinet as to order. Both inside and out the little church was in perfect repair, dust and damp were things unknown, and all looked fresh and bright, as though cared for by a loving hand. The churchyard was kept like a garden, with smooth, shaven grass and gravelled path, for the Rector maintained that in that place above all others no idea of gloom should be allowed to harbour.

There was a short cut over the fields from the Rectory to the Hall, a path well-trodden by friendly feet. Any one who has lived in a remote country village understands the intimate relationship that exists between the two. In these days of swift and easy travelling things have altered greatly from what they were fifty years ago. Then, indeed, the people of a country place were thrown upon each other for society and amusement; but now, what with constant visitors, annual holidays, and trips on the Continent, there is no longer the same mutual dependence between near neighbours.

But though new ideas have come into fashion, there will always remain some who cling to the old ways, and of these were the Squire and the Rector of Langleys. The Squire had given the living to his friend, Mr. Stamford, when he came into his property, and they had been firm friends ever since, notwithstanding a few passages of arms between them. It had long been an established fact that they should dine together every Thursday evening; it was an engagement which neither ever dreamt of breaking. Punctually as the clock struck six the old Rector stepped out of his hall door, with his gold-headed stick in his hand. Of late years, since the Squire's only child had been old enough to preside at her father's table, the Rector's daughter Janet had accompanied her father on these weekly expeditions. She was many years older than Hester Talbot, but a firm bond of friendship existed between them. Both their mothers had long been dead, and Hester had always come to Janet with her troubles and her joys since she was a tiny child, with long, fair curls, the pet and plaything of all who came near her. Hester was eighteen now, her curls were

gathered up into a becoming knot, and she was rapidly acquiring the stately manners expected of the "Squire's young lady;" but none the less did she look up to the grave wise Janet for help in every difficulty and sympathy in every joy, while Janet in her turn responded with a strange sensation of pleasure to the fond names and ardent affection which no one else had ever bestowed upon her. Not that Mr. Stamford was an unkind father; he loved Janet deeply, but all the warmth which was not buried in his dead wife's grave was lavished on his boy, the boy so ardently desired all his life, and who only came when Janet was a tall girl of some ten years old. Welldon Stamford was now a fine young fellow of twenty, with sunny hair, and a broad, open brow: a son that might well delight a father's heart by his pleasant ways, and his attention to his work. He was still at college, but just now he was at home for the long vacation, and had earnestly entreated his father to be allowed to accompany them to the Hall.

"No, no, my boy," said Mr. Stamford, "the Squire does not like any alterations, and if you come there will be an uneven number at dinner; but I daresay you might come up afterwards."

Welldon's face cleared at the suggestion, and he sat contentedly on the gate, watching his father and Janet as they wended their way towards the Hall.

It was a glorious September evening, and as soon as dinner was over the two ladies escaped into the garden to enjoy the beauty of the scene, while the old men sat over their wine. They formed a curious contrast as they sat opposite each other. The Rector was a man of middle height, thin and spare; his grey eyes had a determined look about them, and the lines of his mouth and chin betokened firmness, if not obstinacy; his features were well-cut, and his silver hairs were brushed back from a fine forehead. Altogether his appearance was military, and reminded one rather of the soldier than of the saint; yet a tender heart beat in his breast, and his sense of honour and justice was almost painfully acute. Mr. Talbot was a man of very different mould; tall and loosely made, his hair was still as black as if he had been still a young man; his dark eyes shone under overhanging brows, and the nervous movements of his hands betrayed his excitable and impatient temperament. He was speaking quickly and earnestly, casting eager glances at the impassive face of his companion.

"I look upon Welldon almost as if he were my own boy, as if he were my Arthur come back again. Why should I not do this for him? Tell me your reasons."

He spoke impatiently, angrily even, so that a looker-on would have said that it was the other who was withholding some favour from him. He waited a moment, but there was no response from the silent figure on the other side of the table, and after a few moments he began again, with increased irritation in his voice.

"Really, Stamford, one would think that you were jealous of my interference with your boy."

The Rector winced, as though his friend had touched upon a sore point, and seemed to force himself to speak.

"I feel your kindness deeply, Talbot," he said; "but a father cannot help a certain tenderness on the subject of his boy's future; it seems to belong exclusively to himself, and the intervention of an outsider is almost sacrilege."

It might have sounded a strained and peculiar idea to some, but Mr. Talbot stretched out his hand to his friend.

"Do you think I have never felt that?" he said in a husky voice.

The Rector grasped his hand warmly but said nothing; his was a silent sympathy that offered but little interference with grief, but which, none the less, could endure through years without diminution.

After a minute or two the Squire spoke again.

"Perhaps you think that that is all the greater reason why I should respect your feelings, and let you and your boy settle your affairs alone; but, as I said before, I look upon him almost as my own, besides which, I believe that my child's happiness is bound up with his."

"Tell me again what you propose," said Mr. Stamford, leaning his head on his hand.

The Squire's face brightened, and he began his tale with renewed energy.

"From something that Hester dropped yesterday, I gathered the idea that she had a liking for your boy. I have long seen that he has something more than a liking for her, and have wished that she would return it. Now when I saw this, I formed a scheme in my own mind. Let them marry as soon as Welldon is ordained, and live in my house, for I cannot part from Hester. Welldon shall act as your curate, and as soon as you see fit to resign, drop into the living. Now what have you to say against it?"

The Rector sat silent for some minutes

while he pondered over his reply; although in some ways the scheme seemed to insure his boy's happiness in the world, he had serious objections to urge. In the first place, he was not sure that Welldon intended to take orders, for he had never pressed the subject upon him, feeling that it was too sacred for human interference; in the second, this was not at all the life that he wished for his only son. To marry a rich wife and live in his father-in-law's house, surrounded by every luxury, and with no manly responsibilities, scarcely manly work even, for he was too young to find scope for his energies in a tiny village; these were things which could be good for no man, and must be especially bad for his pleasure-loving boy. He knew that Welldon had the making of a fine man in him, but this was not the life to bring it out; yet how could he say this without wounding his friend's loving heart?

"I think you have been a little premature, Talbot," he said at last; "the boy and girl are but children yet, it will be time enough to talk of this a few years hence."

"No, no," cried the Squire. "I may be dead before then, we must settle it *now*."

As the Rector listened to his friend's excited tones a fresh idea crossed his mind; like most impulsive men, the Squire was fickle and changeable. What would be the result if his wishes altered? Welldon would indeed be in a difficult position!

"At any rate," he said quietly but resolutely, "you must promise me one thing. I will have nothing of all this said to either of them yet; it would be unfair to them both to tie them down while they are yet children. Let Welldon finish his college career, and Hester see a little more of the world; then if their wishes still remain the same, it will be time to think of this again."

But the Squire was not to be so easily put off.

"If I agree to meet you half-way," he said, "you must do the same by me. If I may not speak to Welldon and Hester, we must arrange the details between ourselves."

Mr. Stamford sighed, but there was no help for it; so he resigned himself to listen while Mr. Talbot went over his plan again in much the same words as before.

"Well, Talbot," he said when the Squire had finished, "as your heart is set upon it, I will, as you say, meet you half-way, but on one point I am firm. Welldon shall not come near this place until he has been disciplined with some hard work. As soon as he is ordained (if he decides to take orders) he shall go to some town and find out, by his own experience, what a man's work in the world means. In the meantime I shall resign, for I will not have him step into his father's shoes; it will be better for all that some stranger should come between us. He cannot be ordained until he is twenty-three; give him five years' hard work, and then if he and Hester are of the same mind, let them marry."

When Mr. Stamford spoke in that decided tone, there were few who could dare to contradict him, and of those few the Squire was not one.

"You always have your own way somehow," he said; "still, I suppose I must agree, but there is one point on which you must give way—eight years is too long a probation. Come, Stamford, make it five from the present time. More than two years in a smoky town would kill your boy, and I cannot see my little Hester wear her heart out."

"That is a point on which my opinions are not so decided as yours."

As the words left the Rector's lips, a sound of happy laughter stole in through the open window. The Squire left his chair, and as he reached the end of the room, turned and beckoned to his friend. The two old men stood side by side, looking down on the picture beneath them. Janet and Hester sat upon the terrace, while Welldon lay at their feet. His face was turned towards them, and an expression of perfect happiness lit up his features.

"There!" cried the Squire, "are not your doubts dispelled by that one glance? It is easy to see which way the wind blows."

He led the way back to the table, and, taking a sheet of paper, began to write.

"I would rather that this was not made a legal document," said the Rector.

Mr. Talbot made no answer, but finished his writing before he looked up, then he read it over:—"My earnest hope and desire is that Welldon Stamford, the son of my old friend, may marry my only child Hester. If this should come to pass I promise to give him the living of Langleys in five years from this date." Then followed the date and the Squire's signature.

He pushed it over to Mr. Stamford. "Now you sign," he said, offering him the pen.

The Rector quietly waved it aside. "I cannot sign it, because it is your wish and not mine that Welldon should have this living. As I said before, I hope you will not make it a legal document."

"Well, well," said the Squire, "perhaps you are right, though I must say that I never saw a man with such scruples; if it were not for the fact that I know you so well, I should be offended at your way of treating my proposal. Most men would be charmed at the idea of having such a treasure as Hester for a daughter-in-law."

"It is just because she is such a treasure that I have these scruples, as you call them. I wish, indeed, that my son may win such a prize, but as I have said before this evening, they are only children; and, pardon me, dear friend, but you, too, may change your opinions about this matter."

The Squire's face flushed, and he seemed about to make an angry retort; but, changing his purpose, he took up the paper, and, folding it carefully, placed it in his pocket-book.

"Now, Stamford, we will leave this until a few years have passed by."

"You forget," said the Rector, "that according to present arrangements I shall be obliged to resign in about three years' time."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Talbot; "why on earth such a step should be necessary I cannot conceive—no one but you would ever have thought of such a thing; but never mind, I shall have time to talk you out of that before three years are over."

"Well! much may happen before then. I am growing an old man, and I feel sometimes as though I should not be here much longer. I am much weaker than I was a year ago."

"You are a far haler man than I am!"

The Rector shook his head sadly, but the Squire drew his arm through his own, exclaiming, "Now let us go to the children," and they left the room together.

CHAPTER II.—A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

WELLDON STAMFORD was not likely to forget his father's suggestion that he should walk up to the Hall after dinner! As long as he and Hester were nothing but boy and girl, they had been allowed almost unlimited intercourse, but since Welldon had been at college things had altered. Hester could no longer roam unmolested about the grounds, but must be ready in the drawing-room to receive company and act as lady of the house. Welldon had chafed bitterly when he found that he could no longer spend whole mornings in the Hall shrubberies with Hester at his side, or row her idly about the lake. His young blood fretted against the restrictions which his tender confidante Janet told him were not only wise but necessary.

"You are a man now," she said, with a fond, admiring tone in her voice, as she looked up at the tall brother whom she had watched over in his cradle; and though Welldon hated this result of his manhood, he could not but be gratified by the fact.

As soon, therefore, as he thought it prudent, he hurried up to the Hall, and sauntered up and down the well-trimmed gravel paths until the ladies should appear. He had not long to wait; a flutter of dresses made his heart beat rapidly, and he hurried towards the terrace. Hester greeted him with a friendly look of welcome; his presence was always pleasant to her, but she had looked upon him in a brother's light from her earliest childhood; his coming and going had no power to move her pulses, and his attentions seemed part of her daily life rather than an unexpected and surprising charm. Janet had long watched the pair with the depth of interest and devotion which she lavished on her two dearest objects. Welldon's feelings were no secret to her, for with the usual longing for sympathy which men experience in their love affairs, he had poured out his whole confidence to her from the very first. But Hester's heart was a mystery which no one had ever fathomed; there was a reserve about her which it seemed impossible to penetrate. Some of her friends thought that this was caused by her unusual depth of character, but others declared that it was because she had nothing to reveal.

The sun had just faded in the west, and as Hester and Janet seated themselves upon the terrace they could see the reflection of its ruddy after-glow in the waters of the lake. It was a deliciously warm evening, with no presage of autumn in the air, the leaves scarcely stirred upon the trees, and the flowers were still gay and beautiful. The birds were all asleep, but the bats flew hither and thither, and a silver-grey owl now and then sailed solemnly by in the fading light. We often have such evenings in September, when it seems as though autumn were hesitating to destroy the fair picture that summer has made.

The intense beauty of the scene seemed to weigh upon Janet's spirit, but Hester was full of gaiety, and would not allow her to be silent.

The three figures formed a charming group. Janet's well-cut features and upright figure reminded one at every turn of her father. She sat erect upon the garden seat, watching with keen but loving eyes the brother who was dearer to her than her own life. Hester

leant her fair head against Janet's shoulder, while her fingers played carelessly with a piece of geranium which had fallen from her dress. Welldon's deep-blue eyes were fixed upon her downcast face.

"You are a very stupid boy," she was saying seriously, as though it were a grave charge; but Welldon seemed to enjoy the imputation immensely.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because you never will talk to me as though I had any opinions of my own; I may not know as much as you do, but I think as much." She looked up at him defiantly.

"I think you have heaps of opinions," said Welldon, laughing, "only when I come home for a holiday I don't want to talk shop."

"And so you always put me off with a joke," said Hester, with a pout. "Now Mr. Poole says——"

"Who is Mr. Poole?" interrupted Janet. "I have heard you mention him before this evening; he has never been at Langleys, has he?"

"Yes; he came here last week, but he only stayed one night."

"What is he?" asked Welldon, "and where does he come from?"

"He is a clergyman who is staying in Melton for a few weeks; he comes from Sheffield, and had an introduction to my father from an old friend of his in the North."

"And what was it he said to you?" pursued Welldon.

"It does not matter now," said Hester, looking a little confused; "it was really nothing at all."

"But I want to know," said Welldon.

"As if that was any reason why I should tell you; but still, if you really wish it, I have no objection. We were talking about duty; I said that my ideal of a noble man was one who was wholly given to his work, and who thought everything else of secondary importance, and Mr. Poole said that he had never met a young lady who had such a high conception of duty as I had."

Welldon laughed. "I am afraid I don't come up to your ideal then," he said.

"No, you don't," replied Hester frankly; "but I don't think I wish you different from what you are."

Janet's anxious heart inwardly rejoiced at these words, which she construed into an admission that whatever her brother's faults were he would still be dear to Hester, but Welldon took them in another way.

Though Love is said to be blind it nevertheless quickens one's perceptions, and he knew that if Hester did not care whether he came up to her ideal or not, there was but little hope that he should ever be able to win her affections. He looked at her with a quiet determination that now and then made his boyish face look strangely like his father's, saying, "You despise me now, Hester, but one day you will find out that you have made a mistake."

"Despise you!" cried Janet—"my dear boy, what are you saying?"

Hester was silent, she was looking far away over the distant trees where the moon was rising through the clear sky; at last she turned her head slowly and looked down at the young man at her feet. A look of manliness and resolution had dawned upon his face, and she thought that he seemed for the moment like a knight of romance. At this moment the sound of steps upon the terrace disturbed her meditation. "There is father," she cried, and springing up she hurried to meet him.

Welldon looked after the fair girlish form with a wistful look in his eyes, then throwing up his head with a motion peculiar to him when anything crossed his will, he rose to his feet.

"He will do great things yet," said Janet to herself as she watched the unconscious movement.

"What a long time you have been sitting over your wine, father!" said Hester as she took his hand in hers. "I thought that you were never coming out to enjoy this lovely evening."

The Squire looked fondly down at the sweet face upraised to his. "We were talking business, my dear," he said.

"Business! I call that a sin on an evening like this," replied the girl playfully.

Mr. Talbot held out his hand to Welldon. "Have you brought your violin, my boy?" he said; "let us have some music."

Among Welldon's talents was a wonderful gift for music; his long and sensitive fingers seemed made for the violin. Once he began to play, all thoughts of the outer world faded away from his mind. Just now he would far rather have wandered in the garden with Hester, but at the first suggestion of music she had entered the door that opened from the drawing-room on to the terrace, and was already looking over Welldon's book. But dearly as Hester loved music she was no musician, it was Janet who always accompanied her brother on the piano;

their souls seemed knit in one as they played, and Welldon never loved his sister so well as when he listened to her sympathetic touch.

They began to play at once, and as the sweet sounds wandered through the room the two old men leant back in their chairs and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the moment; Hester was listening too intently to sit down, she stood a few feet from the piano with her eyes fixed upon Welldon's violin, which in his hands seemed an instrument of magic.

"Look at her," whispered Mr. Talbot; "can you ask where her heart is?"

His friend smiled. "She is looking not at Welldon, but at his violin," he answered. The evening wore away, and rather earlier than was his wont, Mr. Stamford rose to depart. "Come children," he said, "it is time we were going."

"Not yet," cried Hester; "let us have a little more music."

The Squire did not echo his daughter's entreaties as usual, Mr. Stamford had his way, and the three were soon at home. Mr. Stamford said good-night to his children as soon as they reached the house, and went up to his room.

"What is the matter with father?" said Welldon as they stood at the foot of the stairs.

"I don't know," said Janet; "he cannot be very well, I think."

"That is a rare thing with him," replied her brother. "I think sometimes that he does not know what a headache means. I know he often thinks I'm shamming." He passed his hand wearily across his forehead as he spoke, and his sister looked up at him with a motherly expression in her eyes.

"Poor boy!" she said. "He feels for you more than he says, I know, but he has such a horror of anything like coddling." She smiled brightly as she spoke, but Welldon seemed too dispirited to respond to her affectionate words.

"You are a good girl, Janet," he said in a languid voice as he kissed her.

Janet stood watching him as he went off to his study; he was so like his dead mother, that now and then she almost started at his looks and tones, and at times she fancied that his brilliant eyes and girlish complexion were the forerunners of that dread disease, which had already carried off one member from that little family circle.

Meanwhile the father, whom Welldon almost accused of harshness, was pacing his room with an uneven step and anxious brow, as he thought over the events of the past evening. "What can be the meaning of this strange freak?" he asked himself. "We have been almost like brothers, it is true, and as for worldly advantage Welldon will have a better income than most young men, but still it is unnatural for a father to be so eager to dispose of his only daughter. If they were both deeply and hopelessly in love I could understand his making any sacrifice to secure his child's happiness, but I am not at all assured on that point. It is certainly a mystery!"

He took another turn or two up and down the room. "There is one solution, of course, that he is not quite responsible for his actions. I have often thought his manner strange lately, and his nervous excitability certainly increases." Suddenly he stopped as a new idea passed through his mind. "No, no, it cannot be *that*, it would be quite impossible."

If Mr. Stamford had been able to glance into the Squire's private room he might have set his doubts at rest. Mr. Talbot was sitting at an old oak writing-table, with a solitary lamp burning at his side; his face still wore the same look of excitement that had been there during the evening; but the trouble and anxiety had given way to a happier expression, and words of satisfaction were falling from his lips.

"I have done it!" he exclaimed joyfully, "and what is more I have kept my secret. How Stamford would have scorned me if he had known the truth! Their fates are united now, and nothing can separate them." He took a miniature from a drawer as he spoke, and gazed upon it with deep emotion; it was the face of a young girl with fair hair, and blue eyes like those of Welldon Stamford.

Mr. Talbot's story was briefly this. Many years ago he had loved Mr. Stamford's cousin, and found that she was engaged to his friend. Wonderful to say, the two young men had remained friends; but there was a deep and secret trouble in Mr. Talbot's heart. He had been left an orphan at an early age, and the old aunt with whom he had lived during his boyhood had deeply imbued his excitable nature with the superstitions to which she clung, despite her birth and education. A healthy boy brought up at school would have ignored her teaching altogether; but young Talbot was delicate and shy, and rather than let him out of her sight, she engaged a tutor to prepare him for the university. His long solitary hours and the wild imaginations which were allowed

to run riot in his mind, had produced their natural effect, and Edward Talbot at twenty-one was as unlike other young men as it was possible for him to be. He believed that an evil fate pursued him, and his aunt encouraged the idea; instead of urging him to more manly conduct, she confirmed him in his belief by informing him that she had been warned in a dream that unless the families of Stamford and Talbot were united great misfortunes would befall him. Edward expected at first that some extraordinary intervention of Providence would enable him to claim his first love; but as the years passed away and his friend's marriage took place, the idea gradually faded from his mind, and in due course he married, and children were born to him. But when the thought first entered his mind that Welldon and Hester loved each other, his natural inclination for the marriage was strengthened by the remembrance of the old prophecy. In vain he laughed at himself for his folly, and brought to bear all the practical common-sense which he had acquired since his youth. Perhaps there was some truth in Mr. Stamford's supposition that his friend's mind was not so well under control as it had been; perhaps it was only the effects of early education which regained their power as old age crept upon him; but the fact was certain that Mr. Talbot's heart beat with an exultation it had never known since his boyhood. He carefully wrapped the paper he had written round the miniature, as the sound of the clock warned him how late it was, and leaned back in his chair with a smile of satisfaction. Like most impatient men he had not known a moment's peace since he had first formed his scheme; it had haunted him day and night with ever-increasing force, and now that it was fulfilled he felt at rest.

If Welldon could but have seen that carefully-hidden paper, his heart would have risen; but as it was he sat far on into the night with a pale and weary face and an aching head. For the first time the possibility had flashed across him that Hester might not look upon him in the same light in which he regarded her, and the idea filled him with such anguish as he had never before experienced in his short and hitherto untroubled life.

CHAPTER III.—MR. POOLE.

"WEEPING may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," says the Psalmist, and each human being in turn proves the truth of the saying.

When Welldon woke next morning, the returning light brought hope back to his heart, and his trouble of the previous night seemed faded like a dream. As soon as breakfast was over he sauntered out, and his feet turned instinctively in the direction of the Hall. The sun shone brightly, and the woods looked irresistibly fresh and beautiful with the early dew still upon them. He left the main road and wandered along the shady paths, with a vague hope of meeting Hester. He did not care to go too near the house, for he knew that she frequently walked in the woods in the morning. It was too early yet to expect her, so he threw himself down under a tree, and, drawing a book from his pocket, began to read. He was soon absorbed in his studies, and almost forgot the object with which he had set out; but by-and-by the warmth of the sun and the humming of the insects in the morning air soothed him to a drowsy state, and he lay back with a feeling of intense enjoyment.

"There is only one thing I want to make me perfectly happy," he thought, and even as the idea passed through his mind he heard the sound of a well-known voice in the distance. Instantly his senses were all awake, he started to his feet, and was about to advance from his hiding-place, when a second look warned him that a stranger was walking at Hester's side. He drew back with a sudden impulse, and watched the pair as they came along the narrow pathway. Hester's fair face looked brighter than ever this morning as she called playfully to the dog, which bounded in front of her; in her light summer dress she looked like some fairy of the woods, and the sun seemed to caress her as he shone down upon her. For a few moments Welldon had eyes for no one else; but as a man's voice answered her laughing appeal in deep, grave accents, he turned his attention to her companion. He was a man of middle height and heavy build, with a dark, unprepossessing face; his clerical dress at once pointed out his profession; but he was a total stranger to Welldon, who was well acquainted with all the neighbouring clergy. He was evidently a man who had no love of rural ease and retirement, for his attire was as faultless as though he were walking a London pavement; his glossy hat and spotless tie looked somewhat out of place in the depths of the tangled wood, and Welldon felt inclined to put him down for a fop. He hardly knew whether to advance, or to wait until they had passed his hiding-place and then leave the wood by another path; but before he had time to decide the question, the dog, who

had been rushing from one side of the path to the other in wild enjoyment, spied him out, and set up a loud bark.

"What is the dog barking at?" inquired the clergyman. "A poacher?"

"No poacher would come so near the house in broad daylight," said Hester, laughing. "I should think it is only a rabbit."

The clergyman looked a little discomfited.

"Indeed it is a poacher," he said in a serious voice. "I see a man's shadow behind that tree, and do you not smell smoke?"

At this moment, Welldon, who had only waited to gather up his book and stick, came forward, and Hester burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"You were right, Mr. Poole," she exclaimed, "it was a poacher after all. What do you mean by trespassing in this way, sir?"

Welldon took off his hat with a sweeping bow and a mock apology.

"I hope I did not startle you," he added courteously, turning towards her companion.

The clergyman drew himself up stiffly and made no reply. Welldon's shooting jacket and rough boots, and the pipe which peeped out from his pocket, certainly formed a strong contrast to Mr. Poole's irreproachable attire, and the latter seemed much disturbed at his free-and-easy address. His astonishment was unmistakable when Hester said demurely—

"May I introduce you to our Rector's son, Mr. Welldon Stamford."

He almost felt inclined to refuse the hand which Welldon held out, but he had no reason to believe that Hester was telling him an untruth, and if this was indeed the Rector's son he felt bound to pay him a certain sort of respect, so he shook hands and the three strolled on together. Hester soon infected Welldon with her high spirits, and they laughed merrily at the numerous trifles that young and healthy people always can find to laugh about when their hearts are light and the sun is shining. Mr. Poole did not join in their merriment, he could not understand their jokes, and he felt sincerely sorry to see Hester entering with apparent enjoyment into such frivolous conversation.

"So you took me for a poacher," said Welldon when they had walked some way.

Like most self-conscious men, Mr. Poole could not endure the notion of having made a mistake or of appearing ridiculous; he looked uncomfortable therefore, and muttered something which might have been either affirmative or negative. Hester pitied his discomfiture and came to the rescue.

"Mr. Poole does not understand country ways," she said, "because he has lived in towns all his life. This is your first long stay in a country neighbourhood, is it not?"

The clergyman looked very grateful for her interference, and they fell into more general conversation, though Welldon was conscious of a feeling of irritation for which he could not account. Hester found it hard work to keep the conversation going, and wondered in her own mind why she found it so easy to talk to either of her friends separately and so very difficult when they were together? She was not the first who has been met by such a problem and found it hard to solve.

A dead silence fell upon her companions while these thoughts passed through her mind, and she was meditating how to break it when the sound of a child's crying broke upon her ear.

"What is that?" she exclaimed, hurrying forward.

A few steps brought them to a tiny child, who was sitting in the path crying bitterly. He was apparently about three years old, and seemed quite unable to tell his trouble when Hester bent over him.

"What are we to do?" she asked. "I have no idea whose child it is."

Mr. Poole stepped forward and, looking down from his full height, asked solemnly, "My child, why do you cry?"

The little fellow, terrified at the severe aspect of the stranger, burst into a fresh fit of sobbing. Welldon looked at Hester with an expression that set her off laughing in spite of her most strenuous efforts. Mr. Poole looked deeply hurt and turned away.

"I am so sorry," cried Hester, "but really it was rather absurd."

Her attempted apology did not make matters much better; the clergyman's face darkened, he seemed inclined to speak but checked himself. Meanwhile Welldon had knelt down by the crying child.

"Come, my little man," he said, "what's the matter with you?"

The boy looked up confidingly in his face, and pointed to his foot. Welldon began to unlace the tiny boot with the deftness of a woman. "Look here," he exclaimed.

Hester and her companion turned round hastily, and he showed them a long thorn which had penetrated the thin and well-worn boot.

"Let me take it out," cried Hester. But before she had time to kneel down, the thorn was out and the foot bound up in Welldon's pocket-handkerchief.

"Now let me look at you," he said. "Why, I know you. Your father lives there, doesn't he?" pointing, as he spoke, to a cottage which was just visible through the trees. The child nodded and Welldon picked him up in his arms. "Good morning," he said. "I am going to carry this small man home."

Mr. Poole looked after him earnestly as he strode off with the boy on his shoulder, and carrying the dirty little boot carefully in his hand. He was a one-idea'd man, and the sudden change from Welldon's careless demeanour to the gentleness and tact shown in this little adventure was more than he could comprehend.

"What is that young man's profession?" he asked, as he and Hester walked back to the house together.

"He is at college, but I think he is going to be a clergyman."

"A clergyman!" exclaimed Mr. Poole in surprise. "Why, I should not have supposed that he ever had a serious thought."

"You judge him quite wrongly then," said Hester warmly; "his one wish is to do as much good as possible in the world. You saw how gentle he was with that little child—he is like that with every one who is in trouble."

"His conversation is very different from his behaviour then."

"That is only because he is young; you would not have every one look always on the serious side of life, would you?"

"You take up his cause with great fervour, Miss Talbot," said Mr. Poole awkwardly.

Hester flushed up. She had the greatest respect for Mr. Poole's opinion, but this was going rather far; she felt inclined to resent his words, but some impulse checked her, and she only replied quietly, "Mr. Stamford and I are old friends, and we think alike on many points. You must remember that when you accuse him of frivolity you are including me in your censure."

For the third time in the last hour Mr. Poole felt exceedingly awkward and uncomfortable. Up to this time he had got on admirably with Miss Talbot, but the appearance of Welldon disturbed everything, and he could not regain his old footing. He sighed softly, but the sound reached Hester's quick ears.

"Well, let us drop the subject," she said; "tell me some more about your life in Sheffield."

Nothing loth, Mr. Poole plunged into a description of his aims and pursuits, and soon forgot his unhappiness. When once his mind was filled with his work his awkwardness disappeared and the hidden worth of the man shone out unmistakably. Hester was a sympathetic listener, and they wandered on through the woods until the distant sound of the church clock warned them that it was time for luncheon.

Meanwhile Welldon had carried his little charge safely to its mother, who overwhelmed him with thanks which he hardly stayed to hear. All his trouble of the previous night had come back fresh to his mind; he had told himself only this morning, as he set out for the woods, that his depression had no just cause, that Hester's words were no proof of her feelings; but just as he had convinced himself of the truth of his arguments, his castle in the air was knocked over again by the appearance of an ungainly stranger. Surely there could be nothing in it; yet why did he so persistently haunt the Hall, and why did Hester attach so much weight to his opinions? She could not possibly care for such an awkward piece of pomposity, twice her age, too, and yet, and yet—Welldon's mind was full of vague uneasiness and his heart ached sorely as he walked about in the glorious September sunshine. Of one thing he was convinced, nothing should induce him to go near the Hall while that man was there. Having made up his mind to this, he turned his steps homewards. He came up through the garden, and told himself sadly, as he looked at the brilliant flower-beds, that his brief dream of happiness was, like them, too bright to last. As he passed the drawing-room window, a voice called him, and he turned in and flung himself wearily down on a chair. Janet was there alone, reading a note.

"Why, Welldon, how tired you look!" she exclaimed. "Here is a note from Hester asking you and me to go there to dinner to-night. Shall you be well enough to go?"

Welldon's broken heart bounded in his breast. "She must have gone straight home and written this as an atonement for that man's stupidity," he thought. "I am all right," he said eagerly. "Of course you will go, Janet?"

"Yes, dear, I will go," she said, only too glad to give her brother any pleasure that lay in her power.

Hester's invitation was not so much an atonement, as an attempt on her part to bring her two friends together. She told Mr. Poole in the course of the afternoon that Miss Stamford and her brother were coming

to dinner, and that she hoped they would become better acquainted.

"I am quite ready to acknowledge that I judged Mr. Stamford wrongly," he replied, and Hester went away satisfied that she had put matters on the right footing.

Left to himself, Mr. Poole wandered out into the grounds, and began to reflect. He wondered what had brought him to Langleys Hall for the second time that week. True, the Squire's invitation had been hearty enough to account for his speedy return, but he could not quite quiet his conscience with this excuse, for, before all things, he was a truthful man.

Richard Poole's father had been a successful tradesman in a large town; having only one son, he sent him to be educated thoroughly at a good school, and had given him leave to go to college. Richard had thus acquired much knowledge, for he was hard-working and had good abilities, but a naturally shy and awkward manner prevented him from showing to advantage in society. He was thoroughly earnest and devoted to his work, but he was narrow-minded and given to passing uncharitable judgments on those who differed from him in any of his views. He got on admirably with any one who was ready to submit to his opinions and give way to his ideas. With Hester he was perfectly happy. Like most men of his stamp, he had a fair share of self-conceit, and it flattered him agreeably to see one who was admired by all looking up to him with such respect. No thought of love had ever entered his head; he did not advocate clerical celibacy, but, as he had told Hester, he thought that duty should be the paramount idea in every man's mind; for the softer emotions he had no time or place, and cared little for anything but work. A character like Welldon's was utterly incomprehensible to him; he could not conceive how a man who intended to become a clergyman could laugh and joke as this young fellow did; he thought him simply careless and light-hearted, and though, as he had told Hester, he was ready to confess that he had judged him harshly, he did not believe that he had been wrong in his estimate. Welldon's kindness to the child was merely the result of the rough good-nature so many young men possess, and did not indicate any real depth of character as Hester supposed. It seemed a great pity to him that a girl who showed such good sense and deep feeling should be led away by a superficial nature like Welldon Stamford's, and Mr. Poole, in perfect sincerity, told himself that it was his mission to rescue her from his evil influence.

Hester little imagined what was passing through his mind as she dressed for dinner that evening, in happy security that the two young men were about to become good friends.

Dinner passed without any direct collision. Mr. Poole was obliged to talk to Janet, who was sitting between him and the Squire, but Welldon did not find Hester so agreeable a companion as usual, for her attention was somewhat distracted by her efforts to induce him to talk to Mr. Poole. She started subject after subject, but each seemed to fall flatter than the last, and finally she resigned herself to listen to Welldon's conversation, and enjoy his criticisms on books and music, which were always well worth attending to.

Mr. Poole looked displeased when he found that they were well launched in subjects about which he knew nothing, but his attempts to make a diversion were unsuccessful. Hester noticed his vexation and was troubled. She drew Welldon aside after dinner, and made a little appeal to him.

"I wish you would be friends with Mr. Poole," she said; "he spoke so nicely about you this afternoon, and said he was sorry that he had misjudged you this morning."

For once Hester's penetration was at fault. Welldon turned upon her with a look in his blue eyes that she at least had never seen there before. "What right has he to judge me at all?" he asked abruptly, "or to speak of me *nicely* either? I suppose *you* will begin judging me next?"

Hester looked at him in surprise, but he turned away and did not come near her again that evening.

GROWTH.

"As soon as a man attains anything, he should begin to fulfil the conditions of its passing. . . . . That is Nature's life, her constant moving; ours is to become a moving life too."

JAMES HINTON. *The Coming of the Law.*

WE would not keep the childish ways
And broken speech
Of babyhood—we e'en desire
The loss of each;
Fresh powers attained are left behind,
For babies grow
By constant dropping of their gains,
Rapid or slow.

Spring's glory passes, buds are full
Of bursting life,
Whose coming means departing too,
Or deadly strife;
For trees in bud the summer through
Would not suffice,
While blossoms fair and spreading leaves
To growth entice.

The mother bird, with shining eggs,
At once begins
In patient love to brood and wait,
Thinking of wings,
And thus prepares for fuller growth
In further change,
Till chirping nestlings break the shell
Of mystery strange.

An eager child with bricks at play,
With pleasure true
Lets go each finished castle, still
Finds joy anew
And fresh delight in ev'ry change;
Nor does he fret
At loss, but uses it as gain
Without regret.

We have not learned to be so wise
As child or bird;
Though Nature speaks through babes and trees,
We slight her word.
But forms *must* pass for growth and gain;
We crave their stay,
And clinging fast to outward things,
Hold growth at bay.

Refusing Nature's glorious truth
That all true gain
Is found by letting go, to us
Come strife and pain.
But nothing is *an end*—all leads
To further good,
And forms, the best, claim but to pass
When understood.

How many a death has been the source
Of blessing sweet;
While strength, and peace, and love have flowed
From lives complete!
And so our dearest loved and lost
We thus can keep—
And anguish may give power to mourn
With those that weep.

When accident or sickness takes
The place of health,
Who seeks, shall find God's lovely Will
A mine of wealth.
In all such change God's joy may dwell,
And perfect peace
May enter at this open door,
And faith increase.

If scattered all by fire or storm,
And we bereft,
May not more good than all we had
To us be left?
Should not strong faith rise up and say,
"Not what I meant
But better things my God hath planned—
I am content."

When little disappointments come
In daily life,
Could we, content, let go, nor fight
With useless strife
Against the blessing God would give,
We then might know
How deep within our hearts and lives
His peace could go.

L. HINTON DOTHIE.

A SHADOW FROM THE HEAT.

An Unpublished Sermon.

By the Late ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D.

WE have often occasion to remark the peculiarly Oriental character of the scriptural phraseology, especially in the metaphors employed. Those who travel to the East get a fresh insight into the meaning of many such expressions. They get to know the value of "a cup of cold water." They see what drought is, and parched land, and night-dews, and early and latter rains. They understand as they never did before what a desert is, and what the beating of a meridian sun upon a poor wayfarer, and how cool feels "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The text has a spiritual meaning. Sometimes a preacher is blamed for spiritualising a passage; but there can be no such blame imputed here. The spiritualising is done for us. The figure is applied without our help. It is not here the figure first, and then the truth. It is the truth in and by means of the figure. It is God himself who is to His poor people in the wilderness "a shadow from the heat."

The heats of life, and God the shadow, will be the subject of our thought for a little.

I. There is to us here in London the heat that is generated *by a great multitude of people.*

Just as a mass of people gathered into one building generate physical heat, so the crowds, the vast and awful crowds, which fill and fever this great city and its suburbs generate a spirit-heat which is communicated from one to another, which becomes atmospheric, and lays its disturbing touches upon every one. The friction is very great always in a multitude—the intellectual collisions, the moral strivings, the strain of merchandise, the hurry of passion, the endless comings and goings—all these things generate a *heat* in the whole community from which no one who thinks, or takes care of others, can be wholly exempt; to which thoughtful people and public-spirited people and practical people are much exposed.

Every man ought to care for the city of his habitation, ought to look at it, think of its needs and sorrows, pray for it, and seek to promote its peace and well-being. And if a man takes a care, a godly or even a generous human care, of London, he will feel it to be hot and over-mastering. He will be like one who has lifted a burden that is too heavy, that presses him down to the ground—like one who has undertaken a task for his day that there is not light enough to finish, that will be all undone when the night comes. The thought of such a city is awful. It is so vast, so multitudinous, so

complex. Even the geographical conception is stupendous. The great docks, with their ships and sailors from every land, the busy wharves, the thousand miles of streets, the thirty miles' stretch of gin-palaces, the blazing theatres, the busy buzzing crowds that hurry into the city every morning, turning the main streets into river-beds of human life—up which comes the flood tide in the morning — down which goes the ebb-tide in the evening! And then to think of the thoughts and the plans and the passions of men—how they collide and crash against each other! And how some rise every day on the ruins of their fellows; how base fortunes are made by craft, and honest thrift is denied its well-won gain; how hearts are broken and sweetest hopes are disappointed, and the future, once all bloom and brightness, grows hard and dark! Then we think again how little *one* can do—any one—for so great a multitude; how little the whole Christian Church can do, if one may judge from what it has actually done! And then to see how the city still goes on to grow and spread, climbing up every little hill; creeping up and down the river; running out by railways into the quiet country; catching up hamlets and sweet little villages, and weaving them into its far-spread web!

What is God going to do with London? Is it to grow on without ceasing? Is it to multiply its poverty and pain, and bitter distress and heaven-defying sin? Or is there to come, as we trust and pray, a time of battle and warfare, when Christ's soldiers shall arise, and this great city shall be vanquished by the Cross? Or is it to be scattered one day to the four winds by the judgments of Heaven? Who can tell? When we think to know this it is too hard for us. It makes us hot and feverish, and the heat is such that there is no shadow from it in any human presence. The work and wisdom of man are vain. These give no sure prophetic message; they open no window into the future; they give no relief from this city heat.

But go to God, and then the shadow falls. God knows what all this mysterious mass of life means, and what He is going to do with the city, and how long it will grow and how far it will spread, and what is to come from it to other cities and peoples, and how its whole life and history will tend to the redemption of the world. God knows He is the Father of every spirit, He is the Father of Him who died for all, and who is willing to be the Elder Brother of the race. He is the Ruler of Providence, Creator of spirit-life, God of covenant-mercy, and we may, after we have done our utmost, leave it all with Him; and bring ourselves and our work into the coolness of His presence, for then we shall find "a shadow from the heat."

II. But secondly. *Each one among us has his personal work in life*, the thing given him to do individually, what is sometimes called "the mission of the man," the sending of God, in virtue of which the man is here at all, to accomplish which ought to be the purpose of his continuing here. Now in this life-mission the *whole* of life is comprehended. It includes not merely certain selected things called "religious," because in form they are expressly so, but all other things as well—the business, the family, the political duties, the social claims, the literary occupations, the lighter things—all is contained in the "mission," properly understood. A man is to serve God and his generation in them all. Now to do all this—in any manner as it ought to be done, day after day, with energy, with intentness, with some fixedness of purpose, with determination to have the work done, by God's help, when the day is done—will make a man oftentimes "hot" in the doing of it, and he will want a "shadow from the heat." What with the friction among his own powers, some of them not always over-willing, what with the resistance of men and things around, what with the real difficulty of the work itself, there will be generated sometimes a great spirit heat, from which God alone can be "a shadow." Here and there, perhaps, a man may be found who casts a small shadow, whose presence brings a sense of coolness and relief. There are serene and tranquil souls who shed out a calm freshness, of which others partake. One may help thus his fellow-workers by his faith and constancy, by his habitual reference to the great purpose of life. He may cast some shadow from his own life for which others at their work shall thank God. But what is needed by one who is working to weariness is not this thin shadow of a slender, narrow rock, that hardly is a rock, but the shadow of a "*great* rock" in the weary land into which he can go deeply, and have it lying about him in great breadths of coolness on every side. He needs a place where he can drink in calmness, where he can find the dew still resting when the outlying fields are hot beneath the burning sun. And there is but one place where dews *always* lie, and times of refreshing may always be found; but *one*

presence that casts shadow broad and far and deep enough for such a need. "The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand." When we abide there we see the dignity of our work, and the certainty of its issues for good, in one way or another, if we are true ourselves in it; and we see how all things, even alien and adverse things, tend in some way to work together for our good, and for the good of our work. And all this cools and calms us, and gives us strength to labour on again, until the sun of life shall go down the sky, and the evening shall spread its shadow far, and the serenity of heaven itself shall draw near.

The great Father who worketh hitherto through all place, through all time, in the painting of little flowers and the fashioning of star systems, who is everywhere the force of force and the law of law—He calls His busiest children into His great presence and says, "Children, rest; take shadow here with me a little from the heat." The Great Redeemer, who came to tell and assure the world of the Father's love, and who was as busy as the Father Himself in the work that was given Him to do, who "went about doing good," who fulfilled all righteousness, who said once by word, but always by action, "I must work while it is day," He calls His servants to His feet when they are hot and weary, and says, "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile."

III. But, thirdly, we come still closer, perhaps, to the meaning of the text when we speak of the heats of trouble, distress, temptation, or any kind of adversity. The whole context is full of this; the very words make an atmosphere of trouble. We have "distress" and "heat," "blast" and "storm" and "refuge," all in one verse. And "the poor" and "the needy" as suffering all these things. We are thus in the region of adversity, and "heat" is one of the symbols of it. When the great cauldron of the sandy desert makes the air boil, and sends it rushing off in wild tornado, it spreads consternation and destruction wherever it streams; or when the heat is great, without stirring the air; when, without rousing it, it seems to kill it, making it faint and pulseless, the distress may not be less. In either case the heat is an emblem of trouble. We speak sometimes of "the furnace of affliction," that is, affliction in its most intense and searching form. And even there, when the furnace is seven times heated, the divine presence casts a cooling shade. The fires burn, but they do not consume; the flames are there, but, to use the beautiful phrase of the Bible (indeed, it is the expression of this very prophet), they do not "kindle" on the soul. They do not scorch the sensibilities; there is a shadow in the heat; the very dews of God are distilled there amid the fierce flames, and the soul, *in* the furnace, yet drinks in the coolness, and rests in the shade.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast, bound, into the burning fiery furnace, and the flames were so hot that they consumed the men who cast them in. But when the king looked he was astonished, and rose up in haste, and said to his counsellors, "Did not we cast three men, bound, into the midst of the fire?" And they answered, "True, O King." And he answered and said, "Lo, I see *four* men, loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Ah! that accounts for all. The form of the Son of God makes "a Shadow" which all the fires of earth, if they were kindled in one vast conflagration, could not disturb; opens a refuge to all who walk with Him, which no storm can enter or overthrow. Never fear for your afflicted friends if, looking into the furnace, you see that they are *with Him;* nor for yourself, if He is with you. Not a hair of your head will be singed, nor your coat changed, nor shall the smell of fire pass upon you or linger about you; you shall come forth fresh and dewy, as from under the shadow of God.

The cloud of the wilderness must have been a wonderful thing—a soft, rich, beautiful, divine thing to the people of Israel, catching the rays of the sun and drinking up their strength as it cast over them its wide and comfortable shadow. It was the symbol and token of Divine Presence. It was as good to them as the uttered speech, "My presence shall go with you." The cloud is gone, but the presence is left. "Lo I am with you alway," is *our* cloud. "My grace is sufficient for you," is our night-fire. Under the shadow, and following the guiding light, we journey on.

But now, that all this may be to us true, we must realise the Presence; we must dwell in the "secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty." And we must bring all our heats of care, as soon as they arise, to Him who will be to us coolness, and quietness, and rest. What an Enoch-like walk to heaven with God a man might have, if he would, even through the midst of this rough and troublesome world!

What shady paths a man might find if he would seek for them! What a glorious tent he might rear anywhere in the wilderness! What a rich presence is over him when he thinks and feels himself into it! Better than Jonah's gourd! Better than Abraham's oak-tree! Better than "the cool of the day" in the old garden! Come to it, rest in it evermore!

For be assured of this, that without it no man can do well, without it every man must perish. His natural strength may hold out for a long time. The creature may seem to meet all his needs. He knows what to eat and drink, and where to rest. Ah! but he will by-and-by be out in the wilderness, unprovided, strengthless, alone, the last rills of pleasure dry, the last flickering shadows of comfort far behind. Is it so now with any of us? Then cry to God without delay, and He will hear you. Your hunger, your thirst, your fever, your wretchedness will speak for you, if you will let them, if you lift them up to Him. For—

"Many a languid prayer
Has reached Him from the wild;
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,
Cast down her fainting child,
Then stole apart to weep and die:
Nor knew an angel-form was nigh,
To show soft waters gushing by,
And dewy shadows mild."

And *your* prayer will reach Him like the rest. It is as good a prayer as Hagar's, if only you feel yourself as wretched and helpless as she! And that desert angel. We know now who it was. He has come since to us all, to extend the shadow of His love over us, to breathe over a restless world His "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest."

If you come, and if you find Him, still remember earth will not be heaven, although it will have earnests and foretastes of that perfect Rest.

"From darkness here and dreariness
We ask not full repose;
Only be Thou at hand to bless
Our trial-hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven unclose?

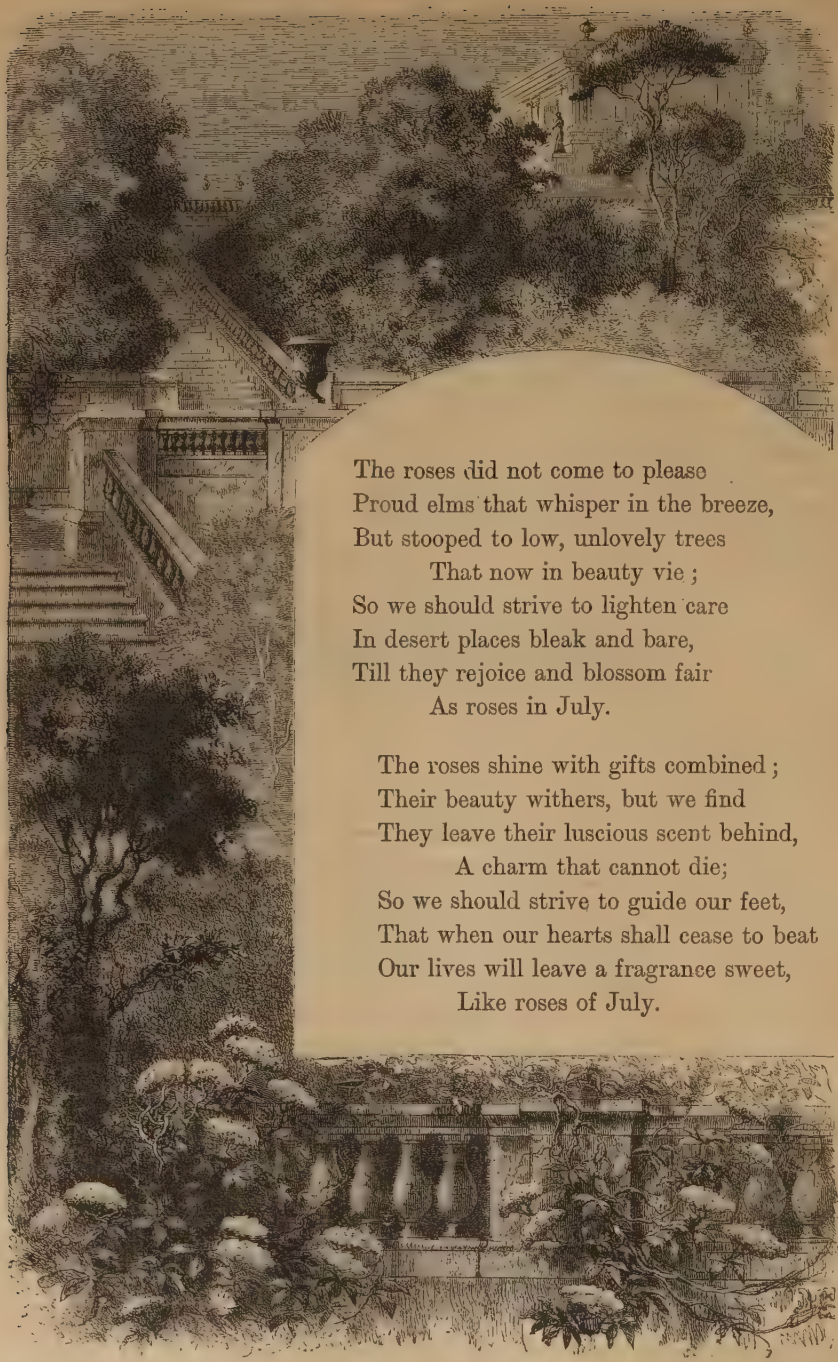
ROSES IN JULY.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

THE earth is blushing in her pride
Of crimson roses, deeper dyed
Than clouds which float at eventide
Across the sunset sky;
Their beauty hath our fancy caught,
But we should pause to give a thought
To all the deeper lessons taught
By roses in July.

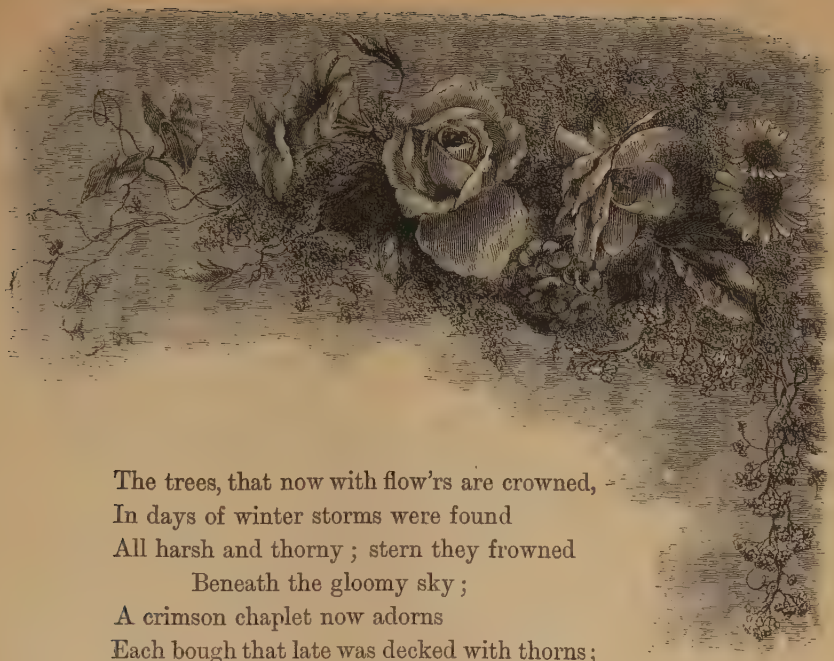
The charms of spring have passed away;
No more we see the lambs at play,
No more through fields with cowslips gay
We hear the cuckoo's cry;
The fresh delights of spring have flown,
But in their stead we call our own
Those richer joys more fully blown—
The roses of July:

And so when youth's delights have fled,
And all its happy hours have sped,
Regretful tears we should not shed,
Nor o'er past pleasures sigh;
Though childhood's happy days are o'er,
And they can come again no more,
We've better, brighter things in store,
Like roses in July.



The roses did not come to please
Proud elms that whisper in the breeze,
But stooped to low, unlovely trees
That now in beauty vie;
So we should strive to lighten care
In desert places bleak and bare,
Till they rejoice and blossom fair
As roses in July.

The roses shine with gifts combined;
Their beauty withers, but we find
They leave their luscious scent behind,
A charm that cannot die;
So we should strive to guide our feet,
That when our hearts shall cease to beat
Our lives will leave a fragrance sweet,
Like roses of July.



The trees, that now with flow'rs are crowned,
In days of winter storms were found
All harsh and thorny; stern they frowned
Beneath the gloomy sky;
A crimson chaplet now adorns
Each bough that late was decked with thorns;
They blossom in the summer morns
With roses of July:

So thorny crowns 'neath which we bow,
Which pierce with pain each aching brow,
And fill our hearts with anguish now,
Shall blossom by-and-by—
In fadeless summer's brighter clime
Beyond the reach of care or time—
With flowers fairer in their prime
Than roses in July.

A MODERN "WESTWARD HO!"

By ANNE BEALE.

"QUIT you like men" was the text that faced a small regiment of Dr. Barnardo's boys at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate Street, two or three days before they were to leave London for Canada. About two hundred of them, and many friends interested in them, had assembled for prayer to Almighty God for His divine guidance of them for the future, and for praise that He had inspired His servants with the longing to save them from beggary, and to open out a new pathway for them in a new country. These lads of various ages were truly sights for thanksgiving. All had been rescued from degradation and sin, hunger and nakedness; had been clothed and fed, and taught to earn an honest living by many handicrafts and the employment of such faculties as God had given them. Few traces remained of the typical city Arab—a class, we hope, likely to disappear before the efforts of such men as Dr. Barnardo; for, with few exceptions, all looked healthful and vigorous. Their uniforms, whether the brown or the white, were spotless as their faces, and the strength of their lungs was evidenced by the heartiness of their hymn-singing. Not a few of them, we were thankful to hear, had openly declared themselves willing servants of the Lord that bought them, and hoped to work for Him in the land whither they were bound.

After the brief valedictory hour was spent, it was curious to watch the crowd of ragged children that gathered round the door of the Young Men's Christian Association to watch their well-clad brothers depart in the vans awaiting them. Certainly there was no lack of raw material to supply the manufactured article. Aldersgate Street is not a bad place to contrast the ragged child as he is with what he becomes under healthy influences. The bare-footed urchins who pushed their way to the front of the crowd, in order to see what "was up," and helped to cheer their well-shod brethren, must have made strange comparisons between their own rags and the neat attire of the embryo emigrants.

The sight at Euston Station, a few days afterwards, is quite as encouraging, but more pathetic. As we pass the great gates we are greeted by the vigorous and well-trained band of the Barnardo institutions, and see the smartly-uniformed performers march past. It is with difficulty that the cabmen restrain their horses, which are not as much interested in juvenile emigration as their drivers, or as the police and porters, who listen and look with eager pleasure in their faces. Another meeting has been organized to bid the boys God-speed, and there is not one of these men who cannot show you the room, or point you out Dr. Barnardo.

"There he is! the gentleman in spectacles!" they say, with a sort of respectful admiration that tells its own tale. Yes, there he is, and here is a tithe of his life's work.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! and one hundred and ninety-five well-drilled boys, little and big, march into the large room, already filled with friends. They stand, three deep, all round the bottom of the hall, while statesmen, military men, and Dr. Barnardo himself, face them. The director of the labour-house, secretary, deaconesses, and many of their personal friends—poor like themselves—are at hand. The eyes of some of the deaconesses gleam with tears. "They have been in our Sunday-school class; it is so hard to part with them," they say. And we are not surprised. As we glance down their rank and file, and watch the varied expression of their faces, we can perceive how love, hope, gratitude, have replaced the evil passions that a hard, forsaken life once impressed there. "Clothed and in their right mind" may be said of all. They have taken off their good top-coats and display blue guernseys and corduroy trousers, their voyaging dress. In addition, they have fur caps, and each carries a parcel containing his books and other treasures.

Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada, was to have presided on this occasion, but he is prevented, and while expressing his regret, signifies his approval of the means adopted for the emigration of the boys. Dr. Barnardo and others, capable of speaking from personal experience, supply his place, and a vast amount of information is given in a short time. The statistics of Canada are amazing; her five provinces are said to be capable of accommodating one thousand millions, and contain only five millions—the population of London—while the

large cities are from five to fifteen hundred miles apart. Miss Macpherson was, we believe, the first to aid in populating these vast solitudes with waifs and strays, and Dr. Barnardo follows. He has already sent out 1,734 boys and girls, and in addition to the 195 before us counts on sending 200 boys from Stepney and 200 girls from the Ilford Village Homes this autumn. It is truly satisfactory to learn that of the girls not one has gone astray, and only five of the boys. From the reception-home at Ontario these immigrants are not only provided with other homes, but visited from time to time, so that none are lost sight of. The Ontario home was presented to Dr. Barnardo by a gentleman, once himself a poor boy, and it is found that both abroad and at home sympathy for neglected or deserted children never dies; even Governments, not usually sympathetic, will be alive to aid. The Canadian grants land for the establishment of an industrial farm in her North-Western province, and the lads of good character and conduct may, when eighteen, be helped to take up the 160 acres granted by Government to emigrants. No wonder the "labour boys" present "look alive" at this announcement; they may learn to be practical farmers and, in time, become country gentlemen.

Dr. Barnardo's statistics, if they may be so called, of this party about to leave England are as curious as they are interesting. Although one hundred and eight of them were received into the Homes directly from Middlesex, they were found, when their previous history was traced, to have travelled to London from every part of the United Kingdom and Ireland. One was from Bermuda. Who can wonder at the enormous growth of the metropolis, or cavil at the absolute need of drafting off a portion of the population to the colonies? Well-trained lads and lasses make a capital instalment, especially when they have no particular claims to chain them to the mother country. Many of the boys now assembled preparatory to their start in life for a new continent, are wholly orphans; others have helpless, drunken, or even criminal fathers or mothers. All are taken from haunts of vice or extreme penury. They have been found in low, degraded lodging-houses, on the doorstep, in the empty house, beneath the railway-arch, on the bridge; or they have themselves volunteered to enter the Homes to avoid the cold charity, the hunger and nakedness, the pitiless sleet, fog, frost of the streets, their only home. What shall we say of *him* who has received, fed, clothed, and taught thousands of them, we may almost say tens of thousands, since, on an average, he has always about fifteen hundred "on hand"? That he has been called to do a great work, and that he does it in faith. He believes, and therefore acts. His Divine Master sees and blesses.

He looks cheerfully and hopefully on his young recruits, because, as he says, they have all been taught to trust the Captain of their salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ. They have also learnt a trade and the use of their hands, so that, if they will, they can earn their living and rise in the world. The *will* at present is strong. One of the speakers bids such of them as do not care for work to hold up their hands. Not a finger is uplifted. Then he says, "Let every one who means to go in for hard labour hold up his hands," and one hundred and ninety-five many-sized palms are raised on high, and one hundred and ninety-five faces break into a smile. This means work; and we cannot be surprised if Dr. Barnardo's boys are in request, since all have been trained to labour and decent habits during their various periods of probation.

It is interesting to watch the expression of their countenances, and to note that few, if any, are disagreeable. Some are singularly pleasing, and look as if they belonged to a different class from that from which they have been taken. Several have spectacles, proving the tender care of the director and his staff of helpers.

"They are tired to death with the excitement of these last days," whispers a kindly deaconess, and almost simultaneously Dr. Barnardo gives the order that the tired little ones shall leave the room. The elder lads remain, like a small regiment of well-drilled soldiers, till it is nearly four o'clock, the hour for the start. Good wishes and prayers for their welfare are offered, and their responses are cheers which resound all over the station. Then tramp, tramp, tramp again, and the young emigrants march out upon the platform.

A special train awaits them, and a crowd of friends, strangers, policemen, porters, and members of the institutions fill all available space. The carriages are soon packed with their living cargo, and, almost in less time than it takes to tell, each hungry lad is seen munching a bun, with head thrust out of the window. Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo are everywhere, the latter especially superintending large cans of water carried by the kindly porters from carriage to carriage, and drunk

eagerly by the thirsty youngsters. The deaconesses and other helpers wander up and down saying good-bye, and hands are held out of every compartment. In spite of the joyous hilarity of the boys, sad scenes are passing here and there. Some carriages are besieged by friends, while others have no one to glance into them save the friends they have made at the Homes. One carriage is especially surrounded, and a youth of eighteen, whose body is half protruded, is the object of attention. We learn from the Director himself that he is known as "Happy Jack," and during his sojourn at the Labour House he has not only given himself to the service of the great God, but has induced many of his companions to declare themselves willing to serve with him. His influence has been wonderful, and the Labour House, intended for the temporal benefit of lads over seventeen friendless and homeless, has been turned into a House of Prayer by Happy Jack and his fellows. No wonder his hand is nearly wrung off by his sympathetic friends. He hopes to carry with him to Canada the God-implanted zeal he has shown in London. True to his name, he sheds no tears; but in the next compartment a boy's eyes are moist, while those of two somewhat flashily-dressed girls overflow. "He is our brother," they say, and we forget their shabby finery.

Before another compartment, a woman with an infant in her arms, and three children round her, are—all but the baby—in floods of tears. The juveniles must be crying for sympathy, as juveniles will, for we learn that the object of so much grief is only "A cousin." Not far off a helpless-looking woman of the shabby-genteel order, is taking leave of a son. She sheds no tears, but wonders, when we speak to her, if Dr. Barnardo could not send her out to Canada as nurse, or in some other capacity. Poor soul! She looks slightly distraught. Some of the leave-takers are not of the most reputable class, as may be imagined, and we learn that many Irish, who take no notice of their children and utterly neglect them when in England, make needless difficulties if they elect to emigrate, for the boys do so of their own free will.

It must be confessed that the cheerful element prevails at the end of the platform, where no friends surround the carriages. Our little advances are warmly received, and, like Happy Jack, our hand is well-nigh dislocated, for every lad in each compartment comes forward to shake it. "Yes, we all like to go. We shall be in Liverpool at eight to-night. We shall see the sea. I never seen it before. We shall go in a big ship. Shake hands again, please. There's Mr. ——. Come here, please, sir. Good-bye, sir," echoes around, and one of the many kind friends of the Homes has his hand disjointed in turn.

Suddenly the band begins to play, and the smart musicians march down the platform by the side of the carriages, drumming and fifing cheerfully. "Good-bye, George. Shake hands, Tom," and the like sentences greet them. They pause a moment in their march to give a hand and a glance at the friends about to leave them. How little they realise what it all means, and the uncertainty of the future! We turn to see Dr. Barnardo hold up two bright sovereigns with the auspicious words, "For oranges," and hope the good donor will be as happy in the gift as the recipients will be in the juice. At any rate, Dr. Barnardo must be happy at seeing the fruit of his labours, and the consciousness of having lived down opposition.

"Only five minutes more! Shake hands again, please, ma'am," cry a dozen jolly fellows, pointing to the clock. We do as we are bid, and, like Fanny Kemble, when she looked upon her huge audiences, wish we had some suitable advice to give. "Be good," was all that would ever come to her mind; and ours was not much more suggestive. The guard was clearing the way, friends were warned off, and a dozen hands were still outstretched.

"Good-bye; I hope you will be good and happy," we say.

"Thank'ee, ma'am; the same to you," is the reply, and off steams the train.

With a smile at the somewhat equivocal compliment conveyed in this response to our sententious leave-taking, and a tear at sight of the protruded faces and outstretched hands, we watch till the last carriage disappears. Then we turn to see the crowd of *very* poor relations disperse. There are symptoms of grief here and there, but there are also signs of mirth. The Hibernian element shows itself, not only in rags but versatility. No sobs and tears are, however, so continuous as those of the good woman and her little ones who have parted from "their cousin." They brook no sympathy, and leave the platform, huddled together in most melancholy fashion. The good woman had probably brought the "cousin" up as her own child, and the grief is for foster-son and foster-brother. The poor have large hearts, and so, we think, has Dr. Barnardo.

WHY ARE PRISONS FAILURES?

By the Rev. J. W. HORSLEY, late and last Chaplain of H.M. Prison, Clerkenwell.

IT is well, alike for those who, in the Church, in the State, or in the family, have to impose, or those who have to bear, punishment, to consider what are its objects. They must ask not merely What? but Why? An animal can observe facts, a man seeks out the reasons for facts. The idea and the office of a father should be kept in view by all who punish, lest they act but from the spirit of revenge, or fear, or cruelty, and at the dictates of caprice rather than of love, reason, and justice. And the idea of being a son receiving chastisement as an application or result of affection should be in the mind of all who are punished, so as to exclude the natural feelings of resentment and produce in all its fulness the beneficial results that should follow. On neither side will this be the case unless the principles of punishment are known, remembered, and accepted; unless, moreover, all the reasons for punishment are kept in view and harmoniously blended, while each of them has its due place and weight. A moment's reflection will show that for more objects than one any given punishment or system of correction must be established and applied. A deeper consideration will probably lead to the conclusion that the reasons for punishment are or ought to be fourfold, namely:—

1. The loss or pain or shame of the offender.

2. The deterring effect of the punishment of an individual upon himself in view of a fresh temptation to wrong-doing, and upon others who may be inclined to commit an offence, but may find the fear of known consequences overcome that inclination.

3. The reformation of the offender, which is to be in almost every case hoped for as probable or looked on as possible, whereby he may be restored to the society he has injured, useful instead of noxious.

4. The protection of the family, the community, or the State, from the harm the evil-doer will or may inflict while in the same state of mind which induced his crime.

It is, no doubt from various reasons, always difficult to keep all these four principles simultaneously in view, to harmonize them, and give each its due place and weight. Difficult, but not impossible as it is to regard at one time all sides of a solid square. How difficult it is to apply these principles of justice in the administration of justice will be gathered from the study of history, or of the criminal codes and systems of punishment of various ages and nations, which usually take up one or two of the objects of correction to the exclusion of the rest, or at any rate as making some primary and others subsidiary, some essential and others accidental. A code drawn up by one man, a system administered by an irresponsible ruler or judge, will almost always fail in this way from the perhaps inevitable want of balance or balancing power that a single character will possess. The majority of parents either spoil or unduly coerce their children, on occasion if not habitually. A code that is not the result of many minds and hearts will usually create the crime it seeks and professes to extirpate or diminish, because drafted as an exponent of only some principles instead of all that rightfully claim their place and weight.

The judge will think and say, "I punish you because you have committed a crime." The minister of religion will say, "You are punished that you may become penitent and reformed." The statesman will decree that a certain act or habit must be punished that the commonwealth be protected from injury, whether on the part of the noxious individual or of those who would probably follow his example. All three would be right, and all three would be wrong. Each proclaims a truth; but forgets that it is not the only —perhaps not even the chief—truth. It is not one truth that is needed, but oneness in truth.

Let us now see if certain forms of punishment do regard, or from their nature can regard, all four principles of punishment. Capital punishment plainly has in view three points out of the four, punition, deterrence, and the protection of the State by the amputation from the body politic of a diseased member, the extirpation of one who has proved himself highly noxious. It might seem absurd to expect that the principle of desiring the reformation of the offender should in this instance be found, but yet it is present, at any rate in English law, in the provision that execution shall not too speedily follow sentence, two Sundays being allowed and prescribed to pass between the doom and the death.

The need of affording protection to the State is also somewhat forgotten in our ordinary punishments of so many months or years of hard labour or penal servitude, however much they may punish, deter, and afford

opportunity for the application of reformatory agencies. Protection is of course afforded while the noxious individual is in durance vile, but when his sentence expires he is and must be released, even though it may be morally certain that he means at once to resume his habits of crime that have been temporarily suspended from circumstances not under his own control. He may even boast of his intentions, but out he must go with as much safety to the State as if all mad dogs were muzzled for twenty-four hours and then all unmuzzled, because it had been found that in that period a certain proportion ceased to be dangerous: or as if all small-pox patients were discharged from hospital so many weeks after reception, whether cured or not.

Feeling this difficulty, and exalting the principle that the protection of the State is one of the objects of punishment, America has established in Elmira a prison, or rather a reformatory for adults, in which the indeterminate sentence system is applied. The offender is released, not when he has "done" so much time, but when he has proved himself fit for liberty, which liberty is at first modified by his being for a while on parole and under supervision. Are we quite safe and right in practically ignoring the fact that a certain proportion of criminals are perfectly unfit, whether from weakness of character or determinate viciousness, for liberty, if the safety and rights of others are to be considered? We could not insure a man's being innocuous when released; but we might do something to prevent his being released when still noxious.

Under the system of ticket of leave, or release on parole, as it is called in America, the convict liberated before his or her time in consequence of orderly conduct has to report monthly to the police, to give notice of any change of residence, and to submit to a few restrictions which are framed in the interests of the protection of the State. So, too, habitual offenders may be sentenced to a period of supervision in addition to and at the expiration of their imprisonment. This works well and injures no one who means to do well, and the system might beneficially be applied, from a different motive, towards many, if not most first offenders. The State says to some, "You have been so obviously and persistently noxious that I do no injustice in assuming the possibility, and even the probability, of you being the same even after this fresh punishment; therefore, for my own protection I require that you enable me to keep my eye on you for awhile." The State might, without violence to justice, say to others, "Your character and conduct have hitherto been so good that I may assume the probability of this exposure and loss of reputation being sufficient check should temptation again arise; therefore it will be sufficient that you enable me to keep my eye on you for a stated period." How little, however, this principle is kept in view in our legislation or jurisprudence was forcibly shown by the remarks of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, when addressing in our hearing an assemblage of those who had all belonged to the criminal class, and expatiating, somewhat to even their astonishment and much to their gratification, on the iniquity of giving a severe punishment for a theft that was petty even though preceded by many thefts and convictions. Obviously he forgot that the cumulative or progressive system of punishment had its roots in natural justice, and was presumably based also on a desire to protect the community from one who had repeatedly evinced a criminal disposition, uncured, unchecked, by previous lesser punishments. The child can understand the equity of "If you do that again you must stand in the corner ten minutes instead of five." The audience of Lord Coleridge were pleased to hear that he thought a repeated offence no worse than an isolated one. And it has been observed that the knowledge that punishments for felony are ordinarily progressive is the chiefly deterrent thought in the mind of the habitual criminal, while the non-progressive character of punishment for drunkenness or crimes of violence renders such offences less considered as wrong by those whose chief standard of morality is found in the question, "What time or fine can I get for this?"

Let us now test in another way the question whether all objects of punishment are concurrently kept in view. What do the writers on the theory of punishment say? The Marquis Beccaria, in the eighteenth century, was the pioneer of the application of scientific and philosophic, and yet humanitarian, principles to the punishment of crime, and his work has never passed from the consideration of men who study this point. He then said, "The end of punishment is no other than to prevent the criminal from doing further harm to society, and to prevent others from doing the like offence." Two objects, but not four. The Marquis had special need and desire to lead men of his time away from the barbarity which had arisen from an exaggerated, because almost sole, desire to

punish the offender. The possibility and duty and social advantage of trying to reform him was then so little considered that it was natural, perhaps, that even so enlightened a reformer should have ignored this point. But no one now would take his definition as adequate.

Pass now from the earliest to the latest exponent of the rational, just, and efficacious methods of dealing with criminals. What says Sir E. Du Cane in his admirably clear and well-written "The Punishment and Prevention of Crime"? Much on deterrence, less on punition, little on the protection of the State, and as to the reformation of the adult prisoner hardly anything. A reference to the index will show that the subject of the reformatory element is to be found treated on page 6. There we find the remark that to cure crime a combination of penal and reformatory elements applied in their proper circumstances, and in their due proportions, is needed; but thence we pass without another word to the subjects of deterrence and punition, which almost exclusively occupy the remainder of the volume. Had, however, a similar book been produced some eighty or ninety years ago we should have found three principles kept vigorously to the front, but the fourth (that of reformation) absolutely ignored by the writer, if belonging to the Home Office. As Sir Edmund remarks, "The idea of reforming the convicts does not seem to have entered into the minds of those who framed the transportation system." The hulk prisons were established in 1776, but no chaplains were appointed to them till after 1802. No provision was made for any moral or religious teaching amongst those who were first to be transported. When on the appeal to the Bishop of London a chaplain for Botany Bay was appointed, no church was built for six years, *i.e.* until the Home Office had attended to *necessary* matters. Matters grew so bad that in one penal colony it occurred as a happy thought to some one that it might do no harm if religion were tried, and therefore they released a Roman Catholic priest, who was a convict, and set him to work. Till the year 1836 the settlement in Norfolk Island had never been visited by a chaplain except once in 1791! As infection lingers in a building, so the defective or erroneous views of a public department are apt to die hard, and to hamper good which they dare not exclude, and the pendulum must swing almost as far in the opposite direction before the *juste milieu* will be attained. As matters are now those who have laboured officially in prisons have good grounds for saying, in the interests alike of prisoners and the public, as one at least has already said in his reports to the Home Secretary: I can only repeat in stronger terms the warning voice I uttered in my last report, of the great danger we incur by the development of discipline and sanitation without the trinity being completed by its due place and weight being accorded to all that aims at the reformation of the offender.

Men are asking, and will more loudly ask, "Why are our prisons such utter failures?" In the face of the phenomena of recidivism and men and women with hundreds of convictions, it is absurd to imagine they are as deterrent as they should be. The women in our "incurable class," *i.e.* those who have been convicted over ten times, have nearly doubled in six years, increasing from 5,673 to 9,451, while they number 31·6 per cent. on the total recommitments. Real punishment is non-existent save for some in some prisons where the tread-wheel exists. "Hard labour" is such that no prisoner could get a good living outside if he did not work harder. The punishment for drunkenness and offences arising therefrom, which chiefly fill our prisons, has been called by a Select Committee of Parliament "absolutely inadequate." You give little safety to the State, as criminals are discharged simply because they have "done their time," and are set free to injure the community, with the full knowledge that they mean to do nothing else. You don't protect us; you don't deter them. Why is it that the idea of reformation is but barely kept in sight; that America, Canada, and other countries are as far before us in reformatory efforts as they are behind us in discipline and sanitation? Why is so little use made of external and volunteer (but authorized) agents? Why should it be so much easier for a man to enter a prison as a criminal than as a philanthropist or a citizen interested in seeing for himself whether things are as they should be? Dwarf and starve reformatory agencies within the walls, and let the public be apathetic and short-sighted in the help they will give to discharged prisoners, and then, in the place of the real, large, and increasing diminution of crime we have a right to expect, we shall continue to cleanse the outside of the platter, and plume ourselves on its brightness, until a pestilence is bred by its contents, that have been allowed to remain unproductive or noxious when they might have been turned into solid value to the State.

THE CHURCH BELL.

LIKE dew on the gardens in summer descending,
The Sabbath bell calls the people to prayer;
To the House of the Lord, whose roof all befriending,
Would be to them refuge from sin and from care.

It spreads through the skies, to the people announcing:
My gates are thrown open to all wide and free;
O enter, your ranks and conditions renouncing!
O come before God and as sinners agree!

Come, low in confession your conscience relieving,
And hear His kind promise of pardon to-day;
Drink life from His look, and in Him believing,
Gain ease for your burdens and strength for your way.

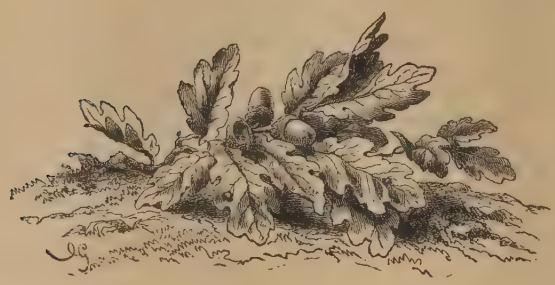
Give thanks for the goodness which all things are telling—
The air and the sky, the ocean and field;
Together to Him who in Jesus was dwelling,
Come aged, come children, your thanksgiving yield.

Bring hither your wounds, find balm for their healing;
Bring hither your follies, be saved and have rest.
He gives peace to you all, as penitents kneeling,
And sends you back home of high freedoms possessed.

O prodigals! come ye, you shall not stand knocking;
God's heart, like His Church, has a wide-open door;
No want of His creature, nor welcome is lacking;
Come, freely partake of His limitless store.

All people, O hear ye! this house is the token
Your needs are supplied by the Infinite Love;
Bring hither all vows and all hearts that are broken,
Take earnests of healing and wholeness above.

S. N.



The Church Bell.

A MORNING AT THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL.

TUESDAY morning—a bright, early summer morning—and the clear, strong sunlight pouring through door and window into a lofty hall, lights up all nooks and corners, while through the wide-open door comes in the morning breeze laden with the scent of flowers. The glowing sunshine brightens the faces of four hundred children—boys and girls. All ages of childhood are there, from eight years old to fourteen. Fresh and rosy from their morning wash and brush-up, and cheerful morning worship, they are standing expectant, awaiting the signal which shall summon them to the next important morning engagement—their breakfast. We are in the great hall of The Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill, and the company we see are its regular inmates.

Let them wait just a minute longer while we take a good look at them—for they are worth looking at—not merely because there are brave and beautiful faces here and there amongst the girls, and faces bright with intelligence and strength amongst the boys; one need not travel to Haverstock Hill to see those. There is something else which makes them worthy of our attention. They have just been singing Christopher Wordsworth's beautiful hymn—

> "O Lord of heaven and earth, and sea,
> To Thee all praise and glory be;
> How shall we show our love to Thee,
> Giver of all?
> For peaceful homes and healthful days,
> For all the blessings earth displays,
> We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
> Giver of all!"

This is their morning thought of God—Giver of all! They have sung the words in the usual hearty, but childlike fashion, little feeling—as who, alas! does?—the heights and depths of its meaning. But to us, as we look upon those bright young faces, the truth of the words occurs, moving feelings of deepest pathos. He who gave them parents, from each of these youthful singers has taken one, perhaps two, away; all are orphans, fatherless, motherless, or both. Some have been so from earliest infancy. But He has been a father again to them. By His good providence they have been gathered into protecting arms and borne first to the Home at Hornsey Rise, where kindly, motherly nursing and care fitted them, in due time, for their place here at Haverstock Hill. They have had "peaceful home and healthful days," and love divine in human hearts has atoned as best it could for an orphan's loss.

They are now eagerly awaiting their breakfast, from which they will not thank us for detaining them. A deep sonorous chord peals from the organ, it is the signal for them to turn; another chord, it is the signal to start; and then the organ gives out a stirring march, and swiftly, but quietly, with that alert springy step and erect carriage which testify to many hours of drill, the children file out of the hall, two by two, accompanied or followed by their masters and mistresses. Half-a-dozen elderly gentlemen, who have been present at the morning service, and have been watching the children with keen interest from their raised seats at the end of the hall, come down from their high places and adjourn to the Board-room for a well-earned breakfast. These are the house-committee, and this is "committee morning," when the weekly reports of master and mistress and matron are received, and domestic matters of importance are dealt with, and a thorough inspection is made of every department of the institution, and a little oil is applied here and there where the machinery needs "easing." The Duke of Wellington used to say that the kind of courage he admired most was "two o'clock in the morning courage;" and we are inclined to think that the philanthropic spirit which can attract some half-a-dozen gentlemen, some of them men of business and some of them men of leisure, and several of them nearer seventy than sixty, to Haverstock Hill by half-past seven A.M., winter and summer, is decidedly of the active, and not the passive kind. At any rate, they have earned their breakfast, and we will leave them to enjoy it while we follow the track of the children, looking about us as we go, or rather before we go, for the hall in which the service has been held deserves some attention. It is detached from the rest of the building, having been erected only four years ago—the generous gift of Sir James Tyler, one of the vice-presidents—a lofty oblong hall with warmly-tinted brick walls and beautiful stained-glass windows, the gift of another vice-president, Mr. Horace B. Marshall. At one end is a gallery whereon the children can be stowed away when the floor of the hall is wanted for outsiders, and on one side is a powerful three-manual organ, purchased by the united contributions of some hundreds of donors, governors, committee, officers, old scholars, and other friends of the school. At the end

of the hall, facing the gallery, are some mural tablets, and we are interested to find that most of them are to the memory of old scholars. One of the names is that of a man who, after a successful business career, became a vice-president of the institution in which he had received his early training. Others are names of ministers of the gospel, one of whom appears to have achieved a fifty-years' pastorate.

We pass away from this hall through a long glazed covered way, looking uncommonly like an exaggerated chicken run, to the main building, but pausing on the way to look at the beautifully kept lawns of velvety turf studded with bright flower-beds on the one side, and the large breezy playground of the boys on the other. Needless to say the playground is an important feature at the Orphan Working School. There is a gymnasium, where the youthful athlete delights to disport himself amid the varied pleasures of climbing-poles, swings, high bars, parallel bars, and "giant-strides." We asked a curly-headed little fellow, one day, what the high bar was for, and he replied, not without a touch of scornful pity for our ignorance, that it was to do "dodnies" on. We naturally asked the meaning of this curious term and our young friend couldn't tell us, but he did better, he showed us. Springing upon the bar in question, he twisted his small body into every variety of contortion, he swung himself round and round by his arms backwards and forwards, he hung by his legs, by his heels, by his toes, and finally he dropped off on his hands and came up smiling. We felt that such agility was poorly rewarded by sixpence.

We have never ascertained the derivation of "dodnies," and probably never shall; schoolboys have a vernacular of their own.

Retracing our steps, we reach the main building, and passing along the stone corridors, airy and spotlessly clean, we find ourselves in the entrance hall in the centre of the building, from which we pass, through an ante-room, into the large dining-hall of the institution, just in time to see the children finishing their frugal meal of bread and milk. The dining-hall is a pleasant place to eat in, light and lofty, cheerful in bright paint and decorations, with pictures and prints hung around the walls, and in the centre of the ceiling a large allegorical painting presented by M. Hervieu, the artist.

A signal is given, the children rise, and, to the accompaniment of a harmonium, their shrill treble voices pour forth a verse of thanks to the Giver of all, for their morning meal, and with the same military precision they leave the dining-hall for half an hour of play, before beginning the morning's work. The military discipline ceases when the boys reach their schoolroom, and as the doors leading to the playground are flung open, they sweep out into the grounds with a whoop and a shout—

> "Turning to mirth all things of earth,
> As only boyhood can."

Let us mingle with them and note the variety of face and figure, and glean such information as we can from our complaisant guide, one of the masters of the school. Yonder tall lad, with the ruddy face and high cheek bones, is a Lancashire lad, while another whom we arrest midway on his wild career, informs us that he comes from "Froom." The information was almost superfluous, he carries "Zummerzet" in his face. Sharp-eyed, pale-faced London boys, "inveterate Cockneys," stolid Sussex lads, boys from the mountains of Westmoreland, and boys from the Fen country. Here is a young Welshman. Six months ago he couldn't speak any English, could only "cry in English," as one of the youngsters humorously puts it. But they mated him with another Welsh lad, who had been semi-Anglicized, and now he has a good command of colloquial schoolboy English.

The parentage may be described as highly miscellaneous. This boy's father was a Wesleyan minister, who died and left a very large family and very small means. The Lancashire lad's father was a schoolmaster, while our Welsh friend comes of a race of farmers. There are children of tradesmen and labourers, of professional men and artisans, and clerks. Yonder lad's father was one of the gallant crew of a life-boat that was swamped off the coast of Kent, one wild night; and here is a lad whose father was one of that unfortunate band which was gaily playing "Nancy Lee," just before the *Princess Alice* went down.

But we are in danger of forgetting that there are girls as well as boys at the Orphan Working School. We stroll back to the building and pass to the left wing, where are the girls' schoolrooms. And pleasant rooms they are, with snow-white floors and walls hung with maps and pictures, while here and there a plant or a canary bird gives that homelike touch, so often lacking in large rooms. Passing by a work-room, where a formidable amount of needlework is "cut

out," and a room for the use of the girl pupil-teachers, we reach the goal whither we are tending — the girls' playground. We are bound to confess that the girls make quite as much noise as the boys—perhaps more, taking into account the increased shrillness of their tones. They are less numerous than the boys, the proportion being about three to five, and their playground is proportionately smaller, but it is just as nicely arranged, and has the added attraction of a little lawn adjoining, for tennis and croquet. There is much the same variety of face, character, and parentage, as amongst the boys, but the faces, as might be expected, are prettier, and the physique is, on the whole, finer among the girls than the boys. It is interesting to see, amongst so many fair faces, one dark black-haired and black-eyed little maid—whose pleasing and intelligent glances light up a face which might have been otherwise sombre. She is the orphan child of a Bengal ryot, who has been taken in hand by some benevolent Christian ladies in India, and is being trained here for a possible future life work of teaching amongst her dark-skinned sisters in the far East.

And now the scene is changed once more, for, obedient to the clamorous summons of a bell which makes itself heard to the remotest confines of the grounds, boys and girls troop into their respective schoolrooms, and the playgrounds are deserted. Passing through the rooms where the junior classes are at work we reach the upper school where the first class, under the presidency of the head master, is devoting the first half-hour to the reading and exposition of Holy Scripture, the reading relieved now and again by searching questions eliciting intelligent answers. No creed or catechism is taught in the school, but the children are well grounded in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and the written examination papers which they turn out from time to time give evidence of the fact. Then follow lessons in arithmetic, English history and geography. The head master says he enjoys his work, and he certainly ought to do so. With fifty or sixty intelligent lads all thirsting for information and all ready to give evidence of intelligent appreciation, the give and take of teaching becomes pleasant, in spite of the inevitable strain. Taking advantage of an interval during which the youngsters are solving, with the assistance of slate and pencil, some knotty arithmetical problem, we ask a few questions of the head master. Discipline? Yes, that is very good; punishments are rare. How is the discipline kept up? Well, partly by the spirit of emulation and hope of reward, but principally by order and system. Every boy knows his place—knows what has to be done, and that he must do it, or he will lose caste, and be looked on as a black sheep. By a judicious system of "marks" for good conduct, duly entered in a register kept by the head master, the course of a boy's school career may be summed up at any time. Clever boys? Yes, we have some at times, says the master. Now and again there will be a lad who is *facile princeps*, carrying all before him; or perhaps a lad who can do wonderful things with pen and pencil, or one who betrays an abnormal capacity for mathematics. We had one, a good many years ago, who was quite a *lusus naturæ*, for, not satisfied with using his brain in the daytime, he made it do duty at night. He was a somnambulist, and was found late at night working out an algebraical problem in a corner of the dormitory—fast asleep! But the general rule is one of average excellence, and we rather prefer that, it is more satisfactory all round. Yes, we go in for elementary science, we have generally three or four sciences in hand during the season for the South Kensington examinations. Physiology, botany, acoustics, light and heat, or solid geometry. Which do they like best? Well, it isn't easy to say, but probably botany is the favourite, as that means cross-country rambles in quest of wild flowers. What do the boys become when they leave? Oh, everything — there is scarcely a walk in life in which there isn't an O.W.S. boy. It depends a good deal on their ability, their influence, their characters. The majority probably become clerks and shopmen. A few become mechanics, a still more limited number work their way into the professions, or become ministers of the gospel. A few are in the army and navy, or the merchant service. One of the brightest and cleverest of our young fellows, who left us eight years ago, after a somewhat erratic career, entered the army, became a serjeant in the Rifle Brigade, and was killed at the battle of Abou Klea in the Soudan. Another, after taking his degree at Cambridge, has been ordained and has gone out as a missionary to India quite recently. Yes, the "old boys," and the "old girls" too, come up and see us often, they are very fond of the old place. They have an old scholars' association with five or six hundred members, and they contribute freely to the funds of the institution. There is an old scholar on

the house committee, and there are many old scholars amongst the governors.

The morning is wearing away, and much as we should like to linger, and see more of the home life of the school, we must be leaving, and taking a cordial farewell of the head master we pass out of the building, and standing on the smooth sloping lawn in front, we take one good look at the place before we leave it. It is a long, grey-coloured building, with all sorts of straggling out-buildings attached, covering with grounds and gardens, and lawns, some ten or twelve acres. Standing on high ground, it catches the bracing Hampstead breezes, and the general salubrity of the spot may be gathered from the fact that the infirmary is generally nearly empty.

As we slowly descend the hill which leads from Maitland Park (in which the school stands) to Chalk Farm station, we find it difficult to realise at all adequately what we have been seeing, not this morning only, but many times before. Here is a great institution which for a hundred and twenty years has been quietly, unostentatiously carrying on a great and noble work. From the time when the first school was opened at Hoxton, in 1758, for twenty poor orphan boys, unto this present, some four thousand orphan children have received their education and maintenance, for five, seven, or even twelve years of early life in this grand home. For ever and aye the human tide is flowing. They come in helpless and they go out helpers, to do good yeoman-work in the world. When we think what might have been the fate of so many of this four thousand, but for this institution, a deep glow of gratitude comes over us that the Father of all mercies put it into the hearts of some of His faithful servants to found and maintain the Orphan Working School.

It is hard work to keep it going, and just at present the funds are unusually low. The school depends for four-fifths of its income upon voluntary contributions, and the income required to keep the senior school at Haverstock Hill and the junior school at Hornsey Rise both going is some £17,000 a year. Somehow, the income is always found, for

> . . . . . "He who doth the ravens feed,
> Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,"

cares for the little orphan children who are the special objects of His love, who is the Father of the fatherless.

F. W. S.

WRITTEN FOR ONE IN SORE PAIN AND SICKNESS.

SHEPHERD, on before thy sheep,
  Hear thy lamb that bleats behind!
Scarce the track I stumbling keep;
  Sore I shiver in the wind!

Turn and see me, Son of Man!
  Turn and lift thy Father's child!
Scarce I walk where once I ran!
  Carry me—the wind is wild!

Thou hast strength enough to share;
  My poor weight thou wilt not feel;
Weakness made thee strong to bear,
  Suffering made thee strong to heal!

I were still a wandering sheep
  But for thee, oh Shepherd man!
Following now, I faint, I weep,
  Yet I follow as I can!

Master, if I fall, and lie
  Moaning in the frosty wind,
Yet I know I shall not die—
  Thou wilt miss me, and wilt find!

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. P. T. FORSYTH, M.A.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, meek and gentle."
Lesson: Luke x. 21—37.
Text: Philippians ii. 4: "Look not every man upon his own things, but every man also upon the things of others."

WHAT would you say if you found that the new servant stopped for a minute at every mirror she came to about the house?

If at this one she fixed her cap, with a long glance out of the tail of her eye as she moved away; if at that one she smoothed down her hair and patted it, as if she were petting it for its good behaviour; if at that other she smiled on her teeth for their whiteness, and pouted her lip for its redness; and if at that other she was so lost in the study of her own face, and so full of designs for the sweetest bonnet, that she started with a little scream when a ring at the bell recalled her to her duty; I say, if she went on like that what should you think?

Why, you would say she was a vain creature, and that a girl who thought so much about herself was not likely to make one of those good and faithful servants who delight to think of others. And cases have been known where people went on admiring their own silly faces to such an extent that it clean got the better of them, and they really went off their heads because they dwelt on their own heads so much.

Now isn't it true that there are people who go about the world, and wherever they are they are like the girl at the mirror, they can see nothing, and think of nothing, but themselves?

At home they are thinking how they may be clever enough to come in for the best things going; as they meet people they wonder whether something is not to be made out of them; in school they have no notion of anything but overtopping the rest; and in the very church they find reason to be thankful they are not like those people that really need preaching to.

Wherever they go it is as if they saw nothing but a host of mirrors and their own good-looking image in each. And it gives them a certain pleasure. A witty clergyman once went into an empty room hung round with mirrors, and he said he thought it was a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted. That was his fun of course in the way of putting it. But there are people who never feel any delight except of this sort. If they go into any crowd it is always themselves, themselves they see, over and over again, because they are always thinking of themselves, and measuring others by themselves, and finding no pleasure in forgetting themselves, but only in making others in some ingenious way contribute to their happiness or profit. And they never are so happy as when they are most successful in turning the world as it were into a roomful of mirrors. They see themselves in all they see.

Now is this the happy life? Is it the road to real pleasure? Well, if it is, then the New Testament is all wrong, Paul is wrong, Jesus the Saviour took the wrong way to save, and all the loveablest people in the world are going the wrong way. For that mirror way is not the way of any of them; their way is quite different. And I am going to believe them and think they are right, and the others wrong.

If I wanted to drive anybody in my power into misery and madness, I think I know a way in which it could be done. I would suggest that they should be put into a room which was papered all over the walls and ceiling with mirrors; and I would let nobody see them, and I should never let them out; they should speak to nobody; they should be left in solitary confinement, only not in the dark. No, I would give them plenty of light—that would be part of my plan. And there would be no windows to look out at, the light should all come from above. And it should come through frosted glass panes so that the blue sky could never be seen. But the only thing they should see would be themselves over and over and over again in these mirrors. And every time they moved a limb a hundred limbs would move around them, and every wink should be answered by a shower of winks, and every time they lifted their eyes hundreds of eyes would stare at them from all sides, and if they got up in a rage a hundred men would

rage and dance to keep them company, and if they raised their faces to the sky there would be no sky, but scores of their own terrified faces looking down upon them day after day. They would have no companions round them, only images of themselves mocking every movement; and they would have no face of God over them, only reflections of their own face and their own passions. Can you conceive how horrible this would grow to be? Don't you think it would send anybody crazy before very long? I am sure it would. They might find a little amusement in it at first, but at last it would be dreadful and more than they could bear.

Now just as a man would go mad if he had no society but his own image, so those people who move about in pure self-seeking go what we might call morally mad. They are sane and wise enough to transact business; they don't go off their heads, but they go off their hearts. It is a derangement, not of the wits, but of the conscience. And they become poor, miserable, detested beings, though they may grow as rich as you like to think. They lose all the wisdom of the heart and all the wealth of love. They dwindle and dwindle, if you could see their soul, like a starving cat. They wither and shrivel into nothing, because they go about seeking to be everything. Amid their wealth and power their soul goes flickering and sputtering out, like the end of a candle in a gorgeous chandelier.

Are you tired of my preaching? Well, I will preach by a parable and tell you an old, old story. You know the narcissus flower; well, we will consider the lily. Long, long ago, they say, in the glorious land of shining Greece, there was a beautiful youth named Narcissus, who, however, had one great defect. He knew how beautiful he was. He looked for nothing but that people should see his beauty and praise it aloud. But he made as if he cared nothing for the people whose praise he sought. He was disdainful and proud. And he grew to think so much of himself that he retired from the society of men, and wandered among lonely spots of silent woods where there was no rival to his fame. One maiden loved him and followed him, and her name was Echo—as if the only thing he carried with him into solitude was the echo of his own fond self-conceit and the memory of the praises he stirred. One day he wandered to the side of a clear fountain, and there he lay down in the cool to rest from the heat of the noon. As he lay there he spied in the clear still water the reflection of his own face, and he was so enchanted that he could never cease to gaze and long. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as his own face shining back upon him there. He longed and longed to be as beautiful as that; he joyed and joyed to think how beautiful he was; and some say he gazed and stretched so eagerly towards it that he fell in and was drowned. And others say that by gazing and longing so much in admiration of himself he pined and pined away, and at last he dwindled into the thin long flower which now bears his name, with a face still lovely, and a sweet eye craving admiration still, but a slender stem of a body with no strength or manliness in it at all.

And that is a true parable of the way people become feeble, even if they are pretty or clever, by always dwelling upon themselves. Thinking always to make more of themselves, they make less. They grow to be pitied instead of admired; they grow so weak that they have to be held up by stronger and better people, as the lily is tied to a stick for support. They won't go out and mix with others in the business of life, for fear they might hear something unpleasant about themselves. They retire into obscure life, where they will only be surrounded by the echo of their own little band of blinded friends. They grow conceited and indolent, and, as indolence always enfeebles body and mind, they turn out miserable, vain, and selfish beings at an age when they should be doing strong and helpful work in the world. What is the good of a pretty face without a pretty soul?

Beware of mirror-hunting. You must make the best of yourself, but you never can do that till you begin to think more about others than yourself. Don't look for mirrors but *be* mirrors. Our Lord Jesus Christ was called the image, the mirror of God. His beauty consisted in reflecting so purely and clearly the face of God, about whom He always thought far more than of Himself. People, too, came to Him, and found themselves in Him more beautiful and precious than they had dreamed. Isn't it better to be a mirror, to help other people to be beautiful and good, than to go about making everybody else into mirrors for you to admire yourself in till you go silly with conceit and mad with selfishness? "Look not every one upon his own things, but every one also on the things of others." And, above all, to get rid of this craving self, look hard and longingly upon the beauty and glory of Jesus Christ our Lord.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Little stars are shining."
Lesson: Luke xiii. 11—17.
Text: Acts xii. 7: "A light shined in the cell."

I have heard of people who described this life of ours altogether as a prison. That is not your opinion, I hope. Nobody who enjoys a game of cricket is very likely to think of life as a prison-house.

But do not forget to whom you owe it that you are so free fearlessly to enjoy the open fields and all the winds of heaven. We should have had no such liberty except for men who lost their freedom for freedom's sake, who were not afraid of a prison, and who went down to agony and death with a light in their soul brighter than the glory of the grass or the splendour of the sun. Life to them was full of hardship and bondage; but they had light in the cell. And it may be that one day for you life shall become narrow, your work a bondage, and your very body the prison-cell of a weary spirit. Then may God send you His angel and His light!

Meanwhile for you, in your young liberty, the winds are His angels and His light is the glorious sun upon the smiling earth.

But about this light in the cell. Why should we not speak of it, free and gladsome as you are? If anybody would take you, you would go and see a prison, would you not? And you would follow the man with the candle down into the deepest dungeons of the old castles of the bad old times? Very well; come with me.

First, come to the Zoological Gardens. Never mind the monkeys. Let us get on to the lion-house. I want you to look at that tiger. To and fro, to and fro like that he will go for hours along the few feet of bars that make the front of his cage, with his shoulders down, and his scowling brow, and his soft, heavy, unweariable stride. He is in a cell, poor captive. But what light is it in his eye? Patience? Pride? No, but a dull, fierce gleam which is no comforting light, but a tormenting fire, like a boiling sea in a socket of rock, or a worm which gnaws for ever and dieth not.

Now come to the birds. Let us go straight to the eagles. What noble prisoners these are! They fill me with sorrow. I want to be like the sailor who came home from years in a French prison, and the first thing he did with the little money he had was to buy a cageful of birds which a man was selling, just for the pleasure of setting them free. Your eagle does not ramp about his cell. No, he is of more royal blood than the tiger. His throne was in the heavens, and he used to range, not the dark jungles, but the shining clouds. He has learned from the proud blue sky and the careless crags a dignity to the tiger unknown. He is a noble captive, and there he sits with neck unbent, with royal beak, and a light in his eye more grand, more calm, yes, and more powerful, than the light in the tiger's cell. What beams in that eagle's unquailing eye? It is not the embers of ferocity, but the star of pride. But if you ever come yourself to fill any kind of cell, I do not recommend you to light either the tiger's frown or the eagle's fire. There is a holier, a nobler, and a mightier beam.

Now I will take you into my spring garden. Yonder is my house, my cell, where I must sit and write these words of light for you. I wander up and down that walk, and round that centre plot, when I need a little change. I am caged, but I am no tiger (am I?), and I have other than the eagle's light. I am circled in with budding trees, and I have a light which makes me see their delicate flakes of timid green to be like a fall of coloured snow. And yonder spot, where the long grass is streaked down the slope, as if the fairies had been sending the earth to sleep by combing its green hair—I have a light which makes it seem like an emerald waterfall, spreading away into a river of turf, and tulips are coming out upon islands of soil like rubies which the stream has washed bare. I have a light, as I sit in my cell, which shows me the vanished crocus like a sweet guest gone, who was little trouble and much delight. In a month there will be a blaze of rhododendrons in that middle plot like the very glory of the Lord shining round about. And my light shows me these thrushes and starlings, dark dots like the notes in God's music-book, shy visitors like His angels of happiness. And then inside my cell there is a little candle of the Lord, a little girl; but I won't say any more about her light, lest you might be jealous and she might be proud. You see I have much light in my cell, of neither the tiger's fierceness nor the eagle's pride, but of beauty and love. But, oh dear! men are worse than children, and sometimes I am not content, and I do so long for the light of God upon the high and shining hills of far-off lands.

Once I got a lesson and a rebuke. You remember the Wars of the Roses, the Red Rose, the House of Lancaster, and John of Gaunt. Well, I went to see Lancaster not long ago, and the great old castle, now a

jail, where John lived. Lancaster commands a lovely view. You look across the silver stretch of Morecambe Bay, and your eye rests on the hills around the English Lakes. There is Black Combe, Coniston Old Man, Helvellyn, and far to the right is Ingleborough. It was early March when I was there. The snow lay upon the mountains, and they shone in the sun as if they were the great white throne, and the waters of the Bay were like the crystal sea, and over all was the living Light. My heart went forth, and I began to pine for the sight of mightier snows in foreign lands. We were standing upon the Castle roof, and the dungeons were beneath our feet, modern cells, and old, old dungeons built by the Romans deep in the ground with neither light nor heat, nor breath of air. Then I thought how dreadful is the beauty of nature, like the beauty of the tiger's skin. Here I am standing to gaze upon it on the summit of deep, old misery, among the relics of cruelty and wrong. What did those beautiful hills ever care for the poor prisoners that for centuries have come and gone, deep shut away from their light? How could I help remembering that I should not have been so free to enjoy the sight, but for the struggles and captivities of such men as some of those who had lived and died beneath my feet? Ah! there is a more glorious light than the beauty of the world, and it comes not from the throne, but from Him who sits thereon. We went down from the roof, and visited the dungeons. We were kindly taken with lights down many nasty steps to those old Roman cells. When we came to one of them, our guide said, "This is where George Fox was confined." All of a sudden I felt a kind of fear. I felt I was on holy ground, the walls were holy, and it was holy dimness that crept around. If George Fox lay days and nights here, then somebody had been here far greater and grander than he. George was a man who lived more than two hundred years ago, a man who spoke much with Jesus, and who saw and heard Jesus as it is given to few either to hear or see. If George Fox lay here in the dark it was not dark for him. Jesus had been here. These windowless walls had shone once as the sun shines not on the sunniest hills. To George Fox there had been a light in that cell such as never was upon sea or land. He was one of the men who were much in prison, and who were haunted, absolutely haunted with glory, and filled with *the* Light of men. We are freer to-day because of George's prisons, and his prisons were more bright and open to him than most men's liberty, because of the visitation of Jesus to his soul.

I tell you in that dungeon I felt it was a solemn place, and there was something about it like what you feel on entering a room from which a lady has just gone out, only much higher than that. When I returned to the light of day, it seemed almost common; and I looked again at the hills, and I was more sure than ever that the light of the Lord which shines in the heart and soul is fairer than the sun, and clearer than the moon, and more terrible to the foes of freedom than an army with banners.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, the children are calling."
Lesson: Luke xiv. 1—14.
Text: Song of Solomon iv. 6: "Until the shadows flee away."

I read not long ago a famous story about a man who lost his shadow. It was told how he sold it away to a grey old man for a purse of gold which would never get low, take out of it what you would. Well, shadows seem very light, so at first the man never felt the want of his shadow, and he liked to feel the heavy purse of gold, from which he filled chests and chests of treasure. But people began to notice this strange peculiarity. They talked of the rich man that had no shadow. They began to suspect him. The children from school ran after him; the old men pointed at him; then they got to fearing him. People conversing with him would notice all at once he had no shadow, and would move hurriedly away. He was shunned and boycotted. Life became a misery to him because he was not as others are. He dared not venture out till the sun was gone down, and he had to rush home whenever the moon rose. He was a perfect burden to himself. He wandered and travelled without rest or end. He fell in love, and was just going to be married, when the sad discovery was made, and it was all broken off. Misery rose wherever he went, but chiefly in his own heart. He was like the fox who lost his tail in a trap, and all the long-tailed foxes persecuted him out of his life. This poor man tried every way to get back his shadow. He found the grey old man who bought it, and he offered him his purse and all his gold back if he would return the shadow. This the old man would not do, but he took the shadow out of his pocket, unfolded it, and made it dance before

its true owner to torment him. Then he told him he could get his shadow back in only one way, namely, by selling his soul. "Promise me," said the old rascal, "that I shall have your soul when you die, and I will give you back your shadow." Now you know, perhaps, who the old rogue was. But the poor shadowless man would not do that. So he wandered a vagabond over all the world, shunning men and shunned by them. He cursed his gold; and one day he threw the purse in disgust and anger down a deep pit. He could have no intercourse with his fellows, but sought the study of nature—plants, and stones, and animals. He got a pair of seven-league boots and rambled easily over the earth, making wonderful scientific collections on his way, and, for all I know or am told, he may be rambling about the world still, gaining, with sorrow, deep stores of knowledge, but ever unable to win the love or the trust of men.

Perhaps some lad who took a prize in elementary botany, thinks he is not such a fool as to believe or care for a tale so silly as that. "How could a man lose his shadow? Why should a man wish to lose it? And if he did, it wouldn't make all that difference. Why, they would put a person like that in a show nowadays, and make hatfuls of money by exhibiting him round the country. And he could live happy enough." Oh, very good, my sharp little botany boy, but I fear you are much too clever ever to be very wise. Perhaps if you had been a black slave trying to escape in a town of white folks, you would have been glad to part with that shadow upon your complexion. Perhaps, if you had been the boy who was caught mimicking the master behind his back, because he forgot his shadow was thrown on the wall in front, you might have been a little inclined to part with your shadow if it could have been managed. The sharp botany boy and the too-clever-by-half chemistry boy must stand down while I speak to the wiser children who love the wonders of a fairy tale.

Some of those tales have wisdom playing in them like shot silk, or the sun in a brook. Now you needn't always look for the wisdom, but you can listen when anybody points some of it out. What does the shadow mean which the man parted with for gold? Well, I think it means trouble and sorrow; such trouble as every human heart is sure to meet with if it is a loving heart at all. And what we may learn is this, that if we set our hearts upon nothing else but escaping trouble, we shall only succeed in piling up trouble of a far worse and more hopeless kind. I hear often, for example, that "lazy people take the most pains," which is a jest with truth behind it. For the boy who has to be sent up-stairs six times to wash his face, has to take a great deal more trouble over it than if he had done it properly before ever he came down. And in a more serious way it is still more true. Those who are always trying to escape all pain, and who think of nothing but comfort, are sure one day to get into trouble for which there is almost no remedy. If you say in the winter, "It is too cold, I can't go out, and I don't want any exercise," you will get so ill and so restless that no exercise will do you any good, and you will make a hard job for the doctor. And if you say, "I will keep my heart shut up, and I will love nobody, for those I love may be ruined, or ill, or die, and that would make me suffer;" if you say that, and grow selfish, and lay yourself out to make money and nothing more, so that you may keep clear of all life's troubles and share none of them with others, I bid you take warning from the fate of the shadowless man. He parted with his shadow for gold. He thought plenty of that would make him happy, by ridding him of the dark and haunting side of his life. But sorrow is the shadow of joy, and you can't have the one without the other. The heart that feels no sorrow is a heart that feels no love. The love of God, you remember, was in Jesus closely joined with the sorrow of God. And a heart that tries to leap off its own shadow, and to have no part or lot in the griefs of life or the woes of brethren, such a heart will always be shunned when it needs sympathy itself. People feel that the heart which cannot sorrow is like the man without a shadow, an inhuman and monstrous thing. And then, however rich or selfish the shadowless heart may be, it must grow miserable when left quite alone; and it will grow restless and find no peace or comfort in anything. It will have the greatest difficulty in keeping its soul from the devil. You are almost sure if you only think of escaping sorrow to fall into sin. And though you may study the wonders of nature, yet you will be shut out of the hearts of men and have no share in the fellowship of Christ.

I wish you would reward me for this short sermon by learning off the following text, taken from a sermon to a child, and keeping it before you all your life. "It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow

pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasure or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful."

One day, the shadows will of themselves flee away. Where is it that there are no shadows? Near the Equator. Why? Because the sun is straight over your head. Your shadow is then exactly under your feet. So, one day, when we stand far closer than we now are under the presence and light of God, the shadow of earth's trouble shall vanish. It will not be lost or stolen, but it will be trodden under our feet. We shall have conquered it in the light of the Lord. We shall stand upon it, and it will neither haunt our way, nor darken our past track, or our future path any more, for ever and ever.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "God is in heaven. Can He hear."
Lesson: Luke xv. 1—10.
Text: Rev. iii. 20: "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

But, you may ask, why does He not come right in? Our hearts are His, for He made them. Why should He knock and wait till we are ready to open?

But it is bad manners to force your way in without knocking, as you very well know; and it is not from God that we are to learn to be rude. Christ teaches nobody to be discourteous. He was once, by an old English poet, called "the first true gentleman that ever breathed."

If the Queen were to go and pay a quiet surprise visit to a housekeeper in Windsor Palace, would it be really royal if she marched in without any kind of warning, or turned the handle without any kind of knock? No; the Queen is queen of the Castle, but the housekeeper is queen of her own room. The landlord of your father's house has no right to force his way in when he pleases, just because the house is his property, has he? No; when he calls he must stand at the door of his own house and knock like other people. And when you cease to be babies; when you have a room of your own; when you come to sleep with your door locked, and don't need to have it open all night that your mother may hear you calling out about bad dreams and foolish frights; and when your father wants to see you about something, and comes to your chamber, and finds the door shut, does he dash it open and stalk in? No; he stands at the door and knocks. What, at his own child's door, and in his own house? Yes, indeed. He treats you with the respect with which you are to treat others. Your father gave you the room, and gave you the furniture, and gave you the key. He put you in a position to lock himself out. He wished to teach you what it means to have a place of your own and things of your own, because that helps you to feel what it is to have a soul of your own, and a conscience, and a duty, and a responsibility. If we have nothing quite our own, how can we give anything? If you have no pocket-money to use as you please, how are you to make your father a present on his birthday? And if you have no soul of your own, how are you to give it to God? God cannot ask us for what we have not got. And God has given us our own soul in such a complete and wonderful way, that if we so please we may lock out even Himself.

Now God has given you your heart and soul to be your own, your very ownest own, just as your father might give you a room to yourself. And when God would come into your soul He treats you with beautiful and wonderful respect. He doesn't say, "I'll come in how I please, and when I please, and do as I like;" but He respects the soul He has given you, and its freedom, and He says, "My child, I stand at your door and knock." It is wonderful. Did you ever hear him? Did you ever say, "Come in"?

Young Samuel heard Him once, and said "Come in" with all his heart. But then Samuel's door was always a little ajar in readiness. People differ so. Some fasten up the door and bolt it, and put chairs and tables behind it, lest God should come in. Then there is such an uproar before he can be admitted. Others leave their door on the latch; and others, good, trustful, fearless souls, seem to stand open to God day and night continually, and they are like the holy city in the book of Isaiah, of which it is said, "The gates of it shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night." There are human souls like that; but, all the same, God knocks ere He enters even there.

Did you ever lie and hear your heart beat? All day and all night it goes knock,

knock, knocking, mostly too quickly to be heard, but sometimes loud enough to frighten you? What is that knocking? It is the life coming into you and going through you. Always God is feeding your life with His own. Always He is coming to you; always He is knocking as He comes, and your body lets Him in, and you are healthy and well just because He takes up His abode with you. You see how holy a thing health really is.

And this may well remind you of the way Jesus knocks at your soul, and begs to be let in beyond the heart that beats to the heart that loves. I wish the one let Him in as freely as the other.

You sometimes say to yourself, I suppose, "I do wish I were good. I wish I were better than I am. I wish I could think I was good enough for Jesus to care for." You say that, do you? Well, those are the people He very much cares for. That's Jesus knocking. He is outside, it is true; but He's there, and He wants to come in. "Let me in," He says, "I'll make you good." Beg Him to come in. Praying is unlocking the door, and, when you get up of a morning, try to find out in how many ways you can be of use to somebody during the day, and go and be of use. That's throwing the door wide open. I know people who have done that, and done it with a good deal of pain and trouble to themselves; but they say it is more than worth it all when Jesus is thus made quite certain that He is welcome, and really comes in and stays. Some people make Him so welcome He never goes away again.

At other times you are quite vexed with yourself and afraid. You heard Jesus knock and you didn't move to let Him in; you tried to busy yourself with other things till the thought of Him went away, like a boy who rolls his head in the bedclothes so as not to hear the call to get up. And now you are frightened, and you say, "Oh dear! I wish I had done something to open the door. I wish He would knock again; I would open this time." But no knock comes, and Jesus seems to have gone clean away. How frightened you are! Well, He hasn't gone for ever away. He is knocking still. But it is not the same kind of knock, and that is why you don't recognise it. It is not so gentle a knock now. It is more loud, more commanding, and frightens you more. It is like when the boy in bed pays no attention to his mother's knocking, and she goes and calls his father to the door. It is at your conscience God is knocking now; it was at your heart before. Open, open, it is your only safety. Don't barricade the door with all the furniture of your mind and the resources of your ingenuity when the Master comes and demands that you open. You will only make matters worse at last, because God is bound to come in some time. Open and say how sorry you are. Open and take your punishment like a man. Go and do the unpleasant duty you shirked when God pointed it out to you. Open, open the door you slammed in His face when He tapped so light, and take care you don't do it again. Beseech Him to stay with you, and come and go as He will. Give Him a key to your heart, and let Him have free entry at all hours. Beg Him to come without knocking. Say that you are always ready for Him and He is always welcome to you. But take care He does not give over knocking because it seems no use. Mind He does not stop, and go away for a long, long time to bring somebody to break the door in; for it is dreadful when God has to drop the knocker and go for a hammer, when the call-bell tinkles in God's hand no more and the great alarm-bell begins to boom over your soul: that is a serious time. Take care, take care.

But if you make Jesus a welcome guest, if you get to know His step, with its music on your stair, and His gladsome knock, yes, and the sound of His sweet voice, and the sight of His beautiful face, like which there is none, then, when you come to die and God has stopped the knocking of your bodily heart, you will fly up to the gate of heaven, and now you will call to God as God used to call to you. Behold, you will stand at the door and knock for Jesus to open to you as often as you opened to Him. And the great door will open, and the great sweet voice will speak, and you will hear the words, "Come in, come in, dear guest, old friend. You took me in and made a home for me below. Come in, and share my Father's house. As you have done, so shall it be done to you, and more. Come in, and go no more out."

Ah! if we took Him in as He takes us; no more is needed than that. What doors then open within us! what doors fly open before us! What chambers are revealed in the palace of our souls! what mansions in the wide glorious house of God! How rich we are, how rich is the world, how great is life, how grand the life to come! Open, open, and take Him in, for this is He who openeth and none shutteth, and if He give joy no man maketh trouble.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

SUMMER OUTINGS FOR CITY CHILDREN.

NOW is the time to send children into the country, and those who undertake this special work will be glad of all the help that can be given, either in money, promises of accommodation, or in other ways. Every year's added experience proves that the change not only gives a new lease of life and a new stock of strength to the children who are taken out of the close and crowded courts and streets of the city to spend ten days or a fortnight in fresh air and green fields, but that nothing is more effective in purifying and civilising the homes to which the little ones return. In the country homes where they spend their holidays, they see a cleanliness and order that they have never known before, and higher, holier things making the incidents of every-day life beautiful and bright. When they go back again, they take these new ideas with them; they are quick to notice contrasts, and to miss what they have seen elsewhere. And even in the most squalid homes, mothers are wounded in their pride if the children think other ways better than their own, and they endeavour so far as they can to make their cottages more like those which have charmed their boys and girls far away. If we want to put some beauty and brightness into the lives of the children, who will grow up into men and women before long, it is of no good to talk to them about these things, any more than it is to lecture them about goodness. Show them what is fair and beautiful, let them see a noble man or woman, and they will understand what we mean then; "object lessons" of this kind, and this practical teaching will do what nothing else can. Most people will know some one occupied in work of this kind, who will be glad of their aid; but in case there should be any who do not, let them send their gifts to the Rev. A. Mearns, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. He will use them as well and wisely as they could wish.

THE DURHAM SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

It seems almost impossible to predict with any approach to certainty the action which the House of Lords will take on any given occasion. Very often, and with respect to many social questions, in wisdom, sense, and justice, the Upper House contrasts not unfavourably with the Lower; but in the very hour when we are disposed to be most grateful to them, again and again they spoil their record by some strange and perverse blunder. The last instance of this kind is the Durham Sunday Closing Bill. The county of Durham is practically of one mind upon the matter. All its representatives, save one, support the Bill, and his constituency is the smallest of the fifteen. The people themselves by their petitions have expressed their wish that the public-houses should be closed on Sundays. The bishop of the diocese himself, the last person in the world who could be accused of bigotry or narrow-mindedness, took charge of the Bill, and brought all his influence to its support. There was an overwhelming force of opinion and of argument in favour of the Bill, and yet when it had all but passed through the ordeal successfully, a majority of the peers pronounced sentence against it. They must know that the conflict is but prolonged, not closed; that the people of Durham are in earnest and will have their way in the long run. And yet they are willing to provoke hostility and ill-will among the most loyal and law-abiding classes of the community, by refusing to them the power to secure order, peace, and sobriety on the one day of the seven in which these virtues are most endangered. Let us hope that next time their verdict is asked, wiser thoughts will prevail.

DENOMINATIONAL RIVALRIES.

The united meetings of the Baptist and Congregational Unions proved grandly successful. They produced a great impression upon those who were present at the time, and their influence and inspiration have not yet passed away. Why should it not continue? There is many a wholesome change that it might work. It might lead to unity if not to union. There is no reason why Baptists and Congregationalists should amalgamate in one body, and in fact each might lose by the change; but there is every reason why in their attempts to spread the gospel of Christ through the land they should work hand in hand, each taking care not to impede or hamper the work of the other. At present, it too often happens that in a village where there is not room for more than one chapel to supplement the village church, we find three, four, or even five, standing side by side; each struggling for bare existence; each torn by the bitterness that comes from feebleness, and the bigotry which calls itself conscience. There is a waste of men and of money, both never more sorely needed than now. And worse than all, there is a loss of spiritual vitality: if each little community keeps afloat, it is all that it can do; it is no lifeboat, able to carry help to others in darkness and in storm. Those who lead the Churches recognise the evil, and are resolved to do what they can to lessen and to destroy it; but unfortunately their good intentions and their wisdom are often thrown away through the blind perversity of men who have lived all their lives with the narrowest of horizons and are unable to take a braver view.

CANON LIDDON AND THE BISHOPRIC OF EDINBURGH.

Canon Liddon's election to the bishopric of Edinburgh will startle many people who have not watched the direction in which the life and thought of the Episcopal Church in Scotland have for some time been tending. Here is a man whom, in spite of his eminence

and power, the leaders of both political parties in England, even though in personal sympathy with his views, have passed over in filling up vacancies on the Episcopal Bench. The Church in Scotland, exercising its free and unfettered choice, would instal him in the most important diocese in the northern kingdom. But the fact is, that in doctrine, if not in ritual, Scotch Episcopalians have gone far beyond most of their English brethren. The advanced wing here finds itself abreast with the main body there. In contact with Presbyterianism Episcopacy has become intensified; the power and daring of the old Puritan spirit have helped to make the reaction stronger. Although Canon Liddon has declined the appointment, the significance of the choice remains the same.

THE DECREASE OF PUBLIC-HOUSES.

The depression in trade is touching even the public-house business; and if it affected nothing but that, most of us would say, long may it last! from the bottom of our hearts. For without going all the lengths of fanaticism, we know but too well that but for drink and its cruel temptations we should have far less crime, vice, poverty, and disease than we see around us to-day. One fact in the Report of the London City Mission for this year is full of encouragement. In one district in the East End of London seven beer-shops have been closed during the past twelve months, making a total decrease of thirty in twelve years. Not very much, it is true, but still something. During the same time sixty coffee-houses have been opened, so that for every two of these one of the beer-shops has become extinct. This shows the way to work; substitute good, and you will suppress evil. The Report adds that if the district referred to be divided into seven portions, while in the two poorest parts the decrease in the number of drinking-houses has been but one in each, in a more respectable portion, inhabited by men who *earn regular wages*, the decrease has been no less than nine. Drink and regular wages are two things that will not go together. A man will not continue to earn regularly if he regularly wastes his wages on drink.

THE UNIVERSITIES SETTLEMENT IN EAST LONDON.

The first annual Report of "Toynbee Hall," to give the settlement its more popular name, shows that the enterprise is prospering. The men who have taken it in hand are settling down to steady work, learning what it is that the people among whom they live really need, and doing their very best to give all the help they can. Those who settled in the Hall at the beginning remain at their post, and the fact that university men, studying for the professions or leading independent lives, are willing not merely to spend a few hours in the week upon social or intellectual work, but actually to make the East End their home, cannot fail to exert a strong influence upon the men whom they come to aid. They do not expect to win all their ground at once. In time they hope to take a strong hold upon local business and administration, and so to make up for the absence of a leisured class; but responsibility and power can only be theirs when their neighbours have thoroughly learnt to know and trust them. Meanwhile, they are doing the humbler work, in managing schools, organizing clubs, and conducting classes; giving and getting, and knitting together parts of the nation too long and too deeply divided.

SENTENCES OF PROBATION.

Our criminal law has been steadily improving for a long time past, but still, in spite of all changes, the system is very far from even comparative excellence. By treating all offenders in the same way, it makes criminals of many whom it should cure. A lad through his own folly or through evil influence goes astray, breaks the law, and finds himself in the police-court. He is sent to gaol, for a short sentence possibly, but even that time is long enough to set a mark upon him, and to cut him off from respectable society and to associate him with criminals; so that when he comes out of prison, unless kind and loving friends, or some Society for Prisoners' Aid, lend him a helping hand, he will find the path of evil far more easy than the way of honesty and virtue. Our mistake lies in supposing that we can apply the same method to all. For some, sad though it be to say so, there is nothing but the prison-cell and enforced labour; it is the only defence for society, though it may effect no good result on the offenders themselves. But in very many cases a first offence does not indicate a criminal disposition, and the prison will do unmixed harm. What we really need in a case like this is a sentence of probation, not punishment. A mere warning and reprimand are not enough. The offender must know that his conduct for twelve months or more, as necessity may arise, will be under careful and close supervision; that if he shows any tendency to return to his evil courses severe punishment will follow; but that if he sets himself to retrieve his past faults, he may in due time regain the confidence he has forfeited. Such a system would rescue many of those by whom our criminal classes are now recruited; and when the present political turmoil has come to a close, we hope that Mr. Howard Vincent's Bill embodying this principle may again emerge out of the legislative chaos and find a place on our Statute-Book.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

A PRESIDENT'S WEDDING.

President Cleveland has done a bold thing. He has ventured to break away from custom and ceremony, and made his own marriage as simple and quiet as any one could wish. There was no crowd, no elaborate feast, no public show, and no excitement—nothing in short to mar the solemnity and to profane the sanctity of the hour. It is an admirable example, and as good for England as America. For on both sides of the Atlantic, in too many cases, a

wedding seems to be considered an occasion for gratifying the pride and vanity of the family, and to those who are chiefly, if not solely, concerned the day is one of supreme wretchedness and misery. Its beauty and brightness are entirely lost. And then there is endless extravagance and waste, most excessive, as a rule, where economy is most necessary. Very often the amount spent on the wedding entertainment would go far to settle the furniture bill for the new home, or would secure a considerable assurance on the husband's life; and the money is all thrown away in this style. Fashion, happily, can be changed; and if only others in high places will follow President Cleveland's example, even from this folly we may be delivered in time.

THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN.

The intense and eager interest with which the birth of one little child has been awaited in Spain shows in a very wonderful way how closely and by what intricate ties we are all bound together in these times. The birth of this little baby-king has made the peace of Spain more secure: now, that there is a living heir to the throne, plots and conspiracies lose much of their power, and the people themselves will be more loyal and true. And from Spain right through Europe the same force has spread, acting in other ways. It has made some thousands of men in England, in France, and in other countries more than a million pounds richer than they were before, and though each man's share in the gain may not be large, to the income of many the increase will make an appreciable addition at the year's end. It all reminds one of a passage in the works of a great poet, in which he describes how he saw all the earth in motion, armies advancing, cannon roaring, kingdoms swaying, and the very stars trembling overhead, and when he pierced to the centre and cause of it all, he saw—a mother with her child. They can move a world.

UNREST IN RUSSIA.

There are new clouds in Northern Europe, and a fresh storm seems threatening. The war-spirit is being excited again, and by those in positions of highest responsibility. Only a few weeks ago the Czar himself issued a manifesto to the Russian Fleet in terms which indicated in the most unmistakable way the possibility of a war in the immediate future; and since then the Mayor of Moscow has been allowed to present an address to the Czar alluding to the restoration of Russian supremacy in the Black Sea, and to the planting of the Cross upon the dome of St. Sofia in Constantinople. Such addresses, of course, are carefully examined before they are presented, and nothing is allowed to stand that is not acceptable; so the allusions are very significant. It may be that the Czar and his advisers hoped to reap some benefit from the recent troubles in Greece; but there peace is being restored, and it would be a monstrous crime if for purposes of ambition or aggrandisement it should be again disturbed.

THE EXPULSION OF THE PRINCES FROM FRANCE.

Some strange madness seems to have taken possession of French politicians—statesmen we cannot call them. Without the least justification in act or design, so far as unprejudiced observers can perceive, the Ministry demand for themselves power to expel from the country all the members of the Houses of Bourbon and of Bonaparte; while to make matters worse, a private member has introduced a bill for the confiscation of the property and the estates belonging to the members of these two royal families. The measures now proposed may not be carried, but that such proposals should ever have been made by men in positions of responsibility and power is enough to excite the most serious apprehension for the future of political life in France. How is it that such men—men of blind self-seeking, come into power? Surely it is because, among all classes, faith in righteousness, faith in anything or anybody, seems at its lowest ebb. Once they believed in "France," if in nothing else; and now that has gone. *Chacun fait son margot*, "Every one makes his pile," is the popular verdict upon their political leaders indiscriminately; and though such verdicts are often false, they still serve to show the mental and moral attitude of the nation. Without any fixed principles, those at the head of affairs are ready to plunge into any course that will keep them in power and place for the time, whether it be an iniquitous war abroad or some act of injustice like this at home. They suppose that the expulsion of the Princes will be a blow to the increasing influence of the adherents of Monarchy. The mistake is a fatal one; their policy reveals their alarm; and fear in France is the sure prelude to a fall.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S MISSIONARY SERMON.

The sermon which the Archbishop of Canterbury preached for the Church Missionary Society was a missionary sermon in the truest sense. He dealt not only with principles, but with details, with methods as well as aims. Two points on which he touched were of special importance. He enforced the fact that the missionaries of the Society must always be evangelists rather than teachers, and that as soon as the faith is firmly planted they must press on and occupy other fields, leaving to the native Christians themselves the duty and the task of perfecting and completing what has been begun. The other point had reference to the native churches. There is a very natural, and we believe a growing wish that native Christians connected with different communities among ourselves should sink their differences and unite on the broadest possible basis of common truth. The Archbishop evidently thinks that this happy change is still in the far distance, and he not unfairly insists that if such a union were brought about by no more binding and permanent force than compact between various sections of Christians, it would only open the way to suspicion.

jealousy, and dissension. He is inclined rather to preserve organic structure, retaining flexibility without formlessness, in the hope that "in the native churches themselves, never from the first entangled in our controversies, there may be found at last the very bond of the great reunion to come." Our fear is that unless such a union can be effected in a comparatively early stage of growth, we can never hope to see it brought about at all.

THE RICH, THE POOR, AND MISSIONS.

The Rev. H. P. Grubb has written an article which will make some people open their eyes. His task was not a pleasant one, but he has done it in the best possible spirit and temper. He set himself to analyse the subscription list of the Church Missionary Society, for the purpose of discovering what proportion of the income was contributed by "the titled and the wealthy." About the latter class no one but an income-tax commissioner —and perhaps not even he—could give much accurate and trustworthy information, but "the titled" can be examined by any industrious person who will provide himself with a "Peerage," and a Church Missionary Society subscription list. The results of the investigation were sad enough. The total amount contributed by the 362 persons of rank and title, ranging from dukes to knights, to be found among the subscribers to the Society, was only £1,065. The whole sum does not represent the servant's wages and keep in a large household, the cost of a single picture on the walls, or perhaps of a single book in the library. It is just one quarter of the stakes won by a nobleman a few days ago in a great race, without including a penny gained by bets. And on the other side, the Society during last year obtained nearly £20,000 from missionary boxes, which as a rule represent the gifts of the poor. There is a strange contrast here between the self-sacrifice of the rich and of the poor. Nor is this the only case in which the same difference might be found, for whenever a subscription list is examined and analysed in this way, our experience has been that the rich give less and the poor far more than any one would have ventured to anticipate.

THE UGANDA MISSION.

From month to month in these times of trouble, every one who follows the progress of mission work, turns over the reports to find out how the Christian workers at Uganda are faring. From the very outset the history of the mission there has been remarkable, and never has it been more wonderful than in this period of trial and danger. The letters and diaries published in the *Church Mission Intelligencer* for June show in the most vivid way the condition of affairs; the suspense and anxiety which followed the first arrival of the news that Bishop Hannington had been put to death by the king's orders; the reluctance of Mwanga to admit that he had heard of the event, and his indignation with those in his household who had given the information to the missionaries. At one time it was quite clear that he would have much liked to kill the missionaries at Uganda as he had killed the bishop while on his way there; but this idea he has abandoned, at any rate for a time. Meanwhile, though the school is empty and the services abandoned, the work still goes on. The native Christians meet in small parties for worship in the houses of the Elders; more converts, some of them people of distinction, have been baptized; and above all, the final revision of St. Matthew in the language of the people has been made, and part already passed through the press: for as Mr. Mackay says in his diary, "A time of persecution has always here been a printing time:" brave words of a brave man. Do what he may now, the king cannot suppress the faith his people have learned to love. If these teachers are put to death or driven out, they will themselves hand on the truth, and they will cling to their Gospels as to life itself, like the Christians in the early ages of persecution, or the Malagasy martyrs fifty years ago.

BISHOP TAYLOR'S SELF-SUPPORTING MISSIONS.

Missionary effort when conducted on a smaller scale is generally overshadowed by the great societies conspicuous for their history and their influence, and Bishop Taylor's work in South Central Africa has suffered no doubt from this cause, especially as the Loanda district, in which the mission lies, is situated between two great mission fields—below the Congo on the one side, and above the tribes of the Transvaal and the adjacent country on the other. Yet the work is not without importance, though so little is known about it, and it is the more important on account of the central principle on which it is based. The mission, like others conducted by the same organization elsewhere, is "self-supporting," and self-supporting from the first. How is this effected? By insuring that the missionary shall take with him some skill or knowledge having a market value as well as the faith which he goes to teach. In some parts of the world, in more civilised communities, he pays his way by education; among wild and savage tribes like those of Loanda, he turns farmer, carries on industrial work, opens an industrial school, teaching and civilising at the same time. Such a method diminishes expense, and though obviously it does not admit of universal application, where it is possible it is most effectual. For to make anything of these savage races, they must first be settled, must be taught to abandon their migratory habits; and when they are anchored by farms, plantations, and schools, they will mount up to higher things. It may be said that this is colonisation, not Christianity. No doubt, but the two things may and should go hand in hand, and it is the spirit and the aim that determine the real character of the work. And if it is alleged that the missionaries are turning aside to secular things, Bishop Taylor's reply only states the truth when he says that they make secular things turn aside to them.

"The sad words in the pathetic young voice."

Page 511.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE FOX'S ATTRIBUTES.

THE dissatisfaction felt by Geoffrey and his father, at Brownlow, junior, identifying himself with Ellen's society, was shared more or less by all the members of the Red Glen.

Their discontent at the son of the hated Supplanter joining any society in which an O'Donnell was mixed up, would have shown itself more plainly than in mere words, but for the fact that they considered Brownlow, junior, a poor-witted and simple-minded creature. If he had been an Irishman they would have liked him very well, but even as an Englishman they could not have any strong feelings of aversion towards one whom they considered so harmless. There was a person, however, whose sensations were not so temperate, and that person was the father of the young man. When his wife and daughters expressed their admiration at the manifest improvement in John Henry, he felt a resentment too deep for words. By slow, by very slow degrees there had sprung up in this man's breast a dislike to the folks around him.

Brownlow had many faults, but he was naturally good-natured, and where justice did not interfere with his own projects he could be strictly and essentially just. In every eviction which had taken place at Inchfawn he had practised the laws of justice; not a tenant who had ever lived on the place need have starved; but he found to his astonishment, and finally to his disgust, that justice availed nothing here. The people were all sentiment, and preferred rags at home to silken attire in any other land or place. Brownlow had taken away their rags, and the goodly raiment he offered elsewhere they would not accept at his price.

To throw a man's favours back in his face is the surest way to get him to hate you. A man must have got very near to Christ, and have looked so often into His face that he must have imbibed something of the Master's spirit, to possess that goodness which is long-suffering. Brownlow was certainly not one of those who, when smitten on one cheek, will offer the other also for abuse. In short, he belonged to that very large class of people who are willing to help you in *their* way—not in yours. The people of Inchfawn did not want to be helped in Brownlow's way.

Every day the great man heard tales of want, of misery, of even fever and starvation. He grew tired of the black looks which met him at every corner; he grew tired of the angry and sorrowful people who turned away at his approach, and took no notice of his friendly greetings. Inchfawn, under his management, was surely becoming an earthly paradise, but surely also the serpent still lingered there.

Brownlow, when he heard of the desolation and the great distress which prevailed in this terrible winter of '79, had ordered relief to be given to all who chose to apply for it. Soup was made by his English cook, and the parish priest was asked to tell the people in chapel that, if they chose to apply at a certain hour daily at Inchfawn, each family might have a certain supply of the nourishing food.

Whether the priest ever told his congregation or not remains a mystery, but certainly no one applied for the Inchfawn bounty, and, after a week, Brownlow, in disgust, ordered the soup not to be made. Then Ellen O'Donnell came, and with system and judgment, which even Brownlow must have admired, gave the relief which had been rejected at his hands.

She established her soup-kitchen, and her schools, and her refuges on his land, and had he chosen he might have ordered her off. But he did not so choose; he told his wife he was glad the poor creatures were kept alive, whoever did the work: but it was one thing to allow Ellen to occupy a certain remote portion of Inchfawn in the exercise of her charitable functions, and another to have his son—his heir—his first-born—throwing himself with all his heart and soul into the work.

Never before had Brownlow, senior, seen Brownlow, junior, so animated, so busy, so happy. Long ago the father had learned—learned to his sorrow, that he had little or no power over this young man. For many years Brownlow, junior, had been little influenced by his father's wishes or commands, and now what happened when the older man said to him in an irate voice—

"I wish you would give up that ridiculous nonsense. If those foolish people like to make themselves absurd, why should you be dragged into it? It is my wish that you give it up, Jack, and at once."

"Give up the Good Will Society?" replied the young man with a curious smile. "I am

sorry—ah—that I cannot oblige you in that matter, sir."

Nothing more was said, and Brownlow, senior, had to swallow his annoyance as best he could. He had, however, other and more serious matters to occupy his full time and attention now.

The people in Derry, those at least who were well acquainted with the docks, began to wonder why the *Minnehaha* and the *White Witch* remained so long in port.

This long and apparently useless delay in sending out two of his finest vessels was by no means Brownlow's usual plan. As a rule, sharp was the word with regard to his transactions. His ships came in, were speedily unladen, and put out to sea again with some return freight of corn or other home produce.

The *Minnehaha* had arrived with a rich cargo, principally of tea and silk. The custom-house officers had gone on board, and she had unshipped her precious wares, and Brownlow's customers had received them at Brownlow's prices, but still the trim vessel and her gay companion, the *White Witch*, remained waiting idle at the docks.

The *White Witch* had brought cotton from America, which had also long ago found its destination; but still there were no orders given to reload the ships and send them away.

The sailors, to use a well-known phrase, were eating their heads off on shore; and the Derry folks, who were also in the shipping trade, commented not a little.

Every morning, Brownlow had a consultation with his confidential clerk, Mansell; they put their heads together and apparently came to no result.

"I'd risk it, sir," said the man at last, one morning. "I'd lade the *White Witch* this very day with wool, and send her direct to New York. The fact is, Mr. Brownlow, people are beginning to wonder at your keeping the vessel so long in port; you'll rouse the very suspicion you want to quiet. I'd lade the vessel and let her get under way, sir—I would indeed."

"You say those fellows are still loafing about," said Brownlow with a heavy frown.

"Yes, sir; and not only here at the docks, but all along by the coast; there ain't a chance of our effecting a landing on any part of Lough Swilly."

"That wretched Drake," muttered Brownlow; "you are sure he is safe in America, by this time, Mansell?"

"Oh, yes, sir! safe as possible. He was glad enough to go; it was a dirty trick he played us, and all for a little bit of profit. But you see, sir, under the circumstances, we were unable to prosecute him."

A grim smile played over Brownlow's face.

"What puzzles me, is this," he said; "as Drake never appeared in the matter at all, but ran away like the coward he is at the first stroke of danger, how is it that those rascally fellows should attach suspicion to me? There is no question of a doubt that we are dogged and watched, and if we can't circumvent those Inchfawn beggars, why we must move off while we can. But how did the first suspicions get wind, Mansell? Drake for his own sake would be quiet, and none of my other men would play me false, surely?"

"I don't believe one of them had a hand in it, sir; but if I may venture to make a remark, you did a very injudicious thing when you took upon yourself an Irish estate. If there's a dangerous person under the sun, it's an Irish tenant when he thinks himself defrauded of his rights. There's no doubt they don't love you out there, sir, and they were only too glad to fasten on any pretext against you; they'd have done it all the same if you had been as innocent as a baby."

"Is it true, Mansell, that young O'Donnell is mixed up in this dastardly attempt to run another man to earth?"

"Well, sir, there's no doubt Mr. Geoffrey O'Donnell is in it, and the whisper is that Squire O'Donnell and Mr. Macnaughten of Crorane are pulling in the same boat. There's where the danger lies, sir; if it was just a few half-starved peasants they mightn't have the wit; but these other men—why, they're as 'cute and cunning as foxes."

Brownlow sat silent for the space of about ten minutes, then he said abruptly, "Perhaps John Henry Brownlow may also call some of the fox's attributes to his aid. See here, Mansell, I don't mean to be beaten by any of these fellows. There is nothing for us now but a bold stroke, and it would be worse than ridiculous to send the *Minnehaha* and the *White Witch* out to sea again with the most valuable part of their cargoes unladed. You load the vessels as quickly as possible, Mansell, and get them ready for sailing. Get all your men in, and be ready for sailing at the latest this day week. In the meantime, insure both ships as heavily as you possibly can. My plan is to put out to sea, clear Lough Foyle well, and then, when those fellows are thoroughly disappointed and quite off the scent, run the ship again into the entrance of the Lough. If I remember

aright, there is a smooth bay about that part of the coast where boats can unlade; and we must have carts ready to convey the goods to the nearest railway station."

"I know the bay you mean," said Mansell, his sallow face brightening, "and there is so much seaweed all round that coast that the goods can be thoroughly covered with it when they are got into the carts."

Brownlow and his satellite conversed together for some time longer, and in consequence of that conversation, Brownlow rode back to Inchfawn that evening in a rather elated state of mind.

CHAPTER XLV.—TWO WATCHERS.

On a certain afternoon about a fortnight later, it so happened that Ellen and Arundel found themselves obliged to walk from the Cave of Good Will to Rose Bank cottage.

Shela had hurt her foot the day before, and the car which had brought over Ellen and her aunt in the morning had returned with the old lady to Rose Bank cottage two hours earlier than Ellen found it possible to leave. She was, however, an excellent walker; and Arundel, who had arranged to find a substitute that night in the cave, said he would be her escort. It was dark when they set out, but half an hour after, the moon arose in great splendour and beauty. There was much to make this walk of consequence to the two who were now rapidly pacing along the beaten track—the light of the moon on the lake, the grand form of Slievesnatt behind them, with her chain of lesser mountains, all forming a shadowy and mysterious background; the clear and yet dark blue of the sky, and the utter peace of the whole landscape, must have impressed a less impressionable heart than Ellen O'Donnell's.

Arundel, whose pulses were beating high, with a certain exultation which the presence of this girl always inspired him with, considered the beauty of the scene, as they walked along, but as a fit surrounding for this princess of the mountains.

Ellen was tired from her day's work, and she had never yet consciously gauged her feelings for Arundel. On this night, however, that heart of hers was to be tested, and in a way little known or suspected by its possessor.

Ellen and Arundel left the beaten track, and going quite to the edge of a very bold headland, sat down for a few moments to rest. As they did so, they were unaware that two watchers approached.

Two watchers, unknown one to the other, crept up silently, and remained—one within earshot, the other within earshot and eyeshot of the unconscious pair. Nora Mahoney crept behind a furze bush, and lay, herself completely hidden in shadow, but where she could hear each word that dropped from Ellen's lips, and see, by the light of the moon, every shade and expression which passed over her sensitive face; the other watcher, on the farther side, could also hear each word, but could not distinguish the faces of the speakers. That other watcher was Brownlow, junior.

Ellen had tossed her hat on the path by her side, and her black hair, which grew rather low on her forehead, was faintly stirred by the very light breeze which sometimes sprang up, and then utterly died away.

Arundel was talking earnestly about his plans, and the future of their society; and Ellen answered him at first with animation, then languidly, and almost with sadness.

"What is the matter?" asked Arundel, suddenly noticing the change in her tones.

"Only what ails most Irish girls now, Mr. Arundel—anxiety. You have been good to me; I can't speak of your goodness; it has filled and blest my life. Yes, I trust—I hope—we need fear no deaths from starvation during this terrible winter. Thank God for that!"

Here, had Ellen listened, she might have heard the faintest of sighs, and the faintest of moans from behind that furze-bush; but her dark blue eyes were fixed on her companion, and he was evidently absorbing her full attention.

"And yet you have an anxiety?" he said.

"Yes; oh! yes. Have you seen Geoffrey's face during this past week? have you noticed his actions? Oh, Mr. Arundel, had Geoffrey joined us, he might have been well, and good, and happy, but he has given himself up to those who—though I love every man and woman of them—are leading him to no good, and are fostering the worst that is in him."

"But Geoffrey goes away to-morrow for a few weeks, Miss O'Donnell; and, if I might dare tell you what is not mine to tell, I believe the very depression which you so lament is for your brother's good. He has been disappointed in an unworthy aim, and—and—— But I cannot explain to you; will you trust me that this is so?"

"I do, indeed, trust you utterly; but have things come to such a pass, that my brother can stoop to be unworthy?"

Ellen now turned her face away from her companion. Her eyes glowed and shone from her suppressed feeling, and round her beautiful mouth were some lines which showed that the proud spirit in her breast was suffering agony.

Arundel watched her with a silent sympathy, and the two other unknown and unseen watchers felt their hearts beating in unison with hers.

Suddenly Arundel said in a cheerful tone, "And now about my emigration project; you know that is my pet scheme of schemes. Can you give me any encouragement?"

Ellen turned round swiftly. "How selfish I am!" she said; "but—I am so hopeless to-night."

"Can we never inspire our poor folks with enthusiasm?" said Arundel. "Is there no prophet who can prophesy great things of South America, in sufficiently brilliant colours, to tempt the emigrants across?"

"Ah! you don't know how we cling to the soil."

"We! that includes you. Then you are the little traitor in the camp. I thought I had won you over to my cause."

"You have won my intellect, but not my heart."

"A fig for your intellect, Ellen," said Arundel, with sudden passion, "if your heart does not accompany it."

She looked up at him earnestly, and a rich colour came into her cheeks, and even up to her brow. "Stay in Ireland, and my heart and intellect are for you and our cause," she said; "but oh! I passionately love my country. Oh! to leave her would crush me. I should be the plant without the sun."

"Believe me," said Arundel earnestly, "you are mistaken, and you have not quite gauged your heart. The same sun shines there as here, and the same Father of lights is over all His children; but I will not try you further now. Are you rested? shall we go on?"

"I am rested, but I should like you to feel for my exiles. Do you know Martin McDermott's words about them?"

"No; do you?"

"They have been in my head all day. I will repeat one or two verses that you may know how we should feel in any other land but the home land. It is a Christmas Carol, and, like ourselves, both gay and sad:—

'When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more—
Oh! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice would say,
"Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles, far away!"

'Alas! for them, this morning sun saw many a moist eye pour
Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er;
And fancy brought each scene of home into each welling eye,
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled it like a sigh!
'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them down to pray
For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor exiles far away.

'And some there were around the board, like loving brothers met,
The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget;
They pledged—"The girls we left at home, God bless them!" and they gave,
"The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the brave!"
Then up erect with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip, hurray!
Drank "Erin slantha gal go-bragh!" those exiles far away.

'Then, oh! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise,
Like gushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies—
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian pine—
Oh! don't these old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles far away?'"

CHAPTER XLVI.—JOHN HENRY.

ELLEN and her companion continued their walk, and when they were well out of sight Nora glided from her hiding-place, and, swift as a bird on the wing, ran home.

Brownlow also rose slowly to his feet, and painfully, as though every step were a certain effort, made his way back to Inchfawn.

There was to be a large dinner-party there that evening, a dinner-party followed afterwards by a dance, and the great house was full of life and movement.

Young Brownlow, as he entered the hall, with mud sticking about his rough working suit, his hair dishevelled, his face whiter than usual, looked scarcely to belong to the same earth as the radiant Katie, who ran up to him in her white ball-dress, all billowy and feathery, a bright colour in her cheeks, and her brown eyes sparkling with anticipated enjoyment.

"Oh, Jack! how late you are!" she exclaimed. "They are serving dinner now; and mamma did want you to take in the Hon. Mrs. Flanagan. I must say you are tiresome, Jack."

"Don't bother," replied her brother in an almost cross voice for him. "Mrs. Flanagan must go in with whom she can. Don't let anybody wait for me, Katie. I'll slip into the dining-room when I'm ready. The fact is, I'm dead tired."

John Henry found his own apartment, and in the middle of dinner glided, in the most unobtrusive and humble manner, into the empty seat which awaited him. As he did so he encountered an angry frown from his father and a supplicating look from his good-natured mother. He regarded neither the frown nor the look of entreaty, but devoted himself instantly, not to his neighbour, a pretty, bright girl of twenty, but to his dinner. Even this, however, he ate languidly, and he certainly surpassed himself in dulness the whole evening.

In vain the assembled company tried to draw out such an important person as the heir to Inchfawn, and Katie even started that objectionable topic, the Cave of Good Will.

John Henry would not be drawn out, and his pretty little neighbour to his right received a decided snub when she ventured to say ecstatically—

"It all seems so noble; and the sound of a cave is so deliciously romantic! You must feel like one of the early reformers, Mr. Brownlow."

"I—ah—I beg your pardon, Miss Jervis, but that's all nonsense, you know."

After this comment Miss Jervis turned her attentions to her neighbour on the other side.

At a comparatively early hour in the evening John Henry left this uncongenial company and retired to his room. There he sat over the fire, warming his thin hands, and shivering a little.

"Ah, well! I heard it in her voice to-night," muttered the poor fellow. "I never thought I could win her. I'm not a bit worthy of her; and I could be quite content to do the meanest things in her service. But the other fellow, why should he have all the brains, the power to speak, the greatness which alone could win such a heart as hers? He does not love her better than I do, and yet I have no chance. I'm not even going to try for a chance, only I hate that other fellow. It isn't fair that I should only have money and he all the rest."

That night John Henry was even a greater enigma than usual to his perplexed and wondering family. Had he given any tangible and reasonable cause for his great weariness, his utter fatigue and misery, his mother and sister too would have made much of him, for in their heart of hearts these good folks were all that was kind; but the sorrow and hopelessness that they could not see, that touched an undying human spirit, not a perishing human body, were beyond their ken and therefore not to be comforted by them. God saw it is true. God looked into the very heart of this loneliness and desolation, but not yet did the young man hear the Divine voice bidding the heavy laden rest.

John Henry sat on by the fire, and by degrees the flames burnt down, and the coal exhausted itself, and the red glowing mass turned grey, and slowly, slowly the great fire in the hospitable grate went out. He sat on, however, limp and wretched, in his chair, and did not even know that he was cold. That night he never went to bed.

CHAPTER XLVII.—IN THE RED GLEN.

When Nora had gone nearly a mile she stopped short. She was still a little distance from her mother's cabin, and she knew that her mother would be waiting for her. She stood still, however, leaning her elbows on a low stone wall, and raising her lovely, sad face a little towards the sky.

"I don't care," she said to herself. "I guessed it afore, but I wasn't sartin till to-night. Sure 'tisn't me as 'ud break her heart. When she riz her eyes to his face didn't they shine, and didn't I see the rose-blush come up straight from her very heart. There was nothing in his loving our Miss Eileen—sure, no one could know her without loving her—but if she has gone and given the best of herself to him, sorra a bit of Nora Mahoney will give her pain. No, no, I am only a poor starve girleen, and 'tis but to suffer a bit more; and then there's the cool, beautiful heaven, and the God above, and the Vargin, as feels for one like me. No, no, I has made up my mind to-night."

Slowly, and without any of the swiftness of her former flight, Nora went back to her mother's cabin. "I'd even tell a lie for her sake," she said once half aloud, "but horses shan't drag the truth from me after what I've seen this blessed night."

She entered the tiny cabin, where her mother, gaunt and emaciated-looking, was standing up, and waiting for her impatiently.

"Yez late, *asthore*," she said, "and Tom

Doherty and Patrick O'Flynn are waiting for us. We'll all go to the Red Glen now together."

Nora saw through the gloomy, uncertain light made by the damp peat fire, two figures standing behind her mother's. One was the well-known form of Tom Doherty, the other was a tall young peasant lad, who had more than once caused Nora's heart to beat, and whose earnest desire was one day to make her his wife.

The four set off now without an instant's delay, Tom giving his stalwart arm to Mrs. Mahoney, whose steps were sadly tottering, and the boy and girl following behind.

"Ah, Nora, *creena!*" said the young man, attempting to take her hand in his, "ain't you as purty as the rose in June, and they say as ye'll be a queen among us to-night."

"No, no," said Nora hastily, and withdrawing her little hand; "that's all nonsense, Pat, and ye'll hear no good of Nora Mahoney to-night."

"And why not, *Mo cuisle Inghean ban?* * Ah, then, Nora, and sure 'tis me heart is bound up in yours *aroon.*"

"Poor Pat!" said Nora sorrowfully, and with no look of returning ardour. "Once I might ha' loved ye well, but not now, not to-night, nor never more, for all that can ever find room in Nora's heart from this night out is jist to be strong and faithful."

Here the little party of four came to a narrow rustic bridge, which they had to pass in single file, and when they got to the other side Nora found herself escorted by Tom Doherty.

"There's thim as 'ull call for your testimony the night, Nora, me girl," he whispered emphatically. "And listen, *alanna*, I has got a good bit of supper to put some colour in your white cheeks, and some heart into all thim as meets in the Red Glen to-night."

"Oh! glory be to Heaven, and 'tis mother 'ull be glad of the food," said Nora devoutly, and her eyes filling with sudden tears. "Mother, darling," she called back, "there's the bite and the sup forment us in the Red Glen to-night."

"Glory be to God for all His mercies," returned the older woman. "I don't mind owning to yez, Patrick O'Flynn, that I'm out and out famished."

The meal provided in the large cave in the Red Glen was of a truly primitive character; it consisted of smoking potatoes and penny bowls filled with sour milk. Nothing, however, could have better pleased the hungry folks, who, between fifty and sixty in number, crowded round the festive board. They ate heartily, and Tom Doherty, who had really been the provider of this simple meal, took care that for once at least all the members of the Red Glen should have enough and to spare.

As usual a great fire burned on the rudely constructed hearth, and by slow degrees the warmth of the place and the abundance of the nourishing food brought colour into sunken cheeks, and brightness and hope into despairing eyes.

When all had eaten abundantly the board was swept clean, the old women present shoving the few potatoes that were left into their pockets, and draining off the drops of sour milk into little jugs, which they also carried about with them. Not a potato-peel, not a crumb escaped their Argus vision, and when the meal had disappeared, as completely as if it had never existed, Doherty stood up at the end of the table and commenced a long and florid oration.

"Frinds," he began, "'tis me as is proud to see yez here to-night, and to know that there isn't a Red Glen man in this cave, no, nor a woman nor a child nayther, that hasn't received full and plenty."

"Thrue for ye, Tom!" here exclaimed several voices; "and 'tis the loike o' yez as knows as a warm mail makes a sight o' differ. May the Blessed Virgin pour her blessing on your head this night, Tom Doherty."

Tom raised his hand as if to deprecate these words.

"I don't want none o' yer thanks," he began; "'tis a righteous cause, and thim as works in it shall find their own reward. But here's scripture for ye, neighbours. I can't remember the exact words, but its maning is, as thim as is full is also merry of heart, and I thought, maybe, afore we goes to the more serious and black business of this night, we might liven ourselves up with a song or two, and even a bit of a recitation. Nora Creena, 'tis you that has a voice like a bird; come forment us, acolleen, and let us hear the swate music from yer purty lips."

Several men and women immediately pushed Nora to the front; a faint colour came into her cheeks, and for half an instant her dark, liquid eyes rested on Patrick O'Flynn, who had come a step or two nearer. The ballad she chose was well known to every one present; but its intense pathos was now rendered greater by the sweet voice of the singer, which had grown very low and

* My pulse, my white daughter.

weak, but still possessed great power of expression:—

"I am sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride:
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

"The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again:
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

"'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see its spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

"I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

"I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I am goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

"And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn and the bright May morn
*When first you were my bride."**

The sad words in the pathetic young voice were taken up with low whispers and murmurs of approval. Patrick O'Flynn laid his hand for an instant on Nora's shoulder, and as she stepped back into the crowd Tom Doherty said—

"There's the true ring of all real poetry there, acolleen. Faithful and true. Ay, that's it. And now, my friends," he continued, "I'll just repeat a little bit of a recitation, as I made up my own self; it was inspired, so to speak, by the poetry of our mountains and the shadows on our lake, which I contrasted with some remarks a tourist made a year ago on London. I has called the piece, ladies and gentlemen, '*Town and Country Life.*'"

Tom now stepped well to the front, and raising his arm with the action of a born orator, commenced in a fervent, florid, and full voice:—

"'Just imagine the case of a young man that has spent some years in town—say the metropolis, with all its allurements. At the end of some time he takes a few days or weeks of recreation. With what transports of joy he will exclaim, 'I'll go to the scenes of me youth, where I can enjoy the pure mountain air. I'll go through the mountains of Inishowen to get me languid limbs composed, and me emaciated frame invigorated by the gentle and refreshing breezes that waft in balmy gales o'er the crested billows of the foaming Swilly. Then will I gaze with delight on its green hills and auburn mountains, which nature has painted to its highest perfection, with its many rivers and gentle rivulets, wherein the meandering courses flow with the most majestic tranquillity, and teaming with all the beauties and delicacies of the season! What can equal it?

"'Not even the metropolis with its large towers and gigantic buildings and gardens of roses artificially made up. For what flowers can equal the flowers of our fields, say, the mild primrose, pink-eyed daisies, and gentle heath on the mountain's brow? Or what towers can excel the round towers of other days, so numerous in old Inishowen, recalling to our recollection the many of those chieftains that made our island so remarkable in history?'"*

Doherty's florid oration was received with bursts of applause by most of those present, one or two even said—

"Give us another, Tom," and—

"Why, then, Tom, 'tis yourself as has the fine flow of words entoirely."

Mrs. Mahoney's voice, however, which, although some of its old fulness was missing, was still resonant and powerful, broke in on this short spell of joviality.

"This is all very fine, neighbours, and I am maning no disparagement to Tom Doherty, honest man, who has filled our bodies—may the Vargin bless him. But starved hearts can't be put off with a word or two, and there's business to be done to-night, and what I say is, let's do our duty, men and women of the Red Glen."

* Countess of Gifford.

* A real oration made by a native of Inishowen, and repeated to the author, who has not altered a word.

"Right you are, Mrs. Mahoney, right you are!" exclaimed several, while Nora sank down on a low wooden settle, and covered her thin face with her hands.

"What I want to know," continued Mrs. Mahoney, "is this—where's the clue? Have fifty men and women been working day and night for the last six weeks for nothing? Answer me this, frinds and neighbours? Has no one present brought home the trail, so that we may root out the black-hearted foreigner, and get our own to reign over us again?"

To this fervent appeal, there was no answer for a moment or two, then a wild-looking man, with a quantity of red hair, came up and stood by the table.

"Och hone," he began, "'tis my heart is heavy, and 'tis me as brings the black tidings. Neighbours and frinds, we has watched by day and by night; there were six of us, six thrue-hearted men as never took their eyes off the ships, and we seen them our own selves packed with wool and with grain, and off they went, off and off, right outside Lough Foyle. Oh! the black day when we has lost our trail."

This intelligence was received with the deepest dismay by almost every one present. Mrs. Mahoney groaned and muttered between her teeth, and several clustered round long-legged Dan, as the red man was called, questioning him much and anxiously.

His replies were emphatic, and discouraging in the extreme. No, there was nothing to bring the trail home to Brownlow, not a single suspicious circumstance could lay the smuggled goods found off Crorane to his door.

For a time, the men had hoped much from the fact of the *White Witch* and the *Minnehaha* being kept so long in port, but lo and behold! they had been laded at last with a common and every-day export cargo, and had put out to sea without one suspicious circumstance attending them, for the faithful watchers had contrived to follow the ships to the extreme entrance of Lough Foyle.

Every one experienced a sense of dismay; the revenge which they meditated seemed taken out of their hands, some one else after all must be the smuggler, and little they cared to track the crime home to any man except Brownlow. The despairing faces that gathered round the table made, in their gauntness and leanness and famine-stricken appearance, a powerful and terrible picture. Nora still sat with her face covered, and Mrs. Mahoney's arms hung straight and limp at her sides. Doherty was the only one who seemed not wholly discomposed or unprepared.

He again took his place at the head of the table, and his ringing and hearty voice sounded through the cave.

"Frinds and neighbours," he began, "nayther defeat nor disaster shall come upon the people of the Red Glen. Howld up your heads, frinds, and let your hearts be bould and your courage high. 'Tis I that am sorry that Mr. Geoffrey (our young Inchfawn as he'll yet be, by the blessing of God) ain't here to-night; but never mind, the heart of ould Ireland beats thrue, and there's thim of her sons and daughters as 'ull never say done, and never cry despair. Frinds, if we have lost one clue, we have, maybe, gained another. Nora Creena, come fornent me this minute, girl, and tell what you and me seen with our own eyes, and heard with our own ears."

Nora rose at once, and staggered rather than walked up to Doherty's side.

Her face was deathly pale, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her small hands tightly locked one inside the other.

"Spake up, acolleen," said Doherty in an encouraging voice, "what did you and me see, when we lay hid ahint the quickset hedge three blessed weeks ago now? Spake up, Nora, girl, and tell about the traitor in the camp."

"Spake up, spake up!" exclaimed several voices; and eager forms pressed close round the slight young girlish figure.

"I didn't see nobody," said Nora, in a low tone at last, "you must be draming, Tom. I wasn't ahint no quickset hedge with you, that I remimber."

This bare-faced assertion very nearly took Doherty's breath away. He stepped back a pace or two, and gazed at the girl, whose full, wide-opened hazel eyes were fixed now with an innocent wondering expression on his face.

"You don't know what I mane!" said Tom, when at last he could find words. "Come, Nora, come, this is no time for jokes, and they are ill-mannered besides. You remimber how you and me crept up along the hedge, and how that foreigner, that Arundel they call him, as has so taken up our young lady's, our Miss Eileen's time, you remimber how he spoke to our young Inchfawn, and the black counsel he gave him? Spake up, girl, spake up, and no nonsense."

"I wasn't there," repeated Nora, in the

same curious still sort of voice; "it was a bad drame as ye had, Tom Doherty; I drames queer things myself, these black starvation days. There's no maning in your words, Tom, only just a drame, and nobody minds them. I wasn't niver there, and I has nothing to say."

Tom raised his hands and eyes despairingly, and Mrs. Mahoney, going straight up to Nora, and putting her hand under her chin, gazed hard and steadily into her eyes.

"The truth, wretched girl," she said, "down on your knees this minute, and tell the truth, you black-hearted hussy, or I'll curse you. Yes, your mother as is almost dying—for, frinds and neighbours, body and sowl won't stay together much longer with the awful gnawing of this terrible hunger—your dying mother, Nora, will give ye her dying curse, unless ye tell the solemn truth afore Almighty God."

"I was niver there," repeated Nora, falling low on her knees, and covering her face with her mother's skirts; "it was just a bad drame of Tom Doherty's, just—a—bad—drame."

The last words were scarcely audible, and the next moment the weak and unhappy girl had fainted away.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—AN INTRODUCTION.

On a certain morning, early in a very cold and miserable month of February, Honora Macnaughten having fed her cats, seen to the putting out of several fires, and to the paring down of the five-o'clock dinner to the smallest possible amount necessary to existence, took it into her head to go round to the Cave of Good Will to see her chosen crony and much-adored friend Bridget O'Donnell.

Wrapped in a thick shawl, with a poke bonnet on her head, and a short old-fashioned black lace veil, with a very thick pattern, tied round the said bonnet and hanging loosely over her face, she came in to say a few last words to Miss Kate.

"Kate, you'll have the goodness to keep the fires down. I've just had the one in the parlour well slacked, and, mind, it isn't to be stirred till Tom comes in for his dinner; and Kate, I'm just in a fright that Tom will come in quite ravenous after his hunt in the open air, and there are only three mutton chops from the thick end of the neck for dinner, so you and me, we've got to pretend we don't care for meat, and we'll make up our dinner with good mealy pitataes, and a little drop of mutton broth, which, will you believe me now—I found Theresa just drinking up her own self. The mutton broth and mealy pitataes will make a beautiful dinner for you and me, Kate, and you'll be sure to mind about leaving the meat for Tom."

"Oh, I'll mind," replied poor Miss Kate, crouching close up to the slacked fire, and shivering visibly, "only I do hope Tom will leave one of the chops. You tell Theresa, Honora, to leave the washing up of the dinner things to me. I could eat what is left in the kitchen afterwards. It seems hard that the cats should have meat and me none."

"You haven't a bit of feeling, Kate Macnaughten," exclaimed Honora in much anger, "grudging the poor dumb animals their bite and sup; but it all comes of aping youth and putting on fine lady airs, and having no proper pride, which means the keeping up of the glory of our ancient family. You have an unnatural, pampered appetite, Kate, and that's what it is; and if, instead of cowering over the fire, and wasting the precious fuel, and not letting the heat out properly into the room, you'd just put on your bonnet and fall, and merino mantle, and take a brisk walk along the coast, you'd come in with a natural healthy appetite fit for the plain and wholesome food provided for you."

Miss Kate made no further remark, and Miss Honora, feeling that she had done her duty, and spoken out her mind well, bustled actively down the long and dingy avenue. When Miss Kate had quite ascertained that her sister was out of sight, for she had watched her from the window, she returned gingerly to the fire, and with a certain rash and terrified movement inserted the poker between the bars. She further aided the languid flame by thrusting in some bits of paper, and finally she went down on her knees and blew the fire vigorously with her mouth. When the flame really blazed up cheerily, she became so animated, she did more—she pulled a long bell-handle vigorously about six times. At the end of the sixth pull there might have been heard in the far, far distance a faint tinkling sound, which eventually brought up the maid-of-all-work, Theresa.

"Did you ring, Miss Kate?" said Theresa, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, and poking her untidy head round the door.

"Has the black hen laid to-day, Theresa?"

"Och! why 'tis only ten minutes ago as she laid a beautiful large yellow egg fornent me in the backyard."

"I could fancy it, Theresa—just set, you know. Mind you don't boil it more than three minutes and a half, and bring it up to me with a piping hot cup of tea and a bit of toast; and look here, me girl, here's twopence for your own pocket."

"Oh, a sorra a bit of me 'ull stir under thrippence," replied the imperturbable Theresa; "you don't know, miss, as Miss Honora has taken to reckoning the eggs, and she'd ask sure as certain where the black hen's egg is, and what am I to tell her?—you answer me that, Miss Kate. Is it me as 'ud tell a dirty lie for the sake of tuppence?"

"But there's a bit of blue ribbon up in my drawer," replied poor hungry Miss Kate; "that bit that I washed out the sixth time on Saturday, you remember. You shall have that as well as the tuppence; and, Theresa, I will tell about the egg if it is missed, I will indeed; and what's more, if you want to see Dan Murphy to-night you may, while I'm washing up the dinner things."

The thought of the blue ribbon and Dan Murphy made Theresa surprisingly good-natured, and Miss Kate warmed and fed herself during the prudent Honora's absence.

Miss Honora soon found her way across the sands of Crorane to the Cave of Good Will. The little place had now almost a thriving appearance. A banner fastened to the end of a long pole was hoisted in front of the cave. The banner was white, and had the magical Irish words, "*Cead Mille Failthe*," embroidered on it, while underneath was Ireland's famous harp, and round the edge of the banner was a scroll of shamrocks gracefully interwoven. This banner was the work of some dainty London lady, who had taken up the Good Will cause with enthusiasm, and had often smiled to herself when she reflected in what a wild region her beautifully-executed device would float. This banner waved gracefully in the breeze, and had already become a beacon of hope to many. The interior of the cave was so transformed that it now bore somewhat the appearance of a rude but comfortable dwelling, but Arundel had already discovered that the cave was not a safe place to keep his stores of food and clothing in, and an iron house was being hastily erected in which he intended to live himself.

Miss Honora had never yet been to visit the Good Will Society, and her arrival was now greeted by a shout of welcome from the impulsive Biddy O'Donnell, who popped a flour-covered head for an instant out of her soup kitchen.

"Long life to ye, Honora, woman; and 'tis I that am glad to see you, but just stand by for a minute, me ducky, and content yourself looking round, for I'm in the thick of peeling the onions. That broth of a boy, young Mr. Brownlow, has never come nigh the place to-day, so I have to do them myself. But never mind, Honora honey, I'll soon have them finished, and when I've thrown them into the soup and dusted in the pea flour, I'll be with you in a minute."

"Well then be quick, Bridget," said Miss Honora, "for if I don't misdoubt my eyesight, there's a storm brewing up to the north, and Kate's that silly she can't bear the least flash of lightning."

"Well, well, don't fluster me," said Miss Bridget, "you walk round there to the left, and you'll find Mr. Arundel. Ellen hasn't come to-day, she's taken up with that pony of hers, Shela; the little bit of a beastie isn't well, but nothing to make a fuss about. However, you go round to Mr. Arundel, he'll be right pleased to show you over the place. See now, I'll shout to him—Mr. Arundel—*Mr. Arundel*—MR. ARUNDEL. Bother the man, is he deaf?"

At this moment Arundel, without his hat, came hastily to the fore.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Biddy?" he exclaimed in some little alarm.

"Oh! nothing," exclaimed the good lady crossly, "only how am I to keep the soup from burning if I'm to show visitors round? but that's always the way, everything falls on my shoulders. Honora, me jewel, this is Mr. Arundel. Mr. Arundel, the lady who honours us with a visit is Miss Honora Macnaughten of Crorane, the chosen friend of your humble servant, Bridget O'Donnell."

Arundel bowed, and tried to scrutinize the lady in question through her thick black lace fall.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Macnaughten," he said. "I regret that it is against our rules to admit any one but a member into the interior of the cave, but I shall be glad to show you my new iron house, which is nearly ready for habitation."

Arundel's manners, which were extremely terse and quiet, had rather the effect of subduing Miss Honora, who looked at him with a slight amount of awe.

"Be quick, Biddy," she called back to her friend, who just discovering that the soup was beginning to boil over, made a hasty rush into her kitchen, slamming the door after her.

Arundel took Miss Macnaughten into his

new iron house and tried to expatiate to her on its many perfections and conveniences. For a certain time the good lady listened with a fair amount of patience, but when Arundel went on to explain to her that the house had been sent over piecemeal from London, her credulity gave place to high indignation.

"Well," she exclaimed, "of all the out-and-out nonsense I ever listened to, that beats it; and if you think you will make a fool of one of the Macnaughtens of Crorane, young man, you'll find yourself mistaken. I have lived in a good solid stone house all my days, and 'tis past belief to suppose that houses can be sent ready to put up at a minute's notice from any country. An iron house forsooth—then it will be a mighty dangerous place in a thunderstorm—good gracious! and there's an awful black cloud coming up; but you're joking me, young man, you're joking me."

Arundel assured her gravely that he was but stating the simple truth. "And I can show you things much more wonderful than this, if ever you happen to come to London," he foolishly ventured to add.

"Me come to London!" screamed Miss Honora. "I'd like to see myself in that Babylon of iniquity and haven of lies. No, no; I don't own to being a scholar, and the rule with me is to take things as I find them, but no one yet could deceive me with stories of the impossible. Facts are facts, and eyes weren't put into our heads for nothing, and I call it a shame for you, young man, to try to bamboozle an old woman. Why, you're for all the world as bad as Kate, when she took up some ridiculous notions of teaching herself geography. She came to me one day and she said—

"'Honora,' she said, 'you don't know maybe that this world on which we live is round—round like an orange and a bit flat at each end.'

"She had an orange in her hand at the time, for we were making our spring marmalade, and I took up for reply the largest I could find in the dish, and I said, 'Kate,' I said, 'if you like to acquaint yourself by means of geography with the best way to get to England, if ever you are rash enough to go so far into foreign parts, I haven't a word to say, but if it comes to talking the most arrant trash that ever fell from the lips of a grown woman,—there I put down my foot. The world's round like an orange, you say, and the world moves, you say. No, no, none of that folly for me. Haven't I been walking up and down upon it for nigh upon fifty years, and isn't it as steady as old Time, and as little roundness about it as there is about myself? I soon shut up Kate, Mr. Arundel, and by your leave, sir, I'll stand no folly from you neither."

After this Arundel found it a little difficult to converse with Miss Macnaughten, and he was well pleased when Miss Biddy flew out of her soup kitchen and threw her flour-covered arms round her chosen friend's neck.

DAVID'S EARLY LIFE.

Chapters for Young Men.

By J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D.

V.—PRINCE JONATHAN.

WHEN, through his wife's contrivance, David effected his midnight escape by the window of his own house at Gibeah, while Saul's emissaries were prowling round it, there could hardly be a doubt that Ramah was his natural place of refuge. It lay near at hand; little over a couple of miles off, if the latest identification of these towns is to be trusted. It was Samuel's home; and there was no man so fit as he to counsel or to aid the fugitive. He was Jehovah's prophet; in a sense David was his nominee for the throne. Whence had sprung all these perils that threatened the rising hope of Israel, but because the hand of the aged Judge and Reformer had poured on David's head the sacred oil of office? Besides, Ramah offered the safest of asylums; for there was a sanctity about the home of Samuel which even Saul was not likely to violate. Close by the town seems to have stood a cluster of cottages called "Naioth" (or Navoth), the "dwellings" in which Samuel had gathered, under his own presidency and supervision, the young men whom he was training into a religious order. In the degenerate condition of the priesthood and the suspension of its functions at this time, the need had arisen for a new class of ministers to quicken and guide the religious life of the nation. This

was found in these so-called "sons of the prophets," a body of devoted men banded together for sacred work and common devotion. Such a fraternity formed the most remarkable outcome of the revival of religion which Samuel had brought about; and it continued till the close of the monarchy to supply Israel with annalists, poets, preachers, statesmen, and reformers, under the continuous presence and inspiration of the Spirit of God. It may have occurred to David to spend some time in this pious brotherhood for the strengthening of his own spirit. At all events, the sacred college of which the venerable Samuel was head, would surely be secure against the violence both of the misguided king and of the half-heathen party at court to which David was obnoxious.

If these were David's hopes, they were doomed to be disappointed. Saul was blinded at the moment by passion, and obstinate in his purpose. He dispatched officers to drag his son-in-law even from Samuel's sanctuary. Overcome by the sacred enthusiasm of the place, the reverend presence of the prophets, and the half-superstitious awe men naturally felt for the ministers of Jehovah, these men forgot their errand in the contagious excitement of sacred song, and "prophesied" like the rest. Even when this occurred repeatedly, however, Saul was merely provoked at being baffled, and insisted on going himself to arrest or to slay his enemy. Then ensued a strange result. Once more, as at the outset of his reign, "Saul also was found among the prophets." That it should have occurred again at this conjuncture strikes one as a providential interposition, to save David at least, perhaps the whole college, possibly even Samuel himself, from the king's frenzy. But it must have an explanation, could one find it, in the susceptible and wayward moods of this remarkable man, as well as in the direct action of God upon his mind. Saul's was a most variable nature, swayed by sudden impulses; and his mental disorder increased his constitutional waywardness. He was now venturing upon an act of rashness, which, had he permitted himself to reflect, must have appeared, even to his mind, as a sacrilegious defiance of the Almighty. He was on his way to meet the venerable seer and dreaded king-maker, who all his life through had been to him as a voice from God; to meet him, perchance, for the first time since they parted in anger, because the divine doom had rent away the kingdom. One can understand how, as he drew near Ramah, within sight of it, at the cistern which formed a landmark on the road, a change began to pass over the moody king. New influences swept over his soul and played on him, as David played upon his harp. Old associations out of his better years awoke at sight of the men of God—at the sound of their sacred music. Till when he reached the college, he, too, was borne out of himself by an afflatus, or breath of religious ardour, such as he had not experienced since first his sin began. Forgetting everything else, the crazy king joined the processional dance and song in Samuel's presence, till he fell down exhausted in a trance, which lasted till dawn restored him to himself. I can scarcely doubt that the divine influence, which thus overtook Saul, as once before at an earlier crisis of his career, carried to his conscience a merciful lesson from heaven. Not only did it restrain him from a crime which would have stained him more deeply than even he was to be stained; it revived the feelings of his best years, as if to open to him even yet a door of repentance. It was a forthputting of the Lord's gracious power, which taught him how vain it is to fight against God. It reminded him that around both the Prophet and the young Anointed Hero whom he was persecuting, there stood the mysterious and awful guardianship of Jehovah. Nay, it seemed a premonition that the rising forces of the new and better age, which those sons of the prophets represented, and the revived faith of Israel as embodied in her consecrated youth, who clustered around David, the darling of the people, were certain in the end to prove too strong for him and for his policy, stubborn as his proud heart was in its pride of kingship, and armed as he was with despotic power. Well had it been for him had he laid to heart such lessons as these! He might have returned to his palace a humbler and a wiser man. But though God in His mercy is for ever confronting headstrong sinners with warnings no less plain, how often do we find them fall unheeded on an ear that will listen only to the promptings of wounded pride! "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

It may have been by Samuel's advice that David, finding even Ramah unsafe, resolved, before he sought a more distant place of refuge, to make one last attempt to effect his reconciliation with the King. The strange fit of religious enthusiasm which they had just witnessed left room to hope that a permanent change of feeling might

set in. Now that a lucid interval had succeeded to that last attack of homicidal mania, Saul might feel differently toward David. It was judged worth a trial; and in the close friendship which Prince Jonathan cherished for David, there was an obvious channel through which the royal mood might be tested without exposing David to much personal risk. The fugitive accordingly ventured back to Gibeah or its neighbourhood, not to his own house, and lay there in close concealment, with a matured scheme in his head by which, if Jonathan would lend his aid, the intentions of Saul were to be discovered. I gather from his language that David himself was far from sanguine of the result. He speaks in a despondent tone, with less than his customary confidence. But he found his friend unprepared to take so dark a view of the situation. Naturally the son was slower to think ill of his father. It was nothing, he urged, but a disordered imagination which had driven the King to uncontrollable violence, and the risk would pass away with the attack. Besides, the Prince had private reasons for supposing that Saul could not be bent on David's death. He held his father's private promise to himself, made some time ago and confirmed with an oath. He knew his father's custom of confiding to him his most secret purposes; such intimacy was there betwixt the two as made it unlikely the King would hide this thing from the Prince. To representations like these David had an answer ready. He understood the situation better. The King's silence he accounted for by his reluctance to pain his son through making him privy to any plot against one he had honoured with his friendship; but he assured Jonathan with protestations that "there is but a step between me and death." What was to be done? Was flight the only resource? Must a member of the royal house become an outlaw? Or will Jonathan assist in one final effort to save Israel from the shame of seeing malice triumph over innocence?

I think we may obtain a little insight into David's feelings just at this moment from a brief Psalm which the critics assign to the date we have reached—the Eleventh. It opens in the same tone of despondent perplexity as his language betrays in the historical account. Timid friends have counselled flight to the hill-country of Judah, it tells us. They urge that when the godless party are like bowmen shooting at an innocent man in the dark, worse still, when the very basis of social security is shaken by the King's madness and injustice, there is nothing else to be done but flee! Nevertheless the young singer still clings to the hope that Israel's upright God and invisible King, Jehovah, will never suffer things to come to that pass. He will sooner rain heaven's fire on the enemies of His cause; He will blow on them with the simoom, the breath of the desert.

> "For the righteous Jehovah loveth righteousness;
> His countenance doth behold the upright."

The plan arranged by the two young men for testing the King's real disposition interests us less than the bond of friendship solemnly sealed betwixt them at their first secret interview, and again at the one which took place two days later. That sworn covenant of brotherly love—the earliest and most romantic example of the sort on record—was Jonathan's doing. He was the senior in years and the superior in rank. From the first he had honoured the son of Jesse with unusual attentions, and drawn him into an intimacy to which David could not otherwise have aspired. He had first proposed the "covenant of Jehovah" (as David calls it), which already bound the two friends. And now it is he who, while engaging to carry out David's scheme in his interest, exacts from him in return a counter-pledge. But what a pledge! "Thou shalt not only while yet I live show me the kindness of the Lord that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever; no, not when the Lord shall have cut off the enemies of David from the face of the earth." These words afford the first clear intimation how much Jonathan foresaw of his friend's destiny. He speaks less like a prince able to shelter his friend from present peril, than as one who knows that in days to come their relations are certain to be reversed; who will need hereafter for himself and for his children the protection of the very man who now craves protection at his hand. In other words, he knows that already David is Jehovah's chosen and anointed—the king who shall be—against whom neither his father's jealousy nor the plotting of the court party can prevail. He anticipates the defeat of David's adversaries, and the accession of David to the vacant throne. The one danger against which he is concerned to provide is, lest the successful candidate, when he shall have supplanted the prince apparent through the favour of God, should deem it needful to secure his power in the orthodox fashion of an Oriental usurper, by extirpating every

possible rival. Now, while he may, he will take a pledge at the hand of this hunted fugitive, whose life at the time looked hardly worth a week's purchase, that David when he comes to be—as he shall be—a crowned king, will spare the life of disinherited Jonathan and of Jonathan's innocent offspring.

We shall entirely miss the lessons which spring out of the character of this man—one of the purest and rarest types to be found in the whole portrait gallery of Scripture—unless we fix our eyes on this clear prevision which he had of David's future fortunes. Beautiful in any case would have been the generous admiration which, as a practised warrior, he felt for the boy-champion who in the valley of Elah put to shame the stoutest of Israel's men-at-arms. And beautiful stands to all ages the romantic love, more tender than a woman's, which he conceived for the gallant, clever, daring, and highly-gifted comrade who became his brother-in-law. But at the base of his character there lay something nobler still. What was it that reconciled the Prince to be outshone in arms, eclipsed in popular favour, and superseded in the royal succession by this upstart whom he himself had nursed into greatness? You will scarce find in history a case where jealousy was more natural, one might say inevitable. You will find no case where the faintest trace of jealousy was so utterly and conspicuously absent. Why was this? Until this Bethlehemite appeared, Jonathan's path to the crown of his country had seemed secure; for although the monarchy might be in theory elective, no man in Israel possessed an equally strong claim on the ground of public services, or better deserved the diadem, even had he not been the King's son. Now, all this had disappeared. The Prince's star had paled in war before the military success of David. The Prince's path to power was blocked by the rising pretensions of David. David was Samuel's choice. David was the people's idol. "So long as the son of Jesse lived upon the ground, Jonathan could not be established, nor his kingdom." It was a thought which drove to absolute paroxysms of hatred and rage the mind of Saul. Why had it no effect at all over the mind of Jonathan, save to make him eager to bespeak his rival's life-long kindness? With some men the explanation might have been found in sheer cowardice or a mean spirit; but that will not avail us here, for the Prince was as brave and high-spirited as a knight of romance. The sweetest of natures is apt to sour under such a disappointment; and Jonathan, however sweet-natured, could be angry enough upon occasion. No; the secret of his self-abnegation and noble acceptance of the second place, where he had been accustomed to claim the first, will have to be sought deeper—in his piety and in his patriotism.

Of course there is much implied in the story which does not come to the surface, and this is one thing that may be read between the lines. Clearly, Jonathan had come to comprehend the true nature and conditions of the regal office which, in the person of his father, Samuel had set up among the clans of Israel. What his father had failed to understand, or at all events had failed to accept, he both understood and accepted—this, namely, that the occupant of Israel's throne was a vicegerent of Israel's God, chosen and anointed in his high office by the will of Heaven, in order to carry forward that revelation of the one true God to the world, for the sake of which Israel had been selected as Jehovah's people. The leadership of the chosen people was therefore no mere prize of vulgar ambition, to be coveted for private ends or contended for by rival competitors. It was an office to be held by divine right; as sacred as the priesthood itself, as much a gift of God as the office of a prophet. Its due discharge touched the mission of Israel among the nations and the honour of Israel's God. The dignity and destiny of Israel as the bearer of a divine revelation and of a righteous law, was the supreme object which every Hebrew patriot had to keep in view. The execution of Jehovah's will, the celebration of His worship, and the exhibition before the heathen of His sole glory—these were objects which every devout Hebrew must regard as paramount. Both as a patriot, therefore, and as a worshipper of Jehovah, Jonathan was bound to hold these ends far too sacred to be sacrificed to personal aggrandisement or the prospects of his family. The sacred interests of religion and of fatherland demanded that he should loyally accept the decree which set aside his own pretensions in favour of the Bethlehemite. From the hour when he understood (possibly from Samuel) that David had been anointed as Saul's successor at Jehovah's bidding, and therefore was not (as the court party probably alleged) treasonably aspiring to it through mere ambition, from that hour it became the Prince's duty to oppose this elect and anointed man by no word or deed of his; to suppress envious rancour in his

bosom; loyally to accept the youth as his own king that should be; to rejoice in his friend's supreme equipment with kingly gifts; nay, when the time came, to lend to the new dynasty his personal and ancestral weight of support. His duty, I say; but a duty how hard to be done! How much against the grain! It was a signal triumph of principle over self-interest, of grace over nature, of the divine Spirit in man over the weakness of the fallen heart, that Jonathan espoused with his whole soul the cause of his rival, bound that rival to his heart in love, and pictured for himself as the ideal of his own life a golden career for Israel when David should sit upon the throne, and next by his side in affection and in counsel should stand Jonathan, the dispossessed, the "King's friend."

A minister of the new and better covenant is justified in holding out this lovely pattern of unselfish renunciation even to the imitation of Christians. Deeds like that never grow old. They shine far down the ages with a serene light. This deed wears the complexion of Christ's own teaching. It sets us an example of neighbourly love, of acquiescence in God's will, of the postponement of self-interest to duty, of sweet humility that esteems others better than itself, of loyalty to the highest welfare of the State; an example, in a word, of self-sacrificing principle, than which few have ever been more beautiful. In its root, was it not after all a Christian devotion Jonathan showed to his friend when he treated him as his king in reversion? For what is our devotion to the Son of David, the Anointed, chosen from among men, whom Jehovah has set on His hill of Zion, and before whom He bids us bend the knee? What is Christian homage and Christian service to Jesus, but a devotion paid for the selfsame reason and in the selfsame spirit as Jonathan's? We, too, have our pride to slay, our independence to renounce, our own claims to offer up on the altar of faith. In his day David was to his countrymen the Messiah. For he was the anointed commissioner and representative of the Most High, with a title to rule, which at the time we speak of had not yet been made good, in fact, but rested only on the destination and will of Heaven. By their attitude towards him, therefore, the men of Israel revealed what spirit they were of. Would you have a specimen of unbelief and disobedience, of the proud, self-sufficient spirit which refuses to "kiss the Son"? You find it in unhappy Saul! Would you see how a true servant and child of God accepts His Christ, chooses Him whom God has chosen, clings to and submits to God's Beloved as his dearest friend and crowned king? Then find it in Prince Jonathan! To his own confusion, to his family's overthrow, to the hazard of his babes, at the risk of his life, he clave to the man whom men at court abhorred and his father hated; believed in him through the dark years when he was hunted like wildfowl from fastness to fastness; honoured him as the worthiest of honour among men's sons; prayed only, like the children of Zebedee, for a place nearest to him in his kingdom. Why? Just because he recognised in him the sent of God, the servant of Jehovah, the man raised up to bring salvation to the people of God and to fulfil all His pleasure. Which of the two do we most resemble, Saul or Jonathan? "God also hath highly exalted Jesus, and given Him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow!" Let us bow our knee in deep heart devotion, in trust, in obedience, and in worship.

RESTORED.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE dawn is breaking,—open wide the shutter,
Let in the salt breeze from the silver bay;
See how the leaves around the lattice flutter
In the first breath of this sweet summer day!

And lying here, (your face beside my pillow,
Your hand in mine,) I mark the shadows flee;
And catch the glory on some far-off billow,
And feel the strange enchantment of the sea.

True friend, true love, your patient watch is ended;
(It is of life, not death, yon skylark sings!)
At dead of night God's messenger descended,
Silent and swift, with healing on his wings.

My heart awoke to passionate thanksgiving,
As future years before my vision came;
The Lord has numbered me among the living,
Blessed for ever be His holy name!

How freshly sweet this early wind is blowing,
How fair the morning looks on sea and shore!
We shall go forth together, surely knowing
That He will guide our steps for evermore.

MANCHESTER WAIFS.

By RUTH LAMB.

"YOU must come and see my lads. The Refuge is close at hand, and they will all be indoors for dinner."

The speaker was Thomas Wright, the venerable prison philanthropist, and the time more than a dozen years ago. We had just emerged from that palace for evil-doers, the New Bailey prison, in Strangeways, through which he had been my guide. I was thinking sadly enough of some of its inmates, when my good old friend suggested a more cheering subject for contemplation.

"You have seen the prison," he said; "now come and see what is being done to lessen the number of its future residents."

I looked nervously at my watch, for time was precious, but we were so near the Refuge for Homeless Children, in Frances Street, that we decided just to have a peep at the lads, who were already seated at the dinner-tables when we entered. One little incident recurs to mind after all these years, for the visit was the merest call.

Two boys were sitting side by side, the one pale and delicate-looking, the other a picture of robust health. The plates were well supplied with cold meat, but before touching his portion, little pale-face glanced inquiringly at his sturdy neighbour. No word passed, but the look said, "Will you have part of mine?" A little nod answered "Yes, and thank you," and in an instant half the lesser lad's portion was transferred to his neighbour's plate. What specially impressed me was the mode of its division. Pale-face did not reserve the nicest morsels for himself, or give his stronger neighbour what he could not eat, after he had satisfied his own requirements. If anything, the portion transferred was the larger, and fat and lean were fairly divided between the two. Who could help seeing that in this poor city waif, there were to be found innate delicacy of feeling and an absence of selfishness?

I was very unwilling to leave the Refuge without seeing something of its working and making the personal acquaintance of the boys; but I was obliged to go, and I comforted myself with the thought, "I will come again soon, and spend some time here."

This intention remained unfulfilled until, after the lapse of a dozen years, I sought admission to the Refuge for the second time. It would be vain to look for the door by which I first entered. A wider portal and a more imposing building invite attention and testify to the growth of the work, though the site is the same.

Before making acquaintance with the inmates, it may be as well to give the history of this "Home for the Homeless." A tiny booklet, written by Mr. Leonard K. Shaw, one of the self-devoting, honorary secretaries, and entitled "Sixteen Years Ago," furnishes reliable particulars.

Prior to January 4th, 1870, there was no place in Manchester where the destitute children of its streets could find a safe shelter. Their sad condition touched some loving hearts, and busy heads and hands began to plan and work on their behalf, with the result that on the above date, a house was opened in Quay Street, and fitted up with thirty beds as a "night refuge for homeless boys." This was the beginning of "The Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes and Children's Aid Society." Its object was to reclaim, reform, and evangelise the destitute little orphans, or worse than orphans, who, if uncared for, would probably grow up to replenish our gaols.

It has been the practice of the committee from the first to personally investigate each case; to receive genuine cases immediately without expense of election or distinction of creed, no questions being asked on this subject; to give to each child admitted a simple elementary education, sound religious instruction, and, to all above ten years of age, industrial training to fit them for a life of usefulness. The house in Quay Street did not long suffice to accommodate the ever-increasing applicants for admission, so in the following year, two houses in Frances Street, Strangeways, were purchased, and the family moved thither in July, 1871. There it was located when I first glanced at its collected members. Years passed on, and two more houses were added, next a couple of wings were built, and a subsequent enlargement left the imposing building called the Central Refuge, on whose threshold we are supposed to be standing whilst telling the story of its growth. There is something very significant in its position. After leaving the heart of Manchester, we come upon it just a little before we reach the Assize Courts and their appendage, the New Bailey prison.

The Refuge opens its sheltering arms, and

the inscription on its front, inviting the homeless to enter and giving assurance that none such are ever refused help, seems to say in addition, "Come, and you shall be received in the name of Him who commended the lambs to His disciples' care. Come, and for His sake you shall find home, friends, and guidance. Stay those wandering feet at the Refuge, and you will not make the few further steps which might lead you to the place of judgment and the prison cell."

A brief interval, spent in a little anteroom, enables us to study a case of photographs over the chimney-piece. Here is a picture of a bundle of rags, surmounted by an unkempt head, with a preternaturally knowing face, called "Teddy," and dated 1882. Even the rags are not enough to cover the lad's body, for one whole sleeve and a portion of the jacket are gone and their absence reveals so much of the bare—we were going to write flesh—but there is little beyond skin and bone. The ragged trousers form a fluttering fringe round the naked ankles and feet, black through contact with Manchester mud. We can still find plenty of lads in the slums who might have stood for the picture, and motherly Christian hearts cannot see such without being stirred to offer a prayer on their behalf, if they can do no more. But the most sanguine could hardly hope to see the change shown in the next portrait, entitled "Teddy, 1885."

The old face is there, but the expression is frank, happy, and full of intelligence, and in his neat suit, with the corner of a handkerchief peeping from his breast-pocket, Teddy looks a little gentleman.

But the living originals attract us more than portraits, so, under the master's courteous guidance, we pass into a hive of busy workers in the "Firewood department." No chance for conversation amid the clatter of machinery. Here, boys are feeding small circular saws, mechanical choppers, and grooving strips of wood which are to form the frames into which less pieces are to be fitted by very youthful fingers, for resined firelighters. Or they are cutting wood by hand, or tying the completed lighters into bundles. And while looking on, there is room for just two thoughts about the little workers. One of amazement to see the rapidity and exactitude with which the very youngest perform their allotted tasks, the other of thankfulness at the sight of their healthy, cheerful faces and looks, which seem to say, "Work is no hardship to us."

A few bigger lads are employed in the carpenter's shop, in which many useful and ornamental articles are daily fashioned. We look forward to seeing a sample in our own drawing-room before long, in the shape of a pretty afternoon tea-table, which, though of solid walnut wood polished and well put together, can be had at a very modest price.

The young shoemakers in the next department make and mend for the Refuge itself, and for the inmates of the various Homes we have yet to visit, besides producing admirable work for outsiders who may be inclined to give an order.

The tailor's shop is just by, and in it repairs are going on at the moment, but high class work also issues from it.

The school-room is empty, for, in the afternoon, the boys who were receiving instruction during the earlier part of the day are at work. So, too, is the large Lecture Hall, in which services are held, and, during the winter, entertainments given. It is not "all work" in the Refuge. There are reasonable play-hours and plenty of materials for amusement, outdoor in fine summer evenings, under cover in winter. The basement-room is a grand play-place, and there are books and periodicals for the studious, and instruments for those with musical taste.

The Refuge boasts a brass band, two drum and fife bands, and two sets of handbell ringers. It is the headquarters of "the Band of Kindness," whose members pledge themselves to be kind to and protect all God's creatures to the utmost of their power. It is the publishing office of its organ, *The Children's Own*, and of *The Christian Worker*, that of the society itself.

Even yet we are not at the end of its resources, for in the steam laundry the washing of the establishment is done as well as that of the Homes, and a little sent by outside patrons.

There is a delightful swimming bath which can be warmed at pleasure.

There are services in the Lecture Hall to which outsiders from the lodging-houses and streets are invited, and there are public classes which have been made a blessing to many.

The various rooms bear the names of special friends of the institution. The workshop is called after one who gave the gas-engine which moves the machinery; the laundry after the donor of its boiler; the schoolroom after our late beloved bishop; the bath—nay, the name has been painted out by the request of him who bears it. Portraits of good friends who have been

called to their rest are to be seen up and down throughout the building; amongst them the familiar features of my old friend Thomas Wright, and others hardly less known or lovingly remembered.

Of course there are some black sheep to be found in the flock of boys who gather here. But I heard of one whose case proved what a few loving words can do. He had been guilty of insubordination, and had tempted others astray. He had been a runaway and persuaded others to follow his example; punishment had been necessary and had been sorrowfully awarded.

Then two friends in the place stretched out loving hands to the lad once more. They took him into their room, invited him to a simple meal and talked with him as father and mother might have done. The hour spent in that room, proved the turning time in the lad's life. He became docile and obedient, and gave his mind to his work. He has since won three prizes and is a candidate for Canada, where there is an opening for him.

"Whilst the lads are at work," said our guide, "we call them by their surnames. Work and school over, they are 'Johnny,' 'Charley,' and so on, as they would be at home."

I reluctantly turned my back on the Refuge, in order to visit some of its many ramifications, but with a heart full of gladness and thankfulness to Him who had put it into the minds of His servants to care for these, His little ones. The growth of this one building testified to the flight of time and the unwearied efforts of those interested in the work. But another glance at the booklet tells us that the Refuge is only the introduction as it were, and we have much to see and learn elsewhere.

It is too late to visit the Orphan Homes, but on our way back we can call at a very humble-looking but valuable institution, numbered as the fifth division of the society's work, but its latest outcome. This is the "Shelter for Wandering Children," open day and night, and situated at 14, Major Street, Portland Street. It is one of two or three dwellings remaining amongst the vast warehouses which occupy most of the space hereabouts. A policeman, missionary, or kindly wayfarer who meets with a wandering, destitute or ill-treated child, can secure for it a safe shelter here. If at midnight, a touch at the door bell rings an alarm near the bed of the mother-in-charge, who at once rises and goes down to receive the little one.

She gives it a warm bath, a cup of hot tea or milk, and substantial food if needed, then puts it to rest. It is often impossible to dress the child again in the same clothes or rags in which it came. But there is a cupboard stocked with little garments, the gifts of friends, and from this store the child is fitted as well as the supply permits, though Mrs. Craig, the mother, owns that she is often at her wits' end to furnish a suit of the proper size.

At the end of last year, the first of its existence, the Shelter had received 210 children, of whom 52 had no proper guardians. For these, homes have been found in the Refuge or elsewhere, the rest restored to their friends with due caution.

An officer is wholly employed in investigating cases of neglect or cruelty brought into notice here, and as a proof that the little folk find him enough to do, we may add that last year 4,984 meals were supplied, and the beds were occupied 1,648 times.

We saw eight resident children, all doubly orphaned, who were temporarily accommodated at the Shelter, until a new home should be ready. The eldest, a girl of nearly ten, was a perfect godsend to the rest. She was schoolmistress, and her seven scholars were ranged on a low bench, while she was drilling them in the Church Catechism.

They were playing at school, but it looked very real, for Nelly was a born teacher and a strict disciplinarian. She allowed no fidgeting or lolling. No staring about or inattention. Upright figures, folded arms and faces turned straight towards the schoolmistress, were insisted on by the bright child whose merry laugh rang through the place like music. Her pronunciation was singularly correct and distinct, and the small people who slurred their words and ran one into another were promptly admonished.

"An inheritance instead of n'eritance next time, if you please, Johnny," and so on, as occasion required. Nelly pointed out the sharpest, the biggest, the least, and the dullest amongst her scholars, coaxed them into singing for our edification, and then, being entrusted with a trifle to buy sweets, took the vote as to whether they should be "chocolates" or "butter-Scotch drops" by saying "hands up," first for one and then the other dainty.

There was one waif in the Shelter who had been found begging in the streets on the preceding evening, and brought thither, half-clad in a bundle of black tatters. She

was a bonny young creature, just thirteen, clean and wholesome-looking as the result of her unwonted bath. Of her history nothing was known as yet, but she was probably a runaway from some miserable home.

We thanked God that she had fallen into good hands, and that her budding girlhood had been preserved from the awful peril of a night in the streets.

In the basement-room below, the Brigade boys dine and rest during the dinner hour.

There are three Industrial Brigades, called respectively the Caxton, News, and Messenger, and there are 297 boys employed by their means. These lads have parents and homes of a sort; but they were drifting in the wrong direction when this society came to their help. They are employed in book and paper selling, and as messengers. They receive their goods from the Refuge, and go out, under careful superintendence, dressed in a neat uniform, for the use of which they each pay a penny per day. Their earnings, which average about five shillings per week, go for their home maintenance, but care is taken that they are not squandered by worthless parents. From the Brigades the lads pass to regular situations, as these can be found for them. The youngsters had a grand time in the country, during a camping-out expedition last year, and they look forward to a repetition of it this summer.

The care of the society does not end when the boys are in regular outside work. There are two Family Homes for such, each under the charge of a Christian father and mother; and when they pass from these, lodgings are carefully chosen for them.

There is an Industrial Home for girls of from ten to sixteen years of age, where they are trained in household duties and fitted for service.

There is a Boys' Rest and Lodging-house, situated in a very centre of depravity, where any outside lad can have a clean bed, a bath, and be surrounded with all good influences, at a cost of threepence per night.

The society has stretched its arms to the seaside, and even across the Atlantic. In its Home at Lytham, ailing little ones can enjoy rest, change, and health-giving sea breezes; and this benefit is not confined to its own children in the Manchester Refuges.

On board the training-ship *Indefatigable*, it has lads learning the duties of seamen, and from it many have gone forth to all parts of the world.

In many Canadian homes the hearth is brightened, and farm and household work lightened, by the children taken thither from Lancashire, and adopted by Transatlantic friends, who had none to call them father and mother. A few have been received into Mr. Moody's Home at Northfield.

There seems to be no end to the usefulness of this society, and the value of its work will never be known on earth.

But, childlike, we are keeping the prettiest picture to the last, and now ask you to go with us to the Homes for Little Orphan Children—boys and girls—in George Street, Cheetham Hill. There are six of these, side by side, forming a terrace, and each contains from sixteen to twenty fatherless and motherless children, from two to ten years old, under the care of a Christian "mother."

The boys are in the majority, and occupy four of the houses. The reason of this is explained by our kind guide, Mrs. Leonard Shaw, who is evidently every child's acquaintance and friend. She says that people are more willing to adopt girls, because they can be made useful in the house—so more boys find their way to the Refuge and Homes.

We go first into the committee-room, where are piles of linen to be made for the "New Home." We have already heard a great deal about this, and find it close by. The little ones at the "Shelter" are waiting to flow into it. The boys in the carpenter's shop were making tables for it, and soon we are passing through its rooms, which have just undergone a thorough renovation before the furniture is placed and the tenants take possession. It is a large house, in pretty grounds, and is the last gift to the Children's Aid Society—bestowed by one of the trustees, who bought it for the purpose. This is to be the Emigration Home, and by its means sixty more children will, it is hoped, be annually rescued and placed with adopted parents in Canada.

School hours are over, and the little people belonging to the six adjoining houses are at play, for each Home has its garden, front and back. The latter are asphalted in the middle, but the borders are divided into strips and are the children's gardens. Some are at work digging and planting; some proudly point to their plots, and show that the seeds sown a little while ago are above ground. One mite, just over two, brings his garden along with him in the shape of a flower-pot; in this are a little earth and one nasturtium seed, which he uncovers to exhibit to Mrs. Shaw, whilst he chuckles over his treasure.

But now the children prepare for tea,

which is, in one sense, the meal of the day. Breakfast and dinner are taken down-stairs—the basement-room, which also serves for play in wet weather, being near the kitchen. Tea is served in what I like to regard as the Home drawing-room. In each house, two apartments have been thrown into one, and though the original furniture is very simple, the various "mothers" have their private belongings, mostly including pictures and a piano. Other pictures and little ornaments have been given, and the result is a very pretty room in every Home. In it the youngsters assemble for tea, but not until boots have been blacked by the wearers, hands and faces washed, hair brushed, and garments changed or tidied.

Would that such orderly habits were the rule beneath every roof which shelters children!

It was very pleasing to note how natural were the manners of these dear orphans; how unrestrained their intercourse with their special mother; how happy their young lives are made! They are not only fed, clothed, and taught, but their surroundings are made as bright as possible; and every day must add to the store of blessed memories which they are laying up, and on which they will look back in the future.

There have been many liberal givers to this good work and, as Mrs. Shaw remarked, "people are willing to help when they can see such an immediate and satisfactory return." And yet more givers and helpers are needed. The present work involves a large expenditure, and wide as it is, it might be still further extended.

I noticed before that the names of some of its most liberal helpers were given to departments in the Central Refuge and to the several Homes. I did not see thus placed the names of those who have given what are more even than money—their hearts, their energies, their time, labour, and prayers to the work from the very first. But verily they have their reward here, and they will have it through all eternity from Him, of whom His Word says: "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."

This paper might be extended far beyond its present limits; but I trust enough has been written to interest those who may read it, in a work, the importance and value of which cannot be overestimated.

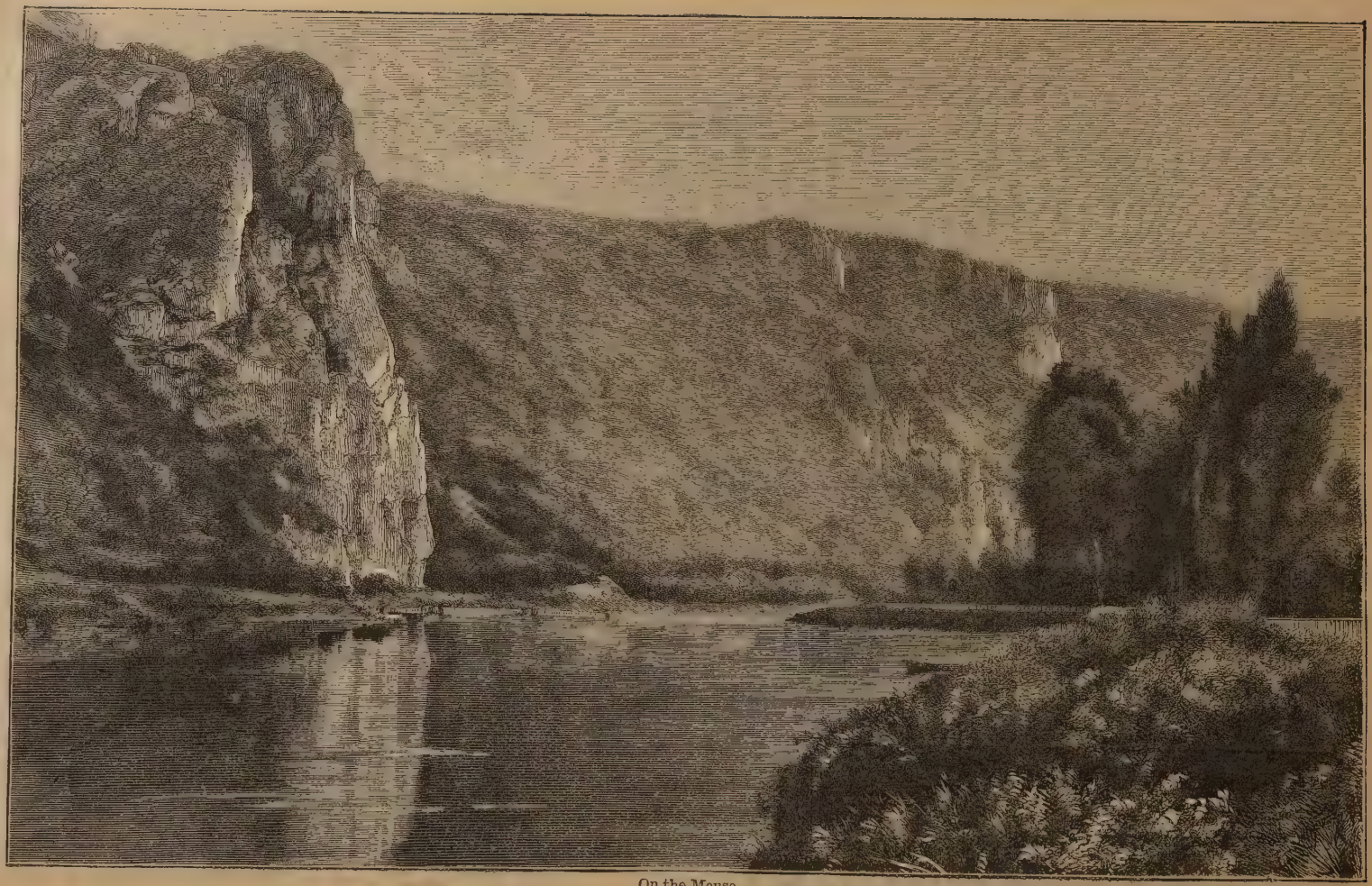
Further information can be obtained from the honorary secretaries, Leonard K. Shaw, Esq., Broom Holm, Cheetham Hill; Gilbert R. Kirlew, Esq., Summer Villas, Chorlton-cum-Hardy; or at the Refuge, Strangeways, Manchester.

THE STORY OF DINANT-SUR-MEUSE.

By Mrs. E. S. ARMITAGE.

THERE is no pleasanter holiday to be had at a short distance from London than a trip to the Meuse. This noble river cuts its way through a high table-land, on the hilly border of Belgium and France, the only part of Belgium which is not as flat as a griddle. The *limestone crags*, which come down to the river's edge, are as thick with castles as the banks of the Rhine; but instead of the ugly Rhine vineyards, gracious woods or wild thickets untouched by cultivation cover every slope which the sheer rocks allow them. The most beautiful part of the river lies between Dinant and *Givet*, the French frontier. The town of Dinant is remarkably placed; at the first glance it seems nothing but a row of quaint old houses at the foot of an enormous precipice, with a great church rising high over the midst of it and spreading out its wings like some mighty brooding bird. But a view from above shows a nest of streets, huddled under the shadow of the great rock. One naturally expects to find on the top of the rock the ruins at least of the old castle which once protected Dinant; but there is nothing to see but the fortress built by the allied sovereigns in 1815, at considerable cost to the English nation, now condemned as useless since the invention of long-range guns, and so dismantled and turned into a sixpenny show. It is with difficulty that we find a trace of the massive walls, nine feet thick, that once surrounded Dinant; of the eighty towers that defended them, not one remains. And except some fragments of the noble church of *Notre-Dame*, with its superbly lofty nave of dark grey stone, there is no architecture to be seen in this ancient town of earlier date than the end of the fifteenth century. Why is this?

The answer to this is a sad story—one of the saddest in history; the tragedy of Dinant. Here by the pleasant Meuse, where the air is full of legend and romance, a great crime was committed four hundred years ago—the



On the Meuse.

assassination of a city; and of no common city either, but of an artist city, one of the benefactors of mankind.

In the fifteenth century Dinant was famous all over western Europe for her brass and copper-work. Generations of craftsmen had transmitted to the men of Dinant a special skill in working those metals. It was not a mere trade, it was an art which they practised; the metal was hammered by the living hand of the workman into the artistic forms which the mediæval handicraftsman understood so well. We may still see specimens of the art-work of Dinant in the brazen font of St. Bartholomew's at Liège, and the candelabra of Tongres. An energetic, industrious people were these brass-workers of Dinant; but it was their misfortune to get involved in the quarrels of the great potentates of the earth, and to become one of the stakes of the bloody game of ambition.

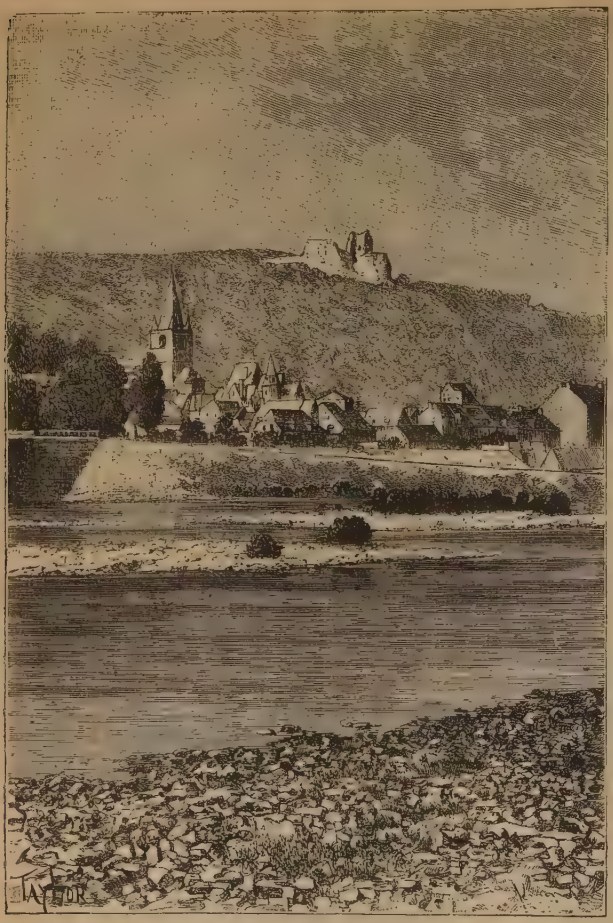
Dinant, and Liège also, lie in the region which was held of old times by the Gallic Belgæ, and which, though Romanized like the rest of Gaul, still retains in its Walloon speech more Keltic words than any other French dialect. But in the fifteenth century, the provinces which constitute modern Belgium had passed by marriage into the ducal house of Burgundy, itself an offshoot from the royal house of France. The vast dominions which owned the sway of the Duke of Burgundy lay partly in France and partly in the Empire, and the Duke of Burgundy owed homage to the King of France on the one hand, and the Holy Roman Emperor on the other, for different parts of his immense territory. This ambiguous position, the immense wealth brought in from their Flemish cities, their own descent from the kings of France, were enough to kindle the aspirations of an ambitious family, and in the fifteenth century the Dukes of Burgundy had already made themselves known as the most formidable rivals of the French king. But they were more than this, for at a time when the nationality of France was still inchoate and feeble, they aimed at a dismemberment of France which would have prevented her from ever becoming a great nation. They had been the allies of the English in the bloody wars of Henry V. and his brother, and when the English had been driven out of France, they remained in possession of the advantage they had gained. The skill and craft of Charles VII. did much to restore the exhausted monarchy of France. It was left to his son Louis XI. to fight out the bitter struggle with the Dukes of Burgundy, and decide whether France was still to remain on the list of the great nations or not.

In the early part of his reign, Louis XI. was nearly annihilated by the League of the *Bien Public*, formed against him by the Duke of Burgundy and the greatest nobles of his own kingdom. He was forced to submit to a treaty in which he gave up Normandy and the important towns on the Somme, the frontier between himself and the Duke of Burgundy. By craft and good luck he recovered Normandy in a few months, and roused against the Duke of Burgundy an insurrection of his own cities of Liège and Dinant.

Liège was the first to suffer the vengeance of the Duke. By submitting to the *Piteous Peace* of Liège (1465) it preserved its existence as a city. Louis XI. was powerless to give any aid. The Bishop of Liège, a creature of the Duke of Burgundy, was the brother of the Duke of Bourbon, a nobleman whom Louis XI. was above all things anxious to conciliate. At that moment when the fate of the French monarchy was actually hanging in the balance, he had nothing to reckon upon but his own cunning and the innate forces of French nationality, and he was obliged to look idly on while Liège submitted and Dinant perished.

Philip de Commynes declares that the cause of the ruin of Dinant was that she had made a separate peace for herself, abandoning Liège. Civic selfishness was the great fault of the commercial cities of the Middle Ages. Another weak point was their ill-organized popular government, which made them liable to sudden and bloody revolutions. A few months after the Piteous Peace of Liège the Dinantese repented of the treaty which they had made with the Duke, put to death the four citizens who had concluded it, and received into their town a band of irreconcilables from Liège, who would not, or were not, allowed to take part in the peace. These wild people began to ravage and burn the surrounding country; and to crown all their offences they set up in a miry hole, full of toads, an effigy of the Duke, Philip the Good, dressed in his ducal coat-of-arms, and cried aloud, "See the great toad on his throne!"

Dinant had a rival near at hand. On the opposite bank of the river, scarcely a mile lower down, was the city of Bouvignes, bound to the Duke of Burgundy by much closer ties than Dinant, since it had been always in his possession, while over Dinant his claim was more recent and hardly rightful. The two towns were rivals in art and commerce, and



Bouvignes, and the ruins of Crève-cœur.

it is incredible, says Commynes, the hatred which they had against one another. Bouvignes had built the tower of Crève-cœur, whose ruins can still be visited on their lofty height, to overlook and play the spy upon Dinant. Dinant in revenge raised the proud tower of Mont-Orgueil, of which not a vestige now remains. The interchange of insults and outrages between Dinant and Bouvignes was a regular feature of their daily existence. The insult which the Dinantese had offered to the Duke of Burgundy was quickly reported to him by his friends at Bouvignes. It was not the first offence of the kind. While the siege of Liège was still going on some apprentices of Dinant had set up before Bouvignes a St. Andrew's cross (the cross of the House of Burgundy) and hung upon it an effigy of the Count of Charolais, the fiery and ambitious son of Duke Philip, afterwards more famous as Charles the Bold. They hung a cowbell round his neck, and shouted, "This fellow calls himself the Duke's son, and he is only the bastard of our Bishop. And he thinks that he can overturn the King of France!"

In those days of chivalry, so delicate a flower was honour, that a great noble like the Duke of Burgundy would have deemed his honour tarnished beyond recovery if he had allowed the joke of a few idle boys to go unpunished. The blood of a whole city-full could hardly wipe off the insult from the ducal child. The Duke and his son could scarcely contain their indignation, and the Duchess of Burgundy is said to have stirred the coals of wrath. They swore that they would destroy Dinant to the ground, and put every inhabitant to the sword.

Slowly the great army of the Duke was gathered together, and in the month of August, 1466, invaded Dinant and burned the faubourgs. The men of Dinant, still full of confidence, refused to surrender, and cried out to the Count of Charolais, who commanded the army, that the King of France and the men of Liège would soon drive him off. But, alas! the King of France was at the very extremity of his resources, unable to stir a finger to help Dinant; and the very fact that Dinant was his ally was one reason the more why the Burgundian was bent on its destruction. The men of Liège were slow to move; the Count of Charolais was determined to be beforehand with them; he brought his most formidable artillery to bear on the town, and after eight days of battery a breach was made in the walls, and on Sunday, August 24, Dinant submitted to the conqueror. The host of Burgundy entered the town in the greatest order, the Count following them with his musicians and jesters in solemn procession. His vengeance was to be deliberate and princely, not the mere wild outrage of a heated soldiery. The old Duke Philip, who was too feeble for actual

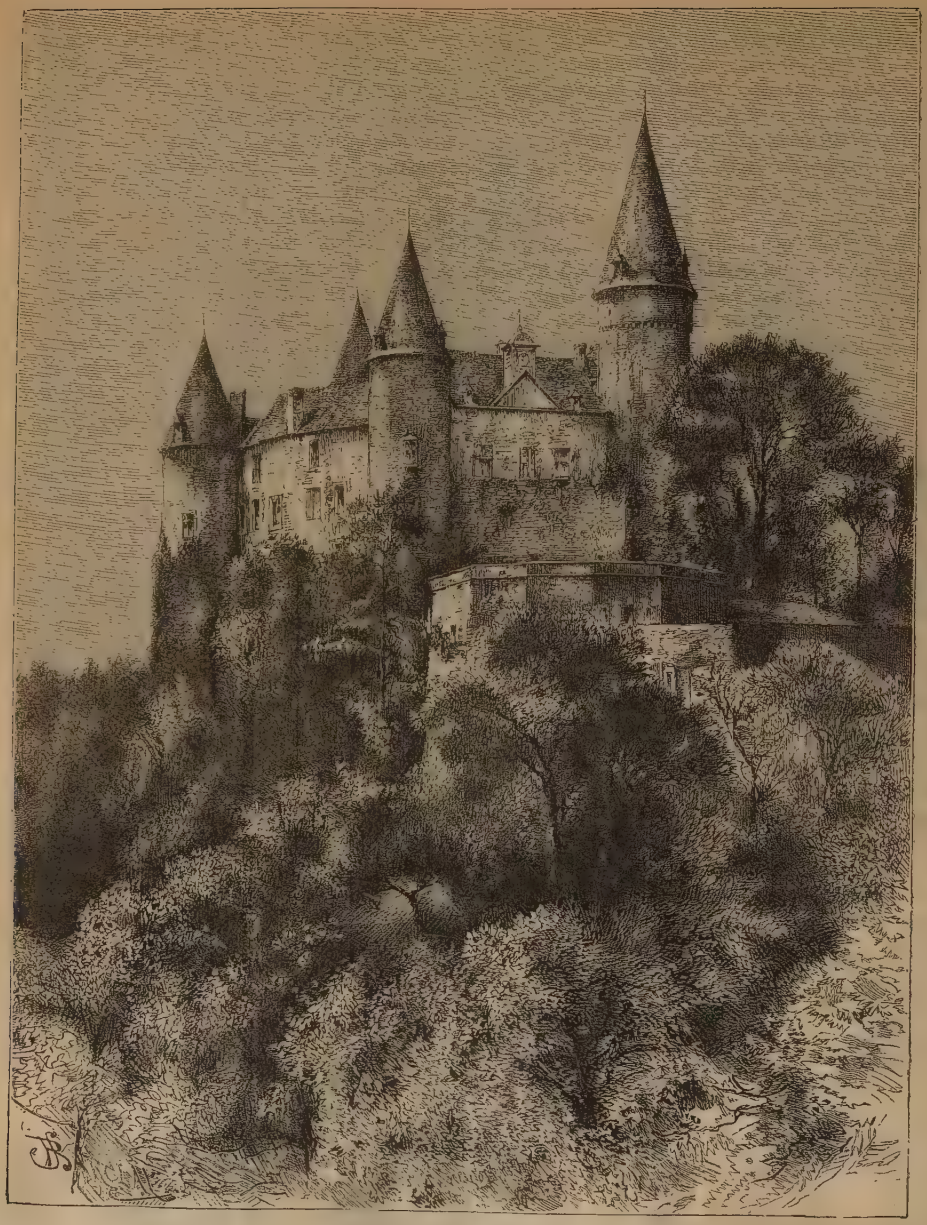
warfare, was carried in a litter to the scene of his son's triumph. A solemn council was held, and it was decided that to avenge the outraged majesty of the House of Burgundy the city should be pillaged on Thursday and Friday, burnt on Saturday, demolished, and razed to the very ground.

The Count carried out his share of the business in cold blood. He called in the men of Bouvignes to point out those who had uttered *blasphemies* against himself, his father, and his mother. In their indiscriminate hatred they accused no less than eight hundred, who were all drowned. So precious was the *honour* of a duke. But the rude soldiers could not be constrained to follow out the plan of orderly vindictiveness which had been arranged by the Count. On Wednesday, before the appointed day of pillage, each soldier as he rose from dinner said to his host, "Show me thy treasures, and I will spare thy life." Then the town was sacked. A stream of carts and hand-barrows carried away the booty. Some of the nobles of the Burgundian party made a purse for themselves by posting themselves at the gates and robbing the robbers of the best things they were carrying away.

But it was known that the men of Liège were moving to the assistance of Dinant; it was necessary to hasten matters. It might be difficult to tear the soldier from his prey and set him in fighting order; so a shorter way was taken. The priests, women, and children were driven out of the doomed city, and then it was set on fire. The flames spread with more swiftness than had been expected, seizing even the places where the treasures of the churches had been laid by. The church of Notre-Dame, where much plunder had been placed, and where some of the richest prisoners had been shut up to be ransomed, was enveloped in the fire. All was consumed, treasure and prisoners. Only the shell of the church and a small baptistery of earlier date escaped destruction. The towers on the walls, where some brave men were still holding out, were destroyed in the fire. A cry of terror and grief rose from the exiled band who beheld the destruction of their homes, a cry that filled with pity and horror even the enemies who heard it. But the merciless flames burnt on; they did their work thoroughly, and when their force was spent, the enemies and rivals of the Dinantese were called in to level with the ground what fragments still remained of the blackened walls. "In the whole town," says a chronicler, "I only found one altar standing, and an image of Our Lady, very beautiful, and unhurt by the fire (a marvellous thing), standing over the porch of her church."

This was the end of Dinant. It is true that houses were built again there, and that Dinant is still a country town. But her

Limestone Crags on the Meuse.



A Castle on the Meuse.

walls were never rebuilt; her greatness was gone for ever, and, above all, her art was annihilated. Her artist-workmen became fugitives, some went to Middelburg, some to England; but they never returned to Dinant. To-day, instead of beautiful brass-work, she makes gingerbread.

The little town hums with life to-day; the bridge is busy with passengers; the carillon of Notre-Dame rings out the hours; the old rock changes from grey to rose in the evening light; the bright Meuse flows tranquilly by, and begins to sparkle with the cheerful lights of houses as the gloaming steals over tower and town. All seem to have forgotten the bloodshed of 1466. Yet where an artistic faculty has been trampled out there is a grave far sadder than those of Thermopylæ or Abu Klea; there is a monument to the great serpent of social wrong,

Notre-Dame, Dinant.

who is not wholly scotched even in this nineteenth century, though shorn of his dragon's claws and teeth, which he wore so proudly in the palmy days of pseudo-chivalry under such heroes as Charles the Bold of Burgundy.

ASHAPOORA:

The Work of Two Modern Puritans in Rajpootana.

By A. MACLEOD SYMINGTON, D.D.

ASHAPOORA is a small Indian village probably known to very few of our readers. It is one of those spots where, in a somewhat literal and matter-of-fact sense, "the wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad" by the servants of Christ, and "the desert has begun to rejoice and blossom" before them; for the village owes its existence to an immense dyke or dam, 900 feet long, 8 feet thick, and 30 feet high, run across a small stream, by which there has been created, in the midst of a wide, thirsty plain, a lake one mile long, half a mile wide, and twenty-five feet deep, admirably placed for purposes of irrigation. The creation of this beneficial lake was begun in January, 1870, and thereby hangs a story which it does one good to learn.

In the summer of 1868 the rains on which the maturing of the harvests of Rajpootana was entirely dependent did not fall, and the people saw their crops burned up by a pitiless sun. Instantly the price of grain rose so that the two shillings which had procured forty pounds could now buy only twelve. The natives began to sell their children to any who would put food in their mouths for a few shillings. Cattle, when there was not a blade of grass to feed them, had to be sold for a tenth of their proper value. As the months went on and the heavens remained brass over them, the famine-stricken people

began to flee in wild search for districts that might still furnish food. The well-to-do folks laded their waggons and got into large towns, but an enormous mass was left of those who had no maintenance except their own labour, and that labour useless. These filled the roads in hundreds and thousands, able-bodied men as well as women, infants, and the aged, begging food from place to place, and their weary steps were turned from their own native States to those under British rule. They had heard of "English liberality and beneficence, and came to prove it." As we know, the appeal was not made in vain to our Government; relief-works were set up, and though thousands perished, thousands also were kept alive. But public relief-works, however well administered from head-quarters, are necessarily cold and wanting in that element of human compassion which cheers the fainting heart while filling the hungry mouth.

The wretched people made appeal to the missionaries as well as to the magistrates, and the missionaries did their best to represent Him who fed the thousands. They devoted themselves with promptitude and energy to meet the emergency, sending home an appeal to their constituents in Scotland,* anticipating their response so far as to incur heavy debts, and administering the large funds which were placed in their hands with great wisdom and loving-kindness. It was there that our two Puritans, sprung from an old Covenanting stock, displayed a heroism and devotion which won for them a place of special honour by the hearty consent alike of the European residents, the poor natives, and their own missionary brethen.

William Martin had gone out in 1860, at the age of twenty-five, and his brother Gavin had followed him in 1863, as soon as his college course was finished. When the famine came the brothers had been working together at Nasirabad, an English cantonment, teaching in schools, preaching the gospel, and itinerating among many surrounding villages for some six years, but nothing had occurred to distinguish them from many who were faithfully doing the same work. They were brothers indeed, in single-mindedness, in consecration, in love, but each has a character all his own. The younger brother, Gavin, was a saint of the right sort, uniting rare holiness with cheerful love; a man of wise counsel, and whose power lay in his gentleness. William, on the other hand, was restlessly active, chose his horse because he had seen it bring other riders to grief and established a good understanding with it, would rather ride forty miles than write a letter, transparently honest and devoted, but of a stiff will. Once, in the earlier years of his service, he was weary and discouraged with the routine of as yet fruitless work. He was going forth with a joyless face when his young wife "called him back, went to him, put her hands on his shoulders, and with tears in her eyes said, 'Oh, Willie! Willie! much work and little prayer is hard work!' Then she led him to a private room, and there, kneeling down, prayed with him as only one who loved with a true heavenly love could pray. From that room he went forth strong in a strength which never failed him; never again was he tempted to sever work and prayer." That good wife was taken from him before the famine came, but his saintly brother was the source through which there was supplied the same sweet anointing of the Holy Spirit, and the very differences of the brothers in character made their united work greatly more effective.

As 1869 passed on hope returned; the early rains fell, the fields were green and hopeful. But the locusts came in mile-long clouds, stripping the trees of every single leaf and desolating the fields. The despairing people were left without shade or food, and the strain upon English benevolence was not merely continued but made harder than ever. More than that: fever and cholera had followed in the footprints of famine and aggravated the common misery.

At first both William and Gavin Martin remained in Nasirabad, keeping up the old work and promptly enlarging their activities to overtake that new work which was laid to their hands. So early as October, 1868, Gavin had asked the native officer in charge of an adjacent police-station to send to him "those who were really in urgent need." The first day there came 60 of the starving, the second 95, the third 50, the fourth 222, the fifth 322, the sixth 255. To these they gave "something like a meal of a kind of coarse pulse a good deal used by the poorer natives." One meal! and yet the Lord whom they had come from Scotland to represent to the natives of India was saying to them as plainly as He said to the disciples in the wilderness: "They need not depart: give ye them to eat." (Matt. xiv. 16.) The brothers understood the secret of multiplying

* The mission-field in Rajpootana was opened by Mr. Scholbred, of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, in 1858-9, and has been admirably sustained by that Church with men and women and money.

their five loaves. A month after the appeal had been sent home for help, Gavin wrote (November, 1868), "My brother and myself have undertaken responsibilities connected with the supplying of necessary labour to those who are able to work, and free provision to those who cannot, from which in ordinary circumstances we would have shrunk. At present we have over three hundred and fifty persons employed in a variety of ways,"—school building, road-making, &c. Many of these were of the class for whom the Government works had no place, "old worn-out people," women, infants. And that was only a beginning. "Since I sat down to write a company has just arrived, some individuals of which with difficulty made their way to the bungalow, exhausted from want of food. After eating something and feeling revived, one of them has set off again to seek a child who had gone a-missing, and whom, unable to find, he had to leave behind. This is no solitary case." The food given was barely enough for each day, and to provide that the Martins gave all they had, and borrowed from native money-lenders on the security of their next salaries.

William Martin had the instinct of a physician, and had picked up some medical knowledge. It exactly suited him to add as much medical work as possible to his labours of organizing and superintending the relief operations, and to the missionary teaching which was never allowed in any circumstances to fall out of sight. A man came with some disease in his eyes, and was directed to lie down on his back that the missionary might drop something into them. He hesitated and wanted to know what the substance was, &c., when he suddenly found himself laid flat on the ground and the operation going on! Another time, the missionary was riding on the highway when he observed a man in front of him double himself up and fall on the wayside. Cholera! William Martin galloping up and raising the man, heard him say "water!" There was a well some way back, but when he reached it there was no vessel in which to carry water. He drew off his boot, filled that, and was with the sufferer as quickly as possible, revived him, and took him to a place where he could be nursed. Years after, this man came to Mr. Martin in a strange town and reminded him, while he clung by his feet, of the act of mercy long-forgotten among the many acts of the same kind which had filled the intervening time. One afternoon on returning from service he got a telegram announcing that the missionary at Ajmere and his wife were down with cholera: instantly he was in the saddle, galloping like Jehu, took charge of his friend's household, and was the means of saving one of the valuable lives. When the disease had begun to spread in the villages around, the authorities very properly instituted quarantine regulations, and William Martin was told that he must either stay in Nasirabad or make his home outside if he would continue his many visits of mercy among the wretched sufferers in the hamlets. He did not hesitate a moment, but got himself a hut run up under a tree. "There he spent a great part of the hot season, and of the rains, constantly going about ministering to the sick, and rescuing from death many who but for him would have perished."

This was in 1869, before the plague of locusts came to destroy a second harvest. The reader must therefore understand (for I have no room for farther details) that these two devoted men continued their extraordinary labours patiently day after day for fifteen or sixteen months till the year 1870 had come, and then these labours so far from ceasing took a still larger form. It was now that Ashapoora was founded.

Finding that they had around them and clinging to them fully 800 of the perishing—a number which grew to 2,300—drawn from thirty villages, they secured land suitable for the new reservoir or lake, and set about the building of the dyke. The engineering was congenial work for William, while Gavin was equally unwearied in teaching. He travelled daily between their headquarters at Nasirabad and the new village four miles off, keeping the old work up together with the new; but William remained on the spot day and night in a hut which cost twenty shillings, and for the furniture of which no one would have given ten. The organization was thorough and all went on like clock-work, the children and the sick being cared for at certain hours, and the labour being varied with morning and evening worship, half-hours of cheerful singing, lessons in arithmetic, and the like. The native contractors on the adjoining relief works exacted seven days' labour every week from those under them, and the Government authorities did not interfere to enforce the law, but the Puritans astonished the natives by feeding them seven days for the work of six, and their own countrymen by producing with this method fully as good results. When April came round things were so far improved that the English super-

intendent gave orders for the stopping of all relief-works; but the dam at Ashapoora was not finished. The local supervisor telegraphed back to his superior: "You had better let Martin's work go on or there will be an awful row," and the order was modified accordingly.

What remained when all was done? First of all, missionary opportunities had been enjoyed during the progress of the work, quite exceptional in their character, and of these the fullest use had been made. On the old and ordinary method of going from village to village, they could not have carried the gospel in the same space of time to nearly so many persons as now daily heard their fervent addresses, nor could they have so got at their hearts: only the day of the Lord will bring to light how many from distant states in this way received their knowledge of the Saviour and His love. Gavin Martin wrote home, out of a full heart, rejoicing in audiences of from a thousand to sixteen hundred persons, representing one hundred villages, and exhorting his friends to "*look* for a blessing on the work, both while the multitudes remain together and when they return to their respective homes."

But these opportunities of extensive seed-sowing, and of winning for Christian missionaries the grateful confidence of thousands, soon came to an end. In July, 1870, the rains came in abundance, the signal for most of those who had gathered at Ashapoora to return to their distant homes. What then? There remained a large number of orphan boys and girls, who had learned to call the Martins "father," or sometimes "father and mother." For these a home was built, and some six hundred acres of land were secured, sufficient for the support of thirty-five families. An orphanage, a school, and a church were erected; and the foundations were laid of a native Christian community. Soon the children grew old enough to be married, and many racy things might be told of how William Martin and Gavin's widow assisted them in pairing and settling in life.

For Gavin died, worn out, in 1874, at the age of thirty-six. He had gone out to Ashapoora a few days before the change came, and he passed gently away, surrounded by the intensely attached children whom he had rescued from two deaths. All classes of the natives united in honouring and lamenting one who had given them a more perfect example of Christian self-sacrifice than they had seen before, and one of them said, "If every Christian were like Gavin Martin I would become a Christian."

William lived on till October of 1883, digging wells in fear of another famine, building up his beloved children in the faith, never sparing himself. When his brethren saw him wearing out before his time and urged him to take rest, his answer was, "If I spare myself, how are the native Christians to be stimulated?" He had preached on the Sabbath, and his death on the Thursday took the people of Nasirabad and Ashapoora by surprise. A great cry went up from both places. "Our father is dead! we are orphans a second time!" And the cry was renewed with piercing sincerity as his body was carried to the grave. His coffin was wrapped in the Union Jack, and borne on a gun-carriage drawn by six horses. The English General—who had provided this bier—and his officers, Roman Catholic priests, clergymen of the Church of England, and Presbyterian soldiers from Scotland followed in the crowd, with women carrying their children, schoolboys and native Christians from neighbouring towns. The soldiers—his countrymen—wished to carry William Martin's body, but four Christians of Nasirabad and four of Ashapoora said, "He saved us from death, and we will carry him to the grave."

I have still to reveal the purpose for which I have asked leave to tell this story. It was not merely to make known to a wide circle of readers two singularly beautiful instances of Christian heroism, but in order to direct attention to the springhead from which these two streams of living water flowed. May I detain the reader a little longer, and carry him to a farm in Lanarkshire, not far from the old battle-field of Drumclog, where, in 1679, the Covenanters of Scotland won a disastrous victory? There, at West Dykes, the family of Martins have lived on from these old times, successive generations cherishing the stern virtues and profound piety of their Puritan forefathers. The James Martin who held West Dykes in 1829 married Jean Brown, daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Jean had a history. At the age of seventeen she was called by her mother's death to the charge of seven children younger than herself. Her father died three years later, and the girl of twenty had to assume the position of both parents. She managed the farm, and brought up her brothers and sisters, so as to earn the gratitude and affection of them all. Her father's last act almost, within a few days of his death, was to give to the collector for the Bible Society his usual subscription.

He gave cheerfully, and, thinking, no doubt, of the position which his first-born must soon occupy, he said smilingly, "Jean, have you nothing to give?" knowing that she had one shilling, all her own. Scottish Presbyterianism was then (1821) just beginning to enter on that phase of gracious expansion which has done so much for the world; and I like to think of the good man giving his child that practical lesson in Christian well-doing. She learned it well. Both before and after her marriage Mrs. Martin had to live a life of strict economy, but the cares of this world never choked the good seed of the kingdom. Her first-born was a son, and he was dedicated to the service of the Redeemer among the heathen from his birth. Of him, James Martin, we have as yet no record, for he still lives an honoured missionary in Jamaica, and it is to his son, another missionary, that we owe the truly admirable and heart-stirring book from which I have taken this story.* When William was born, in 1835, and Gavin, in 1838, they too—all her sons—were solemnly devoted to the mission service.

As Mrs. Martin lived on till July, 1885, we have the opportunity of knowing what this dedication meant. It meant that she was willing to deny herself, as she did, in order to give her sons a college education; but it meant also that there was in the mother's quiet heart a grand, steadfast, prayerful aspiration that her children might be used to gather in the travail of the Redeemer's soul from among the heathen. One after the other left West Dykes with his mother's blessing, and was followed by her unceasing prayers. The return came to her with divine bountifulness. In her old age Mrs. Martin received letters from the Christians of Ashapoora, in which they poured out their hearts to "their beloved mother and the sister of their father" (William Martin had told them of his distant home). "We and our children will ever remember his holy life. When we were mere infants he saved our lives and nourished our bodies, and through his instrumentality we have been received into the kingdom of God's dear Son." "His name will descend from father to son for many many generations." Another, an elder of the native Church, tells the aged mother how, "fourteen years ago, he had crawled on hands and knees into the presence of 'William Sahib,'" starving, and very wretched; how her son took him and fed him, and how, "when the people were dying of cholera by hundreds, day and night would he nurse them, removing the patients' dirty clothes with his own hands—a thing no native but a very low caste man would do."

In another way the close of Mrs. Martin's life was beautifully complete. A brother who had prospered in Canada, one of those towards whom she had done a mother's part before her marriage, left her "a considerable fortune." Retaining only what was "sufficient for her daily necessities, she divided the large sum of money into six parts, giving to the cause of Christ a share equal to that which she gave to each of her children." This was the gracious privilege reserved for the girl who had given her only shilling sixty years before.

I once heard the wish expressed that something might be written on how to raise up a race of modern Puritans. The subject is an attractive one, and might be dealt with by one possessed of competent knowledge and sympathy and leisure in many ways. In no better way, I think, than by tracing out such instances of Puritan survival and splendid fruitfulness. William and Gavin Martin were their mother's sons.

NOTE.—The report of Foreign Missions submitted to the United Presbyterian Synod in May, 1886, has come into our hands since the above paper was written. Here are two brief extracts:—

"NUSSEERABAD.—The want of a church has long been felt, and is happily now being supplied. Under the superintendence of Dr. Clark the *Martin Memorial* Church is rapidly rising, and will, we hope, be ready for opening in six months. It will be a handsome, substantial, and altogether appropriate memorial of the two devoted missionary brothers, whose name it will bear. An excellent site at the north end of the bazaar was granted by the military authorities, and General Nimmo kindly laid the foundation-stone."

"ASHAPOORA.—This Christian Church and settlement is an offshoot from Nusseerabad. The settlers were chiefly orphans who are now cultivating the land which the Mission procured for them. Help was continued to them for some time, but now they are thrown upon their own resources, and there is good prospect of their becoming an industrious and thriving community. The Christian school has made considerable progress during the year."

It appears that the work of this Church in India, which is just a quarter of a century old, can present the following statistics: missionaries, 23, including seven Zenana teachers; native agents, 38; Christian community, 960; Sabbath-schools, 36, with 1,638 pupils; week-day schools, 91, with 4,935 pupils.

* "Martin Memorials: Life and Work of William and Gavin Martin." Edinburgh. Andrew Elliot. 1886.

AN IDEAL.

SHE was not fair, but in her face
There was a purity of soul
That gave each feature perfect grace
Lit up and beautified the whole.

Her hand was not the "lily-flower"
Or "drifted snow" that poets sing;
But in its touch, so firm and kind,
There was a strength most comforting.

And little children clung to it,
And all the poor she clothed and fed
Knew what a cool and soothing touch
It laid upon the aching head!

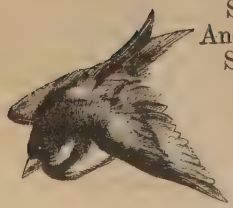
Her laugh was low, and seldom heard;
Her smile, soon woke, most passing sweet;
Her sympathies went quickly forth
Another's joy or woe to meet.

Her creed?—Ah me! she was not one
Who thought her own the only way,
And thanked her God, like him of old
Who "went up" in his pride to pray.

But, pressing on her upward road,
She strove to win all hearts for heaven,
And counted no man wholly lost
Who lived, so yet might be forgiven.

She knew Heaven's Gate was opened wide,
She knew how great the joy within;
And, in her perfect charity,
She would have had *all* enter in!

B. BELL.



"She was not fair, but in her face
There was a purity of soul
That gave each feature perfect grace—
Lit up and beautified the whole."

Page 536.

THE LIVING OF LANGLEYS.

A Story of Country Life.

By MARY B. WHITING.

CHAPTER IV.—A SUDDEN RESOLVE.

IF Hester had been asked to state her ideas regarding her future, she would have said that the thought of marriage had never entered her head; this was only true in the sense that most girls of her age attach to such words; she looked forward to marriage as a vague and indefinite possibility, but no distinct ideas or wishes regarding it had ever been formed in her mind. She had a liking for Welldon, it is true, but only in a sisterly way; it might perhaps deepen into love some day, but at present her heart was not touched. For Mr. Poole she had an intense respect, he was her ideal of manly heroism, and his entire devotion to his duty was without affectation his greatest attraction in her eyes; she liked to hear him talk of the difficulties which lay in his path and which he was struggling to overcome, and being young and impressionable she was flattered to find that a man so much older than herself thought it worth his while to tell her his plans and seek her advice.

Janet could not but observe Welldon's deep depression as they walked home together that night; she asked him various questions but could discover nothing that was passing in his mind. At last, just as they reached the Rectory, he looked up suddenly and said, "I shall go back to Oxford on Monday."

"Why!" exclaimed Janet in surprise; "term does not begin for a month."

"I know that," said Welldon shortly as he put out his hand to open the gate for his sister. Janet laid her hand upon it resolutely, "I will not go in until you have told me what is the matter with you," she said.

Welldon knew that it was no easy matter to resist Janet when she was in a determined mood, and to-night he had no heart for a contest, so he leaned his head upon the gate and said in a muffled voice, "Do you think I can stay here and see that man making love to Hester under my eyes?"

Janet started, but the notion seemed so absurd to her that in another moment she laughed. "My dear boy," she said, "what nonsense you talk, as though Hester would dream for a moment of such a man as that! You are not well, and so you feel despondent; wait till to-morrow and things will look brighter."

"That is what I said to myself last night. I waited till to-day and things are only worse. I will be a man and shake this off."

"Shake what off?"

"This foolish fancy which is unfitting me for everything manly."

He spoke fiercely, even recklessly; Janet knew well that his present mood would soon pass away, but she also felt that it was worse than useless to reason with him. And yet the longer she thought it over the more impossible his idea seemed to her, and she could not resist saying, "I think it would be more manly to stay and meet your fate than to run away because you have got this fancy into your head."

"You did not quite understand me. I have made up my mind to go, because this little check to my hopes has shown me how entirely my heart is set upon them to the exclusion of everything else. I will put it out of my head till I am through college. If Hester cares for me she will wait till then, if not——" He did not finish the sentence, but the look of determination in his face warned Janet not to rouse useless opposition by pursuing the subject any further; she took her hand from the gate and they went in, but as they reached the door she paused once more.

"What excuse shall you make to father for your sudden departure?"

"He will be satisfied if I tell him I am going up to read."

Janet pondered long on Welldon's decision as she sat in her own room that night. She was bitterly disappointed at the idea of losing him so soon, but she felt certain that her father would make such obstacles that the plan would be given up. Contrary to her expectation, however, he agreed to all that Welldon said, and even urged him to carry out his scheme. Welldon was rather surprised himself at this line of conduct, but he did not comment on it to his sister. The truth was that Mr. Stamford was rather relieved at his son's departure; he was so accustomed to talking freely with him of all his affairs, that his secret weighed upon him

like an incubus; but though it prevented him from enjoying Welldon's company he was still resolved that on no account should it be betrayed; he would rather suffer any inconvenience than do his son an injury, and such he firmly believed it would be if the Squire's scheme came to his knowledge. He did not quite understand what had induced Welldon to give up the rest of his time at home, but he felt that it was a good thing and asked no questions.

The next day was fully occupied with packing Welldon's multifarious goods, and it was not till evening that Janet ventured to ask him when he was going to the Hall to say good-bye.

"To-morrow evening," said Welldon briefly, and not a word more passed between them on the subject.

Janet was almost afraid to say much to her brother after the decided way in which he had spoken the night before; his resolve to put all thoughts of love out of his head showed a depth of determination of which she had not believed him capable. In fact she could hardly have thought it possible for any man, and least of all for Welldon, but she had always felt that there was much in his character of which she knew nothing. For the first time in her life she looked up at the brother so much younger than herself, and recognised the fact that he was a man, and that she could no longer bend him to her will. She did not, however, try to scold him into acquiescence with her views, nor, on the other hand, treat him with silent displeasure. She knew that a woman's power must depend upon the secret influence she bears over those around her, and the result was that Welldon still turned to his sister for sympathy and counsel, even though he seemed to disregard her advice.

How little do women understand where the source of their power lies! The mother who rejects her son's confidence when he comes to her for sympathy has thwarted an affection in that young heart which can never be regained; the wife who refuses to interest herself in her husband's pursuits has laid the foundation of a barrier which may one day divide his heart from hers. How different this weary world would be if women would only learn to use the noble opportunities of good which lie ready to their hands, instead of scorning them as unimportant and beneath their notice!

There was no evening service in Langleys. The people were old-fashioned and liked to keep to their old-established customs in church-going, as in everything else, and the Rector had never tried to alter their habits in this respect. Each Sunday evening he and his daughter set out to visit those of the parishioners who were prevented by sickness from joining their friends at church; it was an old institution in the village, and one dearly prized by the sick and aged, who looked upon Mr. Stamford as their personal friend.

As soon as his father and sister had started on their usual round, Welldon set off to the Hall. His face was paler than usual, and he walked with a quick and determined step; he was longing, and yet dreading, to have the interview over that he might, as he had said, be a man once more. As he neared the Hall one thought took possession of him to the exclusion of all others—should he find Hester alone, or would his enemy be there? for as such he had begun to regard Mr. Poole. He avoided the long carriage drive which led up to the front door, and turned in at a side gate which opened on to the lawn. He knew that he should find Hester there, and he had long been privileged to use this means of approach. His nervousness increased as he went on, and he stopped a moment and shook himself impatiently, exclaiming, "What utter folly this is!" As he spoke he saw Hester going down the lawn towards the shrubbery; she was alone and carried a book in her hands. Welldon's courage returned at the sight, he followed her quickly, and came up to her just as she turned into one of the shady walks. She looked back at the sound of his footsteps and smiled a welcome.

"I thought perhaps you and Janet would come up to-night," she said.

"You were not quite right, however," said Welldon, "for you see I have come alone."

They wandered on for some way chatting of indifferent things until Hester found what she considered a comfortable seat. Welldon threw himself down on the grass and she put her book into his hand.

"Read to me a little while," she said.

Welldon played with the book nervously. "I would rather talk to you."

"What have you got to talk about?" asked Hester, who was used to his confidences.

"Oh! nothing particular, only I wanted to tell you that I am going away to-morrow."

Welldon watched Hester under his long eyelashes as he made the announcement, but she did not change colour or show any surprise.

"Why is that?" she asked.

Welldon was silent, in truth he scarcely

knew what to say, for he had come up to the Hall without any definite purpose in his mind. He had resolved to say no word to Hester which might lead her to suppose that he cared for her, and yet he felt an irresistible desire to know how the news of his departure would affect her. If his case were not hopeless she would surely show some interest in his affairs, and yet now that she seemed perfectly unconcerned he was trying to persuade himself that it was only the result of a determination not to show her feelings. It could not be that she cared nothing for him, she had always welcomed him and found pleasure in his company; but none the less, he had no answer ready when she asked him why he was going away. If he told her the truth he would break his resolution, and if he gave an evasive reason she would conclude that he was indifferent to her.

It was a lover's dilemma, out of which there was a perfectly easy and simple escape. He had only to lead Hester to suppose that he was going to please himself, and he would be out of his difficulty directly; but this was the one solution that it was impossible for him to accept, and so he was silent. Whether this was quite fair to Hester he did not consider. He was pursuing a course which was not natural to him, for his character was so open and honest that he found it difficult and even painful to conceal his real thoughts; he was proud and he could not bear the idea that he might be counted unworthy by her he loved. True, he was in a difficulty, for, in one sense, he had no right to try to secure Hester's affection before he was in a position which could justify him in so doing; but then he should have kept out of her way altogether, and not have tried to find out what her feelings towards him were. The only explanation of his conduct was that he was very young, nothing more than the boy that Hester considered him in fact, and it was not much to be wondered at that his judgment was led away.

Hester did not exactly know what to make of him, she thought his manner constrained, but the only idea that struck her was that there might have been some unpleasantness at home; she pitied his evident discomfort, and tried to turn the subject.

"Janet will miss you very much," she remarked.

Welldon only gave an inarticulate sound which might have meant anything or nothing, but which confirmed Hester in the idea that something must have happened at the Rectory.

"Oh, well, you will soon be back again," she said cheerfully; "here we are in September, and it will not seem long till Christmas."

"Not to you perhaps," said Welldon, rather bitterly.

She looked at him in some surprise, and the thought crossed her mind that he looked very frail and ill, his face was pale and his hands seemed very thin and white as he played with the piece of grass he held in his fingers.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked gently.

Welldon felt that the crisis was come; should he give way and tell her all that was in his heart? Every man has to put his fate to the test some time or other, why should he not do it now and have it over? He had almost opened his lips to speak when the remembrance of that firm resolve which he had made only last night came back upon him. If he broke it now he should feel that he had for ever forfeited his claim to be considered a man of purpose. The time of temptation had come upon him and he must nerve all his forces for the struggle. He set his teeth hard for a moment and then looked up at Hester quietly and even cheerfully. "I have been rather troubled," he said, "but I have made up my mind that it is best for me to go back to my work and forget it." Then he got up from the grass and held out his hand to her. "Good-bye," he said.

"Are you going now?" she asked in some surprise.

"Yes, it is better."

"I will walk up to the house with you then; father will want to see you."

Welldon would have given anything to get away at once now that the effort was over, but he forced himself to reply quietly to all she said as they walked towards the house together. Hester was a little puzzled by the sudden change which had come over him, all his excitement had passed away, and except that he looked very pale no trace of his recent agitation was apparent.

The Squire could not conceal his disappointment when Welldon went into his library to say good-bye.

"What on earth do you want to go for?" he asked crossly. "Young men used not to be so fond of reading in my time."

Welldon smiled. "It is just because I am not too fond of it that I am going," he said.

"I suppose your father made you decide this," said Mr. Talbot almost rudely.

Welldon drew himself up. "My father knew nothing about it until my decision was made," he replied, "but he quite agrees with me. Good-bye, sir," and he turned to go.

The Squire looked at him with a strange expression in his eyes. "You are more like your mother than ever, boy," he said. He held Welldon's hand in his for a moment, and when he let it go a tear glistened upon it.

Welldon could not understand his sudden change of mood, but he was used to Mr. Talbot's strange fancies and thought but little of it when he had once left the house. He felt tired out, mind and body, a feeling that every one has experienced when they have passed through some great mental or physical crisis. He thought that he had done the right thing, and he felt calm and peaceful now that the ordeal was over. Janet came in by-and-by full of anxiety about her boy, but when she hurried up to his room she drew back gently from the door. Welldon was sitting by the table with his head leaning on his arms, and she could see by the heaving of his frame that the reaction had come, and that he was crying like a child. It was not a very heroic thing to do perhaps, but he had never looked upon himself in the light of a hero.

He came down-stairs later on, and they sat down and played together as usual, while the Rector rested in his arm-chair. Janet was struck by his gentle manner, which was so unlike the irritability he had shown the night before; she did not say anything until Mr. Stamford had gone to bed, but then she looked at her brother with a questioning glance.

"Yes, I saw her," said Welldon, answering the look, "I have said good-bye to her for the present."

"And she does not know why you are going?"

"No. I have kept to my resolve, I am sure it is the best thing; it would not be right for me to tie her down to an indefinite engagement, and I could not speak to her now upon any other terms. You think I am preternaturally wise, don't you?" he added with a smile as Janet did not reply.

"I think you are a very brave boy," she said, "and I only hope Hester will be worthy of you."

Her appreciative words were very sweet to Welldon; he kissed her affectionately as they parted for the night, only lingering to say, "You will keep my secret for me, Janet?"

"Certainly," she answered, looking straight into his eyes.

This was the last word that passed between them on the subject. Welldon was off early the next morning, leaving Janet's heart divided between admiration and sorrow for the brother who had never seemed so dear to her before.

CHAPTER V.—UNEXPECTED TROUBLE.

WELLDON'S resolution to put all thoughts of love out of his head was sharply tested on his return to Oxford. A whole month lay before him in which to occupy himself as best he could until his friends came up and term began again. He tried hard reading and hard walking, diligent practice on his violin, and a course of gymnastics. None of them succeeded in effectually driving away the memories that filled his mind, but by their help he felt that he was spending his time profitably. Each day the effort of concentrating his attention on study became easier; and, though Hester's image was still ever present with him, he controlled his imagination and bent himself with increasing interest to the task that lay before him.

Those who preach the doctrine that love is the highest end and the deepest necessity of human life would probably have condemned Welldon at this crisis of his career, but he would have answered that he fully agreed with their ideas, and that he believed that he was carrying them out in the best way of which he was capable. Because he loved Hester with a deep and abiding affection he was willing to leave her until the right time came for his avowal, and because he wished to prove how true his devotion was he gave himself up to study that he might bring the greater honours to her feet. The fire of ancient chivalry burned in his breast, although to most casual observers he appeared to be but an ordinary specimen of the young Englishman of the present day—light-hearted and high-spirited, and ready for all kinds of fun and frolic. He wrote constantly to Janet, but whereas his previous letters had contained frequent messages to Hester, her name was now never mentioned. Janet noticed the change and pondered long upon it; her heart was still very sore for her brother, and she could not quite forgive Hester for her fancied slight.

There had been a succession of visitors at the Hall, and the two girls had seen very little of each other since Welldon's departure,

but one day, as Janet was taking a short cut through the woods, she came suddenly upon Hester. The meeting on Hester's side was perfectly unembarrassed.

"Why, Janet," she cried, "it seems weeks since I have seen you! Where are you going?"

"To Blackburn's cottage," said Janet a little coldly.

"Let me come with you; I have nothing else to do this morning, father is busy, and our visitors left yesterday."

Janet was not altogether pleased at the proposition. She had several times gone over the next interview between them in her own mind. She did not intend to reproach Hester by word or deed; in fact, she did not wish her to see that there was anything wrong, but yet she had not thought that they would meet in this easy way, or that Hester would greet her as though nothing had happened to mar the friendship between them. However, there was no help for it; she could not refuse Hester's company without either explaining the true reason or inventing some excuse; and as she was not prepared for either she made no objection, and they walked on together. Janet was silent at first, but Hester chatted away, telling her friend all the events of the past few days.

"And how is Welldon?" she asked at last.

Janet was startled at the unconcerned way in which his name fell from her lips. She looked curiously at Hester's face, but no change of colour or expression indicated that any unusual emotion was passing in her mind. Janet had wondered how she should first introduce her brother's name; she could not believe but that a start or a blush would betray that Hester was not so indifferent as Welldon believed her to be, and now, without any warning, she asked after him in this casual manner. For the moment Janet scarcely knew what to reply, but, aware that any hesitation would show that something was amiss, she said that he was very well and reading hard.

"I can't think what made him go off in that unceremonious way," went on Hester. "I thought he looked so ill the night he came to say good-bye, but he would not tell me what was the matter."

Janet did not feel that she could discuss the subject; she was bound by her promise to her brother not to say anything that could lead Hester to guess at the true state of the case, so she turned the conversation by saying—

"Welldon is never very strong at the best of times, but I do not think he is worse than usual now. And here our ways separate, for I am going into Blackburn's cottage."

"Very well," said Hester; "but stop a moment, there is Mr. Poole; I must speak to him."

"I thought you said all your visitors left yesterday," said Janet in some surprise, as she saw his figure just appearing in the distance.

"He only rode over from Melton this morning. He is soon going back to Sheffield now."

"So he has been with Mr. Talbot this morning?"

"No," said Hester. "I asked him to see the man Woodruff, who is very ill."

Janet looked rather astonished, and could not forbear saying—

"My father has been with Woodruff twice already this week."

"Oh, yes, I know how kind he is," exclaimed Hester eagerly; "but Mr. Poole has such a wonderful gift with sick people that it seemed too good an opportunity to lose."

Janet felt herself in an awkward position; she knew that her father would be vexed by this interference, and yet it was difficult to show Hester that she had been wrong without making too much of a little thing, so she seized the opportunity of Mr. Poole's coming up to say good-bye and open the cottage-gate.

Her visit over, she walked home in a very perturbed state of mind; in one thing her opinion had changed, she felt sure that Hester knew nothing of what was passing in Welldon's mind, on this point she exonerated her from blame. But another fear had now taken possession of her, she began to think that after all her brother was right, and that Hester did care for Mr. Poole. How any one could prefer him to Welldon she could not conceive, but after what had happened this morning she was inclined to judge her friend harshly and to be surprised at nothing which she said or did. She reached the Rectory feeling very unhappy, and went straight to her father's study. He was sitting over the fire with his back to the door as she entered, exclaiming—

"Oh, father! what do you think Hester has done? She has actually asked that Mr. Poole, whom Mr. Talbot has been so taken up with lately, to go visiting in your parish!"

The Rector heard to the end, and then answered gently—

"Mr. Poole is a good man, my dear."

"That is what every one says," said Janet abruptly; "and I think that is why I hate him."

Her father laughed.

"I know you too well to be shocked at that statement," he said. "You dislike him not because he is good, but because he has an awkward way of showing it. I respect the man sincerely, and am glad that he should try and do good in my parish as well as anywhere else."

"You are too good, dear," said Janet fondly as she kissed his forehead.

"And that is why you hate me, I suppose," said the Rector.

Janet forgot her vexation in a good-humoured laugh, and, taking a chair, sat down opposite her father. He soon sunk into silence again, and Janet noticed how the flush on his face was succeeded by pallor, and how he shivered despite the mild October day. Presently he got up and went to the window.

"I think I had better go and see Woodruff myself," he said.

Janet went after him and took hold of his hand.

"I think you had better stay by the fire," she said, "you look quite tired and ill. What is the matter?"

"I don't know; I have got *such* a headache, as poor little Welldon used to say."

He sat down again, and Janet stroked his hot forehead with her fingers.

"Let me bring you something warm to drink?" she said.

"No, no! I can take nothing; I will lie down, for if I could get to sleep I should feel better."

She led him to the sofa, let down the blinds, and covered him up warmly, and then stole out of the room.

Time after time she looked in upon him during the afternoon, and each time he was still sleeping heavily. She felt anxious, for she had never known him to have a day's illness as long as she could remember, yet it seemed absurd to send for the doctor because he had a headache. She decided to wait until he woke, but as the hours crept on she became more and more uneasy; at last, as she went in for the fourth time, she heard him muttering to himself, and going up to him she found that he was tossing restlessly from side to side.

"It is a strange fancy," he was saying, "a strange fancy. What ought I to do?"

Janet was thoroughly alarmed, she bent over him exclaiming, "What is it, father? don't you know me?" but he turned restlessly from her and broke out afresh.

"Where is he? I must see him!"

Janet was no novice in the sick-room; young though she was at the time of her mother's death, she had waited on her with untiring attention, and since that time she had never missed an opportunity of nursing as many sick in the parish as her father would allow her to visit. She had often seen cases of delirium and was not unnecessarily alarmed therefore; fixing her eyes on her father's, she said in a quiet but decided tone, "Lie still and I will fetch him," and glided from the room.

Once outside she hurried to the kitchen and sent off a messenger for the doctor, then returned to her father's side and occupied herself in putting cold bandages on his forehead until he ceased his restless tossing and lay still. She feared that it might be hours before the doctor could reach them, but to her intense relief she heard a carriage drive up, and recognised his cheery voice in the hall. The servant had overtaken him only a short distance from the Rectory and was able to bring him at once. Her heart rose as he came in and took her place at the side of the sofa.

"How long has he been like this?" he asked.

"Only a few hours; he first began to shiver at one o'clock this afternoon."

The doctor made no reply, he felt Mr. Stamford's pulse and listened attentively to his breathing.

"Has he had any sudden chill?" he asked at last.

"Not that I know of; he has seemed as well as usual until this morning."

"I will stay and help you get him to bed, and send up some medicine as soon as I return. We must apply hot fomentations at once, the disease can only be checked by violent remedies."

"What is it?" asked Janet fearfully.

"Acute inflammation of the lungs, brought on no doubt by some chill to which he has been exposed. Had I not better send some one in from the village to help you, for you must not leave him for a moment?"

"Not to-night; he cannot bear a stranger about him. My maid is a capital nurse, and will help me more than any one; besides, I hope he will be better to-morrow."

The doctor shook his head slightly, but said nothing: he knew that Mr. Stamford had begun to fail during the past year, and he had little hope that the strength left would

hold out against a severe illness; the symptoms were most serious, and it was evident that the disease had already made rapid strides.

There was little change during the night, but Janet could see that the patient was not improving in any way; she gave medicine and nourishment at the stated times, but her father did not rouse up at all until the fever increased and he became very restless. The doctor came early as he had promised and Janet waited anxiously for his report; he beckoned her out of the room when he had made his examination, and his first words sent a chill to her heart.

"Where is Welldon?"

"At Oxford. But surely you do not think him in actual danger?"

"I think him very ill, and I advise you to telegraph for your brother at once."

Janet could hardly breathe, she felt completely stunned at the idea which the doctor's words conveyed, but she was a brave woman and she had been well trained in controlling her feelings. She was silent for a few moments while she inwardly sought for help and counsel in this sore distress, then looking up she asked, "Is there nothing more you can do?"

"Nothing," he said, and Janet, who had every trust in his skill and knowledge of her father's constitution, felt that her last hope was gone. Only one question remained, the saddest of all, "How soon will it be?"

"I cannot tell, but I scarcely think that he will last through the night. However, I have a friend coming down from London this afternoon, and I will bring him here about four o'clock."

The intervening hours passed like a dream to Janet; she could not expect Welldon till the evening, but even the thought of his coming scarcely gave her comfort, she dreaded the sight of his bitter grief, and feared the consequences for his health; for herself she had no time to think. She found time to send a message to the Hall, and both Mr. Talbot and Hester came down in the course of the day, but Janet could not leave her father's side to see them. He lay in a heavy stupor, unconscious of all around him until four o'clock struck and the doctors came in. Janet left the room and waited in an agony of suspense until the consultation was over. It seemed an eternity to her, though it was not more than a quarter of an hour. They came out at last, and a glance at their faces confirmed her worst fears. The stranger was a tall elderly man, with a kind and compassionate look; he stopped at sight of Janet and held out his hand.

"When is your brother coming?" he asked.

"This evening."

"Then I hope that he will see his father. I do not think there is any likelihood of the end for some hours, perhaps not for a day or two, it depends how his strength holds out."

When Janet looked back on his words afterwards she could not think why they had cheered her; perhaps it was because he had pointed out the only bright spot in the cloud; perhaps it was only his kind and sympathising manner, but she was comforted for the moment. She went back to her father's room and sat in the dusk watching the outline of his motionless form and listening intently for the sound of Welldon's arrival; she could still hardly realise what it was that had so suddenly fallen upon her, all seemed a dull blank of sorrow in the midst of which she could not even pray. The maid who had waited on her since her mother's death was sitting in the room but no word passed between them; now and then a low moan came from the inanimate figure on the bed, and Janet would rise and lay her fingers on his pulse and moisten his brow and lips, or try to administer a little nourishment. Outside it grew darker and darker, the wind rustled mournfully among the trees and a drizzling rain began to fall. Janet's heart sank and the fear began to fill her mind that her father must die before Welldon could reach him; she went to the window to look out, but as she was straining her ears to catch some sound of distant wheels a low voice made her turn round.

"Where is Welldon?"

She hurried to the bedside; her father was awake and looking at her with perfect consciousness; her heart overflowed with thankfulness as she answered, "He will be here directly."

"That is well," said Mr. Stamford in a languid voice; "I want to see him before I die."

Even as he spoke Janet heard a carriage drive up, and leaving him in the servant's care she hurried down to meet her brother in the hall.

CHAPTER VI.—FROM BOY TO MAN.

When Welldon got out of the carriage the first thing that struck his sister was that he looked years older than when she

had seen him last; the sudden shock coming upon his previous troubles had changed him from boy to man. She scarcely recognised what it was that caused the alteration in his look and manner, but it gave her an instinctive confidence in him, and a feeling that she could lean upon him for support and help.

"How is he?" were the first words that fell from his lips.

"Dying!" she answered briefly, feeling that it was true kindness to tell him the worst at once.

Welldon recoiled as though a blow had struck him, but recovering himself he put his arm round his sister. "Poor little Janet!" he said.

The words, which would have seemed strangely inappropriate but a few days before, afforded her now the greatest consolation. She laid her head on his shoulder while the first tears that she had shed since yesterday fell from her eyes. But the moments were precious, and Janet knew that there was no time for grieving yet.

"Come up at once," she said; "he asked for you just before you came, and we cannot tell how soon he may relapse into unconsciousness."

Welldon could not restrain his tears as he stood by his father's bedside; it seemed so terrible to see him who had never known a day's illness, now prostrate with the stamp of death upon his brow. The son sank on his knees by the pillow waiting until some word or sign should show that he was recognised. He had not long to wait; in a few moments the heavy eyelids unclosed, and a scarcely audible voice whispered, "Welldon."

Not trusting himself to speak, Welldon took his father's hand in his and pressed it gently, and stooped and kissed his brow.

Mr. Stamford looked up in his face. "I must speak with you alone," he said.

Janet bent over her father and made him take some of the wine that the doctor had ordered, then, signing to the maid to follow her, slipped quietly from the room. As soon as the door was closed the Rector turned to his son with a flush of fictitious strength upon his face. "I have something to tell you," he said.

Welldon waited in some anxiety as to what might be coming, for though he thought he knew all his father's affairs there seemed to be something weighing on his mind, but he was totally unprepared for the next sentence.

"Welldon, tell me truly, do you love Hester Talbot?"

All thoughts of love had seemed very far away from Welldon ever since he had received Janet's telegram; no image had entered his mind but that of his father. To be confronted with this question when he felt almost in the presence of death filled him with a strange sensation of awe. But he could not hesitate to reply, and he answered quietly, "I do."

A smile broke over Mr. Stamford's face. "I thought so," he said, "though I have never mentioned the subject before."

His breath came short and fast as he spoke, and he paused exhausted. Welldon raised him a little in the bed, and he soon began again.

"I must not linger; my strength goes fast, and I have much to say. You understand my business affairs as well as I do, so we will not waste time over them; but I must tell you something that lies heavily on my heart. The Squire wants you to marry his daughter that you may have the living. It is not quite what I wished for you, but perhaps now it will be best, for you have Janet to think of as well as yourself."

Welldon's astonishment was so great that he could not reply, and after a minute or two his father went on.

"My death will alter things, of course. I must leave you to judge for yourself now." He closed his eyes wearily, but opened them again to say, "You love her *truly?*"

"Truly," said Welldon.

"That is all," said the Rector, "lay me down."

A deadly pallor came over his face as he spoke, and Welldon, hastily laying him on his pillow, called Janet to his aid. They watched together by his side through the long hours. He had fallen again into stupor, and lay passive as before, but just as the morning began to dawn he raised his head and opened his eyes with a radiant smile, then fell back on his pillow—dead!

Who that has experienced it can ever forget the sudden hush that falls upon a house when the angel of death at last enters the room over which he has been hovering so long? The eager steps and anxious voices are stilled. But a moment ago every soul was filled with one thought—"What can be done next?" And now there is no more to do; the fight is over, the sorely-contested ground is lost, the laboured breath has ceased, the restless tossings are stilled. Leave him to his rest, there is no more to do for him—for ever!

What strange thoughts pass through the mind as one turns away from such a scene! The day is breaking, the sun stealing out

over the half-awakened world, the birds are singing, the fresh morning air is breathing its sweetness all around; all nature looks the same, but there is a dead weight at the heart that nothing can remove. To leave the darkened chamber of death and step into such a world of purity and peace, is like a glimpse of that fairer clime to which the departed spirit has taken its flight.

Some such feeling filled Welldon's heart as he left his father's room, but to Janet the next few hours were a blank. As long as there was anything to do she had kept up bravely, but now that the heavy strain of anxiety was over she gave way in mind and body, and knew nothing of what was passing around her.

The day was well advanced before she came to herself, she opened her eyes and found that she was in bed, with Hester kneeling at her side. At first she could not recall what had happened, but gradually it all came back to her, and a flow of tears relieved her overcharged heart. Hester bent over her with soothing words and caresses, and all the misunderstanding between them melted away in the sorrow that had so suddenly fallen upon them. Hester grieved sincerely for her old friend. It was the first time that death had come very near to her—for her mother had died before she could remember anything—and it filled her with a strange and awed feeling. The news had reached the Hall at breakfast-time, and Hester hurried to her friend as soon as she could leave, and sat patiently at her bedside until she woke. For some time they mingled their tears together, and Janet felt comforted by Hester's sympathy and affection.

"Come again to-morrow," she said, when at last her friend rose to go, and Hester promised to do as she wished.

The next morning Janet was almost herself again; her grief was as poignant as ever, but she felt that there was much to be done, and that Welldon stood greatly in need of her help and counsel. Friends must be summoned to the funeral, affairs wound up, Janet's future home decided upon, and numberless other details arranged. Welldon could not stay longer than was absolutely necessary, and both felt that they must begin to think for the future at once.

Welldon came down looking worn out with sleeplessness and grief; he was troubled at having to tell Janet of his last conversation with his father, for it seemed so selfish to talk of his plans at such a time; and yet it must be done, for the prospect that had been opened up to him bore an important part in their arrangements, so he resolved to do it at once and have it over. Breakfast was a mere pretence on both sides, and as soon as they rose from the table he called Janet into the study.

"Not here," said Janet shuddering, as the sight of the room brought back that day which already seemed so long ago.

"Very well," said Welldon, "let us go into my den."

They mounted the stairs accordingly and set a light to the fire, which blazed up cheerfully and relieved the feeling of gloom which the curtained window suggested.

"Now," said Welldon, "I have something to tell you, and I had better get it over at once. My father told me, on that last evening, that there was some sort of agreement between himself and Mr. Talbot that I should marry Hester and have the living."

Janet looked at him with blank amazement, for a moment all other thoughts were driven from her mind.

"If you had known this—" she began.

"If I had known this," interrupted Welldon, "it would not have changed my resolution. I cannot even now speak to her, for it would seem as if I only asked for her hand in order to secure the living."

"I could have wished for nothing better," said Janet in a tone of satisfaction.

"You must remember one thing, however; I have no idea how Hester will regard the scheme, she is not pledged to anything, and it entirely depends upon her acceptance of me whether I have the living or not."

"She will never refuse you, Welldon," said Janet confidently.

"Well, we shall see when the time comes, we must not build our hopes upon it, but it seems to me that we cannot decide anything until I have seen Mr. Talbot."

"Will he speak to you about it?"

"I cannot tell, of course, but I do not see how he can avoid it; for as I shall be ordained in two years he can only put in a man for a short time to fill the vacancy."

"You have made up your mind to take orders then?"

"Certainly, I have never had any other idea, but I have never spoken about it, for my father never began the subject."

"He wished you to be entirely free, but I know what his hope was, though he never mentioned it."

"I thought he knew," said Welldon sadly. "I wish I had told him."

There is nothing more sad than the feel-

ing of utter helplessness which the thought brings, that the ears which were ever ready to hear our joys and griefs are closed for ever; that between their heart and ours there is a great gulf fixed which nothing can bridge over. Welldon and Janet were both silent for awhile as this truth came home to them in all its bitterness. Welldon rose at last and began to move restlessly about the room; before he could make up his mind to speak again there came a knock at the door, and a servant entered saying, "Miss Talbot is in the drawing-room."

Janet looked at Welldon when the door was closed again. "Will you come down?" she said.

He shook his head. "I would rather not see her yet, I will write my letters while you go to her."

Janet went down accordingly but soon came back. "She has brought this note from her father, who told her it needed an answer."

He took it from her hand and hastily ran his eye over the contents. It was merely an apology for troubling him with business at such a time, and a request to know when he could see him.

Welldon handed it to his sister. "I had better go this afternoon, I should think."

"Hester says he would rather come here."

"Well perhaps that will be best," said Welldon, who was anxious to avoid a meeting with Hester until his mind was made up as to his future course. He felt very nervous as he thought of the coming interview, he was already unhinged with grief and trouble, and this added anxiety seemed more than he could bear; however, it was a matter of necessity and he nerved himself to face it. He knew Mr. Talbot's excitable temperament and feared an outburst of grief, but when he arrived he seemed much quieter than Welldon had expected.

"I dare not trust myself to speak of your father," he said, "I should only distress you for nothing; in fact I should not have come in at all to-day if it were not that there is one matter which must be settled at once. I do not know if your father ever spoke to you of an agreement which existed between us."

He paused for a reply, and Welldon answered briefly, "Yes, on the night before he died."

"Did he express any opinion about it?"

"No, he only told me of the fact."

"And what is your opinion?"

Welldon flushed up. "My wish has always been to be allowed to love your daughter."

The Squire's face beamed with pleasure.

"That is as I hoped," he said warmly. "Well, my boy, you have my best wishes for your success with Hester. I have never sounded her upon the subject but I have little doubt of her feelings. You know the condition that attaches to the agreement, I suppose: if you marry my daughter you are to have the living. How does the idea strike you?"

"Since you ask me," said Welldon, "I will tell you frankly that I had made a different plan in life for myself. I wished to see more of the world and to travel for a year or two before I settled down to work. I should also have preferred to live in a town while I am young and capable of hard work."

The Squire did not look quite pleased; he had expected that Welldon would jump at his offer with delight, he could not bear to be thwarted in his plans, for he thought that he had every right to command obedience.

"Am I to understand that you refuse my proposal?" he asked abruptly.

"Certainly not," said Welldon; "since you make it a condition in the matter I am ready to accept it, but I only felt it right to tell you plainly what was in my mind."

Mr. Talbot did not seem fully satisfied, but his pride would not allow him to press the matter any further. He rose to go, and as he caught sight of Welldon's sad young face his kindly manner returned, and he laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"There is no one I would have for a son so gladly as you," he said.

The words brought the tears to Welldon's eyes, and they parted the best of friends.

Janet was all eagerness to hear the result of the interview.

"It seems so terrible to be thinking of all this now," she said, "and yet what can we do? There is another matter which must be settled at once. I have a letter from the Vicar of Melton to say that he will come for the funeral on Friday, but that he cannot help us about the Sunday duty. I have thought of all the clergy near, but there is no one at liberty just now; what are we to do?"

"I don't know," said Welldon wearily; "there is so much to think of and arrange."

The matter was passed by for the moment, but when Hester called the next day, Janet told her of their difficulty.

"Why not ask Mr. Poole?" she said at once.

"I thought he had gone home."

"No, his time is up in Melton, but he is

staying with some friends in the neighbourhood."

Janet felt that nothing would be farther from Welldon's wishes than such an arrangement, but there was no time to be lost, and it seemed the best thing to be done, so she promised to ask her brother to write to him.

Welldon took it very quietly, it seemed to him a matter of minor importance amongst the many questions that filled his mind.

The funeral took place on the next day and the whole village came to pay the last respect to their beloved Rector. "The place will never be the same again," said the old people to each other as they wended their way home through the wet lanes; but their children, as the young are wont to do, were already talking of the rising sun. "They say that Mr. Welldon is to be the new rector," said one to another, and they fell to thinking what he would look like in the pulpit, and wondering if he would come in and out of their cottages as his father had done.

Meanwhile Welldon and his sister went back to the deserted Rectory, which seemed a home no longer, all looked dreary and desolate, and Janet could not repress a sob as she went in.

"It is hard to take up the burden of daily life," she said; "we shall begin to miss him now."

"Yes, that is true; but I believe that he is still near us although we are separated for a time. Let us be brave and patient."

Janet leaned her head upon his shoulder, and he put his arm round her as he had done once before and, bending over, kissed her forehead. She looked up at him with a sudden light in her eyes.

"I shall not be very lonely while I have you," she said.

"I will be all I can to you," he replied, "but if I should go too, you would still have more than all left."

She knew what he meant, but firmly as she clung to that never-dying Comforter, his words sent a sudden pang through her heart.

THE TEACHERS OF MANKIND.

Westminster Abbey Sermons.

By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

II.—HISTORY.

"The God that made the world . . . made of one every nation of men, having determined their appointed seasons, that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him."—Acts xvii. 26.

WHEN I last preached at the evening service in this Abbey-church, I spoke of Art as one of the teachers of mankind. It seems to me of special importance in days of decaying faith to point out the *many* voices in which God speaks to us. The great lessons in the sacred Book do not stand alone. They are illustrated and reinforced by the lessons in other and widely different books. To-day, then, let me speak of yet another teacher of mankind. I will speak of History—of God as manifested in His dealings with the race of man. But let me from the first entreat you to believe that now and always it will be my desire to preach, not a scholastic sermon, or a fanciful sermon, nor any sermon but such as, by God's grace strengthening my feebleness, may help us to be better men, and therefore, also, better citizens—profitable members of the Church and commonwealth, and hereafter partakers of the immortal glory of the Resurrection.

1. And where, let me pause to ask, could History be more fitly spoken of as a source of divine teaching than in this Minster, which is the most historic church in all the world? You are gathered here at the very centre of the history of the English people, a history as sacred and as instructive as any which Scripture tells. For eleven centuries, at least, have our annals been more or less closely connected with the sacredness of this spot. No building in the world—not St. Peter's at Rome, not the cathedrals of Florence, or Milan, or Rheims, not the Kremlin at Moscow, not the Escurial of Spain, not the Kaaba at Mecca—can show us such a succession of historic scenes so rich in interest and pathos. Nowhere "has human sympathy been poured forth in such torrents, in ways so great and various, and over so vast an epoch of time." In yonder chapel you have the bones of the saintly Confessor; the

> "Base foul stone, made precious by the foil
> Of England's chair;"

the tombs of kings and queens which were

venerable when Shakspeare wrote. Yonder is the helmet that gleamed at Azincour, and the sword that conquered France. There is the first contemporary portrait of any English sovereign—of Richard II., baptized, crowned, wedded, buried in this Abbey, and in part its builder. On the walls of yonder aisle are the sculptured shields of Barbarossa, of St. Louis, of Simon de Montfort. On that spot has every sovereign of England been crowned. There Plantagenets and Tudors were anointed; there sate, clothed in white satin, the king whose head fell on the scaffold; there the weight of the crown left a red scar on the forehead of Queen Anne; there, fifty years ago, sat the young girl, who since then has reigned longer than any king except Edward III., Henry III., and George III., and, by God's blessing, far more happily than they. Your feet are on an empire's dust. On all sides of you are the memorials of the statesmen, the soldiers, the sailors, the musicians, the poets, the orators who have made this nation great, and kept it so. All this magnificent pageant, starting as it were into life from the consecrated dust around us—does it mean nothing? Is it only a confused phantasmagoria of meaningless shadows? God forbid! I ask again, could there be a more fitting place wherein to speak of History as a teacher of mankind?

2. You might say, perhaps, that History is a phenomenon so vast, so complicated, that we can make nothing of it—that our knowledge of it is, at the best, quite fragmentary, and that even of that very partial knowledge much is imperfect and much uncertain. There are whole nations, whole races, whole dynasties of kings, over whom the iniquity of oblivion has blindly scattered her poppy. "What is History," asked Napoleon the First, "but a fiction agreed upon?" "Don't read me History," said Sir Robert Walpole, for twenty-one years Prime Minister of England, "for I know that that can't be true." The answer to such remarks is that History may be uncertain in thousands of minor details, but it is not uncertain in its wider issues. History is like a battle. It sways to and fro, and is full of shocks and flank movements, retreats and advances, rout and resistance, utterly confusing to those who take part in it: nevertheless we know in the evening which side has lost or won.

It is like the sea upon the shore. You can scarcely tell at first what each wave is doing; but wait for a moment, and you will not fail to recognise whether the tide be in ebb or flow. So is it with the annals of mankind. We are each of us units in an immense procession passing for a brief moment between the darkness of birth and the darkness of the grave. We do but emerge for one gleaming instant between the two eternities, on our way from God to God. But as surely as the changes of this planet are chronicled upon its tablets of rock, so surely does each generation leave behind it the traces of its thoughts and words and deeds. And these too are written for our learning. Much of the Bible is a History, and all History is a Bible.

3. Of many attempts to read aright the meaning of the story, some have naturally been partial or erroneous, and of these I may notice two.

(i.) Fifteen hundred years ago, when the flood of barbarian nations was surging round the empire, and had burst even upon the gates of Rome, there lived a great father of the Church who was bishop of the African town of Hippo. The Vandals had been introduced into Africa by Count Boniface. They had sacked Carthage, and were besieging the town of which Augustine was bishop. To a despondent mind it might well have seemed as though Christianity itself had failed—as though the Cross would be overborne by floods of heresy or heathenism; nay, even as if, in the wreck of civilisation and all social institutions, the end of the world had come. But the faith of Augustine was not shaken. He wrote his famous "City of God" to prove, even in those gloomy times, "that the world and man are governed by a divine Providence." But he looked upon mankind as falling into two irreconcilably hostile camps—the City of God, the City of Satan. The one destined to endless glory and victory, the other mere fuel for the flame. The view is but one-sided. With far larger insight and loftier philosophy had St. Paul taught the philosophers of Athens that God had made of one all nations, and appointed to each their times, and made them all His common care. The lines drawn by Augustine were too hard and fast. He held the narrow unscriptural maxim that "Outside the Church there is no salvation." He saw that in mankind there is a solidarity of guilt; he failed to see that there is also a solidarity of redemption. The history of the nations is not the mere story of a handful saved from universal deluge, any more than it is the chaos of madness, the tissue of absurdities which Goethe saw in it. God is not the Father of the elect only, but the Father of whom all fatherhood is named. The Saviour of mankind said to His Apostles, "I, if I be

lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Our prayer is that it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men, and "God willeth all men to be saved."

(ii.) Again, if Augustine, perhaps unconsciously influenced by the deep-seated Manicheeism of his earlier days, saw in mankind only an elect few and a ruined multitude, a cynical and stormy gospel of modern days looks on mankind as only noticeable for the sake of its great men. This was the teaching of Carlyle. "Two hundred thousand men!" said Napoleon to Prince Metternich; "what are two hundred thousand men to me?" This view is not only false; it is also ignoble and fatal. Great men are but the children of their time, influenced by the spirits of millions of their unknown contemporaries. The multitude are not mere ciphers, the counters of the tyrant, the despot's slaves. The work of God in History is not to elevate this or that man like a colossus, and leave all the rest to peep about for dishonourable graves; it is to bless and ennoble the whole family of man. "Mankind has but one single object—mankind itself; and that object has but one single instrument—mankind again." Alone of all religions the Gospel, which has given to mankind a nobler destiny than to be the footstool of a few, is infinitely tender to the individual also. He who has made "all nations" is not far from "every one of us." God does not care, Christ did not die, for great men only. Their greatness may be no greatness at all to God. We weigh men by the dust grains of rank, or measure by the mole-hill altitudes of human distinction. He, weighing in the balance of the sanctuary the eternal differences of holiness and vice, calls not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble—"He putteth down the mighty from their seat, and exalteth the humble and meek."

4. God cares, then, for all mankind; He cares for each individual man. What lessons may all nations, what lessons may England, what lessons may each man, learn from God's dealings with them as recorded in the history of mankind?

5. We may learn first the refutation of the fool, when he has said in his heart, "There is no God." The blind man might as well assert that there is no sun. All History, all Scripture, all nature, all experience refutes him. How can any man of ordinary intelligence study History and not see and hear God in it, whether in the hurricane, in the fire, in the earthquake, or in the still small voice? When Frederick William of Prussia ordered his chaplain to prove in one sentence the truth of religion he answered, and the answer is full of meaning, "The Jews, your Majesty;" but God was not more in the history of ancient Palestine than in that of modern Europe. Take but a single proof, which was alone sufficient to convince the great German historian Julius Müller. Nearly nineteen centuries ago, in the most despised village, of the most despised province, of a most despised and conquered nation, lived One who said to His few disciples, "I am the son of God." For thirty years, for nearly His whole life, He was the carpenter of Nazareth. For three years only He lived and taught, mostly in poor and narrow Galilee, and for one of those years, at least, He was a hunted fugitive in half-heathen places, with a price upon His head. Priests and Pharisees, the nobles and the masses, Jews and Gentiles combined to slander, to scourge, to buffet, at last to put Him to a death of shame. He left but an obscure handful of frightened Galilean followers. Is any man so senseless as to believe that without the manifest aid of God, those few poor, ignorant, provincial peasants could have imposed on the scornful and majestic world the endless adoration of One who had been crucified by a Roman official as a Jewish malefactor? A paltry band of fishermen and publicans, all the intellect, all the culture, all the religion of the world against them. Rank spat on them. Intellect disdained them. The mob roared to fling them to the lions. The swords of thirty legions were bared to smite them to the dust. Without art, without science, without force or wealth, their faith grovelled and smouldered for two centuries among slaves and artisans, and more than one emperor thought that he had trampled them out for ever. And yet, before three centuries were over, emperors had assumed their hated cross, armies had laid their weapons at their feet, and the most majestic of empires, arrayed in the plenitude of worldly power, had bowed down to worship Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. Well might the baffled and dying Julian have exclaimed, "Oh, Galilean, thou hast conquered!" Could there be two more stupendous proofs of the presence of God in history than Christianity and Christendom? What can account for so superb a triumph of the merest human weakness? One fact only—the power of Christ's Resurrection. "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

6. And history which is thus a preacher of God is also a preacher of judgment. I

know not whether the tale be true that when, after the bloody orgies of the Revolution, the spell of terror was broken which had paralysed the energies of France, and Robespierre was being dragged on the tumbril to the guillotine, his jaw shattered by a pistol-shot—I know not whether it be true that an old man, approaching the tumbril, said sadly to the miserable tyrant, "Yes, Robespierre, there is a God:"—but certainly all History reverberates, as in thunders of Sinai, the truth, "Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth." How often has God confounded the Babels, and dashed in pieces the invincible despotisms of the world! Read the insolent words of Sennacherib, when he threatened Judah with his immense array, and how Isaiah defied him, and how the Lord withered his army in a single night with one blast of the simoom. Read the terror of the youth when the hosts of Syria encompassed Dothan, and Elisha, opening his eyes, showed him the hills round about the city full of horses and chariots of fire. Read how on the medal which commemorates the destruction of the Spanish Armada was written, "Flavit et dissipati sunt," "He sent forth the wind and scattered them." "You trust," said Oliver Cromwell, "to the ditch which guards your coast. I tell you that if you break God's laws it is not your ditch that will save you." It was a wiser saying than the insolent sneer of Napoleon, who said, "I observe that God is usually on the side of the strongest battalions."

And how did God answer the taunt?

In the year 1812, with bursts of cheering, the glittering files of France and her tributary kings, to the number of six hundred thousand men, crossed the Niemen to invade Russia. They took Smolensko, they won the bloody battle of Borodino, they took Moscow. Then God sent down upon them the soft, feathery flakes of feeble, innocent snow. Those snows of God, the soft snows which a breath can melt, were too much for the strongest battalions. The French armies perished by myriads, and the Cossacks, with their lances, thrust out the miserable, frozen, famine-stricken remnant whom the northern winter had not slain. God was not that time on the side of the strongest battalions. Alexander of Russia understood the truth if Napoleon did not, and on his commemorative medal were the words, "Not to me, not to us, but to Thy name."

7. Once more History, the revealer of God, the revealer of judgment, is also the preacher of great moral verities. Apply the test to any nation you like, in any age you like, and you will find that the strength of nations depends neither on their gold, nor their iron, nor their trade, nor their armies, but on the faithfulness of their sons to justice and the moral law. A nation morally corrupt is always a nation physically weak. When, for instance, was England at the very nadir of her degradation? It was when she was also at the nadir of her morals. It was in the days of the Stuart Restoration. Harlots toyed with her crown in the gilded chambers of Whitehall. Her dissolute king was the perjured pensioner of France. Nay, more than this, the change may come in a few years. A few years earlier it seemed as if, under the stern and righteous rule of Puritanism, the unclean spirit had been cast out; but now that unclean spirit returned, and with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself. Under the Puritans the name of England was feared and honoured in every land; under Charles II. it became a byword and a hissing.

In 1652 Blake, the great admiral of the Commonwealth, began to found our naval supremacy. In 1653 he won, against the Dutch, the great battle of Portland. In 1655 he crushed the pirates of Tunis and Algiers. In 1656 he destroyed the silver-fleets of Spain. He was buried in Westminster Abbey by Cromwell; and in 1661 his body, with impotent contumely, was dug up by Charles II.

A few years later, under such a king, and in that foul orgy of national reaction from Puritan morality, the Dutch, whom Blake had swept into darkness, burnt our English shipping in the very mouth of the Thames. Yes! national crime is a thing which God will deal with. Did not God tell the Jews, five thousand years ago, that if they committed iniquity ten thousand of them should flee at the rebuke of ten—at the rebuke of one should they flee?

Take another instance. Why did a handful of English traders, fugitives from the cruelty of kings and priests, face and overthrow in America the mighty feudalism of France, the brutal bigotry of Spain? Because God had reserved for the New World a better destiny than the tender mercies of the tyrant and the inquisitor. History, then, is, as a living historian has told us, "a voice ever sounding across the centuries the eternal distinctions of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word and unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or

vanity, the price has to be paid at last. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes to them at last."

8. To conclude, History is an unbroken continuity of causes and effects, and to those causes and effects every one of us contributes. Good and bad results are not accidental; they are the necessary consequences of obeying or of breaking the great laws of life. Social wrongs end in social revolutions. National iniquity means national decay. Nudity and rags mean indolence. Disease is in large measure intemperance and impurity, taken at a later stage. Man is born for holiness as the trees of the forest for light. The history of the world is, as Schiller sang, the judgment of the world. It is God's constant decision between our will and His will. It is His continuous condemnation of human egotism—drunkenness, and theft, and hatred, and lust, and crime.

And if all this be so, if history be indeed, as Fichte said, "a constant inflowing of God into human affairs;" if it be, as Vico said, "a civil theology of divine Providence," we, here in England, have much to fear and much to do. There is an awful accumulation of poverty and pauperism; an ever-growing mass of dark, subterranean, impenetrable blackguardism; the ever-deepening misery of multitudes, crushed into filthy streets, under a foul air, "in a condition as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more squalid than that of a South Sea Islander." In the upper classes there is far too much of base morals, gilded frivolity, voluptuous self-indulgence, callous selfishness; at the other extreme there are slums where men never use the name of God but to give emphasis to a curse or gain credence for a lie. In those slums thrives and breeds the triple-headed Gorgon-monster of infidelity, impurity, and drink. It is little that any one of us may seem able to do amidst these growing perils, yet not one of us can evade the responsibilities which God has laid upon us. Every one of you, just as much as any minister of religion, every one of you is a priest of God, every one of you is in his measure accountable to God for his neighbour and his brother; every one of you—the boy at school, the clerk in his office, the youth in the shop, the employer of labour, the father of a family—is helping either to wreck others on the reef or to steer them to the port. Which is each of you, a priest of God or a priest of devils? The cruel man who lives in the spirit of hatred and malice is a priest, not of God, but of Moloch. The base, greedy, dishonest man, who only lives to get money, is a priest, not of God, but of Belial. The corrupt, unclean, dissolute man, is a priest, not of God, but of Baalzebub, the God of filth. Every one among you who is a better and gambler, or a cheat, or a drunkard, or a liar, or a slanderer, or a fornicator and corrupter of others, is hastening the ruin of England while he consummates his own; he is a curse to the world as well as to himself. It is a devil's proverb which says of any one that "he is no man's enemy but his own." If he be his own enemy he is the enemy of others. His bad example is a spiritual empoisonment; it is the teaching of a sacrilege; it is the worship of a demon. Vice is not only an evil to the transgressor, but also a crime against the feeble whom he helps to corrupt. We live in a dangerous time, and it may be too late to avert those dangers. Blinded by passion, steeped in ignorance, having lost, or rendered flaccid, the moral fibre of old days, we may with a light heart ruin kingdoms, and barter away the inheritance of ages. England may become the worst bane of England's greatness, and may, like a forlorn and desperate castaway, do shameful execution on herself.

But whatever may be coming upon us, whatever be right, whatever wrong, we may take this comfort. If we continue a righteous, God-fearing nation we can never wholly be cast down. The best Christian is also the best citizen. He who does his duty from day to day to the best of his power as he sees it; he who has a strong will the servant of a tender conscience; he who loves and fears God with all his heart, and loves his neighbour as himself; he who in a pure and manly life of such services as he has it in his power to render to his fellow men strives always, and with all his might, "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God"—that man as he is a true Christian, so, also, is he a true patriot, a true supporter and defender of his country. Such a man need fear nothing. God will guard him from all evil in this life, or overrule it to his deeper blessedness; and when the last wave of death's river has closed over him he shall hear the voice of his Saviour saying to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MESSENGERS.

IT lighted on me as I lay,
Stretched 'neath a bank's eaves from the rain;
And ere it had fluttered away,
It stirred a sweet thought in my brain.

Shut close were the leaves of its wings;
I saw them of gloomy black-brown,
Faint figured with crosses and rings,
And feathered with finest of down.

Funereal-plumed butterfly!
Your lighting so soft made me start;
Away! was my unuttered cry,
As I felt sudden throbbing of heart.

The dusky-hued bud-wings unfold—
What blossom bursts forth on the sight!
Lustrous "eyes" of bright purple and gold,
With stainings of red, brown, and white.

Long resting, the fair creature stays,
And as all its splendour I see,
God sent you, my happy heart says,
On errand of teaching to me:

How trouble, in raiment so sad,
Is only a joy with shut wings:
They open; and straightway we're glad
With vision of glorious things!

The east had been cavernous gloom,
But now 'tis with twin rainbows spanned;
Like the angels that guarded Christ's tomb,
Wing close to tinged wing as they stand.

Oh, glory-plumed rainbows on high,
Oh, butterfly low on my knee—
Bit of colour dropt out of the sky—
Ye bring the same lesson to me:

That after the dark comes the light,
And the great God is beauty and love:
You tell it me, butterfly bright,
And ye, seraph rainbows above!

In the mouths of the witnesses two,
Soft speaking to me in my need,
The word is established true,
That gloom is of glory the seed.

The bows in the heaven paled away,
The butterfly rose on the wind:
The messengers here could not stay,
But they left their message behind.

WALTER MORISON, D.D.

A MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

By ARTHUR CLIVE.

HE sleeps in peace beneath green velvet plumes,
And slender creepers, gay with splendid flowers;
Night after night a golden moon illumes
His bed among these rich and lonely bowers.

Forgotten are the hands that laid him down;
Forgotten are the eyes that wept his loss;
They crowned him with the forest's flowery crown,
They left him in the shadow of the cross!

That cross he bore, through years of toil and pain,
In these far lands by Christians seldom trod;
He showed the Father's highway, clear and plain,
He led the seeking souls to find out God.

Under the English daisies far away,
All his belovëd ones have gone to sleep,
Where church-bells chime, and friends keep holy-day—
But none may come to his lone grave and weep.

Yet One, who hid His servant's place of rest
In Moab's land, beneath Beth-Peor's height,
Hath marked this mound, with tropic blossom drest;
And lo! His angels guard it day and night!

BLUE-EYED BEN.

A Sketch in Willow Lane.

By CHARLOTTE FRENCH, Author of "The Secret of the Cliffs," etc.

CHAPTER I.—IN WILLOW LANE.

NO one in Willow Lane knew who the boy was, or where he came from. He had been asked these questions over and over again, but his answers were not of a nature to throw much light upon his past history.

Father? He didn't know as he'd ever had one.

Mother? She was took up, he believed; then the brokers came in and the things was took away, and he, Ben, cut and run.

This was the whole of the story, so much of it at least as the boy knew or cared to tell. His days were spent now in a series of cleverly-laid schemes to elude the vigilance of that mysteriously-dreadful person, the School Board.

He was, when he first began to haunt Willow Lane, a little stunted figure of a boy with a pale face, surrounded by a shock of straw-coloured hair, and having in its midst a pair of large blue eyes curiously innocent in expression.

Of course he was ragged. It was a wonder to some of the women who watched him to and fro, how it was that the bundle of rags which did duty for his clothing held together at all. Ben, who had early learnt to look forward and lay out his plans for the future, had some thoughts on this subject himself. If his clothes did fall to pieces, what would happen to him? It was more than probable that the policeman—an even more terrible person than the School Board in Ben's eyes—would catch him and take him to the lock-up. That awful moment had not come yet, and Ben, with the happy indifference of youth, was able to put the thought of it away from him.

How did Ben live? That was another mystery. He did not beg, of that I am certain, though he was often given a meal without the asking. I believe he occasionally earned a copper by running on an errand, and I am sorry to say that he sometimes stole away a lump or two of coal from the sheds where it was lying, and sold it to the housewives in the neighbourhood. For the rest, Ben's expenses were not large. He had no house, not even a room in a house to keep up, for he generally slept either under a doorway or in a shed by the river, and his appetite, severely tutored by the long discipline of endurance, was not troublesome. A ha'porth of bread or cake, and a drink of water from the pump, would make Ben an excellent dinner.

Willow Lane was one of a multitude of narrow streets, foul for the most part and evil of smell and aspect, that lay about the Surrey side of the Thames, between Vauxhall and Battersea. Being so near to the river, they were subject to periodical floods, and these had improved neither the houses nor the people who inhabited them. With every influx of the muddy tide the houses in Willow Lane became blacker in hue, while the men and women—those who were bound to stay in the Lane, for many took their departure—were a shade paler and a trifle more reckless and defiant in manner.

There was a single exception. Number 1, with its clean windows, its spotless blinds and curtains, its white door-step, its bright flowers in the summer, and its green stuff in

the winter, looked, the neighbours said, as if it had been taken out of another street and dropped down, as it was, into Willow Lane. Its neat appearance was, in fact, a constant source of wonder to them. They could not make it out. "Either those 'Dicks,'" one would say to another, "must have a lot of spare tin, or else the landlord favours them."

Neither of these guesses hit the mystery. It was the mistress of Number 1—the little, dark-haired, sharp-eyed woman, well known by all the street for her quick tongue and her rapid ways, who had worked the miracle. Brave little Mrs. Dick! We give medals for deeds that are done in an hour; I wonder what you deserve for your daily and hourly fight—hand to hand, and often at close quarters—with the demons of dirt, degradation and drink. If we ask why John Dick the elder keeps away from the public-house and brings home his earnings, the answer is —Mrs. Dick. She gives him such a doing if ever he does break loose, he would tell you; but there is a twinkle in the corner of his eye as he says it. John Dick has come to like a tidy room and a steaming hot supper, and the sight of his children about him. If you ask why these children—ten in number, and only two of them bringing in anything—are better clothed, and better fed, and better washed than the other children in the street, the answer must still be the same—Mrs. Dick. If you ask why, when John was out of work last winter, the children continued to go to school, and, though they looked a little pinched to be sure, poor little souls! neither went without bread, nor forced their parents to run into debt, the answer still is —Mrs. Dick. She had laid by a penny or two, "unbeknown," she would say, "to any one," just to tide over an evil day. She thanks God on her knees that the evil day did not last long, for if she was obliged to run into debt, she believes it would either kill her or send her mad.

Now such a fight as Mrs. Dick has waged for this many a long year cannot be carried on without sacrifices. I admire the little woman from my heart, but I cannot but see that, in the course of her hard and toilsome married life, she has lost something. When she married John Dick—I really think she must have picked him out on account of his size, for she had many other offers—she was a merry, high-spirited girl, full of fun and laughter, deeply affectionate, and ready at a moment's notice either to melt into tenderness or to kindle into indignation. With the constant struggle to live and to keep herself and those who belong to her respectable during the process, Mrs. Dick's mirth and high spirits have gone, never, we suppose, to return in this world. She has become a little sharp and defiant in manner; she does not naturally greet you with a smile as she would have done in the old days; she looks well at you first, to find out what sort of a person you are. Her affections are, I feel sure, as strong as ever they were, but she takes care not to give many signs of them, even to her children. She asks no favours from any one, and she expects no one to ask any favours from her. So she says, at least, though I personally have known many occasions on which she has departed from her law. For the rest, there can be no doubt that Mrs. Dick has a tolerably keen sense of her own superiority. I am afraid also that she makes her neighbours feel it.

Six of Mrs. Dick's children went, at the time of which I am speaking, to the Board School; one, a girl, had gone to her first place in the country; the two eldest, who were boys, worked, one at the Post-office, and the other in a large wholesale warehouse for dry goods.

She was proud of her family, who, with one exception, were comely and strong, and it was her special delight to send her younger children to school as neat and clean as if they had been turned out of a lady's nursery.

The one exception to the good looks and vigour of her family was a little maiden, fourth up from the two-year-old baby, whose name was Jenny. Jenny, so at least the neighbours said, did not look as if she belonged to the Dicks at all. At seven years old, which age she had just reached, she was smaller in stature and very much thinner than her brother Joe, who was a year and three months younger.

Poor and fragile as Jenny was, she was her mother's favourite. Mrs. Dick had been a nursemaid in good families before she became a wife and mother, and she had a strong regard for gentility in every form. Now Jenny was the only one of the family who bore the slightest resemblance to the pretty, delicate children upon whom she had attended in her youth; for whatever might be said about the child's delicacy and the difficulty of rearing her, every one was bound to agree that she was a genteel little creature.

Mrs. Dick, as I have said, took good care of all her children, but she was specially choice over Jenny. She even indulged in a little mother's vanity on her behalf, tying up

her fair curls with a bit of bright blue ribbon, and trimming her Sunday pinafore with muslin frilling. She was also particularly careful not to allow her to run about in the street with the ragged and untidy children of the Lane.

Though no one could have disliked Jenny, who was as gentle as she was pretty, the neighbours, not liking the superior airs of Mrs. Dick, and discerning, with the keen eye of enmity where she was most vulnerable, would often scoff at the little girl as she went along the Lane, and prophesy that one brought up so softly would come to no good.

One day—it was in late autumn, when the days become short and the winds bleak—the boys came home from school without Jenny. "She's just behind us," they said, in answer to their mother's questions. After scolding them roundly for not having waited for her, Mrs. Dick went to the door to look out for her darling. On the threshold of the next house stood a woman whom she particularly despised, and who, naturally, had no friendly feeling towards her.

"Evening, Mrs. Dick," she said. "Looking out for your Jenny, I s'pose?"

Mrs. Dick vouchsafed no answer.

"Well," went on her neighbour, "there's no call for you to be sulky. Mine were speaking of you last night. Thought 'twould be only neighbourly to tell you how your Jenny's took up with that bad boy Ben, that's come hangen about here. 'Mrs. Dick's so set on that child,' says he, 'if so be as she come to any harm through bad companions she'd never get over it.'"

It was with heightened colour and flashing eyes that Mrs. Dick listened to this speech. She did not answer it, however, for at that very moment her Jenny came flying along the lane.

"Mother," she cried, breathless, when she reached the door, "I want to tell you——"

"And I want to tell you, miss," said Mrs. Dick, dragging her inside, and slamming the door to, "that if you're late like this again, I'll whip you. Go into the parlour with you. Hanging about with bad boys, a child brought up as you've been! I don't know why I don't whip you now at once."

Poor Little Jenny was, for a few moments, struck dumb. Every one knew that her mother had a sharp tongue; but she had never spoken so crossly to Jenny before; and indeed, scarcely had the words escaped Mrs. Dick's lips before she was sorry for them. This did not, however, lessen her feeling of irritation. "What do you take up with bad boys for?" she said. "Come!" (softening), "there's no call for you to cry. I suppose you don't know no better."

"But I haven't, mother," sobbed Jenny. "If it's Blue-eyed Ben, he isn't bad, really. Teacher says——"

"Teacher never says you're to disobey your parents."

"No, mother, but——"

"Then don't cross-question with me. You know now as I won't have you talking to Blue-eyed Ben nor no other Ben. Let me see that you mind me."

Jenny did not answer, yes; nor did she attempt any further argument with her mother. She sat in her little chair by the fire, looking very pale and sadly puzzled. Poor little maiden! She had given a promise, and she was bound to keep it, and how was she to keep it, in face of her mother's command? But if she did not keep it—the poor child trembled! She was not afraid for herself. Her mother might whip her again and again. They might shut her up; they might keep her without food. She did not think she would mind even those dreadful things, so long as she kept her promise. But how was she to do it? And if she did not, and if anything dreadful happened—oh! dear! what was she to do?

Whilst she was in the midst of her trouble she was called to the tea-table. Mrs. Dick, who was sorry to see her sad face, spoke to her kindly, and kissed her, and then, giving her a liberal helping of bread and treacle, said she might take her plate to the fire if she liked. Jenny's face brightened at this, and her mother, thinking all was right with her, gave her attention to the others.

When no one was looking at her, Jenny took three slices of the bread and treacle off the plate and wrapped them in a piece of paper which she had handy, slipping the packet under her little apron.

Two hours later a lady, who was on her way through the murky night to a meeting in the mission-room at the corner of Willow Lane, saw two children standing together under a street lamp. One was a comfortably-dressed little girl; the other a small ragged boy. She saw a packet pass from the hands of one child to those of the other, and then she heard a little clear voice say—

"I mustn't speak to you no more, Ben, only just this once. I wanted to tell you that it's true. I've been finding it in the book."

The boy gave some answer that the lady could not catch, and the girl spoke again.

"The Lord Jesus," she said reverently, "He were like you, Ben. He hadn't anywheres to lie down in."

"I'd a' showed 'im a shed, leastways a harch," said Ben regretfully. "Where's he now?"

"Teacher says he's here, and if we speak he'll listen to us," said the little girl. "Why don't you speak to him, Ben?"

"I don't want nothink, now I've got my supper," said Ben.

At this moment the two children caught sight of the lady, and being both of them afraid, one of the police and School Board, and the other of any one who might tell her mother what she had done, they ran off as fast as they could scamper in opposite directions.

How Jenny managed it I am at a loss to imagine, but I know as a fact that no one at her home heard of her escapade that night.

This little incident happened in the month of October. The weeks passed away with their usual rapidity, and November came—one of the worst months in the year for the London poor—bringing with it black mornings and black nights, and smoky chimneys, and wheezy chests, and, last but not least, miserable forebodings of black frosts, and spells of idleness, and short commons, and doctors' bills. This was the month in the year when Mrs. Dick's struggle was the hardest, and when, as a general rule, her movements were most rapid and her tongue sharpest. But in this particular November, as her children and her neighbours noticed, she was particularly quiet. She did her work, but she made far less fuss about it than usual, and her voice was seldom heard.

I think (for I visited Mrs. Dick occasionally at the time) that a great dread was settling down upon her heart. She had always said that she knew she would never rear her Jenny, but she could not have thought much of the meaning of her words, for now, when Jenny began to flag, and she had reason to think that her own gloomy prophecy might be fulfilled, it seemed as if, with her child's life, her own life was going out from her.

Since the evening when Jenny met Ben under the street-lamp, and made over to him the supper which she had promised to bring out, she had never been the same. Whether she had caught cold, or whether, as I have thought since, the struggle that went on, in her poor little mind, between obedience to her mother and pity for the boy, as young as she was, who had no home, and no friends, and often, Jenny feared, no food, the effect was the same: she became pale and thin, and the light in her pretty blue eyes died out.

Mrs. Dick, we may be sure, would not let her best beloved child die without a struggle. Jenny was taken to a doctor's and given medicine and nourishing food, and made to spend days upon days by the fire in the kitchen, but she did not improve. Rather, the more she was kept in, and watched, and petted, the duller, and sadder, and more lifeless did she become. As the dark days of November went by, Mrs. Dick began to lose all hope of her recovery.

CHAPTER II.—UNDER A RAILWAY ARCH.

BLUE-EYED BEN was still to be seen about Willow Lane and its neighbourhood. So far he had successfully eluded both the School Board and the police. His clothes, strange to say, held together still, and he still made a few coppers by running errands, and disposing for small sums of the odds and ends, including such trifles as coals, cinders, rags and broken vegetables, that he was able to collect. Sometimes he saw Jenny Dick, and though she scarcely said more than a word to him, she had generally a slice of bread and dripping or bread and treacle put up in a little paper bag to give him. Ben adored Jenny. His idea of heaven—a place of which he had heard once or twice—was to be allowed to live in the same house with Jenny, and to play with her sometimes.

When the dark November days came and Jenny was kept indoors, Ben was very unhappy. It was just as if the light of his poor little life had gone out. He had by this time become a tolerably familiar figure in the Lane. Mrs. Dick, amongst others, had noticed him, and while she shuddered at the thought of her Jenny coming into contact with the ragged child, she was grieved to see his condition, and thought that something ought to be done. Others thought the same, but as both Mrs. Dick and those others had more than enough to do with their own, and as everybody's business was nobody's business, Ben was allowed to go his own way.

What days and nights those were for the homeless child! His little frame was hardened by endurance; his life on the river-bank and bridges was full of variety and interest, and up to this, though he was as saucy and naughty as he could possibly be, he was the cheeriest and pluckiest little creature in the universe. But now—Ben

couldn't tell how it was—his heart began to fail him. He was always cold, and always wet, and his toes had worn through his sodden little boots, which would soon, he was sure, drop off him. Even the excitement of a flight from the School Board did not warm Ben as it had formerly done, and as for the policeman, his natural foe, he stood quite close to him in the fog one day, and didn't so much as turn a hair.

But this, after all, was nothing in comparison with what he suffered at night in the railway-arch, that had become his habitual sleeping place. It was not only the cold—Ben could have borne that—it was the darkness. Earlier in the season there was always some one else near. There would be movement going on through the night, and the voices of people talking. Now there was no one—no one but Ben himself, and the black darkness that seemed to swallow him up.

One night he felt as if he could not bear it. As he sat, not able to sleep for fear, and staring out into the darkness, he remembered all at once what Jenny had said to him. Some one, whom she called "the Lord Jesus," was out at nights, like Ben, and would listen if he spoke to him. It might be true, and it might not. Ben thought he would at least try. He lifted his small, quavering voice. He cried out once, twice, three times; but there was no answer—no answer at least that Ben could hear with his bodily ears. Something happened, however, for all the terror seemed suddenly to die out of the child's heart. He was awake still, so he said later, and yet he did not feel the cold or see the darkness. Light was shining in upon him, he heard the birds singing and the river flowing, and Jenny was sitting by his side and holding his hand.

We have said enough about Ben for the present. We must return to the other child with whom this sketch has to do.

Jenny was worse than usual that evening, and her mother put her to bed early. At about eight o'clock she gave a frightened cry, and Mrs. Dick ran into the inner room to see what was wrong. She found Jenny sitting up in bed with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes. "Mother," cried the child, "I want to go out."

"Why, you're asleep, Jenny; you must be," said her mother. "It's night, child; your father's at home by this."

"Yes; but *he's* outside," cried Jenny. "Oh, mother! let me go; let me go!"

"Now, now; don't you go and excite yourself," said Mrs. Dick earnestly. "Whoever it is, you'll find him to-morrow."

"To-morrow'll be too late," moaned Jenny.

"I'll look out," said her mother, thinking to humour her.

"That won't do, mother. It's the Lord Jesus. He's sitting by Ben under the arch. You must bring him in, mother; you must bring him in."

"Well, well; you just cover yourself up like a good gal, and I'll go and see," said Mrs. Dick.

Accustomed to obedience, Jenny did as she was told, and a few minutes later she was fast asleep. Mrs. Dick went back to the kitchen, where her husband and sons were smoking their pipes over the fire, and began to tidy up. Of course, she had no intention of going out to the railway arch. It would be ridiculous to make such an expedition on such a night. She might lose herself, get her death of cold, be thrown down and robbed in the dark; so she said to herself, trying to pass off in this way the curious impression that Jenny's words had made upon her. But, somehow or another, they clung to her. Ben, the little ragged, homeless child, lying out in the dark, and the Lord Jesus standing by him! There was a strange reasonableness in the picture. They—the respectable—had let Ben be; He—their Lord and Master—had taken up with him. What if she—Susan Dick—were to help her Lord in His work!

"I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me." The words repeated themselves in Mrs. Dick's mind, and such tears as she had not shed for many a long day forced their way under her eyelids. "He'll be naked enough by this, poor little limb," she said to herself. "It's a shame, so it is, in a Christian country!"

John Dick was nodding by the fire, the boys had just stretched themselves, yawned, and gone off to bed. Mrs. Dick, who knew that she would not be able to rest that night if she did not do something, put on a pair of clogs, threw a shawl over her head, and went out.

What a night it was! The rain was coming down smartly, and the gust of icy wind that met her on the threshold nearly drove her back; but she was, as I have said before, a brave little woman. Having undertaken a certain task, she was not to be driven from it by difficulty or danger. It was fortunate for her that she knew every step of the way from Willow Lane to the railway arch, for the darkness of the night was appalling. Feeling along by the walls of the houses, and

counting her steps over the crossings, she reached the archway at last and peered in. If it was black outside, the darkness here was terrible enough to make the stoutest heart tremble. For a moment Mrs. Dick stood hesitating. It was impossible, she said to herself, that any child could be sleeping in so awful a place on such a night. Since, however, she had come so far, it would be foolish to go home without making certain; so she plunged in boldly, and began to feel against the walls of the archway. She had not gone far before she stumbled up against something soft. Fortunately she had put a box of lucifer matches in her pocket; she struck one with a trembling hand and looked down. What she saw was a little heap of rags, and, somewhere in the midst of them, a pair of tiny red hands and a child's face, white and thin. Mrs. Dick was a brave woman, but when her light fell upon that small white face she shrank back trembling. It was so still, so perfectly calm and happy. Had the Lord Jesus been beforehand with her? Was the child dead? She grasped his shoulder, and at the touch he stirred and half opened his eyes.

"I ain't doing nuffin to no one," he said in his small, plaintive voice. "Can't you let me be?"

Mrs. Dick gave a great sob. "Thank God," she said. "Thank God!"

"What's up?" said Ben, trying to break from her grasp.

Her match had gone out. Taking care not to loosen her hold on him, she groped for one of his hands. It was so icy cold that its touch seemed to go through her. "Come along," she said, raising him, "and I'll take you to where Jenny Dick lives."

"They won't have me," answered Ben, shrinking back.

"Yes; but they will. I'm Jenny's mother, and I've come out to find you."

The softness of her touch, her gentle voice, and the feel of her woman's garments, awed poor Ben. What had happened, or what was going to happen, or whether he was asleep or awake, he did not know. It was all a puzzle to him, but he did as he was told, and Mrs. Dick half led, half carried him to her own door.

On its threshold stood her husband, looking out for her anxiously. "Well," he said, when he saw what she had done, "you're a pretty sort of a woman, you are. Ain't got enough of your own, I suppose?"

"I know I'm a fool," was Mrs. Dick's meek answer; "but I couldn't have helped it, John, not if it was ever so."

"Who asked you to help it?" said big John.

Knowing Mrs. Dick, we may be sure that the little vagabond, for whom she made up a bed under the dresser that night, was not allowed to go to bed until he had been thoroughly well washed from head to feet. His poor rags were then thrown behind the fire, and Mrs. Dick busied herself until the small hours of the morning in making down some old garments of her boy of nine to suit him.

When Jenny, who slept later than usual on the following morning, went into the kitchen, she saw Ben sitting by the fire, clean, and neatly dressed, and holding a plate of porridge in his lap. With a great wonder in her eyes, she looked at him; then, for the memory of her dream had come back to her, she turned and looked at her mother. "Did you find the Lord Jesus out there, mother?" she said softly.

"Why yes, child, I think I did," answered Mrs. Dick.

A year has gone by since all this took place. Ben is still with the Dicks, and Jenny seems to have taken a new lease of life. Her mother dates the improvement in her health from the morning when she saw Ben first in the kitchen. The little vagabond has his tiresome fits; but he is wonderfully good on the whole. When he is most unruly, Mrs. Dick threatens to separate him from Jenny, and that always reduces him to order. For her sake he has given in even to the School Board, which magnanimously pays his school fees, and he bids fair, at least, so I hear, to become a credit to his teachers. There is some talk now of placing him in an orphan school; but I think neither Mrs. Dick nor her young ones like the idea of parting with him. He is such a funny little fellow, they say; he keeps them all in roars of laughter. As for Jenny who becomes genteeler in appearance and more of a favourite every day, she still believes that on that dark stormy night in November her mother saw the Lord Jesus Himself keeping watch over Ben under the railway arch. And Mrs. Dick does not contradict her.

A SUMMER LESSON.

THE brook, that threads the forest glade,
Whispers, beneath the shade,
His dream of love to listening flowers,
Through the long summer hours,
While myriad insects, in their festive round,
Tune all the air to one rich harmony of sound.

The leaves, which rustle in the breeze,
Make music as they please,
And the soft zephyrs pass along
Echoing the mystic song,
Till the whole woodland like a chantry rings,
With antiphonal hymns, praising the King of kings.

Here let us rest awhile, and dream
Upon sweet Nature's theme,—
The love of God in great and small,
And mercy over all,—
So fair a nursery garden still is ours,
Fragrant with memories dropped from Eden's long-lost bowers.

If Love can bear so long with sin,
The heart of man to win,
If Heaven its beauty thus can spend,
Yet hardly reach its end,
How shall we dare to weary or complain,
Though all our toil and work should seem to be in vain?

The palest flower that hides unseen
Beneath its leafy screen,
The smallest bird that sings on high
Its gladness to the sky,
The faintest whisper of the summer wind,
Each has its special work in God's eternal mind.

A life of sacrificed desire,
A heart consumed with fire,
Eyes that can read in every face
Some lines of heavenly grace,
Lips that dare only speak kind words and true,
How shall they ever fail some heavenly work to do?

Rise, with the sunshine of the brook
Brightening in every look,
Fill thy hands full of God's dear flowers,
Born of the springtide showers,
Learn of sweet Nature how to work His praise,
And take His summer world to gladden wintry days.

GENEVIÈVE IRONS.

"The brook, that threads the forest glade."

A FACTORY GIRL'S LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

ONE evening, a few weeks since, our old family servant, a north-country woman, brought me a cheap biography of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, just purchased by her, saying, "I think you'll like to look at it, ma'am: he was a grand friend to the poor and helpless, was Lord Shaftesbury; and in my opinion we ought to have statues of him erected up and down the country to do honour to his memory. I'd give a trifle towards them myself with pleasure."

"I suppose reading about his 'Ten Hours' Bill' reminds you of your own early life," I remarked. "Sit down, and tell me a little about your mill days. I'm all alone this evening, and I like to hear about the old times."

Nothing loth, my old friend at once began her story, and quickly became so absorbed in it herself that my careful note-taking did not put her out in the least; indeed, seemed perfectly unnoticed by her. I shall give her own simple language, with its northern expressions and occasional grammatical oddities; and will bestow upon her "Mary" as a name, though she happens to boast a far more uncommon one.

"Well, you know, ma'am," she began, "I went to be little nurse-girl at my sister's when I was eight, and I didn't go to work at the cotton factory till I was turned of twelve; but I wasn't strong, so I'd a deal of suffering to go through. It was in the year 1830 as I first went, I think."

"What time did you begin your work in the morning?"

"At half-past five. If we was half a minute behind at the gate we was bated a penny, that means a penny was taken off our wage. Eh! there *was* a running and a pushing to get through the gate before the clock went over the stroke! We was kept standing at our looms all the day till half-past seven, except in the dinner hour."

"Did you go home for your dinner?"

"Yes, ma'am, of a general thing I did. It took me twenty minutes to go, and twenty to come back, so I'd twenty to eat and rest in; but I kept looking at the clock pretty constant, you may be sure."

"Was no time allowed for breakfast or tea?"

"No; we had to put the can of tea and bit of bread-and-butter by us on the floor, and snatch at it as we could. If we brought a bit home, they said they could not eat it" (this was said laughing), "because it tasted of the mill. You see, it was so hot and oily there, and the cotton was always flying about. Eh! we was glad when one of the Acts was passed, and the breakfast half-houring began. The tea half-houring began afterwards. In summer time me and some of the other girls took our breakfasts sitting out on the grass bank under the trees. You know, ma'am, the old mill was quite embowered in woods, as you might say, and there was a garden in front of it."

"But about your work," I said.

"Well, I shouldn't have minded the work, only my spine began to grow crooked, and, eh! it did hurt me! It was standing all day, you see, stooping forward; and in winter the gas-light was just over me—it was a big one with three burners—and the flame struck on my back, and made it ache worse. And then my legs began to grow wrong, and my knees pained me sadly. They called it the 'thrift,' and my aunt said they must be rubbed with some sort of oil."

"You wanted rest and plenty of food, you poor little thing," I struck in, "much more than rubbing."

"Oh, but perhaps they was a little better afterwards!" continued Mary cheerfully. "They was the worst when I was about sixteen, and growing fast. But I was going to tell you how busy we was when a big order came in, and had to be finished off quick. If it came in summer we started work at four o'clock to get more time. I was very much teased to wake myself; I was so sleepy at half-past three in the morning."

"And you worked till half-past seven in the evening all the same?"

"Oh, yes! or after if we was very busy. There was no law then, you know, to stop it, and children a deal younger than me worked the same hours."

"Did you never feel how cruel it was for you and them to be made to work so long?"

"Eh, no! I never gave it a thought; it seemed natural-like; only sometimes I took it a bit hard being bated at the mill gate when I'd striven to walk as hard as ever I could; but it was the 'thrift' in my knees I was telling you of as made me I couldn't get over the ground so very quick. And on slippery winter mornings it was very bad walking along the hillside, and bitter cold too, and lonesome as well, and as dark as a bag;

but I'd a little lantern as I took out with me. Of course, it was a deal different in summer time. The scenery was beautiful, and you could watch the sun rise as you went along. It came peeping up from behind the hill, same as you may have seen it pictured. And such sweet pure air! and the thrushes singing! Eh, it was delightful! You'd have enjoyed that walk yourself, ma'am."

But I returned to some former remarks, and said, "I suppose a good many of you had crooked legs and spines?"

"Eh, yes! the most part of us weakly ones, I should say, and lots died of consumption. That snatched 'em off quick. You see, it was the cold walks, early and late, to and fro in the winter, and coming so hot out of the mill as did it. There was a clever lad as came new into the place, and he had what they called a theme to write at school, and he put in it, 'This town is celebrated for its crooked people.' He didn't mean to make fun. He was quite serious-like."

"It was serious enough for the poor deformed children themselves," I remarked.

"Well, ma'am, I suppose it was, but it only seems like a dream now, looking back. And I'd some happy hours in the old mill, though they was such long ones. We'd a good overlooker where we worked, and that was one great blessing for us. He never swore, nor used no bad language. But the last overlooker I worked under in the new mill was very different; he was a ranting, tearing, swearing fellow, like a negro-driver. I never had no more to do with him than I could avoid."

"Had you pleasant companions to work with?"

"Oh, yes, very, ma'am. I'd my own sisters with me one while, and the other girls were nice decent young women, such as you might meet with in service or anywhere. A many of them were living for heaven. We agreed one with another, and was very happy together. There was never no bad talk, nor singing of foolish songs as ever I heard. But we used to sing our favourite hymns now and again, only the machinery made such a noise we could scarce hear anything. One hymn we sung was—

'When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

It's one of Dr. Watts's hymns, you know, ma'am. It was a pretty old tune as we sung to it. I can call it to mind now, I do believe."

Some low and rather quavery, yet not unsweet notes, must here be imagined. There was something to me very touching in the thought of these good factory girls singing amidst the whir and din of machinery, of a desired haven of quiet and joy.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

"Was the machinery you worked among at all dangerous?" I asked.

"Well, ma'am, I think the shuttles flying about frightened me the most at my work. They broke the windows of a regular thing. The panes were always being fresh glazed. You see they'd iron points, and when they hit us in the face, they made holes. You never knew when they were coming, and they flew sideways, and very quick. It was your neighbour's shuttle, not your own, as you had to be aware of. I got badly hit just under my eye once. If it had been the least bit higher, my eye would have gone. I cried that time, and said I dare not go to work any more, lest I should be maimed for life."

"Did you get any sympathy at home?"

"Not from my father, never. You see he took drink, and he didn't care about me. He never took no notice of me in no way. My sister was sorry when I went crooked and knock-a-kneed, as they call it, and did her best for me. But she was young, poor thing. It was a great miss to us, losing our mother. Yes! they were terrible things, them shuttles were. Two girls each lost an eye in the room where I worked, and they never could weave after. Then in some parts of the rooms there were the straps about your head that was dangerous, because they was always moving with such strength. And if they caught you by the hair, you'd be taken straight up. Eh! it was miraculous there wasn't more accidents than what happened. But we went through the straps no oftener than we could possibly avoid. I was always a cautious, timid child, and I never got my fingers catched and crushed in the treddle wheels same as some did."

"Did you get any time for pleasure or recreation?"

"Well, I had a bit of reading time at nights occasionally, when none of my clothes wanted mending."

"What sort of books did you read?"

"Oh, I read all before me, all as I could get hold of. We had our Bibles and Sunday-school library books, and a few that was in

the house. 'Paradise Lost' was a book that took my attention very much."

"How old were you then—when you liked 'Paradise Lost'?"

"Well ma'am, I was thirteen, or it might be nearly fourteen. That's a very pretty part where Eve falls down at Adam's feet, and says how sorry she is. The lines run like this afterwards:—

> 'Soon his heart relented
> Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
> Now at his feet submissive in distress.'

That was like Milton's own wife, you know, ma'am. She had left him, and he was for looking after another; but she came and begged his pardon just in time, if you remember."

"Yes, I remember. But now tell me about your wages. How much could you earn a week?"

"Four shillings was the most I could earn with one loom, and eight shillings, or sometimes nine, when I worked two broad looms; but we couldn't always earn alike. There were break-downs in the machinery sometimes."

"Had you any control over your own earnings?"

"Never till I was towards twenty. I gave up every penny till then. And afterwards I gave my sister 7s. 6d. for my board, so you may think I hadn't much left for my clothes; and I wore out a deal of shoe-leather in walking to and again."

"What sort of dress did you work in?"

"We had dark blue print frocks and coarse blue pinafores, or else white ones. And our common bonnets was pasteboard, covered with black or brown stuff—good big ones, something of the coal-scuttle style. Eh! there was nothing in dress then like there is now. And on Sundays we wore straw bonnets and gingham frocks, and spencers of dark stuff. They never make spencers now seemingly, it's all jackets and mantles."

"Had you a Saturday half-holiday?"

"Partly. We left off at four; but we had to clean our looms in the dinner hour of that day, and once a fortnight we were later, because we had to wait to be paid our wage. We used to sing sometimes as we waited. Some of the girls sang in parts—*tenor*, I think you call it."

"Or *alto*, perhaps," I suggested. "How did you spend your Sundays?"

"I went to Sunday-school and church in the morning, and school and church in the afternoon, and in the evening we had our library books, and very nice they were."

Mary's native place is near mine, and I knew well every spot she mentioned.

"Why," said I, "you must have walked about eight miles every Sunday! How you could do it after your week's work I cannot imagine."

"Oh, but Sundays gave us the best bit of pleasure we had!" was Mary's enthusiastic reply. "And such a clergyman as you know we had—so good and kind and approachable."

"You liked your master, Mr. A., I think?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. We called him the old master, because of his son, which was the young master. I can see the old master quite plain in my mind's eye now, just as he looked as he came up our room. Then he'd stand at the end, and look all down. He wore a black coat and waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed hat, and knee-breeches and gaiters of a sort of light drab colour. He was stout and pleasant-looking, and he was very much liked and respected by the workpeople. They understood him, and he understood them. There was never no pride nor haughtiness about him, and he encouraged us in everything that was good. Once a month he'd have a preaching in the warehouse. It was in the evening, when the mill stopped, and we went to it just as we was, in our working clothes. I've heard many a good sermon there I never forgot. And such singing! The old master was a capital singer himself."

"I suppose he understood all about the work?"

"Oh yes, every branch of it. He could see in a minute if anything was wrong. He seemed the main spring of it all. There was great lamenting at his death. The mill was stopped on his burial day, and the streets were crowded with people watching the funeral. Yes, he did a deal of good all about, and wasn't in any ways bigoted. He'd help the Wesleyan Chapel and the Church too."

And here my old friend branched off suddenly to other subjects, and no gentle leadings could bring her back again to factory life; but I had heard enough. Unconsciously she had drawn for me some pictures of wonderful distinctness.

Had I been an artist it would have delighted me to make a sketch of the quaint little figure, stunted and somewhat deformed, hurrying along the hillside. I saw it as plainly as Mary herself saw the "old master." Goodness, simplicity, contentment, and intelligence were all unmistakably stamped upon the small white face, framed picturesquely enough by the dark stuff coal-

scuttle bonnet, from which a lock or two of wavy golden-brown hair contrived to escape. The innocent blue eyes were fixed delightedly on the sunrise, and the songs of the thrushes were in her ears, making her smile again and again.

As to the story as a whole, it needs little, if any, comment of mine. "Shadow and shine" are in it, as they are in most true stories of human life. An unfeeling father, low wages, earned in working hours of cruel length; suffering, and irremediable injury to health—here is the dark shadow. Harmony between master and workpeople, and between worker and worker; and patience, industry, a love of beauty, and of all things good on the part of the little factory girl—these things make the "shine."

M. S. S.

JESUS AT SUPPER.

By the Rev. W. GARRETT HORDER.

"Martha served. . . . Mary took a pound of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus."—John xii. 2, 3.

"Love would I offer unto love's great Master,
Set free the odour, break the alabaster."
T. T. Lynch.

A REMARKABLE company is gathered around Simon's supper-table. Every name recorded is full of interest and awakens suggestive thoughts. The host himself—Simon the leper—though why, when it is certain that he is no longer a leper, the title clings to him conjecture asks in vain. His case may have been more than usually severe, and his cure therefore the more remarkable, and he himself a living token of the power and love of Christ. Still more noteworthy than Simon is Lazarus, his guest, whom Christ had so lately raised from the dead—a man who had passed behind the veil, and returned to life laden with the secret of another world, but whose lips were sealed, so that no disclosure lifts the veil for us. Then there are his two sisters. Martha, "careful, and troubled about many things," serves at the table, with neighbourly and perhaps proffered help; Mary, meditative and devotional, brings of her costliest treasure, and from the alabaster flask pours the spikenard upon her Lord, and wipes His feet with the loosened tresses falling from her head. Then, as on a dark background against which these devoted ones are more clearly revealed, there is Judas, with lowering brow and reproving voice—an alien presence in the company. And these all gathered around the Christ whose earthly course is drawing to a close, upon whom is falling the dark shadow of the cross, so dark that those about Him perceive the shadow and feel that His days on earth will be few. And so the most sensitive member of the company, the woman who had sat at His feet, and with her sympathetic insight has read some of the secrets of His heart, cannot rest satisfied save as she anoints his body for the burial which her fears foresee.

I. *We have here meditative love prompting to costliest offering.* I call her love meditative to distinguish it from that of Martha. There is love in both the sisters of Bethany, but it is love of a different type, and prompts to different courses. Martha is the practical woman caring for the household affairs, and her love finds expression in service at the table. Mary is the daughter of meditation and communion, and her love prompts to an offering, which may express and satisfy her more mystic spirit. Both act along the line of their character. To Martha such an offering as Mary's would never have occurred, whilst neither would it have been natural to Mary to proffer the service Martha so willingly renders. Martha's nature is the stuff out of which good mothers and housewives, but Mary's out of which saints, are made. There should be a place for both within the circle of Christ's followers. It is from the Maries that all of which this costly spikenard is the type has come to the Church. It is a spirit like hers that has contributed to the Church all that renders it beautiful. This is the source from which has sprung the art, the poetry, the music, the architecture, which have been so helpful to devotion. If there had been only Marthas, the Church would have been severed from beauty and taste and imagination. These would not have gathered as handmaids around the person of Christ. To those of like spirit with Mary we owe the things which the more practical Marthas declare to be needless, concerning which they think even if they do not say, "Could not this ointment have been sold for much and given to the poor?" This was the spirit that prevailed in Puritan times, and which regarded all

that was beautiful with the eye of displeasure. Left entirely to this spirit, which has its uses and they are great ones, the Church would have been filled with the *too* practical spirit of the world. She would have lacked the gentleness and grace which have done so much to foster and deepen her piety. Churches would have been barns or upper rooms; their worship bare and cold, with none of the glow of poetry or the inspiration of music. Their tone would have been sternly, even repulsively practical. In them the atmosphere would have been too heavy for the soul to rise to the things divine and eternal. This is the danger that besets the Puritan type of piety, which finds its ideal in Martha rather than Mary; a type which has furnished men like Cromwell and Knox, but rarely men like Bishop Wilson or John Keble. The Church needs both forms of piety and service. The one may not say to the other, "I have no need of thee." And as we see here, Christ accepts the offering of Mary as well as of Martha, yea, He even seems to favour that of Mary, not to the exclusion of that of Martha, but rather because that of Martha is in no danger of being discouraged in this practical world, whilst that of Mary is in great danger of being so discouraged. We must try to realise that those who bring their offerings of grace and beauty—things that do not seem absolutely essential—are just as truly serving Christ as those who are busy with the practical and necessary ministries of the Church among the poor and desolate. The man who builds a beautiful church is serving Christ just as truly as one who distributes his goods to the poor. The man who seeks to refine and ennoble the music of the Church is serving Christ just as truly as one who preaches His gospel. The man who furnishes glowing words to express the devotion of men is serving Christ just as truly as one who cares for the sick and the destitute. Provided the offerings spring from love to Christ, both are accepted by Him, both have a function to fulfil within His Church. Love should be permitted to have *characteristic* expression. Let the Marthas serve at the table. Let the Maries bring their alabaster box of very precious ointment. Let not the Marthas despise the Maries nor the Maries think lightly of the Marthas. Let them rather supplement each other. If I may so put it, Christ needs to be fed as well as anointed. Let the one bring the bread and the other the spikenard. Some are by nature Marthas. Let them do Martha's work: care for the poor, visit the sick, do the practical work of the Church. Some are Maries. Let them do Mary's work: render His house beautiful, enrich the music of the sanctuary, reveal the hidden meaning of His truth by tender song or holy word. "There are diversities of gifts but the same spirit." And Christ will accept every offering inspired by love, be it after the pattern of Mary or Martha. For we are expressly told, "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." He cannot dispense with either type of service. If there had been no place for the Marthas, the Church would have grown sentimental—intent only on the adornment of her buildings, the enrichment of her worship, the refinement of her literature—a palace of beauty, but not a refuge for the poor and the lost. She would have become a place for the poet and the artist, from which the weary and troubled would have turned unhelped away. There would have been beauty on her walls and poetry in her song, but no bread on her table for hungry men. That must not, cannot be. But, on the other hand, if there had been no place for the Maries, the Church would have grown bare and cold—a mere refectory in which men might eat, but with nothing to fill the thought or inspire the heart, or lift the soul to higher things.

Let it be said of each of us as of one of old, "She hath done what she could," and then the house will lack nothing either of beauty or utility. There will be food for the mouth and beauty for the eye and harmony for the ear. And the cry will be heard: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks. Consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following." *

II. *We have here the practical spirit misunderstanding the offering of love.* "Why was not this ointment sold for much, and given to the poor?" It is true this remark fell from the lips of the traitor Judas. It is also true that in him the censure sprang from a greedy and grasping spirit. "This he said not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and carried the bag and bore what was put therein." But it is not at all unlikely that some at least of the other disciples who were present shared his feeling that this was a gross waste, and thought that the ointment might have been put to a better use. For it must be remembered that all the disciples, or nearly all, were poor men, and to the poor such a costly gift would seem to be utter waste. They would naturally think of the

* Psalm xlviii. 12, 13.

more practical uses to which the ointment might have been put—that it might have been sold for much and given to the poor. Now this is an illustration of how difficult it is for those of one type of character to understand those of quite another and different one. They move in realms remote from each other, and see things in quite different aspects. The Marthas cannot understand the Maries, they rather incline to appeal to the Master against them. Judas caring for the bag thinks Mary an utter fool for wasting ointment which might have filled that bag with three hundred pence, more it may be than it had ever carried before. And so is it still. There are practical men and women who cannot understand, and therefore despise the more poetic and unworldly spirits that are about them. They look on them with a certain disdain or pity. They call them enthusiasts or pietists. They pass them by as beneath their notice. Whilst, on the other hand, there are those who live in the world of ideas and sentiments, whose eyes are lifted to the mist-covered hills, who look on the more practical natures about them as tied and bound by the chain of sense. They pity them. They long for their deliverance from the thraldom of the senses. The mere trader cannot understand the artist, nor the artist the trader. The spiritual man does not understand the worldly, nor the worldly the spiritual. We need therefore to remember that there are other realms than those in which we are moving, and that they look very different to us from what they do to those who walk in them. "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not him that eateth not despise him that eateth, for God hath received him." Let us beware of harsh judgment of others. Their light may differ from ours. Let each look at things from the other's standpoint, and then we may perchance see a soul of good in things apparently evil. And a further thing worthy of our notice is this, that the practical spirit is not necessarily the right one. It seems to be, but it is not. It can usually offer the most reasons for its judgment, but they do not always apply. Judas *seemed* to be right. It seems a better thing to feed the poor even than to anoint Christ for His burial. Christ could do without anointing, but the poor cannot do without food. And men say now—Why build costly churches? Why enrich them with costly ornament? Why care for music and art when the poor are crying for bread? They talk as if to feed the hungry were the *only* duty of the Church. Doubtless it is a duty, an imperative duty, to care for the poor. "They are always with us, and whenever we will we may do them good." And this should be a great object with us. Yet, carry out that principle to the full, and where does it lead? Imagine men giving themselves up to the relief of the poor, refraining from the use of everything that is not essential to existence, doing without houses of taste and beauty, never building them, never enriching them with pictures or books. Imagine them abstaining from the building of costly churches, reducing all life to bare necessities, and where would the poor soon find themselves? Why, without employment. If none but the plainest houses or churches were built, what would become of the builders? If no paintings or engravings were to be admitted to our houses, what would become of the artists and engravers? If our bodies were clothed only in the plainest possible dress, what would become of the weavers and dressmakers? Reduce life to the use of bare necessities, and the very means of subsistence would be taken from thousands and even millions of men and women. It is better to give employment than to give bread. It is better to enable men and women to help themselves than to dole out alms to them. Use is better than abstinence, if the things be good or beautiful. By all means help the poor, but if you can help them to help themselves you do them a far greater service. And the opportunity for such self-help is given when those who have the means use them for purposes of beauty and utility either in the home or the church. Thus money is circulated, and that is better than hoarding it. Sometimes it is well that the alabaster box of very precious ointment should be *sold* and the proceeds given to the poor, but sometimes it is well for it to be broken and poured on the head of Christ. Thus honour is done to Him and work is made for the producers of alabaster and of spikenard. In the cathedral at Salisbury, on an ancient tablet in memory of a lady whose character seems to have combined the active and meditative spirit of religion, there are these quaint and beautiful words:—

> "No better thought then thincke on God and dayly Him to serve,
> No better gifts then to the poore which readie are to sterve."

But the greater matter is that, like Mary, our hearts should be filled with love to Christ. This will lead to love to the poor also, and we shall both give to Him and those who are his representatives—"the poor whom we

always have with us." Love will keep us from hoarding our treasures or keeping them to ourselves. Love will make us enrich and beautify His house. Love will make us large-hearted and liberal. We shall know the truth of His own saying, "How it is more blessed to give than to receive." We shall give to Him. We shall give to the poor. Loving our brother whom we have seen, we shall love God whom we have not seen. Love will make all things new. Earth will become more beautiful to us, Heaven will seem more sure to us, as we love Him who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich, and then we shall feel that—

"The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain, thy only rest
Is labour for a worthy end.

"A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace." *

* J. G. Whittier.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By LADY ALICIA BLACKWOOD.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Christian children must be holy."
Lesson: John iii. 11—21.

THE last time I spent my Sunday evenings with you, we spoke of Jesus loving little children, inviting them to come to Him, taking them in His arms and blessing them. I should like now to show you something more of His great love for them, and I will try to explain what I mean as simply as possible, and it will also show you why you end your prayers by saying, "Through Jesus Christ." It is both useful and important that you should know the reason for doing so, because we ought never to say anything to God without understanding it. Merely to repeat what is a customary ending to our prayers without attaching any particular meaning to it, is to be like little parrots, imitating the sounds they hear. And reasonable children will not like to be compared to them.

First, then, if I ask you, what did Jesus do for you? I am sure you will all answer at once, "He died for us, He was crucified for us." Yes, that is quite true. Then if I ask you, why did he die for you? I am sure you will also answer, "Because we have sinned." And that is equally true.

Let our thoughts be on this subject to-night, and with God's blessing, while we speak on what is so solemn, we shall all understand something of it better than ever.

Now there are two things about it which the "Lord God hath said," and which He has made certain by adding, "As I live, saith the Lord." One is: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The other is: "Without the shedding of blood, no remission," or in simple words, no forgiveness of sin.

The first was a terrible sentence, because everybody did some sin, so everybody must die. When you think of this you will each naturally say, "What then am I to do? What will become of me? for I have sinned; I have done many things I ought not to have done; I have often been disobedient and naughty." Yes, that is indeed true; and if God had not spoken the other sentence, it would have been terrible for us all; but in His mercy He had pity on us, because He loved us, and so He provided a remedy for us, and called it an atonement. He did not alter what He had said. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is still in the Bible and cannot be changed. But by the other sentence He has made a wonderful way of escape, and this is by allowing us to put our sins and our death upon another, so that we need not die for ever, but can be saved instead.

Now to show you how this was done at first, and for the long while before Jesus Christ was born; God taught the children of Israel that when they had done any particular sin they were to take some innocent animal, a lamb, or a goat, or an ox, whatever it might be, and bring it to the priest, and to put their hands upon its head, and confess their sin; then it was to be killed and its blood poured out. After that, God would forgive their sins, for "without shedding blood there could be no forgiveness." But there was now, because the creature had died instead of themselves.

This should teach us what a dreadful thing sin is—we must never think lightly of sin. You must never think it does not signify if you are disobedient or not, but remember that sin is the thing which God hates, He will have no sin in heaven. No one—no child can take its sin into heaven, it must all be put away here, or it never will. It was for

this reason that every morning and every evening a little lamb was chosen from the flock (that is two little lambs every day), and brought to the priest, and it was killed before the tabernacle, its blood poured out, and its body burnt on the altar. And the smoke of the burning went up so that all the people in the camp round about saw it, at the time of the morning sacrifice and at the time of the evening sacrifice, and the people all stood up out of their tents and offered prayer to God, *through the sacrifice of the lamb.*

Oh, think, dear children, how happy it is that you, in these days, have not to take a lamb from those pretty little happy skipping flocks we see, and carry it to the altar to be killed because you have sinned! And now comes the question, *why have you not to do so?* You are not likely to be more obedient or better than they. Ah! why indeed, have you not? Because that dear loving Jesus said, "Lo, I come; I will be the lamb, I will give my life for theirs, I will spare them and be killed myself to save them."

Oh, dear children, was not that love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is why you end your prayers with, "Through Jesus Christ our Saviour." You must, like the Israelites, bring your morning and your evening lamb, but where is it? Oh, happy truth! it is Jesus who was sacrificed once for us all, and once for all time, instead of every day. Try to think how much He must have loved you to have suffered so much for you, even to be put to death for you, and that He loves you still. And then you will understand why you must offer your prayers "through Jesus Christ our Saviour." Amen.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lord, a little band and lowly."
Lesson: John xii. 1—11.

Let us this evening turn our thoughts to Bethany. Bethany was a little village, and but for certain circumstances might easily have been passed over as a very insignificant place; but it is often the pleasure of our Lord to make that which seems little in itself, to be of the greatest importance; teaching us that nothing is really little in His sight. For instance, we read of Bethlehem, "But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old from everlasting," thus Bethlehem was the birthplace of Jesus Himself, and what higher honour could have been put upon it?

Bethany was another of these little villages of Judea, and travellers tell us it is a sunny spot; sheltered on the north-west by a ridge of mountains, among which is Olivet. Indeed it is on the ascent of the mount of Olives itself that it was built, and is about two miles from Jerusalem. In the time of our Lord its figs were so plentiful and famous that a tithe was raised upon them; and it is still remarkable for its dates. So that in those days it must have been a very fruitful little place; though a little beyond Bethany we read of a striking exception. "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever," was the sentence passed on a barren fig-tree, which was on the way from Bethany to Jerusalem, and "presently the fig-tree withered away."

If we will listen, how much we may learn from things and places which our Lord used as similes to warn us, and to teach us, as in this instance, to be useful in our lives, and not idle cumberers of the ground.

But Bethany will never be forgotten; it has records more important than of figs and dates, memories more precious to us, perhaps, than any other village visited by our Lord —there lived the friends of Jesus, of whom it is said, "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus."

What a peaceful and happy home that must have been to which Jesus so often resorted! and what happiness it must have been to Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus to have received Jesus into their house.

We cannot wonder that Martha was cumbered about much serving, it was so natural that she should wish to give such a guest the very best welcome she could. I think if we had been there we should in all probability have done the same. But Jesus gently reproved her anxious concern, not because He did not value her motive, but to show her that it was more important for her to receive His words, which were spirit and life, than to be over-careful in any household matters, even to show Him hospitality. The time was short, He would not be with them long, and He commended Mary, whose heart was absorbed with all she heard.

It was at Bethany that Lazarus was raised from the dead; we have that story in the eleventh of John, which you can never be tired of reading. There it was at the grave that those words were uttered, which till the end of time, when they will be realised, are the words of words to us—"I am the resurrec-

tion and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live."

There also it was, that we have the most treasured instance of the sympathy and love of Jesus. Yes! dear children, none can sympathise with us as Jesus can. "In all our afflictions, He is afflicted." Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus when all around were weeping, though He was about, in a moment more, to restore their dead to life, and fill their hearts with joy.

It was at Bethany, when invited by Simon the leper to a feast where Mary and Martha, and that same Lazarus whom He had raised from the dead, were guests, that Jesus was anointed by Mary—she broke the box of precious spikenard, and the house was filled with its fragrance. "She did it for my burial," said the Saviour, and that burial was nearer at hand than Mary thought!

Again Bethany was chosen by the Saviour as His home at the time when, like the Passover Lamb, He was separated for the Great Sacrifice! What tender love He must have borne that family thus to consecrate their dwelling for such a solemn purpose! What honour was on Bethany! From thence He went daily to Jerusalem, returning in the evening until the Passover feast was held, when He himself became the Passover Lamb—the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!

And finally—His ascension. We are told He led His disciples out as far as Bethany, and while He blessed them He was parted from them; thus His last earthly gaze was on Bethany, that little village.

Surely then Bethany can never be forgotten. Its name must always have an endearing sound, and when you utter it in your readings, try to realise to yourselves some of its precious memories, and I am sure you too will catch a glance of the loving eye which rested there with so much blessing.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Young children once to Jesus came."
Lesson: Matt. vii. 21—29.

In the Bible there are many places in which Jesus is called "the Rock." Either directly or by allusion, we shall find it so used more than thirty times. So you see it is an important word, and one for us, therefore, to take notice of, especially when singing that hymn so well known, beginning

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee," &c.

The thirty-second of Deuteronomy is the first chapter in which Jesus is so called. In that beautiful song of Moses, where it occurs no less than five times, he announces it to us emphatically in the third verse—"I will publish the name of the Lord, He is the Rock." In this chapter, also, the word Rock is printed in larger and more distinct letters, thereby calling our attention especially to its peculiar meaning. The further allusions to it are to be found in the Book of Samuel, the Psalms, in Isaiah, and in the Epistle to the Corinthians.

Now, therefore, let us notice why Jesus is called "the Rock." It is very good and gracious of Him to allow Himself to be so compared, because we can by it understand, in the first place, how strong He is; and when we want any one to help us, we like to know they are strong enough to do so—stronger than we are. If we should fall into some dangerous place, and need help to lift us out of it, it must be some one who is strong. You would not like to trust to a little boy or girl less than yourself, for instance; so that when we think of Jesus as able to help us in any emergency we like to think of Him as so strong He cannot fail us, we like to know that His arm will hold us and never let us go.

Now Jesus is just that.

When travellers climb the high and snowy mountains of Switzerland, or elsewhere, they know that if they can once cast their rope over a jutting rock, and fix it there, they can descend with safety; so it is with those who cast their hope on Jesus, and trust in Him; His arm will ever uphold them—"The eternal God will be their refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." "He is the Rock," He cannot fail us. Surely it is, and must be, a comfort to know we have such a Friend—so strong and helpful.

Again, Jesus is compared to a rock because it gives a shadow in the heat; and those who toil and work in the sun, especially in Eastern countries, bearing the heat and burden of the day, know well the blessing of finding the shadow of a great rock under which to sit down and rest. And who is it, dear children, who says to us when we are weary and heavy laden, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest?" Yes, it is Jesus, who is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Thirsty and fainting in the wilderness, was not the rock smitten, and forthwith water gushed forth, to refresh and save the Children of Israel? And was not Jesus smitten for us, and blood and water poured out from His riven side for our cleansing and our redemp-

tion? "That Rock was Christ," says St. Paul, and Christ is our Rock.

> "Let the water and the blood,
> From thy riven side which flowed,
> Be of sin, the double cure,
> Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

Again, Jesus is compared to a rock because He is unchangeable—His word abideth for ever. Let me take you to the seaside; there stand the immovable rocks, resisting the powerful and beating waves. Year after year you may visit the same spot; there stand the rocks; you remember them well; you have perhaps climbed on some of them many times, or sat down sheltered by them either from wind or sun. But where are the mounds of sand which you made? or the walls and trenches you were so busy in making round the little castle of pebbles in the middle? What has become of all that? Washed away long, long ago; as soon as the next tide arose it swept them all away, leaving not a trace behind.

And now you can understand why Jesus says, "I will tell you who is the wise man." Jesus had been preaching to a great multitude of people, giving them a number of excellent precepts teaching them what to do and what to avoid, and at the end He summed it up with these words, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a Rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it." Yes, the wise man is he who makes Jesus the foundation for all his hopes and all his works; he looks to Him for strength, for comfort, for precept, for guidance, for everything. Whatever he does he will try and do it for Christ's sake. Christ is his rock; he builds all on Him. And you, my dear children, are none of you too young to follow that example. Obey your parents for Christ's sake; it pleases Him, it pleases them, and is a blessing and happiness to yourselves. Learn the lessons which are given you for Christ's sake; try to overcome your tempers for Christ's sake. Whatever you do, it is right to do it for Christ's sake; it is your only safeguard against evil. Thus let your lives be built upon *that Rock*, come what will · they will be happy and safe for ever and ever. "He is the Rock; His work is perfect. A God of truth; just and right is He."

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I think when I read."
Lesson: Luke xix. 28—48.

On two occasions when Jesus went into the temple at Jerusalem He overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and drove out them that sold doves, sheep, and oxen, saying, "Take these things hence, make not my Father's house a house of merchandise," and "It is written my house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

On both these occasions, it was just at the time of the Passover feast, and we are told by those who give us the history of those times, that this buying and selling, and changing of money in Jerusalem was because the people came from long distances to keep this great feast of the Passover, and they found it convenient to purchase their animals for sacrifice on the spot, and also because it was the custom to bring their contribution of the half shekel for the use of the sanctuary at that time; and the money-changers taking advantage of this sat in the sanctuary to collect it, and compelled every one to give the money or a pledge—sometimes even a man had to pledge his coat for it; but in any case these money-changers were extortioners, and in changing a whole shekel for two half shekels of current money, they always had something added for themselves; so that they contrived to gain large sums, because so many people came up to the feast.

Now there could be no necessity for any one to desecrate the temple of God by converting it to such usages—there were plenty of streets and places in the city where such traffic could have been carried on without going into the temple, and we cannot be surprised that our Lord should drive out such profane men with great displeasure.

Think how shocked we should be to find our churches, or chapels, or cathedrals, turned into shops and market-places just when preparations were making for a most solemn anniversary service, as it was in this case with the Jews, when the first and greatest of the three feasts which God had commanded them always to observe in each year was about to be held.

The first occasion on which Jesus sent them out was during the early days of His ministry. We read that it happened just after

the marriage of Cana of Galilee, the account of which is given in the second chapter of St. John's Gospel. But the next time was only a day or two before His crucifixion, when He was about to finish the work which the Father gave Him to do, and would shortly after leave this earth and ascend into heaven.

It was at the time also when He daily came from Bethany into Jerusalem, and was giving His last injunctions to His disciples, telling them in a little while He would leave them, and this act was clearly one enjoining them to "reverence His sanctuary." "My house *shall* be called a house of prayer for all nations." Perhaps we ought to notice this more particularly because this second occasion is mentioned by the other three evangelists, and it could not refer exclusively to the temple of Jerusalem—that would shortly be destroyed, and in any case sacrifices would cease to be offered there, almost henceforth, for the time was now at hand when true worshippers were to worship God in spirit and in truth and not by visible sacrifices.

It was surely fitting, therefore, for Jesus to begin and end His ministry with showing that a house so dedicated to the service of God, wherever it might be, was a sacred spot, and not to be used for any such secular and covetous purposes.

FIFTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, meek and gentle."
Lesson: Psalm lxxxiv.

Let us think again about the place where we meet our neighbours to worship God.

A building erected for the worship of God, or a place appointed by God where He would meet and speak with His people, was always from the earliest period to be regarded as holy or consecrated.

What did God say to Moses when He spoke to him at the burning bush? Moses had said, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight." God said, "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The same was said to Joshua when he stood before the captain of the Lord's host. And in the wilderness the tabernacle was kept from any profane approach by the pillars and curtains which surrounded it.

When David brought the ark of God into the city of David, he set apart an especial place for it, calling it the sanctuary or holy place. So in Solomon's time, when the first temple was built; such a solemn dedication of a house to the service of God has perhaps never since been known.

Thus, my dear children, we are taught first in the Old Testament, and finally by our Lord Jesus Himself, to revere His sanctuary.

"My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer." This was first spoken by Isaiah, but remember these words were quoted by our Lord during the last days of His life on earth, with "It is written," pointing out the continuous character of His sanctuary and applying it to the present times. I repeat this because we should especially treasure His last commands and wishes.

This being so, see how very carefully you should watch your behaviour when in the "House of prayer."

"Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh! how solemn we should be!"

Yes, indeed, it is a solemn thing to speak to God and to enter His house, and you should therefore try not to let your minds bring into it what should be left at home. Take care lest instead of giving your hearts to God, you should bring your toys there.

When you kneel down first on coming in, you should pray that He will take away all the thoughts that do not belong to Him, and try to fix right thoughts on Him; for if instead of following the prayers and trying to listen to what is read or preached, your thoughts are wandering off to your amusements or pleasures, it will be very like bringing these into His sanctuary and profaning it as the merchants did, whom Jesus drove away. Particularly you should avoid talking or making any noise there.

"Little souls were made to serve God,
All His holy law fulfil;
Little hearts were made to love God,
Little hands to do His will.

Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heaven above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love.

Little tongues to sing His praises,
Little feet to walk His ways,
Little bodies to be temples
Where the Holy Spirit stays!"

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE JUBILEE OF THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

ALREADY we have entered upon the jubilee year of the Queen's accession, but her Majesty has decided that the anniversary shall not be commemorated till the fifty years have been actually completed. She is not the oldest of European sovereigns, but her reign has already been longer than that of any other living ruler. She has presided over us while we have been passing through a period of revolution, silent, indeed, but none the less real. Science within that period has transformed life. It has given us enormous powers for good or for evil; it has linked the furthest parts of the earth, has invested man with stupendous forces, giving him an enchanter's wand. While keeping to old forms, we have entirely altered the constitution of our country; government has become the expression of the people's will, and their hand is upon the machine. Our commerce has been revolutionised, our ports thrown open to the harvests of the world, and East and West join to feed our crowded millions. A new Britain has risen up in the Pacific, our speech has spread far and wide among nations that own no allegiance to us; once isolated, we now seem to touch the whole world. And in all this change the throne has stood unshaken. Crowns have been hurled in the dust elsewhere, thrones have reeled if they have not fallen. Here we have had security and untroubled order—blessings due in no slight degree to the sovereign whose wisdom, equity, and virtue all her subjects delight to honour.

MR. RUSKIN AND CHAPEL DEBTS.

Mr. Ruskin, as most of us know by now, is not a safe person to meddle with in some moods. When irritated, he hurls a letter, always vituperative, sometimes instructive, at his unfortunate victim, and the victim, in nine cases out of ten, at once parades the missive in public and makes a spectacle of his wrongs. It was certainly cruel of Mr. Ruskin to make so ruthless an attack on the minister who asked his aid in clearing off the debt on an iron chapel; but our sympathies are divided. With the editor of the *Freeman*, we feel that courtesy is due to all men, not excluding the writers of "begging letters." But as to debts (and iron churches) we agree with Mr. Ruskin. Chapel debts are unsound in principle and ruinous in their effects. The cause of Christ is just crippled with debt, and till deficits are out of date and mortgages unknown, the strength of the Church for aggressive work in the world will never be at its height. The old cathedral-builders who, as we are told, went about their work in "blind and shameless confidence in the charity of men and the protection of heaven" differ from our modern men of enterprise in a very important way. They built bit by bit, trusting that some one else would be found to finish. They did not run up a building debt; they had not the burden of interest upon their hearts; they were not oppressed by mortgages and perils of foreclosure. The day did its own work and paid for it, leaving the future to do its share in turn. And so in a famous building, familiar and dear to many of us, we can still see where one generation ended its task, leaving the walls but half finished, and can trace the very line at which those who took up the work, years after, built up the fabric with a different sort of stone.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND HOME MISSIONS.

It is both pleasant and encouraging to see how the interest in mission work at home is growing in our public schools. It is a very practical interest; it does not sit on platforms; it does not make prosy speeches; it does not care for posing and platitudes. It puts its hands into its pockets, and out of the term's allowance hands over part of what would otherwise have been spent in amusements or small luxuries. And to a schoolboy with a limited allowance and unlimited wants, giving is a real sacrifice. At this moment there is practically not a single school of any note in the country that is not supporting mission work somewhere. It is not the greatest and most famous institutions that do the most. Felstead, with its £300 of subscriptions, is abreast with Eton, and Charterhouse contributes as much as Harrow. But the amount is not the vital point. The great thing is that all should be doing something; that sympathy with the needs and sufferings of others should be stirred in life's early days; that boys should be trained to feel and to help. For a habit of this kind once acquired is certain to last on in manhood.

A PHYSICAL RECREATION SOCIETY.

It is certain that we in our days think more of the body and its needs than was the custom of our forefathers; and perhaps it is because many of us have to suffer for their neglect. In the upper and the middle classes at any rate the necessity of exercise and recreation is thoroughly recognised, and the higher we go in the scale of wealth and position, the more completely is life shaped in obedience to this law. In our universities and public schools, as many of us think, the idea has been carried too far, and athletic amusements are sweeping all before them. It is difficult for him that rows or runs to read as well, and not unfrequently we hear that an undergraduate's work for the examination rooms "seriously interferes with his cricket." Work is suppressed by play. But among the thousands who are crowded together in our great towns the balance inclines to the other side, and though parks and playgrounds are multiplying, the supply is not enough

to meet the need, and even when the open spaces are obtained, comparatively few know how to make good use of them. Exercise is a thing that does not come by nature: it is a habit to be acquired. The Society for Promoting Physical Recreation, which has just been founded by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Lord Charles Beresford, and others, will make it an essential part of its work to organise drill, marching, calisthenic exercises, and all games that involve activity and discipline. It will provide teachers, and in winter-time will procure halls and covered places where instruction and practice may still go on in spite of the weather. It will do good work if it gives our young men broader chests, tougher muscles, and stronger lungs; and it will bring us a step nearer to the time when every school in the country shall have its gymnasium to be used by the children during the day and by their elder brothers and fathers in the evenings. That is what we hope to see some day.

HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

At last the great Holloway College has been opened. Fiction and fable have been banished, and we know what the institution so long and so much talked of really is and what it is intended to do. Like the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, it is to provide the thorough and systematic teaching which women need who are to do their part as educators or thinkers. But unlike Girton and Newnham and Somerville, it is to be officered by women entirely. Men may direct, advise, and control, but the members of the staff are to be women, and women only. It is a remarkable experiment. How it will answer it is hard to tell. For our own part we doubt whether women can at present be found competent to take charge of the highest work; but time will cure this, and we can afford to wait. In any case the experiment is remarkable, and in the history of education it will be famous. It almost realises Tennyson's dream in the *Princess*, of the women's university with its strange laws of Rhadamantine rigour. The world will be impressed chiefly by the noble buildings, the magnificent pictures, which alone cost the founder £90,000, and by the enormous amount of the endowment. Mr. Holloway's gift of nearly three-quarters of a million pounds is the greatest educational bequest made in England since the days of the famous Cardinal. The two cases set side by side show how far we have travelled since then. Wolsey was a prince; he won his wealth, like the princes of his age, by plunder as much as by power and place. Mr. Holloway was a maker of patent medicines and by the sale of them made himself a millionaire. May his bequest do as much good as Wolsey's, though derived from so different a source.

A HOME FOR INEBRIATES.

It is one thing to convince a man who is in the habit of drinking to excess that he is ruining himself for this world and the next, and quite another thing to cure him of his vice; but unless you can cure as well as convict, you have done nothing. And it is easy to understand that a man of ordinary character, however good his resolve may be, can have but little chance of breaking completely with his evil habits if he still lives on in his old surroundings. He needs to be taken out of them, in fact to be taken out of himself. This is the service which is rendered by an institution like the Dalrymple Home at Rickmansworth. A man may enter under the Habitual Drunkards' Act, or, if he so please, as a private patient, and there he may stay till the time for which he has entered has expired. In the majority of cases the results are distinctly beneficial; patients go away with their old inclinations lost, able to mingle without peril in ordinary society. There are some failures, and complete failures, as might have been expected, especially where the taint has been transmitted from one generation to another; but on most the regular, disciplined life of the place acts like a charm. Stimulants are cut off totally and immediately. There is a variety of healthy exercise and recreation, work that keeps hands and minds busy without excitement or strain, books, music, and society. The Home needs to be enlarged to meet the applications for admission that come crowding in every month, and at present our arrangements for the cure of inebriates are so deficient that there is no Home to which men or women can be sent to be cured of inebriety unless they are able to pay for their maintenance. In America there are Homes supported by the State in which all can be received.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

In the stern struggle for existence races as well as individuals have to hold their own. The trial-course is long, is measured by centuries not by years; but the issue, though long in appearing, is sure for all that. Looking back through the history of Europe, we can see the Latin race falling into the rear, and the Teutons and the Anglo-Saxons rushing to the front. When Rome fell as an empire and split up into parts, the virtue and vigour of the stock were not exhausted. New nations sprang from the grave of the old—France, Italy, and Spain. Each had its day of power; each in turn gave way. And now they are falling in numbers too, a sure test of a nation's state of health. In the last century the population of the Latin nations, those descended from Rome, has increased but from fifty-one to eighty-two millions; it has not doubled. But the Germans and the English have trebled. Taken together they have risen from twenty-seven millions to upwards of eighty millions, to say nothing of the hosts that have poured away over seas and are to be found in the United States, in Australia, and in the colonies of South Africa. It is obvious that this is the race of the future, unless China and Japan are to inundate and sweep us away, and that catastrophe will not happen yet. How far the cause of progress will gain by the

change it is hard at present to say. One fact is clear, that the old solidity of character which made the ancient Romans rulers of the world has passed away from their descendants and seems to have been transferred to the races that helped to reduce the empire to anarchy.

THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.

Princes in our time act in tragedies as well as cause them. One sad story after another shows how utterly they, too, are at the mercy of the sorrows and the sufferings that befall the poorest of their subjects. They suffer as kings, and they have to suffer as men. Death enters their homes; disease wastes them; the burden and mystery of life torments them; often the agony is unendurable. Some break down before the eyes of the world, others give up the strife in secret. The strange and wayward soul who was King of Bavaria has not hidden his failure. One day we heard that he had been put under medical restraint; on the next came the news of his mysterious death. For years he had been hovering on the thin line that divides genius from madness. His eccentricity was famous, his perversity proverbial, his whims and fancies wild and grotesque; yet there was a touch of genius in him. The volume upon the mission of monarchs which he published anonymously four of five years ago contained much wise and true thought; it was the work of a man who had pondered deeply the duties and responsibilities of his position. History perhaps will forget what was important in his life, and record what was trivial. But one great fact it cannot forget: that in the critical hour of Germany, 1870, when some states were wavering, the King of Bavaria cast his influence upon the side of Prussia and made a German Empire possible. This was the great moment of his life.

THE EXILED PRINCES.

The French Republic has made its first fatal blunder. Since its birth it has done many unfair and many foolish things; but now it has paved the way for its own ruin. A month ago the Republic had no open rival in its claim to the allegiance of the nation. The princes of the royal houses were living in the land on the same level as ordinary citizens, obeying the laws, and by the laws protected. To-day they are living in foreign lands, and the Republic is face to face with an antagonist. The princes are fifty times more dangerous abroad than at home. Now they have their return to work for. In seeking that end they will have the sympathy of countless hearts, who care nothing about politics and dynasties, but do think it a hardship and a cruel wrong that even a prince should be expelled from his country and his home, unheard and untried, at the instigation of sudden and senseless panic. But if ever the exiles return now it must be to rule. Most people admit that. France will not keep them as citizens; will she receive them as kings? That is the question which the next few years will settle. And while sympathy for the sufferers grows their influence will be increased by their absence. While they were in France there was nothing to separate them from ordinary human beings. Even their most ardent supporters did not think them peerless or infallible. But exile them—put the sea between leader and followers—and the most foolish of mankind will become an ideal hero. We have seen this in the history of our own land; we shall see it again now. But we are afraid that in France the legend may live longer than it did here, and with more fatal results.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

A MISSION SHIP AGROUND.

In the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* for July, there is a bright, cheery letter from the Rev. George Grenfell of the Congo Mission. It is dated from "a sandbank in the Congo," and the writer adds that he and his ship, the *Peace*, have been stranded there for a week after a really serious accident. The little steamer ran aground and got jammed between two great spurs of rock; then she had to be forced free, then beached on a bank for repairs. And even that was not the end of trouble, for when the time came to launch her again, the first attempt to dig her out of the sand failed; then Mr. Grenfell with the help of the *Henry Reed*, which had come up to help a comrade in distress, tried to tow the vessel out into deep water, but hawsers would not hold, and at last they had to go to work again with spade and shovel, till after a week's work the *Peace* was free again to carry its message up and down the great river. Mr. Grenfell's work has just received a high tribute of praise from Colonel Sir Francis de Winton, R.A., in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Sociey, and as Sir Francis is the Administrator General of the Congo Free State, his words have authority. "In addition to his high merits as an explorer, Mr. Grenfell is an earnest, large-minded, devout Christian missionary, and has gained for himself the reputation of being a most painstaking and accurate observer. Loved by all and trusted by all—a true Christian pioneer."

ZENANA WORK.

The report of the Zenana work, which is being carried on by the Irish Presbyterian Mission in Gujarat, is a model of its kind. There is no pretence, no parade. Plain facts are stated in a practical way. We can see the difficulties and the failures as well as the successes. Some women welcome the new teaching, but many are content to remain in their ignorance. Children have to be "summoned" to school. They will drop in an hour or two late, as if it were the most natural thing in the world; they will be sent for to leave their lessons, to fetch the goat home, to take their medicine, or to get their breakfast, and no one thinks anything of the interruption and dis-

order such irregularity must cause. Teaching is hard work in England; what must it be out there, in such a climate, and with such a system? That the teachers still love their work, still think it the one thing worth doing in the world, shows the depth and the strength of their devotion.

BIBLE REVISION IN MADAGASCAR.

While scholars and divines at home have been at work to give us a new version of the Old and the New Testaments, Christian teachers in Madagascar have also been busily employed in Bible revision, and now, after thirteen or fourteen years' labour, their task is finished. The need of a new translation, felt far and wide among the native churches of the island, shows how the teaching of Christ has made its way among them, and with what care they study the history of God's revelation to the world. The revised Bible will mark a stage in their course, standing like a great monument. In the persecution which threatened to destroy Christianity in Madagascar by sheer extermination, the old Bibles, stored away in secret, and brought out for use with fear and trembling, kept the faith alive in many hearts. The new version can hardly do a greater work than this, but it will give those who believe new faith and new light, perfecting and establishing what has already been begun.

LETTERS FROM UGANDA.

Further letters have been received from the missionaries at Uganda. For the time the king seems to have forgotten his suspicion; he is not touching teachers or converts, but it is not certain that he will long continue in this mood. Meanwhile the work is being carried on quietly but steadily. The Christians gather in small parties, to avoid provoking hostility by any parade of their numbers, and, in spite of the peril, new converts are being won from day to day. Persecution will not prevail against the love of Christ.

NATIVE PASTORS.

In the missionary system of the future, native teachers will hold the chief place, and it is time that we realised this more fully than we do. The native pastors who are now at work side by side with European teachers are doing their part in the conflict nobly, and they well deserve all the praise and honour that we can give them. And so we were delighted to see that in the magazines of the Church and the London Missionary Societies for July, a prominent place was given to biographical accounts of men who have been teaching and preaching Christ to their fellow-countrymen. Let us honour them while they are alive, and while they can enjoy the tribute. Only a man of power and of strong character can lay hold of the teaching of the Gospel so firmly as to be able, not only to base his own life upon its law, but to carry its message to others still living in a faith which he has forsaken. To do this is a task that needs enormous courage and remarkable force. It is only possible to exceptional men, yet this is what the native pastor succeeds in doing.

ROMISH AGGRESSION.

From all quarters of the mission field come complaints of Romish aggression. No sooner have Protestant societies established themselves, and got a firm footing among a people, than they are followed by the emissaries of Rome, who stir up jealousy and strife among the heathen, draw away converts, and make the work harder by decrying their fellow-Christians as heretics and impostors. In Uganda, on the Niger, in New Guinea, at Tinnevelly, and in Athabasca, the same difficulty has been met with. All our great missionary societies have suffered alike. The latest case reported is at Krishnagar, in India, where the trouble has been extreme. The Romanists have practically bought their adherents at a regular tariff, and by doing this they have not only seduced many converts from their first faith, but have demoralised those who remain true. These see others being paid for their religion, and expect the same themselves.

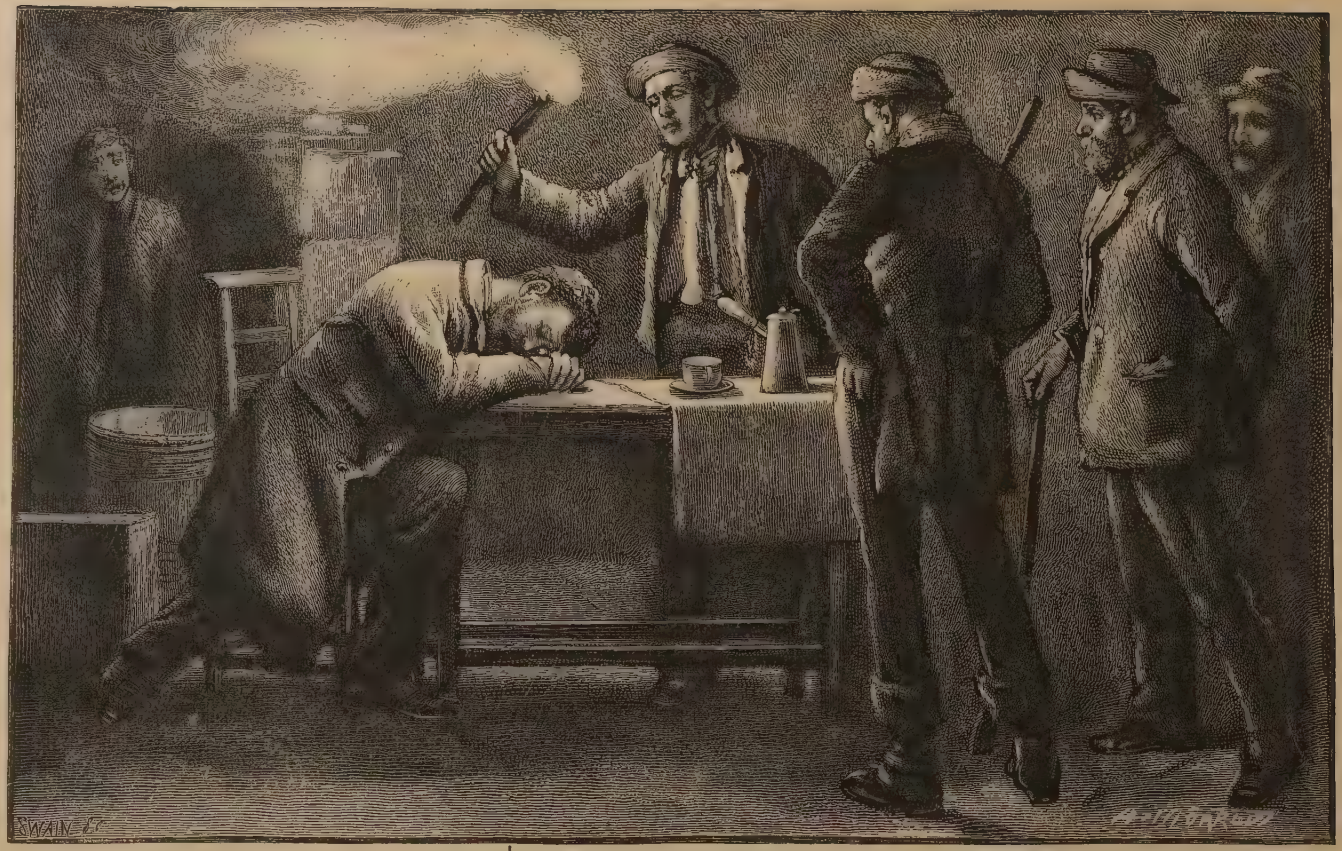
IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

DR. WILLIAM PULSFORD.

Dr. William Pulsford's death will cause many to grieve beyond the limits of the great town in which he worked and lived. Glasgow knew him best; had learned his sterling worth and all the sweetness and sympathy of his character. But though he was not a popular preacher, in the accepted sense of the word; though he shrank from publicity and display, both in pulpit and on platform, far and wide his name and influence had spread: and to know him even a little was to honour him much. His great care was the welfare of his people and of the poor. His sympathy was very practical; he could nurse as well as pray, and his life was a grander sermon than any pulpit oration, however splendid. He was the very model of a pastor—the true shepherd of his people, true and tender.

ROBERTSON OF IRVINE.

The Rev. W. B. Robertson of Irvine contrasts at all points with Dr. Pulsford, saving one—that the work he could do he did with all his strength. But for long and trying physical weakness he would have been far more famous as a preacher than he was. Preachers and all who make a study of preaching flocked to hear him. For stately and splendid eloquence running through many keys and commanding many tones he scarcely had his peer. He was picturesque, impassioned, a master of pathos and of scorn. In every word there was vital force; it came from the soul and went right home to the soul, and that is the test of true preaching.



"The quiet sleeper never moved."

Page 585.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE SQUIRE'S HOPE.

GEOFFREY had been away for a whole fortnight. A very small and unexpected legacy had come to the Squire; it had been left to him by an old Trinity College man, who had been a close friend of his once, but whom he had not heard anything about for long years. This legacy amounted to nearly two thousand pounds, and it was necessary for either Geoffrey or the Squire to see a London solicitor on the matter. Of course the younger man was the one to go, and so it happened that Ellen and her father and Aunt Bridget were once more left alone. The old Squire, who had been in a considerable state of excitement, and who had used Geoffrey as a safety-valve, found himself now burdened with a secret, which he dared not on any account divulge. He had not even the comfort of consulting any of the members of the Red Glen, for he was not, strictly speaking, one of their fraternity. Geoffrey had said to him—

"I will be back in a week at the farthest, and nothing of much importance is likely to transpire during my absence. You take it easy, father, and, above all things, don't let any of your anxieties appear. Be very careful to keep our secret close. If we are right, this legacy may come in very useful, and clear the way for the smoothing of our difficulties."

So Geoffrey started full of hope, and full of hope also Fergus O'Donnell remained at Rose Bank Cottage. But the week of the young man's absence extended itself into two, and still there was no definite prospect of his return; the Squire was in total ignorance of all immediate proceedings; his secret burned a hole in his heart, and his hope deferred made that same heart sick.

Fergus O'Donnell was the worst man possible to keep a secret; it was always bubbling to his lips, it was always foremost in his thoughts. Whenever he began a conversation with Ellen he found himself drawing up short; he found himself like the moth with the candle, edging nearer and nearer to the forbidden theme.

"Suppose we did find ourselves back at Inchfawn, acolleen? I expect there would be a few bonfires on the hillside that evening. But, oh! I forgot. Good gracious! have I let out anything? You weren't listening, were you, Eileen, asthore?"

"Oh! dear father, you said something about Inchfawn and going home. But I wish—I wish you would not foster false hopes in your heart. There is no real home for us ever again in this world, father."

"And who says that, aroon? Ah! if I could see the light in your eyes and the smile that used to greet me at Inchfawn once again, I could die happy."

"You must not talk of dying, father, and your Ellen can be happy, and is happy, since so much has been done for her poor, and their sufferings are lessened by such forethought, and such, such skill."

"You like Arundel—eh, girleen?"

"I like Mr. Arundel," replied Ellen gravely; "he has had the courage to do the deed which I longed to do. He is an Englishman; but he reminds me of the old Irish chiefs. You remember the lines, father, dear?

"'Oh! to have lived like an Irish Chief, when hearts were fresh and true,
And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would quicken them through and through:
And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a fiery action grew,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never a deed to do.'"

"Yes," said the Squire with hearty vigour, and he trolled out the chorus in a bass voice, which was still fine and pleasant to hear.

"Oh! the iron grasp,
And the kindly clasp,
And the laugh so fond and gay,
And the roaring board, and the ready sword
Were the types of that vanished day."

"But they haven't all gone, acolleen," said the Squire, his bright blue eyes kindling; "they've not all gone, and an Englishman may do some of your work; but look to your own nation to satisfy you to your heart's core, mavourneen."

Ellen sighed, and soon went away; her father's words troubled her and gave her pain; he must be feeding himself with a false hope, and what were the men of the Red Glen, what was Geoffrey doing?

There had been a time when Ellen and Geoffrey had almost exchanged thought for thought; there had been a time when the baby brother and sister had seemed almost

to breathe the same breath, to feel the same aspirations, to look at life through the same eyes. That time was a time of the past, for between Ellen and Geoffrey was now a thin wall of reserve, and this brother and sister were going different roads.

"How can two walk together unless they be agreed?" These words quoted from that wonderful book from which the truly wise learn their best knowledge, might well have been applied to this young pair. The secret soul of Ellen differed now in all essentials from Geoffrey's—the hands they had clasped together from their babyhood must sunder. At this spot in their life's journey, where two cross roads met, one must go to the left, the other to the right.

Perhaps of all the O'Donnells Ellen was the one most essentially Irish, most essentially patriotic and enthusiastic; she was the sort of woman who could have laid down her life in the cause she loved; and yet now, of all the O'Donnells, she was the only one following the laws of common sense, the only one who was tempering her mercy with a little justice. In short, the Irish heart of Ellen had gone over, without herself being aware of it, to the Englishman. Respect and esteem she had long given to Arundel; but it only needed a touch, a word, to awaken that respect into passionate devotion.

Through the darkest roads we sometimes pass into the light of day, and across stormy and tempestuous seas the most gallant and the bravest vessels ride into the desired haven. The storm on the ocean has tested the worth of the barque; the darkness of the road has proved the uprightness of the footsteps.

CHAPTER L.—WHEN DUTY CALLS.

On the very evening that Miss Macnaughten had paid her visit to the Cave of Good Will, the storm that she anticipated broke with great suddenness and fury. So instant and terrible were its effects, so loud the roar of the thunder, and so vivid the lightning, that Arundel was obliged to break through one of the rules of his society and admit Miss Macnaughten into the Cave of Good Will.

While the thunder reverberated and the blue lightning flashed into every corner of the cave, Miss Biddy and Miss Honora sat side by side holding each other's hands.

Miss Biddy was thoroughly cowed and frightened, but Miss Honora, who was a really brave woman, and with all her ignorance had a strong religious sense, was more solemnised than alarmed. The worst fury of the storm lasted for a couple of hours, and then it was decided that Miss Biddy should go home with her friend Honora for the night.

The two old ladies started for their walk across the sands in an almost hurricane, but the thunder and lightning had at least passed off, and the torrents of rain did not fall so incessantly.

When they were half-way across the sands Miss Honora made a solitary remark—

"I did not know, Bridget, that you allowed any of the Red Glen men into your society."

Whatever her faults, Miss Bridget had certainly taken up the cause of the Good Will with much enthusiasm.

"Nor do we," she now exclaimed indignantly. "It's one of the strictest of all the rules. Why even me own jewel of a boy, Geoffrey, can't join us because he's a Red Glen man——"

"Well, well, Biddy, there's no occasion to get so peppery; but whatever you may call him—long-legged Dan Murphy is as hot a Red Glen man as ever walked, and I saw him with my own two eyes in the cave to-night. I saw him by that last flash of lightning as plain, and plainer, than I see you now. Up in the far corner, crouching against the wall for all the world as if he would nail himself to it. You'd have seen him too, Biddy, only you would keep your eyes shut, you poor silly, as if that would keep the lightning from striking you."

Miss Bridget made an angry retort, and in the discussion between the two ladies, long-legged Dan was completely forgotten. Had there been any chance of his being afterwards remembered, the scene which awaited them at Crorane effectually prevented this happening. A violent and terrible storm of thunder and lightning is always comparatively rare in Ireland, and proportionate, therefore, was the terror of poor Miss Kate.

She and Theresa locked and barred the hall door, and then retired into the coal-cellar, where they remained clasped in each other's arms and quite impervious to the cries, and even kicks, of Miss Honora at the front door. The roaring of the tempest indeed prevented them hearing any of these sounds; and finally the two poor drenched women who had braved the storm across the Crorane sands had to take refuge in one of the kennels.

Miss Honora's wrath was something awful to witness; but as far as Miss Kate was concerned that wrath expended itself in vain.

Finally Tom Macnaughten brought the

two ladies in through a window, and Kate, in violent hysterics, and very black and grimy about her person, was rescued from the coal-cellar.

Under these circumstances long-legged Dan was forgotten.

All during that same day Ellen O'Donnell had devoted herself to the sick and suffering Shela.

The brave little horse, who in long service had grown as hardy and tough as her own mountains, had in some inexplicable way taken a bad chill; this chill had developed into influenza, and Ellen, who knew her horse's disposition well, made up her mind to nurse her, as she alone knew how.

Between the horse and the girl there was the most perfect sympathy and understanding, and when Shela thrust her hot nose between Ellen's hands and looked at her with her pathetic eyes, which were usually so bright and star-like, but to-day were heavy and laden with an unexplained sorrow, Ellen put her arms comfortingly round the horse's neck, and told her dear little woman that she knew all about it, and that she and Oscar would keep watch all night and lay themselves out primarily and solely for her comfort.

The greater part of that day Ellen did spend with the suffering horse; Oscar, who scarcely ever, day or night, left his mistress's side, lay at her feet and looked with his soft and wonderful eyes many times from her to Shela. The girl, horse, and dog were in complete sympathy.

Ellen had many things to occupy her thoughts that day; and when Tom Doherty came to see her father, and the Squire and he went out for a long walk together, she scarcely noticed the circumstance.

She did observe, however, or rather it came back to her afterwards, that when she called Tom into the stable to give an opinion on Shela's case the man seemed troubled and restrained. Ellen had been more or less the jewel of his eyes from her birth, but to-day he seemed to avoid her glance and to shrink visibly from her kind and gentle words.

He gave some short and hurried directions about Shela, above all counselling Ellen not to use the horse for several days; and then he hurried off to join the Squire.

During the Squire's and Doherty's absence that storm occurred which had so terrified Miss Bridget in the Cave of Good Will.

All the time it lasted Ellen stood beside her horse, occasionally soothing the rather frightened creature, and occasionally running to the stable door to better watch the glorious forked lightning which was so quickly followed by each peal of thunder.

Shela was a little better that evening, and between seven and eight o'clock Ellen, after making her comfortable for the night, was about to return to the house when she was startled by feeling a light and very cold hand laid timidly on her arm.

"Miss Eileen, asthore, 'tis me! 'tis me! Oh, the Vargin be praised! I've got away from them, and I've done it! Just one sup of water and I'll tell my story. No, no!—no one must see me. It would be the death of Nora Mahoney if anybody saw her to-night."

"Come into the stable," said Ellen quickly. "It is warm there; and see, Nora, you need not be frightened, for not a soul will come near Shela to-night but me. There," continued Ellen, almost dragging the poor girl into this refuge, "lean your back against the wall and I will bring you some hot soup directly."

She flew across the little yard and entered the tiny kitchen. Kate, the neat handmaid, happened not to be present; so much the better. In a moment, Ellen had warmed some strong beef-tea which she had intended to take the next day to a sick woman at Inchfawn. With this in her hand, and a piece of bread, she went back to Nora.

"Here, dear," she said gently, kneeling down by the half-fainting girl, and holding the warm nourishment to her lips, "this will pull you together much better than cold water. Oh, my dear, you are starved! and you never would come to me. Oh, this is terrible! I never did think that while Ellen O'Donnell lived Nora would starve!"

"Don't, Miss Eileen," said the poor exhausted creature. "Don't, or you'll make me cry, and there's no time for that. My purty lady, my darling, my jewel, 'tis music to me even to hear your blessed voice. But there's no time to think of Nora to-night. The blessed Vargin be praised, I am better now, and I can spake. Oh, Miss Eileen, listen—listen quick and act! Him that you love is in sore danger, the blessed night."

"My father?" said Ellen, turning white and raising her head. "Can it be my father or Geoffrey? But my father is in the parlour now, and Geoffrey is in England. Whom do you mean, Nora, by him I love?"

Nora's bright and feverish eyes looked straight into Ellen's.

"Ah! lady, dear, there are fathers and brothers, but there are some that come a little bit nearer, and a little bit closer. The

Englishman who has won the bravest and the best heart in all Inchfawn, is in danger to-night. Only you, Miss Eileen, can save Mr. Arundel to-night."

Ellen stayed quite motionless for the space of half a minute; a great flood of colour had risen to her face, leaving it quickly as white as death, then resolution came to the beautiful lips, and a purpose strong enough to dare anything filled the dark blue eyes.

"You are right, Nora," said Ellen O'Donnell; "you have shown me my own heart. I love Philip Arundel best of all."

"And you'll save him, me swate lady?"

"If it costs me my life, I will save him! Now go on! tell me everything! quickly, quickly!"

"That is right, my lady, dear. You have got to do this. You have got to ride as fast as ever your horse can carry you to the Cave of Good Will to-night. You have got to go there and wake Mr. Arundel; he will be sound asleep, for they'll have drugged him. But never mind that, you can wake him, and then you must stay by his side. There'll be three or four of them there, strong men, who'd dare anything just now in their desperation; but he's safe if you'll stay with him, Miss Ellen. You are our lady still, and the name of O'Donnell must have power at Inchfawn. You go quickly, and you may save him that you love."

"But, Nora, they don't!—oh! surely his life is not in danger?"

"No, no! not his life! But they've ways and manes, those Red Glen men, and they'll put him away where no mortal can ever find him. Go quickly, if you would save him the night!"

"Yes, Nora; I'll go at once—at once. But this treachery wrings my heart, and he has been so good to the Inchfawn people; he has given them his money and his time. Oh! this treachery! What does it mean? Are my people so unworthy?"

"It is the Red Glen folks, dear lady; they take him for a spy. But no matter, no matter! it is as much as my own life is worth to tell you this much. Only go quickly, and save him the night."

"And what will you do, Nora?"

"Never mind me—you talk of laying down your life—no one would suppose that a poor, weak bit of a girleen like Nora Mahoney would lay down her life. But go! oh, go!"

Ellen turned away; her heart was beating with strong, rapid pulsations, but her head was clear, and her resolve was growing firmer each moment.

She went up to Shela and took off her rug. "My poor horse," she muttered, "even you may have to lay down your life; but never mind, Shela, you are true to the heart's core, my beauty, and you have imbibed enough of the spirit of our mountains and lake to know what to do when duty calls."

For half an instant she leant her face against the white star on the horse's forehead; the creature answered her mute caress by a very gentle neigh, and then Ellen proceeded to buckle on her side-saddle.

When Shela was equipped for her ride, her young mistress flew into the house to fetch her own habit. Kate was now in the kitchen.

"Kate," said Ellen, "can I trust you?"

"Certainly, Miss Eileen."

"Good! I believe I can. I shall be out all night; soothe my father. Let him think, if necessary, that I have gone to see after Aunt Bridget; you know she has never come home. Say what you can to keep him quiet; above all things, assure him positively that I am not in the slightest danger. That is the truth, Kate. And there is a sick girl in the stable, Kate; don't speak to her and don't take in a light, but make her up a good bed of straw and take her a bowl of strong beef-tea in half an hour's time."

Kate promised everything, her large black eyes dilating with curiosity, but Ellen knew that she was faithful and true as steel.

CHAPTER LI.—A BACK DOOR.

ARUNDEL had one day discovered that the Cave of Good Will possessed a second entrance. He had never mentioned his knowledge to a soul, but from that moment he had made up his mind to build an iron house, where the stores and provisions and the bales of warm clothing might be kept with greater safety.

When the house was finished he meant to take up his own quarters in it; but until then he never left the cave unguarded, occasionally putting it in young Brownlow's charge, but generally spending the night there himself.

As a rule, a couple of the most promising young men belonging to the Good Will Society bore him company, and they were wont to say that they got the best out of Arundel at these times. It never occurred to him, in keeping this nightly watch, to apprehend treachery, but he did fear that some of the half-starved people of Inchfawn might be tempted to rob.

On the night which followed the thunder-

storm Arundel, after seeing Miss Bridget and Miss Honora well on their homeward way, dismissed his night school at the usual hour and prepared for his accustomed evening vigil. The two lads who were to bear him company that night came to him at the moment with a dismal tale.

"Sure then, would his honour let them go home—their mother was taken very bad entoirely with a stitch in her side; and the praste had been sent for; and sure then 'twas loikely enough 'twas a coffin might be ordered for her in the morning—ohone—and sure then she was the good mother, and would his honour mind if they went to say good-bye to her?"

Arundel assured the lads, whose grief was thoroughly genuine, and who had been sent for by a hurried messenger, that he did not mind in the least, and that he could quite well manage the Cave of Good Will that night himself.

The next instant the two lads scampered off, and then Arundel, bolting and barring the rudely-contrived door, lit a lamp, and sitting down by a table began to read.

The light of the lamp fell full on his face, which looked bright, energetic, and full of hope; his work was prospering, his mission was succeeding: and, after all, was there not even more than a probability that some day he might win Ellen?

This princess of the Donegal hills, this wild flower which yet possessed sufficient attractions to fascinate a man who had seen many sides of life, might yet be tempted into the stronghold of his faithful heart, and there remain captive for ever.

Arundel, unlike Brownlow, never said that he was not good enough for Ellen, though he had sufficient self-sacrifice to know that he would continue his work and endeavour, by all means in his power, to rescue the people whom he had first loved for her sake, even though this prize of prizes might not be his.

Arundel read a page or two, then threw down his book and began to think. Ellen's image rose before him, and he half hummed a line of a song he loved—

> "*She must be gentle, she must be holy,*
> *Pure in her spirit this maiden——*"

At this instant his quick eye detected a change in the cave—nothing much—only a footprint, but it led directly up a steep ascent of the rock; it lay, the full impression of a large man's foot, on some sand which had collected near the other passage out of the cave—the passage which Arundel supposed no soul knew of but himself.

For an instant he felt slightly startled, then he rolled a great keg of meal against the tiny and almost imperceptible opening, and returned to his interrupted reading.

He was not alarmed; but it certainly occurred to him that the footprints bore significance, and that one or two half-starving wretches might be hiding in the secret passage, which even he had not cared to explore. He resolved therefore to keep awake, and further made up his mind that even though the iron house would be scarcely completed, he would move in the provisions there to-morrow. As he thought, there came a short and rather impatient knock at the barred door of the cave.

Arundel drew back the bolts and opened the door, letting in at the same time a perfect hurricane of wind and rain.

"Who is there?" he called out; and the next instant the drenched and shrunken figure of John Henry Brownlow, junior, rushed into the cave.

"I—ah—may I spend the night with you, Arundel?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow. The fact is, I am particularly glad to see you, as I am alone."

Brownlow sat down, dripping and still out of breath, in Arundel's chair.

"'Tis an awful night," he gasped; "the wind is lashing the waves into a perfect fury. The whole of Crorane sands are covered, and I could scarcely keep my footing as I ran down from Inchfawn."

"Well, Brownlow, it's very good of you to come. As I said just now I happen to be alone; and what with this furious storm, and a little discovery I have just made, I am not at all indisposed for company. Here, I will put some more turf on the fire, and you can toast yourself well. Why, man, you're all of a shiver!"

"It's beastly up at Inchfawn," said Brownlow. "The girls they chatter, chatter; and even my mother is beginning to put on airs that don't suit her a bit. You see, Arundel, my mother and my sisters are not ladies by birth, and there's no manner of use in supposing that they will ever become so by culture."

"They are your mother and your sisters, however," said Arundel in his driest voice, turning his back on Brownlow for a moment to attend to some trivial duty.

Brownlow surveyed the well-knit athletic

form of the man he considered his rival with a sort of fearful admiration.

"He is worthy of respect, and I respect him; and yet I hate him too," he muttered between his teeth.

Arundel, sitting down on the other side of the fire, tried to draw his companion out on many subjects. Brownlow, however, his whole soul absorbed in one master feeling, only vouchsafed languid and ineffectual replies to what soon became simply a form of catechising.

The lamplight which had revealed Arundel's face so plainly, now shone on Brownlow's, and made only too apparent the ravages which great mental suffering was making on his rather weak physique. His cheeks were hollow, his lips nearly bloodless; and Arundel thought as he watched him that he had never beheld a more pitiable-looking object.

"By the way, Brownlow," he exclaimed, "now that I see you with the lamplight full on your face, you don't appear at all well. Why did you venture out such a wretched night?"

"I told you that I found it beastly at Inchfawn," replied Brownlow. "When a fellow has got a restless fit on him he must be moving, and that's the long and the short of it."

"Oh!" responded Arundel, "I beg your pardon. I did not know you were troubled with such a disagreeable visitation."

"Much you are likely to understand about it," growled Brownlow under his breath.

Arundel piled some fresh turf on the fire, and wondered how he could entertain his rather captious companion.

"We are working marvels here, Brownlow," he said in a cheerful voice; "things are beginning to look up; and do you know our society now numbers quite fifty members. I am sure we have a good deal to thank you for, too, you have been very useful. But talking of the cave, do you know that I made a discovery here the other day?"

"No—ah—what is it?" asked Brownlow, raising his head languidly.

"Well, it's enough even to rouse you, you phlegmatic Englishman."

"You're an Englishman too," interrupted Brownlow, with a sudden, swift-passing gleam of indignation; "in that at least, thank Heaven, we're quits!"

"And proud of our nation," said Arundel. "But, as I was saying, I have made a discovery—there is another entrance to this cave."

"Indeed," responded Brownlow; "I suppose—ah, it won't make much difference. I say now, it will be something like a back door to your house."

"A dangerous back door, I fancy," responded Arundel. "Should you like some coffee?" he continued, suddenly springing to his feet and speaking with the air of a man whose patience was exhausted. "I shall make it particularly strong and good, as on account of that same back door to which you allude so lightly, I intend to stay awake all night."

Brownlow drew his chair a pace or two nearer the fire.

"How the storm does blow," he said, covering his tired face with his thin hands.

"You really are ill, Brownlow," said Arundel; "your face looks full of suffering; ought you not to consult somebody?"

"I hope to goodness I'm consumptive," replied Brownlow; "that's about my best wish. And look here, don't you bother—it doesn't come at all well from you, I can tell you."

"I am really sorry I interfered," continued Arundel; "but I never knew before that one man should not express a grain of sympathy for another. However, I'll try and remember in future. Have some coffee."

Brownlow scarcely touched the cup which Arundel pushed towards him; it was very strong and had a rich aromatic flavour, but he only raised a spoonful or two to his colourless lips.

"Miss O'Donnell was not here to-day?" he said.

"Oh, yes, she was; and she made a fine complaint about you. She has taken a wonderful fancy to you, Brownlow; she calls you a broth of a boy, and all kinds of adjectives; in short, she considers you one of the most good-natured people she has ever met."

"Good heavens! I don't mean *her*," said Brownlow. Springing to his feet, he began to pace the floor of the cave in great agitation. "There is a face that I—I. There is a form that—but no matter, have it all your own way, Arundel. You're a gentleman—and I suppose you think yourself worthy. I am nothing in life but a cad, and she alone could have raised and saved me. By heaven! she could have made an angel of me; but no matter—have it all your own way—only I hate you with all the manhood that's in me."

"I presume you allude to Miss Ellen O'Donnell," said Arundel, his face, even his lips growing white, and his deep-set grey eyes gleaming with a slightly curious and dangerous light. "If you have no objection, Brownlow, we will not pursue this subject any further.

A girl's name is too sacred to be bandied between two men—and this girl! But, as you yourself wisely remarked, never mind. Pray drink your coffee."

Arundel took two cups himself quickly; and, with a certain excitement, his firm, strong hands even trembled as he raised the beverage to his lips. Brownlow only sipped his coffee, and cowered rather than sat on the edge of his chair.

Both men were silent, and the turf-fire on the hearth began to burn low. Presently Brownlow was startled by a slight movement. Arundel had slipped his head down on his hands on the table. He was fast asleep.

CHAPTER LII.—THROUGH THE FLOOD.

ELLEN set off in a comparative lull of the storm. As she rode softly down the avenue, followed, as usual, by Oscar, she heard a clock strike eight. She knew that, making allowance for the awful night and for Shela's illness, she could not possibly reach the Cave of Good Will before ten o'clock.

Would she be in time to rescue Arundel?

Ellen was not a girl to quail at difficulties; on the contrary, the more arduous the task the more firm grew her resolve, and the higher rose her spirit; but neither was she one to foolishly underrate a danger, and she knew that whatever lay before her when she reached the cave, there was much difficulty to-night in her getting there. She knew that she must not attempt to take the accustomed bridle-path, for it would be utterly impossible for the pony, suffering as she was from severe influenza, to climb the rugged and zig-zag mountains. The road which was comparatively safe was three or four miles longer, and Ellen dared not risk this delay. She chose a road which skirted Lough Swilly, and which, cutting across a small portion of the Crorane sands, would bring her to the cave almost as quickly as if she had gone across the mountain path.

Shela set off with all the good-will in the world in her stout little heart, but before they had gone a couple of miles it became very evident to Ellen that the horse was suffering much. Her wheezing breath and short cough were heard even through the rising gale, and Ellen had to encourage her with many gentle and loving words; and Oscar, who apparently had quite taken in the position of affairs, kept up a stately and dignified trot by the horse's side. Soon such a tempest of wind and rain swept down across Slievesnatt that the three had to huddle up for shelter against a hedgerow, and then Ellen dismounted, and endeavoured to coax back the horse's failing strength with many words of love and sympathy.

"It will soon be over, darling, and then you'll be a queen among horses for ever more. You won't fail me, Shela! Oh, Shela, you won't fail me to-night!"

Again the little horse responded bravely to the words of cheer, and seven or eight miles were got over—slowly, it is true, but still with a certain amount of dogged perseverance.

Ellen's habit had long ago been drenched through, and her hat had been tossed off by the gale, but there was that within her which made her feel neither pain nor suffering. The words she had sung to her father kept ringing through her head with a ceaseless refrain.

"And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a fiery action grew,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk and never a deed to do."

A man had come into her life who had said little and had done much. Unlike her Irish brother's, his words had been terse and few, but his actions strong, and their results might be mighty. And this man, who was spending his life for the beloved people of Inchfawn—this man was in danger. There was treachery in the camp, and Arundel was in extreme danger.

Ellen found it impossible to understand the meaning of that which had come to her. She had a large and tolerant faith in all the world, though for the time that faith was nearly shattered.

"Never mind," she said to herself proudly; "even if my own father and brother were implicated in this thing, Ellen O'Donnell would save a man so good, so brave, so true."

She rode as fast as Shela's failing strength would permit, and tried to shut out from her heart the horrible possibility that she might be too late. At last she reached that portion of Lough Swilly which skirted Crorane. At the other side of Crorane was a narrow strip of sand, which lay, as a rule, far above high-water mark. The Cave of Good Will was but a mile distant from this little isthmus.

Ellen rode up to it, and then, indeed, she clasped her hands in despair. Where were the yellow sands on which she had so often played? Vanished, vanished utterly beneath a great sea of foaming billows. The sea had been driven in by the furious storm far higher than its wont, and the isthmus on which Ellen had pinned her faith was gone.

For a moment Ellen's brave heart was staggered. Oscar looked into her face and whined, and the pony drooped her head and coughed in a hoarse and feeble manner. What was Ellen to do? To go round now meant to reach the Cave of Good Will the next morning; if, indeed, Shela could keep up her failing strength much longer. To go round was not to be thought of; to leave Arundel unassisted was not to be thought of.

Ellen looked across the narrow and angry gulf of waters; they were about fifty feet across. Shela could never go round. Shela's strength was nearly spent, but she might—she might be capable of a supreme effort. Ellen sprang from her saddle, and once more put her arms round the horse's neck.

"My darling, my darling, can you be great enough to die? Shela, I want you to carry me on your back across these waters. Can you, Shela?—will you, Shela, my brave, my darling?"

Shela pricked her ears, and her feverish eyes looked almost human; she softly rubbed her nose against Ellen's hand, to signify her obedience, even unto death; at least, so Ellen interpreted her mute caress. She sprang quickly again on her horse's back.

"Now, my Father in heaven, hear me when I call to Thee, in this cause for right and justice. Save Philip Arundel, not because my heart is his, but because he is Thy servant. Forward, Shela!—courage, Shela! Now, my darling—now!"

The brave girl urged her horse to the water's edge. Oscar sprang gallantly in. It was a known saying at Inchfawn, that where Oscar went Shela would follow. She did not fail her true instincts now. The next instant the gallant little horse was breasting the angry waves. Ellen, with her thorough knowledge of horsemanship, guided her well, but the peril to the girl and horse was extreme. It seemed, however, that with this supreme effort Shela had recovered her failing strength. She fought the waves bravely, urged on by Ellen, encouraged by Oscar. Should they succeed—should they fail—ah! surely they were making progress. Now, now—yes—thank God!—they had reached the middle.

"Now, don't fail me, Shela—courage—courage—hope! Just another effort, my brave horse. Oh! Shela, what is it? You are not giving way now; the shore is nearly won. Swim out once more; that wave will bring us right on to the sands."

The wave Ellen had indicated did its duty, and landed horse and girl high on the other side. The horse staggered forward, and Ellen sprang to the ground. She was all alive and full of vigour, but Shela lay motionless and unconscious at her feet.

CHAPTER LIII.—EVIL FOR GOOD.

BROWNLOW had expressed himself quite rightly when he told Arundel that he had a restless fit on. Ever since the day when he had hidden behind the hedge and there heard a new tone in Ellen O'Donnell's voice this restlessness had grown and grown.

He found himself a weaker man than he imagined; he had thought his love for this beautiful Irish girl to be at least unselfish: he had never in his wildest dreams imagined himself the possessor of her heart; but now he discovered that to stand by and see her give herself, in all her strength and beauty and grace, to another man would kill him. Ellen was the one rousing influence of his whole life.

In silence, all alone and unregarded, he had fostered pure delight in loving her. As he said—she could have made an angel of him. Poor Brownlow's short-lived happiness in joining the same work and entering heart and soul into the Good Will cause passed away after that wretched night.

He did not know then what was revealed to him in the not far distant future, *that affection never is wasted;* and that his pure love for this one young girl would nerve his arm and strengthen his soul to do a hero's work in her behalf. Greater than the angels was the weak man yet to become, and that although his present path led through darkness, temptation, and even sin. Brownlow, like many another, knew nothing of the *Guiding Hand.* Just now he thought that no suffering could exceed his own.

He would still come down occasionally to the cave, but he dared not trust himself to speak to Ellen; at sight of her he would turn away with a sick faint feeling round his heart; and he now spent the greater part of his time in long solitary rambles, far too much for his rather delicate frame.

On this particular day, his restlessness had come to such a pitch that his people pronounced him a perfect nuisance. Katie openly expressed regret for the old sleepy Jack, who was at least in nobody's way, and was a perfectly harmless sort of creature.

"You fidget—fidget all the time, Jack," she exclaimed. "See, I can't write or settle to anything with you thrumming on the table. I wish to goodness you would go back to the Cave of Good Will and help that wild-looking Miss Bridget O'Donnell with her onions."

"I'm sure then I don't," burst from the stately Elizabeth, "for the way Jack smells of onions all the evening afterwards is quite unbearable."

"I like it," exclaimed Mrs. Brownlow, "it reminds me of the old days, Bess, my girl. To be sure, how fond your father was of steak and onions! and he always did tell me that I did them to a turn—and tripe and onions also, for the matter of that. But John Henry, my poor lad, you do look wonderfully white and washy. Now would you like a good hot basin of gruel, with a dash of brandy in it? Now do say the word, and your mother will make it for you herself, John Henry."

"What with talk about onions, and basins of gruel, and Katie's nonsense, and Elizabeth's airs, there is no bearing the place," replied John Henry crossly. "Yes, mother, it would have been a right good thing if the girls had stayed in their proper place, and learned to cook tripe and onions; but no gruel for me, thanks." And he went out of the room, slamming the door behind him in the rudest manner.

It was after this he made up his mind to go down to the cave; for anything, he felt, would suit him better than his family's ceaseless chatter.

He intended to assist Arundel a little in his night school, but found himself too late for this. He entered the cave to find Arundel quite alone, and very pleased to think of having his company for the night. Brownlow, however, had not calculated on the strength of his own aversion for this man; as the time passed on, and as he gathered from each word that fell from the lips of the man of refinement and culture how great was the gulf that lay between them, his agony rose to fever pitch, and at last came that outburst which had revealed his secret to Arundel, and which, if the truth must be known, had awakened in the latter's breast a feeling more of contempt than of pity.

Then came the marvellous incident of Arundel falling sound asleep. In a few moments from the full vigour of the most alert wakefulness he had dropped into the heaviest torpor.

Brownlow went to his side and shook him and tried to rouse him, but all in vain. But for his rather loud breathing, Arundel, to all intents and purposes, might have been dead. Brownlow stood for a few moments in the greatest perplexity and confusion of mind; then he tried to explain this unexpected problem by supposing that Arundel had really been dead tired, and that this heavy slumber was but natural.

Having tried in vain to get the sleeping man into a more comfortable position, he left him alone and went and stood by the fire. He did not, however, touch any more of his own coffee.

Just at this moment there came a slight but distinct noise, which Brownlow clearly perceived did not come from outside the cave, but from a dim and distant recess within. Instantly Arundel's words flashed through his brain. "I have made a discovery. There is another entrance to this cave." Good heavens! what horrible danger were he and Arundel in? He had heard enough of the wild and lawless doings of the Irish peasantry to feel no very unreasonable alarm. Then was Arundel's sleep quite natural? He himself had felt a little drowsy after taking a few sips of that coffee.

Brownlow had scarcely time, however, for many reflections, for the slight noise had resolved itself into the tramp of several feet. Instantly in this weak nature came the strong instinct of self-preservation. It did not take Brownlow a moment to blow out the lamp; the next second he was hiding behind some large kegs of meal.

From this shelter he could see, but could not be seen. The barrel of meal, which Arundel, early in the evening, had pushed against the secret entrance, was tossed aside, and four stalwart men entered the cave without any attempt at doing their work quietly.

They certainly caused the heart of Brownlow to beat almost to bursting, but the quiet sleeper by the table never moved. One man, carrying a torch, flashed it full before Arundel's face; he even raised the said face and looked at it steadily; not an eye-lid flickered.

"Sure then 'tis he'll be surprised when he opens his eyes next," said long-legged Dan; "but come along, boys, do your duty, and may all other spies that come to ould Inchfawn take warning by the fate of this one."

"Ah, well! we'll leave him his precious life," said another; "he'll do no harm, I'm thinkin', frinds, where we're acarrying him; come along, there's no time to lose."

The men were quiet enough; but there was a determined hostility and ferocious meaning in each word and gesture.

They lifted Arundel from his position by the table, and, two men holding his shoulders and two his feet, they carried him swiftly down the secret passage.

At that moment Brownlow, guided by an irresistible impulse which he could never afterwards fathom or understand, left his hiding-place and softly followed them. Down through the tortuous winding passage went the men, carrying their burden, and on his hands and knees, with his heart thumping horribly, went Brownlow in their wake.

This other passage to the Cave of Good Will led right out to the shore, and there Brownlow saw in the fitful light a boat dashed helplessly up and down by the angry waves. In this boat the men laid Arundel, and then, jumping in after him, seized four oars and pulled rapidly out to sea.

CHAPTER LIV.—TOO LATE.

Brownlow had scarcely collected his scattered senses and, still trembling and shaking in every limb, returned up the secret passage, when he was startled by an imperative summons, which this time indeed came from outside the cave. His first intention was on no earthly consideration to admit anybody. He felt that the horrors he had undergone that night could never fade from his memory; but the second summons, accompanied by a clear and anxious voice, caused him to forget his late fears as completely as if they had never existed.

Good heavens! who was standing outside the cave that dreadful night? was Ellen dead, and had her angel come? ah! but she was too late. Were Arundel and Ellen really so truly one, that she had an intuition of his danger, and had come to rescue him? Well, she was too late to save him now—but—but, what did this mean?

Brownlow, as fast as his trembling fingers would permit, drew back the bolts and unfastened the door. As he did so, he was swiftly making up his own mind, for the exigency of the moment was so great that a torpor seemed to be lifted from his brain, and he felt it alert and vigorous as he had never felt it before.

Ellen, her beautiful face full of colour, her eyes shining with love and anxiety, her lips apart, and her hands stretched out, came quickly into the cave. The wind had tossed all her long dark hair down her back, never had Brownlow seen her look so lovely.

"You must come away at once," she exclaimed. "Oh! I am in time, thank God I am in time."

Then a certain chill in the dark and empty cave seemed to strike her; she turned round quickly and found herself face to face, not with Philip Arundel, but with the slight and fragile figure of Brownlow, junior.

"It is *you*," she said; "it is you—but tell me—oh! tell me, where is Mr. Arundel?"

"He is not here," said Brownlow. "I—ah;—I have been taking care of the cave to-night."

"*You*, but they spoke of Arundel—oh! how is it?—my head is going round, may I sit down for a moment? I have come through extreme peril and danger, and Shela! Have you one sip of water to give me? after all, any life is precious. My Father in heaven, you know what a weak girl I am, and yet I am glad to have saved a life. Mr. Brownlow, you are in extreme danger here, you must leave this cave at once."

Ellen O'Donnell was not the sort of girl to faint, but the terrible physical exertion she had undergone, joined to the shock of finding Brownlow not Arundel before her, had made her words for the moment almost incoherent. One or two sips, however, of the water which Brownlow placed silently by her side refreshed her, and she stood up erect and energetic once more.

"Mr. Brownlow, you must leave this cave; to-night, the provisions must take care of themselves, lives are more precious than things that can be bought with money. I dare not tell you what I have heard, but an evil deed was planned to-night, and though you were not the victim, yet you might have had a rough time of it. I am glad I have prevented it. If Philip Arundel is sleeping in the iron house, I am sure he will take you in, and I—I must hurry back to Shela. I left her very ill, fainting in short, on the sands. Now go," she said with a certain impulse of impatience. "I will lock the door and take the key; go to the iron house to Mr. Arundel."

"But I—I—I don't think he's there."

"Then where can he be? surely he did not leave you alone to take care of this place to-night?"

"He may be in Derry, Miss O'Donnell. Truly he did not tell me where he was going. If your horse is ill, may I bring my brandy flask and walk with you across the sands?"

"As you please," said Ellen in a dull sort of voice, as a foreboding of she knew not what seemed to oppress her.

She turned the key in the cave door and went silently across the sands with her companion. The storm had spent itself, the wind was going down, and the moon shone fitfully through drifting clouds on the pair. Not a word did either speak; Ellen was try-

ing to collect her scattered senses, and poor wretched Brownlow, although he had fallen lower that night than he had believed it possible he could fall, was for the time being in a heaven of false bliss. Presently a low moaning sound from Oscar fell on Ellen's ear; she ran forward with fresh strength at the sound and knelt down by Shela, and even raised the horse's head and laid it on her lap.

"See, Mr. Brownlow, she is not quite dead; will you mix a little brandy and water, rather strong, please?—yes, thanks, that is right. Now, my brave horse, you will try and take it for me. Try, my darling—try, Shela."

The rapidly glazing eyes opened at the old tones of love, and the horse made a feeble effort to swallow a few drops.

"Oh! Mr. Brownlow, she is not dying, you don't really think she is dying," said the poor girl, her fortitude giving way utterly. "Oh! Shela, your life, your life, and it was not for him. Oh! Mr. Brownlow, is there nothing you can do?"

Brownlow knelt down on the sand and placed his hand over the creature's heart; it was beating slowly and feebly. Oscar uttered another heartrending moan and came up and looked pleadingly into Brownlow's face. Brownlow felt a wild sense of exultation, both girl and dog were looking to him; should he—could he fail them? He spoke with energy new born at the moment.

"The horse is dying of weakness and cold; here, let me put this thick overcoat of mine on her. And now, Miss O'Donnell, if you will hold her head we'll try and get this brandy and water down, she must swallow it; see—that is better—her eyes are a little bright again—how—ah!—wonderfully she obeys you. Now, may I propose something?"

"Anything that is for her good," said Ellen, her eyes brimming over with sudden gratitude.

"Let me fly up to Inchfawn, it is only half a mile away. I can wake some of our men directly, and we will bring down the long cart, and we will carry the horse up to her own old stable. It is the only plan, Miss O'Donnell, it would be impossible for her to go home with you to-night?"

"But do you know her stable?"

"I, ah—yes, I know it."

"I suppose it is the only thing to do," said Ellen, "but you will miss me, darling; how can I give you up to anybody else's care?"

"She shall be my one thought, Miss O'Donnell. I would almost give my existence to save the horse for you."

"Well, thank you," said Ellen after a pause; "will you run quickly, please? I will wait here till you return. No, Shela," she added, as the young man bounded up the hill, "to give up your life for Philip was one thing, but not for Mr. Brownlow; you must live, my darling, you must live."

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

"By me kings reign, and princes decree justice."—Prov. viii. 15.

ON Trinity Sunday, as you know, Her Majesty the Queen began the fiftieth year of her reign, and the last Monday in June was the forty-eighth anniversary of her coronation. For the fourth time only, during a space of more than eight hundred years, and out of a list of thirty-six kings and queens, an English sovereign enters on the jubilee year of her accession. On Trinity Sunday I could not speak of this subject, but it seems right and natural to speak of it to-day. Week by week we offer up our prayers to Almighty God that He would be pleased to preserve "our Sovereign and her dominions." It would be ungrateful and wrong if we neglected to acknowledge the mercies which he has granted us in answer to those prayers.

1. Most of us here present were not born when our Queen ascended the throne of England; probably not one of us was a witness of her coronation. You may like, perhaps, to hear the impressions of one who was present. The late beloved Dean of Westminster was in the Abbey during that impressive ceremony, and he recalls the early summer morning, the thronged streets, the waking of the vast city, the Abbey crowded with its pageant of gorgeous visitors, the thrill of expectation at the sound of the first gun, which showed that the Queen was on her way, the long procession closed by the entrance of that young girl, marked out from all beside by the regal train and attendants, floating like a crimson and silvery cloud behind her. "At

the moment when she first came within the full view of the Abbey, and paused, as if for breath, with clasped hands, as she moved on to her place by the altar—as, in the deep silence of the vast multitude, the tremulous voice of Archbishop Howley could be faintly heard even to the remotest corners of the choir—as she sat immovable on the throne, when the crown touched her head, amidst shout, and trumpet, and the roar of cannon, there must have been many who felt a hope that the loyalty, which had waxed cold in the preceding reigns, would once more revive in a more serious form than it had, perhaps, ever worn before." That hope has been abundantly fulfilled. Many previous coronations were of far less happy omen. Tumults and massacres marked the coronations of the Conqueror and of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Evil omens darkened the coronations of Stephen, of Henry V., of Charles I. The crown tottered on the head of James II. It left a deep red scar on the forehead of Queen Anne. The largest jewel fell from the crown at the coronation of George III. The coronation of George IV. was rendered tragic by the exclusion of his broken-hearted wife. No such incidents dimmed the sunshine at the Queen's coronation. It was a day of boundless prosperity and golden hope.

2. Of all the kings and queens of England, six only have, like her Majesty, inherited the crown at an early age. Richard II. succeeded at the age of eleven; Edward V. at twelve; Henry VIII. at nineteen; and Edward VI. at ten. How different were their destinies! Very splendid was the coronation of Richard II., but we feel with the poet that the whirlwind lay hushed for him in grim repose, and the splendid banquet of his accession passed into the cruel starvation of his death:—

> "Fill high the sparkling bowl,
> The rich repast prepare;
> Close by the royal chair
> Fell thirst and famine scowl
> A baleful smile upon their baffled guest!"

The poor boy Edward V. was never crowned at all. Dark spirits walked in the house of Henry VIII. Full of hope was the coronation of young Edward VI., but in six years that beautiful young life became a deplorable wreck amid the insidious ravage of disease. Again, of our thirty-six sovereigns, only three have reigned fifty years: the third Edward, the third Henry, the third George. But the reign of Henry III. was full of the tragedy of misgovernment and civil war. The reign of Edward III., so brilliant for many years, ended in disgrace and misery:—

> "Mighty victor, mighty lord,
> Low on his funeral couch he lies,
> No pitying heart, no eye afford
> A tear to grace his obsequies."

The reign of George III. was troubled by his madness, and by the loss of the American colonies, which were, indeed, the largest jewel of his crown. How far more blessed, personally and politically, has been the reign of the Queen, under whose sway "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety" have, by God's blessing, so largely flourished among us! For these blessings let us give thanks.

3. The personal happiness of the Queen is a sign and reflex of the prosperity of her people.

History furnishes too many and too sad confirmations of the truth that—

> "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

"I, Eleanor, by the wrath of God, Queen of England"—so wrote poor Eleanor of Aquitaine, Queen of Henry II. "I, Henry IV., sinful wretch, by the grace of God, King of England and of France, and Lord of Ireland . . . bequeath to Almighty God my sinful soul . . . which life I have misspended"—so wrote King Henry IV. in his last will. "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;*" such is almost the only known autograph of poor Queen Margaret of Anjou. "*All is lost;*" such were the last words of King Henry VIII. Henrietta Maria was known as "La Reine malheureuse."

A curious inquirer has lately calculated the number of kings and emperors who have been deposed, or imprisoned, or executed, or died by assassination or suicide. The number is large and strange. Very few have been the lives and reigns of kings so happy, save for life's natural and ordinary sorrows, as that of Queen Victoria. Her name will be recorded in the volume of history in brighter letters and on a more peaceful page than that of all monarchs except a very few.

4. Fifty years! How long a space it fills even in a long life! For our nation that half century has glided by—not unchequered, indeed, by wars and rumours of wars, for the life of a nation, like the life of a man, can never pass without its own heavy trials—but yet on the whole as on a golden tide of success and progress. Another day perhaps we may glance at this history, but let us to-day remind ourselves of the blessing which God has bestowed upon England in the person of a ruler whom all nations honour, and whom any one worthy of the name of Briton loves

with a loyalty which proves that the age of chivalry has not yet passed away.

5. The first great domestic event in the Queen's reign was her marriage, and that proved to be an unmitigated blessing to her and to England. In character and in attainments the Prince Consort towered above most of his contemporaries. Lovely and pure in character even from boyhood, gentle without effeminacy, and a pattern of the truest domestic love, Prince Albert was also a man whose mind was enriched with vast treasures of exact knowledge, and ennobled by the habitual contemplation of all that was beautiful in nature and in art. He was at once many-sided and single-hearted, and even if he had not been born a prince, he could hardly have failed to win the fame due to lofty character, high ability, and unusual wisdom. England—with sorrow be it spoken—was not generous to him. It was but slowly and grudgingly that she admitted him to the full honour and affection which were his due. It took her years to rise above an atmosphere poisoned against him by the peering littlenesses of aristocrats, by the small jealousies of politicians. But the nation has begun long ago to do justice to his worth. Her many memorials to him testify regret for too scant and tardy an acknowledgment. Commerce, agriculture, science, arts, the cottage, the camp, the great men in the nation, "recognised in him their wisest guide and truest friend." But it was a yet higher glory that the cause of the poor was dear to him, that he helped the domestic servant and the ragged child. In all education he was deeply interested. I do not hesitate to say that, had it pleased God to spare his life, we might have been saved from much that has been least desirable in our national development.

But I will signalise two great works in particular which are inseparably connected with his name. To him was due the initiation of that great International Exhibition of 1851 which has been followed by so many successors, and which has done so much to link the nations together in the honourable rivalries of amity and peace. To him was also due a new impulse to philanthropic effort. There is scarcely one of his public utterances which is not full of wisdom. Take this one by way of specimen: "Depend upon it," he said—and contrast this truth with the deplorable attempts of demagogues to embitter class against class—"depend upon it the interests of often contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their being united to the advantage of each other. To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man in spite of the complicated state of modern civilisation, ought to be the aim of every philanthropist. This is peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education."

Very premature does his death seem to us, but, as his biographer says, "Death, in his view, was but the portal to a further life, in which he might hope for a continuance, under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself and in those he loved, unclogged by the weakness, unsaddened by the failures, the misunderstandings, the sinfulness, and the sorrows of earthly existence."

6. Happily the Prince Consort lived to watch over at least the early years of the sons and daughters who were born to the royal house, and they were educated with that large thoughtfulness which has borne fruit in lives of public service. The Princes and Princesses of the royal family are doing their parts as citizens in many honourable branches of national duty. Two of them have passed away into another world. Royalty brings no exemptions from the common lot of trial, of sickness, and of death. Not once or twice only has the Shadow who knows no difference between castle and cottage, entered into our palaces. The Princess Alice, the devoted nurse of her father's sickness, the broken-hearted sorrower for her poor lost boy, was called away. Prince Leopold died also, too young to have achieved all that his young life seemed to promise;—but not too young either of them to leave cherished examples of sweet character and thoughtful speech. And the Queen has opened her heart to her people. She has wished to live and reign in their affections. She has taken them into her confidence as no sovereign has ever done before, and has wished them to sympathise with her alike in her domestic happiness, in her solitude, and in her tears.

7. Three queens have reigned over England in former days. How far brighter has this reign been than theirs! The reign of Queen Mary lasted but five years, which were tragical in their breadth of gloom. In that brief triumph of Romish reaction, under that dark tyranny of priests—from which may God in His mercy save our land for ever—our annals were crowded with disaster, and our very sky was blackened with the Tophet-smoke of Smithfield and of Oxford. The forty-six years of Queen Elizabeth were brilliant with a galaxy of greatness, but besides the names of Sir Francis Drake, and

William Shakspeare, and Sir Walter Raleigh, we must, alas! write the tragic names of Leicester, and Essex, and Mary Queen of Scots; and when the old crowned lioness of England coiled herself up in her desolate lair to die, it was "with the whole Book of Ecclesiastes written upon her heart." The reign of Queen Anne, again, was an epoch illustrious for literature and military fame, but the personal character of the sovereign was insignificant, and her years were troubled by remorse, by the death of all her many children, by the fury, the venality, and the treachery of her statesmen and surroundings. Queen Mary begged that, when she died, not even the semblance of a crown might be put upon her brow. "I am aweary of my life," said Queen Elizabeth to the French ambassador. Queen Anne died desolate, troubled, sick at heart. The forty-nine years of Queen Victoria's reign have been far happier years. If you take away the names of Shakspeare and of Bacon, they are as prolific of greatness in poetry and eloquence, and art, and science, and literature, as the reign of Elizabeth, and far more so than the reigns of Queen Mary and Queen Anne; and they have not been troubled, as those reigns were, by religious frenzy or feeble favouritism, or capricious violence.

There are many deeds and qualities of our Sovereign for which we ought to cherish a loyal gratitude, but on an occasion for thanksgiving such as this, there are three which I will venture specially to name.

8. In the first place, Her Majesty has set the high example of a pure Court and a simple household. Many a time, as in the reigns of Edward II., and Richard II., and James I., and Charles II., the nation has been deeply injured by the extravagance or the licentiousness of those in power. If in our days the tone of manners, of literature, of our public amusements, has been more free from the deep and subtle taint of immorality than in any previous period except the brief rule of the Puritans, that blessing has been due in no small degree to the steady love of good and the steady scorn of evil of which the example has been set us from the throne. There have been reigns in which the expression "Our most religious and gracious king," has sounded like an hypocrisy and a satire, or has, at the best, been purely meaningless except with reference to an unfulfilled ideal; in this reign we may use them with no need of explanation. Gracious the Queen has been from her earliest days, with the natural graciousness of a kindly English heart; and in her house and to the world she has set the undeviating example of a religion pure and undefiled. Let calumny, living habitually in its pestilent atmosphere of lies and malice, call this flattery if it will. It shall not suppress, on this fitting occasion, the language of simple gratitude and just acknowledgment. Our children's children will say of the Queen, as our great poet has already said:—

> "She wrought her people lasting good;
> Her court was pure; her life serene;
> God gave her peace, her land reposed;
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her a Mother, Wife, and Queen."

9. Again, we have to be thankful for the rare example of a precious and tender sympathy. For the bereavements, for the calamities, for the distresses of her people the Queen has ever been the first to feel. How many are the widows and the orphans in their affliction whose tears she—herself familiar with sorrow—has helped to dry! How often, in hours of general catastrophe, has the expression of her sympathy come as one touch of light upon the cloud. I do not think that any sovereign who has ever lived has entered more fully into the joys and sorrows of her people, alike in their national and their individual capacity. The heart of the Queen and Empress, on whose dominions the sun never sets, has been the heart of the gentle lady who rejoices with them that do rejoice and weeps with them that weep. She has been an embodiment of all the sweet and simple affections which give their most tender sacredness to English homes.

10. Once more, Her Majesty has shown throughout her reign a tact, a self-repression, an allegiance to the constitution of her kingdom, which in an era of danger have left the throne of England more stable than when her reign began. There have been English sovereigns—such a one was Charles I. and James II., such a one was George III.—who, in the passionate egotism of their own convictions, have endangered the whole machinery of government. Doubtless Her Majesty, after long experience of rule, and intimate familiarity with great statesmen, great sovereigns, and great events, has her own strong views, but never once have they been suffered to interfere with the declared will of the people committed to her charge. Whether the responsible advisers of the throne have been Conservative or Liberal, and however burning have been the questions of the hour, the unswerving loyalty of the Queen's allegiance to the constitution has always been an element of stability and

peace. In the year of revolutions, 1848, the King of France was driven from his throne, the Grand Duke of Tuscany abandoned Florence, the King of Italy abdicated, the Pope of Rome fled from the capital of Christendom; there was trouble and bloodshed in Dresden, in Frankfort, in many of the chief capitals of Europe. But while the earthquake shook the nations, England scarcely even felt the tremor. The throne of Queen Victoria stood, "broad-based upon her people's will, and compassed by the inviolate sea."

11. On every ground, then, we have the deepest reason to be thankful for a reign so prosperous and so pure. Interested demagogues try to mislead the people by talking of the cost of royalty. In the first place, royalty is very far less costly, very far less burdensome than a democracy; in the second, the sullen and violent Socialist who is misled by these declamations has paid more to his Socialist lecturer than he has ever contributed as his infinitesimal share of the support of royalty. Evil, indeed, will be that day for England when, instead of the old hereditary monarchy under which all her glories have been won, she is handed over to the greedy corruption and interested violence of caucuses and cliques. Evil will be the day when freedom shall be identified with the shout of the noisiest, the will of the idlest, the decree of the most ignorant. We are in the midst of a crisis full of anxiety. Through that crisis may God preserve and guide us! May He keep the sound heart of Englishmen from being swept away by a rush of improvised convictions; the strong common sense of this nation undazzled by the fatal glamour of eloquence, by the fatal fascination of words which seem to change their colours like a peacock's feather. The voice of a people is not the voice of its ignorant multitude, or its priest-ridden slaves, but the voice of those who represent the continuity of its best traditions, its seriousness, its religion, its intellectual training, its prosperous diligence, its imperial responsibility, its moral, fearless, and God-fearing integrity:—

> "A people's voice! we are a people yet,
> Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
> Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers;
> We have a voice with which to pay the debt
> Of boundless love, and reverence, and regret
> To those great men who fought and kept it ours,
> And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
> O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
> Of Europe, keep our noble England whole!"

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean."

IN holy land He died:
And many a stalwart knight has sought His tomb,
Full many a saint has mourn'd Gethsemane,
Full many a poet sadly sung His doom
And bitter passion borne on Calvary.
In holy land He died,
In holy land He lived a simple child,
On native mountains roamed in boyhood free;
Man among men loved, wrought, & wept & smiled,
And faithful hearts still seek His childhood's Galilee.

There sleeps the silent sea
Whereon of old the World's Redeemer walked,
Hasting to help His own in jeopardy:
From yonder mount He talked
To eager thousands, pouring in their ear
The blessed Gospel of the love of God,
Enshrined in human form and glorified
By lowliest acts: here on the grassy sod,
Both bread of life and bread of wholesome cheer
Among the multitude He multiplied.

Hard by, upon the shore,
In busy mart and street, from day to day,
His gracious presence moved, that meekly wore
A mien nor sad nor gay,
The haunt of tenderness surpassing speech;
Touched by all sorrow, wan with every grief,
Yet anchored fast by hope, and mid all storm
Divinely calm; hands swift to bring relief
To sin and sickness of most desperate form;
Eyes whose keen language hardest hearts could reach.

The circle of the hills
Still guards the mirror blue with dark array,
Close marshalled rank by rank, save only where
Impetuous Jordan bursts the barrier
And forth by palms and willows winds its way.
Still murmur secret rills
Neath blushing oleanders; by the edge
The wild reeds wave wind-shaken, now as then
On heights the fleet hind bounds, from footless ledge
Soar fierce-eyed eagles baffling mortal ken.

Hill, wave, and sky remain,
But He is gone, and on this sacred scene,
Thronged with fond memories, a stillness deep
Has fallen, a loneliness that strikes more keen
Where once His life was breathed, e'en tho' from sleep
We know He rose again,
The tomb's sole victor tenant. Town and tower,
Galley and skiff have vanished utterly;
Their mighty oars no toiling fishers ply,
And mid dark ruins scowling robbers cower.

Here sound no Sabbath bells,
Bidding a worshipper from every door,
Nor echoing organ peals, nor anthem swells;
Yet at this self-same hour,
Far hence, through many a clime the wide world o'er,
To Him the purest gifts of praise and prayer
Are reverently from countless hearts ascending,
That join with choirs angelic to declare
Him worthy honour, riches, might, and power,
Till at His name both heaven and earth are bending.

He is not here, nor here
Temple or shrine to mark each holy spot,
And claim strict fee for relics of the scene;
No priestly rites enclose some charmèd plot
Denied to feet profane, nor here, I ween,
Do pilgrim bands appear,
Seeking their patron saint with foolish show
Of honouring God, who will be served alone
In truth and spirit. 'Tis well so, He is gone.
Why should our footsteps linger? Let us go.

Yet, ere we pass, once more
Musing for this brief hour till daylight fails,
We send our eyes this pleasant prospect o'er
Across the embowered vales
And billowy mountain land: with eager gaze
Scanning each form and feature, tint and tone,
Of the near landscape, stream, lake, grassy lawn—
Till, stroke by stroke, into our being drawn,
The picture of our dreams at length has grown
Familiar as to Him in other days.

Now at His side we stand
By Gennesar's level garden, soft and green
As Eden, watered by the four-fold course
Of cool, clear-issuing streams; now move between
High waving corn, with merry songsters hoarse
That flit along the strand
Careless of barn or store, past beach forlorn
And choking briar and long lush tares, that rise
Unchecked till harvesting, our pathway lies
To Magdal's tower and solitary thorn.

Unvisited we leave
Tiberias, girt with plumy palm-trees round,
And inland bending climb the crannied wall
Haunted by moaning doves,
Whence sweep the terraced ridges and far groves
Of dark-leaved oak and terebinth, that weave
A living carpet where the sunbeams fall
With many a glinting hue of wavering light
And forward-moving shade, till at a bound
Springs boldly heavenward Safed's beacon-height.

Across the swelling slope
We greet sequestered Cana's upland dell;
The while, soft pacing eve on wood and fell
Her fiery finger lays,
And on the thrice five hills that gently fold
Despised Nazareth, well of heavenly hope,
Flower of the vale whose verdant side displays
Its blushing cots, from shame to honour called,
Enthroned on beds of lilies red and gold,
Like pearl in shell of rose-tipped emerald.

Whilom in such an hour
A ruddy stripling of the village stood
Upon these heights, that frowned His home above;
O'er yon broad champaign, to the western flood
And purple verge, His pensive glance would rove
Where Kishon's waters pour
All proudly on in Sisera's memory;
Would mark the sun, sinking on saffron bed
Across the fatal field, his crimson shed
From Tabor's dome to Carmel by the sea.

Before His trained eye
War's olden tides come rolling; on the plain
Falls Israel's broken bow, fades Judah's flag
Trod in the dust as sinks Josiah slain;
Loved Jonathan on Gilboa's dewless crag
And Saul self-slaughtered lie;
While loudly sounding to His inward ear
Rise the long trumpet calls, mid clash of arms
And battle-shouts confused with dire alarms
That cry for God and His deliverer.

"Bow down thine ear, O God!
"Save, save, Messiah! Smite the foreign foe!
"Break Israel's yoke, break thou the oppressor's rod!"
The summons rings below
And fiercer grows the fight, deeper the gloom;
Whilst, mid the hellish tumult, threat'ning loom
Yelping Anubis, Moloch red, and Baal,
With hosts uncircumcised combined for war
In Armageddon: Roman coat of mail,
And red-cross knight and Paynim scimitar.

Sceptres and thrones of earth,
Expectant of a conqueror's sovereignty,
Lay at His feet: one pang of human shame,
For Israel's tarnished name,
Cross'd that calm soul and flush'd His patriot eye.

Then swift, a still small voice of heavenly birth
Fell with the prophet's burden "Prince of Peace."
Peace beamed his smile, as down the mountain-crest,
Through lupines blue and knotted olive-trees,
He sped to hide His head on Mary's breast.

* * * * *

But now night's shadows fall;
The sun is quenched within his golden gate,
High o'er Gennesaret's wave the moon rides fair
And cloudless, silvering all
The vault of air and Hermon's snowy crown.
Hark! 'tis a sudden fluttering takes the breeze
That rises, gathers; now a cloud; and straight
Fall headlong hail and storm, that blindly tear
The lake from its foundations deep, and drown
With dashing showers of spray the sandy leas.

Anon the mountains rise
In ancient calm, and, as the storm-clouds pass,
Mid glistening raindrops rare, the newborn light
Illumes a pure and crystal sea of glass
Fed by a stream of living crystal bright;
And lo! in wondrous wise
High in the heavens is set a great white throne,
Circled with emerald bow—while radiant sky
And conscious earth lie hushed expectantly—
For thee, thou King of Kings, prepared for Thee alone.

H. W. JUST.

CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER:

Or the Triumphs of the Moral Sense.

By ELLICE HOPKINS.

THERE is but one irresistible and unconquerable thing on the face of the earth. Not the lightning, which can blanch the heart of our great English oaks; and at a touch of its finger of fire the loftiest tower crumbles to its fall. Man has subdued the lightning, and has taught it to carry his messages of joy and pain and fruitful toil; and we know it now as a glorious light that has laid aside its thunder, and peacefully illumines our homes and our streets with its exquisite brilliance.

Not the earthquake, which, however irresistible and destructive at the time, only a few years is sufficient to subdue; and over its ravages waves the corn-field, and the frail harebell blossoms unharmed in its footprints.

Not the great winds; for these we have chained to our mills to grind our corn, and have constrained them to bear our navies all over the world, and bring back to us the wealth of many nations; and more and more we are able to predict the path of the storm, and leave it to vent its fury on empty seas.

God is not in the fire, nor in the great wind, nor in the earthquake; for these things man can turn aside, or bowing before them, can rise above them and subdue them. There is but one thing he can never rise above, for it rises above him. There is but one thing he can never turn aside, for to turn it aside is to perish. One thing there is he can never subdue, because his life depends on its subduing him, not on his possessing it, but on his being possessed by it. One thing only irresistible and unconquerable, a strength made perfect in utter weakness, God manifest in the flesh, a power to which all things do bow and obey—the moral sense in man. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the great wind, nor in the fire, but in a still small voice, the voice of conscience within us.

This alone is irresistible and imperishable. Burn it in the fires of Smithfield and reduce it to ashes, and in the words of the old martyr, it does but "light up a candle which shall never be put out." Drown it in the depths of the sea, and it only

> "suffers a sea change
> Into something rich and strange;"

as the men on the troopship, the *Birkenhead*, who went down without moving a muscle, drawn up as on parade, that the women and children might be saved, have for ever enriched our life with an example of true self-giving manliness. Drive it out into the wilderness, and this outcast thing, driven from all doors and cast upon a desert shore, becomes the mother of a great nation. The pilgrim fathers who went forth from us to find a country for themselves in which they might worship the God of their fathers after their own conscience, and act up to the moral sense within them, became the first seed of the great American nation. Scourge it, spit upon it, give it the reed for its sceptre and the thorn for its crown, crucify it, and the third day its empty grave becomes the cradle of a new life to the world. All things are under an oath to serve it. Death gives it life. Failure stoops only to gather its victor wreath in the dust. Darkness reveals its glory like a star. Persecution and bitter opposition are but the resisting air that gives it power to rise higher on its eagle flight.

Now what I want to do, God enabling me, is to get this truth into the young men and women of to-day who have the shaping of the future in their hands, to get into them a sense that the one invincible thing is the moral sense within them; that when we

> "Dare with God to be
> In the right with two or three,"

we are on the winning side. It matters not what are the forces of evil against us, if we are right and they are wrong, they are bound in the end to go down before us.

It is the amount of flabby half-conviction in the world, the number of men and women who are content to be jelly fish with only a mouth to swallow and a stomach to fill, flapping about hither and thither with every wave that ebbs and flows, and when death comes leaving only a gelatinous smear behind them, it is this that keeps back the world. "Nothing succeeds like success," as the French say, and if in the great conflict with impurity that lies before us, young men could only be inspired with a good strong sense that the cause of God and woman must win, that in joining the White Cross they are joining an ever-victorious army, and leading not a forlorn hope, but a hope full of immortality, the battle would be half won to begin with.

Let us, therefore, go over some of the victories of the moral sense, and see how the

sense of right has triumphed over professional learning, skill, influence, self-interest, prejudice, evil custom

"Heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

We will take first of all that great struggle between the moral sense of the few and the self-interest of the many, which resulted in the abolition of the slave trade, leading on to the abolition of slavery itself throughout the civilised world. It has this of special interest, that it was the first of the great conflicts in which the modern method of combination and agitation was brought into play, the first to be settled by an appeal to the moral force of public opinion, instead of to the brute force of armed revolt.

On no point has Christianity been more faithful to her highest teachings than in the incessant warfare she has waged against slavery. Few of us realise the extent to which the brilliant civilisations of the ancient world rested on slavery, or the dread underworld of woe and oppression on which all their glory was based. To every freeman there were four to five slaves kept in bitter bondage at the mercy of the man who owned them. The Roman Cato, the severe censor of morals, recommends as the truest economy that old slaves should be either worked to death or abandoned. The slave door-keeper was chained to the door and sold with the house as part of the wall. And in the later days of the Roman empire, the high-born ladies at their toilet armed themselves with long pins with which to prick the bodies of their slaves if they failed to comb their hair or adorn their persons to their satisfaction, the unfortunate slaves not being allowed to wear their clothes above the waist, that the pins might take effect the more readily.

But under the shadow of the blessed truths of Christianity, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, slavery found it impossible to flourish. The mere fact that the master and his slave sat down side by side to the same sacred feast, drank out of the same cup of blessing, and ate of the same consecrated bread, was a perpetual reminder of the equality of man, bond or free. Slowly but surely the instructed conscience began to work, and by the end of the twelfth century Western Europe had been delivered from the curse of slavery.

But a further truth had to be worked out. It was true that a white man was not to be enslaved; but the black man was not equal to the white, and was marked out by his inferiority for lawful bondage. Men had yet to learn that God's truth is of no colour, to learn that great Christian truth, ever repeated but never wholly learned, that it is the strong who are to serve the weak, not the weak who are to be enslaved by the strong.

With the discovery of America, the old evil of slavery sprang up afresh. As early as 1562, in the glorious reign of Elizabeth, the African slave trade began in England under the famous sea captain Sir John Hawkins. The Queen herself, despite some scruples that seemed at first to beset her, was not ashamed to have a stake in the black merchandise, owning one of the ships, which with a ghastly irony bore our Lord's name, and making her sixty per cent. Hill, in the account he gives of the second voyage, makes use of the remarkable and prophetic words, "Here began the horrid practice of forcing the Africans into slavery, an injustice which, as sure as there is vengeance in heaven for the worst of crimes, will end in calling down destruction on all who allow or encourage it."

For the next two hundred and fifty years the slave trade grew with the growth of our colonies, till at last the European trade reached the enormous proportion of 80,000 people torn annually from their homes and all they held dear, to drag out their existence in hopeless slavery.

In A.D. 1700, a Spanish treaty with a Portuguese company stipulated to forward 10,000 tons of negroes. Another treaty, in 1713, between Great Britain and Spain, engaged to import for that power 144,000 Indian *pieces*. This treaty, denounced by a recent writer as probably the most disgraceful in modern annals, conferred a monopoly of the slave trade on Great Britain from 1713 to 1743, and was ratified by an English bishop!

No words can paint the misery inflicted on unhappy Africa. The wretched African chiefs, bribed by their greed, made ceaseless war on neighbouring tribes to obtain captives for sale; and even did not scruple to sell their own subjects to the slave dealers. Kidnapping parties were fitted out by the traders. Fathers sold their sons, and children their parents. All human ties were rent asunder, and once thriving districts laid waste.

But even the horrors of the capture paled before the horrors of the transport, which have made the middle passage proverbial even in the annals of human cruelty. The unfortunate captives, heavily ironed, were crammed in tropical heat into a space which

only allowed three to four feet square for each. Horrible diseases broke out, which added to the stench of the overcrowded hatches. Many were suffocated. Those who, sickening, refused to eat were flogged. A little one, under two, whose legs perversely swelled under the lash, had them plunged into boiling water. Between the horrors of the passage and the horrors of the slavery that awaited them on landing, the mother torn from her child and the wife from the husband, what was sardonically called "the seasoning," not more than fifty out of every hundred survived to become serviceable slaves. "Never," said a leading statesman, "was so much human suffering condensed in so small a space."

All through these two and a half centuries of darkest oppression and wrong, the light had been kept burning. The lamp in the temple of the Lord had never been suffered to go out. God had not left Himself without witnesses. Now it was a poet who poured out his burning heart against the cruel wrong;* now a university professor of moral philosophy;† and now again a Quaker schoolmaster,‡ who wrote its history and laid bare its sores; now it was a learned divine who thundered against it before the university;§ now the great founder of Methodism|| who kept up a ceaseless protest against it; and now a bishop of the Established Church who lifted up his voice in condemnation.¶ Never was there wanting an apostolical succession of men who believed in their moral sense, and dared to be in the right with God against the whole world.

But these were only the forerunners of those who were now to be called out, with a faith that could literally move mountains, to fight this giant wrong. First amongst these stands out the gracious figure of Granville Sharp. The grandson of an Archbishop of York, and the son of an Archdeacon of Northumberland, he yet began life in a linen-draper's shop, and never rose higher in this world than an Ordnance clerk. But chained to that humble desk was the chivalrous soul of an ancient knight—

> "sworn to vows
> Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
> And loving, utter faithfulness in love,
> And uttermost obedience to the King,"

whom Granville Sharp owned as his Lord and Master; so true it is that the least heroic life, in its outward details, may be made all glorious from within.

* Shenstone, Gay, Cowper. † Paley.
‡ The American, Anthony Benezet. § Warburton.
|| Wesley. ¶ Dr. Porteous, Bishop of London.

It was the habit of the wealthy West Indians at this time to bring some of their slaves with them to England as personal attendants. These slaves frequently absconded. As it was popularly held that by the English law all baptized persons were free, these poor fugitives were in the habit of getting some pious clergyman to baptize them, their god-fathers being men who were willing to espouse their cause, and maintain their freedom through baptism. The planters and merchants, thus perpetually baffled, grew alarmed and appealed, in 1729, to the Solicitor and Attorney-General, Talbot and York, as to what the English law really was, and obtained from these legal experts the following decision: "We are of opinion that a slave coming from the West Indies into Great Britain or Ireland, either with or without his master, does not become free, and that his master's right and property in him is not thereby terminated or changed; and that baptism does not bestow freedom on him nor make any alteration in his temporal condition in these kingdoms. We are also of opinion that the master may legally compel him to return again to the plantations."

After this legal decision, which was endorsed by Blackstone, the great legal expositor, slaves were hunted down in the streets of London; and even people who had no right of ownership were in the habit of kidnapping any defenceless black, and selling him to West Indian slave ships.

It was the obscure clerk of the Ordnance who, without any legal knowledge, but gifted with an indomitable belief in the dictates of his moral sense, dared to dispute the accuracy of the highest legal decision of the day, and who proved the legal experts to be in the wrong. On a slave, whom he had tenderly nursed and restored to health, being claimed by the very master who had brutally disabled him by beating him about the head with the butt end of a gun, and then abandoned him, he resolved to study the English law for himself. Working at his desk all day, he spent a large part of his nights for three years in legal studies; and at length published a book in which he triumphantly refuted the opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, and proved it to be an axiom of the British constitution that every man is free to defend, and sue for, his rights; and that force cannot be used against him without a legal process, or as we should now say, without taking out a warrant, leaving it to his opponents to decide whether a negro

was a man or not. The correctness of these conclusions he got tried in the case of the negro Somerset, who had been seized and conveyed on board a slave ship. The case was tried on the broad issue raised by Granville Sharp: "Whether a slave by coming to England became free?" After a protracted trial, the verdict was given in his favour; and through his instrumentality, the glorious principle was established once and for ever, that as soon as any slave sets his foot on British territory he thereby becomes free. Even our English dust has gained such virtue from our race, that, like fine gold, it can ransom a man from slavery.

And so this linen-draper's assistant, this poor Ordnance clerk, mean as was his education, and humble as was his daily toil, by virtue of his faith "in the light that lighteth every man," proved his superiority as jurist in one great branch of the law of England to some of the most illustrious judges of that or of any other day. At least let this remarkable fact breed in us an incurable distrust of the decisions of experts, legal or other, when those decisions conflict with the moral sense within us.

Strangely diverse are the ways in which God calls out His instruments when His hour has come. In 1785, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge gave out "The Lawfulness of Slavery" as the subject of the Latin prize essay of the year. A young Bachelor of Arts named Thomas Clarkson, distinguished in classics, competed for it, from a mere ambition to distinguish himself afresh. He gained the prize, but in working up his materials from Anthony Benezet's "Historical Account of Guinea," he had gained a knowledge of the horrors of the slave trade. He found he had raised a spectre which it was impossible to lay. Day and night he was haunted by the facts which pursued him like a nightmare and drove him into solitary places, always pursued by the one thought, "Surely if these things be true some person should interfere." But what could a young man of only twenty-four do? and how could he have the knowledge of men, and manners, and things which was needed for such a gigantic and impossible undertaking as opposing this great world trade? and with whom was he to unite?

Alone, without influence, young, with no means, harassed and despairing, he did what, in the darkest perplexity, in the most hopeless cause of right, we can all do. He did the next thing. He set to work to translate his Latin oration against slavery. As he was seeking a publisher in London, a chance meeting with a Quaker friend revealed to him the fact that we are never less alone than in our convictions of right. It was no desert island on which he had been cast away, but in its dust were the footprints of angels. To his surprise he found that others had been at work at this great problem, and that the Quakers, ever foremost in the cause of humanity, had formed, three years before, a committee to contend with it. Seeing that all the members of this committee were business men, and that it needed some one man who would make it the one work of his life, after a sharp struggle with himself, Thomas Clarkson resolved to sacrifice the fair prospects which were opening for him in the Church, for which he was preparing, and devote himself to the cause. "I yielded," he says, "not because I saw any reasonable prospect of success in my new undertaking, but in obedience to a higher power. But I can say that, both at that time, and afterwards, I had more sublime and happy feelings than at any former period of my life."

At the very same time another young and brilliantly-gifted man, endowed with ample means, William Wilberforce, who at the early age of twenty had entered Parliament, after having spent £8,000 on his election, was being prepared to take the leadership of the cause in the House of Commons. Belonging, like Clarkson, to the Established Church, he had lately come under the influence of the great evangelical revival, and he determined, as the first-fruits of his consecration to God, to devote himself, not to any political cause, which might have gratified his personal ambition, and raised him to some high office in the State, but to the gigantic and unpopular work of fighting the African slave trade, which even at the early age of fourteen he had learned to abhor. The possessor of a large fortune, the intimate friend of Pitt, gifted with great eloquence, and spotless in moral character, this knight of the Red Cross, grasping his shield of faith, vowed himself to a lifelong battle with this monster evil, while a committee of the early pioneers of the movement, with Granville Sharp for its president, and Clarkson for its indefatigable agent, was duly constituted to support him; and the battle began in earnest.

From his death bed, the venerable Wesley addressed a few last words to their young leader:

"Unless the Divine Power has raised you up to

be as Athanasius against the world I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villany, which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you who can be against you? Are all of them stronger than God? Oh, be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth up, may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of your affectionate servant.

"JOHN WESLEY."

At first the cause seemed to prosper. The matter was brought before the House by Wilberforce on May 10th, 1789. The giants of that day, Pitt, Fox, and Burke, sinking all party differences, supported him with the whole power of their eloquence, and hopes were entertained of the speedy suppression of the nefarious trade. But the burst of moral indignation which had been at first evoked by the exposure of the enormities of the traffic, and which seemed to promise immediate abolition, rapidly died down before the formidable difficulties to be met, and the real sacrifices to be made, in carrying out any measure of abolition; and the little band of men, who dared to believe in God and His voice within them, to believe on the strength of the moral sense within them, that "He had never made that to be wise and beneficial which was immoral and unjust," found themselves opposed by a dense phalanx of vested interests and selfish greed.

Their facts were denied with a hardihood of lying before which the devil himself must have felt abashed. A merchant of the name of Norris bore evidence before the House, that the accommodation on board a slave ship was excellent; the food of the slaves was cooked with the best African sauces; the dance and the song was promoted; their apartments were perfumed with frankincense. They themselves were delivered from the barbarities practised in their own country; and their landing in our colonies was but the affecting and joyful reunion with relatives and friends who had gone before. A morning paper—surely it must have been the *Times*—announced "that after due examination, it appears that the major part of the complaints against the trade was ill-founded." In fact it was evident to all but fanatics and sentimentalists that the slave trade was a blessing, and that to abolish it would be, as Boswell says in his "Life of Johnson," to—

"Shut the gates of Mercy on mankind!"

The Rev. R. Harris went a step farther, and proved, in a widely-circulated pamphlet, that the institution was under the especial patronage of the Almighty, so that, as Clarkson says quaintly, "we had now to contend against the double argument of the humanity and the holiness of the trade."

But the main argument was that which is always advanced in support of every great wrong in turn. Slavery was a necessity. It had proved itself to be so in the history of the world. It always had been, and always would be. To abolish the trade by which the supply of negroes was kept up would be to wreck our sugar colonies. "If it were abolished," said one of the City members, "it would render the City of London one scene of bankruptcy and ruin." The trade was also a great nursery of seamen, and our navy would be fatally weakened by its loss. Another City member urged that its abolition would prove the ruin of our Newfoundland fisheries, "which could not go on if it were not for the quantity of refuse fish bought up for the negroes in the West Indies, and which was quite unfit for any other market." "The trade, with all its enormities," as Fox scornfully remarked, "was to be kept up that there might be persons to consume the refuse fish of Newfoundland, which was too bad for any one else to eat," so idiotically low can a man sink if he persist in quenching the light that is in him.

And, last of all, that peculiarly base argument which has so often been urged in defence of a great abuse, was triumphantly paraded, that the slave was fit for nothing else but to be a slave. Man first debases, and then uses the very debasement that he has caused as an argument that the degradation is innate and deserved, and the poor degraded creature is fit for nothing else—truly the most vicious circle that poor illogical human nature has ever set up, the old serpent biting his own tail, a wrong which, as Baxter would say, is circular, and endless.

These arguments told with deadly effect. George III., who seemed at first to be friendly, turned against abolition, and opposed it with all the dogged obstinacy of his character. The Lord-Chancellor Thurlow brought the butt end of his powerful but brutal wit down upon the cause. Wilberforce and Clarkson were subject to murderous threats; their witnesses were intimidated and ruined if they came forward on the side of truth and right. But worst of all for the success of their cause, the horrors that were perpetrated in France in the

sacred name of liberty, and the revolt of the slaves in the West Indies, were all put down as the legitimate results of the principles of the Abolitionists—"French principles," as they were sarcastically called. In vain the gallant little band of Abolitionists fought on; in vain they proved their facts in the teeth of the false witness borne, proved that "the best African sauces" were English horse-beans; that "the dance" was enforced jumping executed under the lash, the "frankincense" the stench of living and dead, crushed together in holds two feet eight inches high; that women were flogged to death, and little children had their mouths split from ear to ear; that the nursery for seamen was their graveyard from the ill-usage of brutal slave captains; and that the necessity for this great wrong, as Paley scornfully observed, was a halfpenny a pound saved on sugar. Year after year the Bill for abolition was either deferred or thrown out.

But all these apparently fruitless years had been steadily telling on the country at large, and doing that slow underground work which must be done before a vast evil can be undermined. The very opposition acted like a great dam, enabling the flood-tide of public opinion to gather irresistible force. Petitions poured in; indignation meetings were held; prayer went up from a thousand hearts, "How long, O Lord! how long?"

But now came one of the most specious and difficult obstacles in overcoming a great wrong. The public feeling was growing too strong to be ignored, but it might be evaded. Mr. Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville), while expressing the utmost sympathy with the Abolitionists, brought forward, in 1792, a motion for the regulation and gradual abolition of the slave trade at some indefinitely remote period. Few could see through this plausible position, which was carried in the name of moderation and practical good sense. "The slave trade cannot be regulated," protested Fox, "because there can be no regulation of robbery and murder."

After Wilberforce had suffered three crushing defeats, owing to this insidious measure, the House of Commons passed a Bill for immediate abolition in 1794, which was thrown out in the House of Lords.

Again the tide seemed hopelessly to recede. Clarkson, after eleven years of incessant toil and mental suffering, retired from the field utterly shattered in health and nerve. The acquisition of fresh colonies in the West Indies gave increased power and influence to the supporters of the slave trade. Annually Wilberforce sustained disastrous defeat. Now the Bill was defeated because his supporters, sufficient in numbers to have carried it, preferred being absent at the new opera—*The Two Hunchbacks*—to saving millions of their fellow-creatures from anguish and degradation. Now the wail of the slaves was drowned in the tumult of the wars with Buonaparte, and their advocate kept silence in despair of making himself heard.

The fruitless contest between the men who believed in their moral sense and the men who believed in self-interest had now lasted twenty years. But beneath all this apparent failure the River of God, which was to sweep away the foul wrong, was making its hidden way by underground channels, and was now to burst up into the light. The union with Ireland at the beginning of the century brought a large accession of support. To their eternal honour be it said, the Irish members to a man voted for immediate abolition; and let it not be forgotten, when the attempt is being made to exclude them from representation in the Imperial Parliament, that the slave trade was largely abolished by the Irish vote. Powerful new friends—Canning, Lord Brougham, &c.—were added to the cause; and the death of Pitt, who, we fear, cannot be acquitted of having subordinated this great moral question to the exigencies of his own political power, made way for Fox's administration.

No sooner was his ministry formed than the House of Commons passed a resolution that the slave trade was contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and sound policy, and that they would proceed to abolish it with all possible expedition. Not even the death of Fox could retard the carrying out of this resolution. Enthusiasm for a great cause had taken the place of indifference. In 1807 a Bill abolishing the slave trade passed both Houses and received the royal assent on March 25th of that year. When in the final debate the Solicitor-General, Sir Samuel Romilly, entreated the young members of Parliament to let this day's event be a lesson to them, how much the rewards of virtue exceeded those of ambition and contrasted the feelings of the Emperor of the French in all his greatness with those of that honoured man, who would this day lay his head down on his pillow and remember that the slave trade was no more, the whole House, surprised into forgetfulness of its ordinary habits, burst into a thunder of applause. The very men who had left him to fight and fail all through these twenty years of hope de-

ferred, at the last did homage to the inflexibility of a righteous purpose, to the man who through failure and defeat had persistently believed in his moral sense.

The Abolitionists had accomplished more than they were aware of. The abolition of the slave trade proved the loosening of the key-stone of slavery itself. In the long twenty years' conflict the public had been drenched in the horrors, not only of the slave trade, but of slavery itself. The roused moral sense of the nation could not be satisfied with the abolition of the evil trade while the evil to which it ministered still remained. Twenty-six years more of ceaseless agitation and conflict, carried on by the men of faith against the men of greed, resulted in one of the grandest passages in our history, when the English people voluntarily paid down twenty millions sterling to rid themselves of a great wrong, and the final victory was gained, slavery being abolished throughout the British dominions. Henceforth the grand principle of English law, which Granville Sharp, the obscure clerk of the Ordnance, had proved in the teeth of the highest legal experts, that whoso touches English soil is thereby made free, became a realised fact.

So great a national act could not remain without influence on the world at large. Other nations followed the noble repentance of England; and, last of all, America, after a convulsion which all but rent her in twain and drenched her soil in the blood of her own people, rid herself of the great cancer of slavery.

Nor was it a barren victory for the victors any more than for the victims. In the course of that tremendous conflict men learnt, as they had never learnt before, through the anguish and the degradation of the slave, through the moral debasement of the slave-owner, through the poverty and commercial blight on the slave-stricken land, the true nature of a moral personality—the sanctity of the individual, the inviolability of personal responsibility, the sacredness of freedom. All those great principles on which our public and political life is founded were for ever made established truths, and our human life was lifted henceforth to a higher level.

Nor let it be forgotten that this victory was not due to the disciples of Paine's "Rights of Man," nor to the political Revolutionists with their trees of liberty, but to Christianity—to men who, believing in Christ, believed with a tough, undying, unconquerable faith in the dictates of their moral sense, in the voice of conscience within them, and who through weary years of failure and defeat held on to the right against the wrong.

The dust of their great and pure leader mingles with the dust of kings in Westminster Abbey. The memory of Clarkson is enshrined in monumental marble. And, nobler still, the monument to Granville Sharp is the principle of English law which he vindicated—that whoso touches English soil is a free man.

Surely the lessons of this old conflict are writ large for us who are engaged in a deeper and more vital conflict with a sorer slavery. Let us gather up a few of the arrows of the mighty from this old battle-field to fill our own quiver.

That God has never made that to be necessary and beneficial which is unjust and immoral.

That wherever there is a trade in the persons of human beings, there of necessity the most hideous enormities are practised.

That it is impossible to regulate wrong, since wrong is of the essence of disorder, and to find an order for disorder would be to succeed in squaring the circle.

That the fundamental maxim of the British constitution, and therefore of all English law, is that whoso stands on British ground is free; and however degraded, however abject, cannot be deprived of that freedom on suspicion, and without a legal process.

Here are four great principles tested and proved in that old victorious conflict, which, had we only held them fast, what difficulties, what struggles, what disgraceful exposures would have been spared us in our present conflict!

Above all, let us grasp the great truth firmly, that when the decisions of experts, be they legal, medical, or scientific, whatever the weight of authority by which they are upheld, conflict with the dictates of our moral sense, there you and I have got to give them the lie, knowing that they will be found in the wrong in the end. And with this living faith in God's voice within us, let us learn from this old victorious movement to dare once again to fail with God and conquer so.

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That though I perish truth is so,
> That wheresoe'er I stray and range,
> Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
> I steadier step when I recall
> That though I slip, Thou does not fall."

God IS, God reigns; and through failure, through defeat, through suffering, through faithfulness unto death, through the way of the CROSS, right will overcome.

BY THE RIVER.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

WHICH river?

Almost any river, providing that it be far from towns or even villages, and that its banks be fringed here and there with trees, brushwood, reeds, and herbage which loves the river's bank.

Let us pass a day in walking quietly along the river-side, and noting the animal life with which we shall meet. As a river simply teems with life, we cannot take notice of every living creature which we may see, but will content ourselves with the Birds and those creatures which are directly connected with their life "by the river."

We shall not trouble ourselves to cover any great distance during our day, because a quick step will frighten away almost any bird which haunts the river-side. Moreover, what we want is observation, and not mere walking, and so we will saunter slowly along the bank, stopping here and there when any object takes our attention. From six to eight miles are amply sufficient for such a walk, and within that distance we shall be tolerably sure of finding sufficient variety for our purpose.

Scarcely any river retains precisely the same character for very long. For example, a swift and rippling river, such as the Dove or Trent, which dashes over its stony bed in foaming wavelets, and curls itself into eddying whirlpools—

> "With here and there a lusty trout,
> And here and there a grayling,"

will, in the course of a mile or so, expand into a deep, black, still pond, on whose smooth bosom the water-lily spreads its broad green leaves, interspersed with the starry white flowers. *Vice versâ*, within the course of six or seven miles, the geological features of the country may change, and the slow stream be forced for a while to rush tumultuously over its suddenly altered bed.

Unknown rivers are full of surprises, and the explorer is perpetually coming on some pool or eddy or heavily shaded nook of which he had no idea.

Should he have the use of the oar, he should first walk up the river, and then let himself drift gently down stream, scanning carefully the sheltered banks, and only using the sculls sufficiently to keep the boat under control. Rowing up the stream has the disadvantage that a certain amount of exertion is needed, varying according to the strength of the current, so that it is almost impossible to make any progress without alarming the birds.

A good opera or field glass is more than valuable. Magnifying power is not so much wanted as clearness of definition, especially when the observer wishes to watch birds which, like the water-hen, are fond of slipping away under cover of the thick herbage that shades a river's bank.

There are not many British birds which find their living near or in the water, and it is not easy to assign to any one of them the pre-eminence. I think, however, that, considering its food, its beauty, and its wonderful nest, we may safely give the first place to the KINGFISHER (*Alcedo hispida*).

The Kingfisher.

Kingfishers are spread over the greater part of the earth, and we may be proud of the unexpected fact that our own species far surpasses in splendour of colouring the King fishers of the tropics.

Though it never takes a long flight, it is wonderfully swift of wing, and flies in a straight, horizontal line, like an azure rifle bullet. Indeed when it passes through a ray of sunshine it looks more like a line of coloured light than a bird. This effect is strengthened by the very remarkable form of the bird, the tail being very short, and the head and beak nearly equal in length to the whole body.

The colouring is marvellously beautiful, and seems as if it ought to belong to some inhabitant of the tropics. The back is rich blue, while the head and wing coverts are verditer green, diversified with blue spots. This contrast of blue and green would seem most hazardous to a painter; but in the Kingfisher they blend together in perfect harmony. The wings and tail are blue-green, while the throat is white, and the breast and under surface are red.

Contrary to the usual habit among birds, both sexes are equally beautiful. Owing to this magnificent colouring the Kingfisher's skin is in much demand, both as an ornament

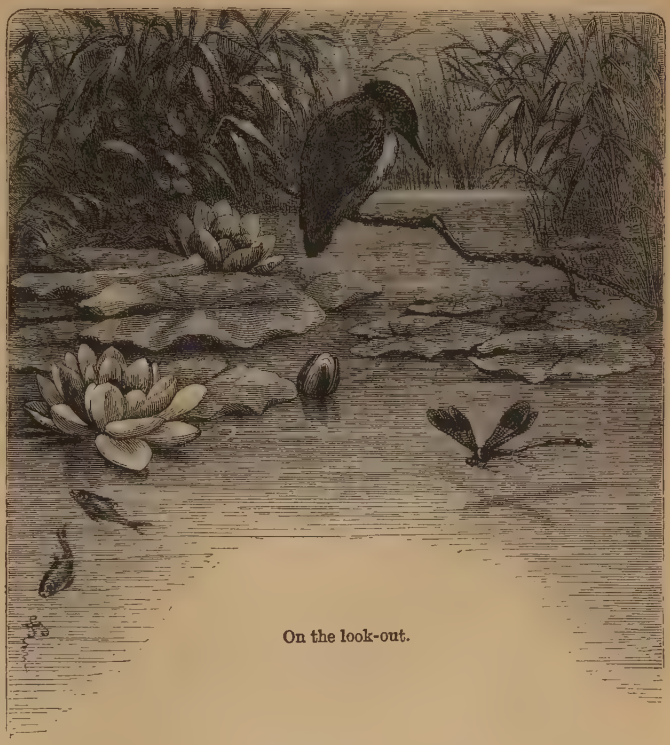
for ladies' hats and dresses and as affording materials for the makers of artificial flies. But our mission "by the river" is not to destroy but to observe and admire, not to take away the life which we can neither give nor restore, but to look with reverent curiosity upon the beautiful creature, and be thankful that it is so beautiful.

As its popular name implies, the food of this bird is fish, which it takes after its own remarkable fashion.

In every river or brook there are always certain spots, mostly shallows, which are frequented by the small fish, such as minnows, bleak, young dace or roach, and the like. These fish are in the habit of keeping near the surface of the water, so as to be ready for flies or other insects that may fall into the water.

Taking its place on an overhanging branch or other commanding perch, the bird waits until a fish comes to the surface, drops down upon it, and after a short struggle emerges from the water, carrying the fish crosswise in its beak. Returning to its perch it bangs the fish violently against the branch, so as to kill, or at least to stun it. Then, flinging the fish in the air by a quick jerk of its head, it catches its prey with its head downwards, and swallows it whole.

It is a wonderfully bold bird, and if the observer keep himself absolutely quiet, will catch and eat its prey within a few yards. Should the reader have access to any stream or river which is inhabited by the little fish which have been mentioned, he can easily attract the Kingfisher. All he has to do is to fix in the bank a stout post or tree-stump projecting over any shallow place where the fish must be near the surface. Should a Kingfisher happen to reside anywhere in the neighbourhood, very few days will elapse before it discovers so good a fishing place. Then, by a little judicious management, the bird will soon become so familiar that it will take no heed of a bystander, but will behave as if no human being were within many miles.



On the look-out.

When I was at Oxford I was on quite friendly terms with a Kingfisher that frequented a little branch of the Cherwell River. A private bridge spanned the stream, and a stone buttress, which supported the end of the bridge, was a favourite resort of the Kingfisher. Separated from the bird only by a dwarf wall not four feet in height, I have leaned against the wall just over the stone, and so close to it that I could almost touch it with my fingers. Yet after a while the bird (or perhaps I might say the birds, the sexes being so much alike) flew to the stone without the least hesitation, and watched for prey, or banged it to death against the stone, so close to me that I could almost have snatched the fish out of the bird's beak.

Its nesting is as remarkable as its feeding. The eggs are always laid some distance within a hole in a bank, mostly the deserted burrow of a water-rat. I have, however, found the nest in a hole fully half a mile away from water. A convenient portion of

the burrow is enlarged by the bird, and the eggs are laid upon a mass of fish-bones, which serve to keep them from the damp earth. These bones are due to the predacious nature of the Kingfisher.

It is the custom of the predacious birds to swallow the feathers, fur, skin, bones, or scales of their prey. The soft portions are then separated from the rest in the stomach, and allowed to pass into the assimilative system. The indigestible parts are then formed into oval balls, or "pellets," as they are usually termed, and thrown up again.

It is easy, by inspecting these pellets, to ascertain the food of the bird.

Thus in the pellets of the owl are found the bones and skins of mice, together with the shards, wings, and legs of the cockchafer, june-bug, and other destructive insects. Those of the Kingfisher show that when the bird lives near the sea it will feed upon marine fish, which it can capture at low water in the rock-pools, and that it does not disdain to add shrimps and prawns to its viands.

When hawking was in fashion, the falconers always paid the greatest attention to the "castings," as these pellets were called, and regulated the character of the food accordingly.

Those of the owls are allowed to lie at random on the floor of the nest, or rather of the nesting place, and upon them the eggs are laid. But those of the Kingfisher are arranged in a circular form, though without any particular art.

That they are so arranged was proved by the late Mr. J. Gould. It is so difficult to procure an uninjured Kingfisher's nest that some years ago a legend was current to the effect that any one who would take a perfect nest to the British Museum would receive a hundred guineas for it. A similar legend existed with regard to Queen Anne's farthings, and it is worthy of notice that the use of the term "guineas" instead of pounds shows that both legends were invented before the present twenty-shilling piece had been designed.

Mr. Gould did succeed in depositing a perfect nest in the British Museum, but he certainly never asked or would have obtained the legendary reward. His account of the ingenious manner in which he obtained the nest is most interesting, but much too long for insertion. I shall therefore give a brief epitome of it.

Having, by means of his fishing-rod, measured the distance of the nest from the entrance of the burrow, he dug down upon it, so as not to injure the burrow itself, and found four eggs, which he removed, together with the bones on which they rested, and he then filled in the hole which he had made.

After waiting for twenty-one days he took a quantity of cotton wool to the spot, and with it filled up the entire burrow, stuffing it in with the fishing-rod. He again dug down upon the nest, and there found eight eggs, the female bird, and a renewed nest. The cotton wool had performed the double task of capturing the mother bird and keeping the loosened earth from falling into the nest and spoiling it.

A small plate was then introduced beneath the nest, which was thus removed in perfect condition. As Mr. Gould had previously taken away not only the four eggs, but the bones on which they were resting, it is evident that the bones, &c., which composed the nest must have been deposited within twenty-one days.

Considering that the Kingfisher lays eight eggs at each brood, which is nearly double the usual average, it seems rather remarkable that the bird should be so scarce. True, it is—though bold when it knows that it will not be injured—a shy bird, never showing itself more than it can avoid. It lives in pairs, and, as far as I know, two pairs never nest within a considerable distance of each other.

The eggs are beautifully white, having, when fresh, a pinkish hue, which vanishes when they are emptied, leaving them white, with a shining gloss. The colour can be restored so perfectly that if a number of restored and fresh eggs be mixed together no one could distinguish between them. The process of restoration is too elaborate for description.

The bird is a very prolific one, and when a nest has been discovered it is easy to obtain five or six eggs, and yet leave the bird her eight eggs for hatching.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LIVING OF LANGLEYS.

A Story of Country Life.

By MARY B. WHITING.

CHAPTER VII.—LEAVING THE OLD HOME.

THE days passed quickly by, and the time soon came for Welldon to return to college. It had been arranged that Janet should stay for a time with her uncle Henry, who was their only near relation; she hoped that eventually she might be able to live near her brother, but this could not be until he was ordained. He expected to take his degree in the next spring, and then his wish was to travel for a time until he could marry and return to the Rectory. No intimation had come from the Squire as to his plans for the future; some clergyman must of course be appointed for the next two years, but no one had any idea on whom the choice was likely to fall.

"I must go up there to-day and see him," said Welldon one morning, "and hear if he has made any arrangements. I do not wish to interfere, but it is very awkward to have no knowledge at all of what he means to do."

"Very well," said Janet; "but if you go there this afternoon, we ought to spend the morning in packing."

If Welldon could have looked into Mr Talbot's study, in the course of his busy morning, he would have discovered what future plans were likely to be decided upon. The Squire sat in his arm-chair, with the excited manner usually his when some pet scheme was being discussed, and on the other side of the fireplace sat Mr. Poole, his brows knit with thought and an anxious look upon his face.

"You cannot refuse it," the Squire was saying, "for it falls vacant just as you are in this difficulty about returning to Sheffield; the coincidence seems to me to decide the matter."

Mr. Poole was still silent; he had something in his mind that he wished to say, but he found it difficult to begin. He knew that his manner was naturally awkward, and the knowledge did not tend to help him in his present dilemma. At last he broke out abruptly—

"I have my own prospects to think of, Mr. Talbot; I am well known in the North, and if I leave it I lose my chance of preferment. At the end of two years I should be thrown out of the living and cast adrift on the world."

The Squire was irritated by Mr. Poole's manner, but he felt that he could not expect that gentleman to ignore himself entirely in the matter. He had been obliged to mention his scheme whereby Welldon should come into the living, but he had stopped short at the condition on which it depended. Mr. Poole had treated the first announcement with such evident disapproval that he had not ventured any further. He had hoped that as his new friend was suddenly leaving his present curacy he would gladly accept the temporary charge at Langleys; but for the second time in the last few days the Squire found that his offer was not seized upon with the avidity that he expected. He did not quite know how to proceed in the matter, for he felt that he might get into greater difficulties by pressing a man to accept a proposal which was to the man's own disadvantage, and yet what inducements could he hold out?

Mr. Poole was also deeply engaged in thought. When he received the Squire's summons to call, the idea had crossed his mind that the living was about to be offered to him. He knew that Mr. Talbot liked him, and he felt a strong conviction that Hester would be an advocate in his favour. He did not stay to analyse the feeling that endeared the village to him, but as he drove to the Hall he made up his mind that if the offer was made he would accept it at once. And now he was told that his services would only be required for two years, and above all that he must make way for Welldon Stamford! But in justice to Mr. Poole it must be said that his personal prejudice against Welldon was not the uppermost feeling in his mind. He knew that Mr. Talbot was doing a very unwise thing both for Welldon and for the parish, and that it would give rise to much discussion in the neighbourhood. In his heart he accused the old Rector of trying to secure a good thing for his son, and Welldon of unlimited self-conceit and rapacity. He cruelly misjudged them both, but it was just what Mr. Stamford had foreseen and laboured hard to prevent.

There was a long silence as these thoughts passed through their minds. Mr. Poole wished the Squire would speak again, for he had said all that he knew how to say, and

was feeling thoroughly uncomfortable. Mr. Talbot on his side was equally at a loss how to proceed, but at last yielding to a sudden impulse, he exclaimed—

"Do you know why I wish to appoint Welldon Stamford as Rector of Langleys?"

"No," said Mr. Poole briefly.

"I will tell you, though I had intended to keep it to myself. I cherish the hope of seeing Hester and the son of my dear old friend united in marriage, and can you wonder that I wish to keep them always at my side?"

"This is too much," muttered Mr. Poole under his breath, and rising hastily he took two or three turns through the room.

The Squire looked after him in surprise.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Mr. Poole did not reply, he came back to his chair, and said in a quiet tone, "You have prevailed upon me, I will undertake the charge."

This sudden resolution seemed very unaccountable to Mr. Talbot, but it was such a relief to his mind that he was glad to accept it without asking any questions.

"That is settled then," he said. "I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me, but I must ask you to remember one thing: what I have just said to you is a secret which must never be repeated!"

"You may rely upon me," said Mr. Poole rather coldly. "But may I ask how you intend to prevent the arrangement from becoming known?"

"When my daughter is engaged to Stamford I do not care how soon the news is public property. I trust it may only be a short time before that event takes place, but until then it is no one's business but our own."

Mr. Poole bowed himself out without any reply; the arrangement seemed to him so utterly foolish that he could not think of it without impatience; but nevertheless he was prepared to stand by his engagement. The Squire had prevailed upon him by his last argument, for come what might he was determined to save Hester from the destiny that lay before her; he felt convinced that she did not really love Welldon, and that if she married him it would only be in obedience to her father's wishes.

"I have never failed yet in attaining my ends," he said to himself as he reached his friend's house, "and for the sake of accomplishing this I will consent to any sacrifice."

He was more reserved and awkward than ever during the rest of the day, and his friends tried in vain to discover what had passed between him and Mr. Talbot.

Janet and Welldon in the meantime had been hard at work. There are few duties more trying in this world than the dismantling of one's old home. The familiar objects have become a part of one's life, and it seems almost like sacrilege when they are displaced. Every chair and table carries its own associations with it; each little ornament upon the walls has been placed there by some loving hand, and is surrounded by a host of memories. The half-filled boxes, the litter and confusion, all combine to give an air of desolation and misery to the scene, which makes one's very heart bleed!

As soon as his morning's work was over, Welldon betook himself to the Hall; a double purpose lay before him, for he had made up his mind to sound Hester's views a little before he returned to college. He felt that he could scarcely enter upon an engagement at once, for he knew that as soon as matters were settled Mr. Talbot would proclaim abroad his future prospects, and while his grief was still so fresh it would be more than he could bear to hear the matter discussed by every idle tongue. So he resolved to content himself with a few guarded words which might prepare the way for future plain speaking. He smiled as he entered the grounds at the thought of that September evening, which seemed so long ago now. He no longer felt nervous or excited, though he knew that two trying interviews lay before him. He had been but a boy then, but now he was a man with all a man's strength and determination. He had met Hester last in the garden when the flowers still looked gay, and all was fair and bright, but now the yellow leaves bestrewed the ground and the pattering rain sounded dismally in his ears. He was shown into the drawing-room where Hester sat by a cheerful fire, her books and work by her side. She was used to receiving visitors alone, for, though her father often felt an uneasy misgiving that he ought to provide a companion for his daughter, she had always coaxed and teased him until she succeeded in getting her own way.

Janet had often thought the same, for it seemed to her that Hester's bringing up was not all it should be. Her father was too impetuous and indulgent to train his daughter well; and though her governess had done all she could, it was not an easy task to control the wilful girl, who could always get her own way by an appeal to her father. It was the more difficult as the governess was only a daily

one, for Mr. Talbot had a rooted objection to the idea of having a lady resident in the house. And so at eighteen Hester had shaken herself free of the schoolroom, and called her education "finished," when in fact it had scarcely begun.

But these reflections were far enough from Welldon's mind as he entered the drawing-room. Hester's self-will seemed a pretty waywardness to him, and he only smiled indulgently when she pleaded her hatred of lessons.

Welldon sat down opposite to her. It was easy to talk to Hester when they were roaming about the garden, but it was a very different matter to begin what he wanted to say sitting bolt upright on a drawing-room chair. Hester soon put him at his ease, however, by the natural manner in which she asked after Janet, and inquired about his return to college, and all the small matters they had been used to talk over of old. His courage returned as time went on, and as soon as a convenient opportunity came he said quietly, "It will be a long time before I come to Langleys again."

"Why?" asked Hester.

"Because at Christmas I must go to my uncle and Janet."

"But I thought father told me that you had promised to come here for a few days at least."

"He said something to me about it, but I did not know whether you would wish me to come or not."

"I! Why, Welldon, you must know that I am always glad to see you."

"I know that we have always been good friends since we were children, but things are different now; I am no longer a boy, and you have grown from a child into a woman. You are not the little Hester that I used to tease when I came home for my holidays, and I want to know if you still have the same welcome for me."

There was a power in his voice and look that would not be laughed away, as Hester had so often done before; she sat silent while a new feeling awoke in her heart. He rose from his chair, and came to her side. "Shall I come, Hester?" he asked.

She looked up at him as he stood before her, so young and handsome, though his face was worn with anxiety. A great wave of affection filled her heart, and she answered simply, "Yes, come."

His face lighted up with joy, he pressed her hand in his for a moment, and hurried from the room. All thought of Mr. Talbot had faded from his mind, and his hand was on the door when a voice called him back. He turned and saw the Squire standing on the threshold of his study; he spoke hurriedly, and without asking the young man in.

"Ah! Welldon, I am very busy, and cannot ask you to stay, but I thought you would like to hear that I have secured a capital man to hold the living until you are ready to take it."

"That was one thing that I wanted to ask you about," said Welldon. "Is it any one I know?"

"Yes; at least you have met him once or twice. When I tell you that it is Mr. Poole, I am sure you will agree with me that it is a most fortunate thing that I have been able to persuade him to come."

The Squire's words fell on unheeding ears; Welldon had heard nothing but the name. It seemed to come like a thunderbolt into his clear sky. Why had he never foreseen this? It must have been Hester's doing; and yet but a few minutes before she had been smiling in his face, and assuring him of a welcome when he should ask for it. Happily the Squire was too much preoccupied to notice his silence, and he was able to escape with little difficulty.

Once outside he wandered on for miles, caring little which way he went, and never heeding the rain, which was falling heavily. But a moment ago life had seemed fair and full of promise, and now hope was dashed from his lips almost before he had realised it. He felt no doubt from the first, as to Mr. Poole's object in undertaking the charge. He knew that there was only one inducement which could have prevailed upon him to accept it. It seemed to him that every chance lay in his rival's favour—a fair field and no opposition—at any rate until Christmas. Welldon looked at all the dark sides of the affair before he let a ray of hope steal into his heart; but at last his despair began to yield. After all Hester might know nothing of the transaction; indeed, if she had, would she not certainly have mentioned it to him? His spirits began to rise again, and he encouraged himself with every hope that fancy could suggest. Surely he must be right; she was as true as she was fair. All would be well yet, though there were clouds in the sky. He turned homewards at last, and met Janet with a bright face when she hurried to meet him.

"I feel happier than I have done for a long time," he said, as he kissed her gaily.

A pang of remorse shot through his heart even as the words left his lips. Could it be

that his father was so quickly forgotten? But a week or two ago all thoughts of happiness had seemed far enough away from his mind, and yet already he was looking forward to the future with a feeling of joy. He sighed as a thought that he had once read came back to him, that though we draw our water from a stream its waves will close, the stream flows on, and none will miss the drops which were taken away. So it is with the dead, they are gone, but yet the stream of life flows on with undivided course. And yet is it not well that we cannot stay to mourn for what is past, that so we may learn to look on those we have loved not as left behind, but as gone before?

It was some time before Welldon could make up his mind to tell his sister about Mr. Poole, but he felt that it would be best for him to break it to her himself. She could not repress a few tears when she heard it.

"He is the last man that I should have wished to see in my father's place," she said.

"Never mind," answered Welldon, "we shall not be here to be irritated by his manner, and at least we know that he is a good man."

"His coming here will prevent us from ever visiting the place."

"Not so bad as that. Hester has given me leave to come at Christmas-time, so we shall be here together once more, sad though it will be."

She tried to brighten up for his sake, and succeeded in looking at things in a more cheerful light. It was Welldon who broke down next morning when they set off for their several destinations.

"Dear old home," he said, as he looked from the carriage window, "I shall never enter it again."

CHAPTER VIII.—NEW CONDITIONS.

It was late that evening when Janet reached her uncle's house. He had only recently taken a partnership in a London engineering business, and it was therefore her first introduction to his new home, which lay in one of the outlying districts of London.

There was something very dreary about the look of the place. The streets were long and dusty, filled with noisy and ill-cared-for children. Rows of better houses, built of new red brick, were intermixed with the older streets, giving an aspect of discomfort to the whole. No scene could have presented a greater contrast to the lovely home that Janet had so lately left, and it is not to be wondered that she could not restrain a rising sob as she drove up to the house.

Mrs. Stamford met her at the door, and, seeing how utterly weary she was, proposed that she should go to her own room at once. Janet was grateful for her aunt's thoughtfulness, and yet she could not but feel sad and down-hearted, for she knew that a very different life lay before her from that which she had been accustomed to. Her uncle, though he resembled his brother in personal appearance, was totally unlike him in every other respect. He was a good but narrow-minded man, completely engrossed in his work, to the exclusion of everything else. The two brothers had very seldom met in late years, for their ways of life had drifted far apart, and when they did meet they seemed to have but little in common.

Mr. Henry Stamford had only one son, who was a year or two younger than Welldon, and several daughters, whose ages ranged from sixteen to five-and-twenty.

It was some years since Janet had seen any of them, for when she had last stayed with her uncle and aunt the three younger ones were at school, and the two elder daughters on the Continent. But now they were all at home, and Janet's heart sank still lower as she heard their noisy laughter from the drawing-room.

Her aunt, who was watching her unpack, apologised languidly, "One cannot be always checking children. After all they are only young once."

Janet was silent, reflecting that as some of the "children" were older than Welldon, they might by this time have learnt consideration for the feelings of others. But she had resolved to be brave and patient under the trials which awaited her, and she tried to answer her aunt cheerfully.

Mrs. Stamford, who was really kind-hearted, kissed her affectionately as she bade her good-night. "I will leave you now," she said, "for I know you must be tired; but be sure to ring if there is anything we can do for you."

Janet promised, and sinking wearily into an arm-chair before the fire, she began to think over the past. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she longed bitterly for her father, and for the home which would never be hers again. "How can I endure life here?" she said to herself, as the thought of all that she had lost swept over her like a wave.

The words had hardly escaped her lips,

"In the thick herbage that shades the river bank."

Page 602.

when she heard a low knock at the door, and some one entered without waiting for an answer. Janet hastily brushed the tears from her eyes and looked up to meet the sympathising gaze of a tall girl with dark hair and eyes like her own.

"Which of my cousins are you?" said Janet, trying to smile as she held out her hand.

"I am Georgie," said the new-comer, and she bent over and kissed Janet's forehead. The touch aroused all her grief afresh, and she burst into a flood of tears.

Her cousin waited quietly until her sobs had quieted down, and then proposed that she should help her to undress.

Janet was too weary to resist, and Georgie soon had the satisfaction of seeing her resting comfortably in bed. Georgie kissed her again as she left her, and Janet went to sleep with a happier feeling at her heart than she could have believed possible. Life seemed more cheerful when she woke next morning, and she went down to breakfast with the resolution that she would try her best to be happy and useful in her new life.

The first sight of her uncle, however, gave her a shock that she could not altogether repress. She had not seen him since the day of the funeral, and the recollection brought the unwilling tears to her eyes; she went forward to kiss him, though he seemed too much engrossed with his letters to notice her, and lifted his head with a start of surprise when she laid her hand on his. His eldest daughter, who was standing by, laughed a little disagreeably.

"We never say good morning," she said; "it is a stupid formality, and papa is always too busy."

Janet could hardly restrain her emotion sufficiently to shake hands with her cousin, who did not seem to observe, however, that anything was the matter.

The girls strolled in one after the other as breakfast proceeded, and were introduced to Janet by their mother. Her friend of the night before came in last, and the others greeted her with a laugh.

"So this is the young lady who preaches to us about being late," exclaimed Helen, the second daughter.

Georgie flushed up angrily. "At any rate, I'm only late once in the week to your seven times," she retorted.

"Hush! girls," said Mrs. Stamford; but her languid voice was unheard amid the noisy tones of her daughters.

Mr. Stamford looked up from his letters at last.

"Georgie," he said sharply, "have you done those papers I asked you to copy?"

"I have not finished them, papa; I had so little time, and——"

Her father shrugged his shoulders.

"Always the same!" he muttered impatiently. "Be sure you finish them by lunch time."

Janet was glad when breakfast was over; it had been a miserable meal to her, and she was thankful to escape into the drawing-room and hide her tears by pretending to look out of the window. She had not stood there long when she heard some one come into the room. She did not look round that she might gain time to recover herself; but after a while her reverie was disturbed by a heavy sigh. She turned and saw Georgie at the writing-table, which was covered with papers. She was holding her hand to her head with a distressed air.

"Can I help you?" asked Janet, coming forward.

"Oh! thank you so much," said Georgie with a brightening face. "I have such a dreadful headache this morning, and Helen was only cross when I asked her to copy some of these for me."

Janet made no reply; she had no wish to hear all the family quarrels, which were evidently of frequent occurrence. She sat down, and taking the sheets her cousin offered her, soon completed a fair copy. Georgie's radiant look of gratitude rewarded her for her trouble, and she found that the help given to another had lightened her own burden. Things seemed altogether brighter as she went up-stairs, and she sat down and wrote a cheerful letter to Welldon, assuring him that she was well and comfortable.

And yet, in spite of her resolution to look on the bright side of things, Janet found it hard work to keep up her courage as the days went on. Mrs. Stamford was a kindly, good-natured woman, but she had no authority over her children and allowed them to do just as they liked. Sophie and Helen, the two elder girls, seemed completely absorbed with dress and fashion, and Janet felt that they secretly laughed at her and her ways. Georgie came three years below Helen, and though she had been much neglected, her naturally open and generous disposition responded to Janet's attempts at friendship.

Walter was just nineteen. He was an easy-going, careless lad, the pride of his

parents' hearts, who spoiled and indulged him in every possible way. His father had wished to take him into the office when he left school, but Walter had set his heart on going to college, and nothing would induce him to give up his scheme. Mr. Stamford was strongly against it, for he knew that Walter would never do any good there; but his mother encouraged him, and after much discussion Mr. Stamford at last gave in, and Walter was sent to Oxford that his cousin Welldon might look after him. Welldon tried to do his best, but Walter was a year younger in standing; besides which he was in another college, so that they were thrown into quite a different set of men.

Janet was troubled about the matter, for it seemed to her that his parents were quite ignorant of the way he was going on, and yet she did not feel that it was her place to enlighten them; they had always been a little jealous of Welldon, too, and would be sure to set down any accusation against their son to his malice and ill-feeling—so she decided to say nothing.

Janet had had several letters from Hester, which filled her with mingled feelings. It was pleasant to read the words of affection which were true and tender as of old; but the account of changes in the parish—how Mr. Poole had altered this and established that—made Janet's heart burn within her at what seemed like slights upon her father's memory. She knew that he would have rejoiced that a younger and abler man should fill his place, but she felt inclined to blame Hester for falling in so readily with new ways. She said nothing of this to Welldon, however, and there was much that she could pass on to him which she knew would gladden his heart.

Meanwhile Christmas was rapidly approaching, and Janet counted the days till she should see her brother once more; and yet it was a painful joy, for she knew how bitterly she should feel her grief when she saw the old home which was now hers no longer. At times she felt that it was almost impossible for her to go back to those scenes of past joy, where everything that surrounded her must bring back to her mind the time which could never return. The thought of seeing Mr. Poole established in the Rectory, of hearing his voice in the church, filled her with a sort of despair. But yet, for Welldon's sake, she tried to restrain her feelings; after all, the joy of meeting him again would compensate for all. And was it not much better to spend Christmas under a roof where love and sympathy would be lavished upon them, than amid the disturbing elements of her uncle's house?

Welldon, for his part, was only longing for the time when he should see Janet and Hester again. Those two names comprehended all his home ties now, and they had never seemed so precious to him before.

But though Welldon and Janet were looking forward to Christmas, there was one who thought of it with quite different feelings. Although Mr. Poole had never had any direct quarrel with Welldon, he felt that it would be a serious blow to his plans for the future if his rival were so soon to reappear. He had made many changes since the Rector's death; and he wished the people to become accustomed to them before they had an opportunity of venting their disapproval. The rumour that Welldon was eventually to be rector had leaked out in the village, and Mr. Poole felt that if the people saw him among them they would immediately begin to draw comparisons to his own disadvantage. But he had a stronger reason still in his ardent wish to keep Hester out of Welldon's way; he looked upon her as a victim about to be enslaved, and upon himself as a man set apart to rescue her. He never had believed in Hester's affection for Welldon, for he was convinced that she had been drawn on against her will. The Squire was the great obstacle in the way, but he did not despair of overcoming this opposition. Mr. Poole knew his character well, and felt convinced that if anything happened to turn him against Welldon, he would be as hasty in throwing him over as he had been in encouraging his suit. What could bring about such an event Mr. Poole did not know, but the more he thought over the matter the more certain he felt that all would come out as he had planned it. He had no trust in Welldon's fair promises; and was quite content to wait patiently until the young man's true character should reveal itself to the world.

Whether there was any treachery in all this he did not consider. If a man's heart is completely bound up in one idea, it is strange how he can blind himself to all else.

Mr. Poole had made up his mind that Welldon was unworthy of Hester, and he did not stay to discover what grounds he had for such an opinion. He was a conscientious man, but he was too much inclined to trust to his own integrity of purpose. A little more humility would have taught him that conscience, though a trusty guide, may yet fail a man in time of need. It is divine

strength alone which can keep a man upright through every temptation.

CHAPTER IX.—CHRISTMAS-TIME.

HESTER, too, was counting the days to Christmas. Welldon's parting visit had filled her mind with a vague, indefinite hope which she scarcely ventured to put into words, but which nevertheless made life seem very sweet to her. She could not doubt now that he loved her, and her trustful, confiding nature made her ever ready to cling to those who offered her their support and affection. She said nothing to any one of the new pleasure that filled her heart, but her letters to Janet were very frequent, and contained hearty wishes for Christmas to arrive.

Meanwhile Mr. Poole had not forsaken his cherished scheme. It lay ready for promotion at any moment, and day by day his hopes grew stronger. This was partly the effect of the Squire's behaviour towards him. Mr. Talbot was always guided by those nearest to him. While Mr. Stamford was alive he had looked to him for advice on all difficult points, but it was wonderful how soon Mr. Poole supplied his place. He did not cringe to his patron, he was too honest and upright a man for that, nor did he try to undermine his patron's plans. He had a strong conviction that he should gain the prize in the end, and he could bide his time. A weaker man would have ruined his own cause by speaking ill of Welldon, but Mr. Poole was too wise for such a course. He had no grounds of complaint at present, so he never mentioned the subject at all; but none the less did he make himself indispensable to the Squire, walking over his farms with him, patiently listening to his conversation, and enlivening his weary hours. The clergyman's common sense enabled him to enter into all the business of an estate with ease, although he had not been brought up to it, and Mr. Talbot learnt to lean upon him more and more; the Squire was quite used to his awkward manner now, and there could be no doubt that his parish work was done with conscientious thoroughness and sincerity.

Only once had any word as to Hester's future passed between them. It was one day, soon after Mr. Poole had settled into the Rectory, and the Squire had come down to see him in his new abode.

"I long for the time when I shall see Welldon here," he had said, as he looked round on the familiar rooms.

"It is too soon yet, for the sake of the parish," answered Mr. Poole gravely.

"I believe you think my scheme very foolish and ill-judged," broke out Mr. Talbot, in his impetuous manner.

Mr. Poole made no reply. And then the whole story came out, of the old superstition to which the Squire clung in spite of himself. He looked appealingly at the clergyman when he had finished, as though asking him to support his belief, but after a moment's silence Mr. Poole said, with an evident effort, "I think it worse than foolish, it is positively *wrong* to attach any importance to such an idea."

The Squire went away without saying another word. Mr. Poole feared that he had offended past forgiveness, but the next time they met the Squire was as cordial as ever, and the incident had never been alluded to again. Only Mr. Talbot seemed to lean more and more upon his counsel, and he suspected sometimes that the old man had been more than half ashamed of himself for putting any trust in the superstition at all.

It was getting near Christmas-time, when Hester met Mr. Poole one morning as she was walking in the village. She looked as bright as the sun which was shining on the frosty trees, and he noticed what a light gleamed in her eyes.

"Have you had good news?" he asked pleasantly. His shyness had entirely worn off with Hester now, and she treated him as an old friend.

"No news that I did not know before," she answered; "but I have heard to-day from Miss Stamford, and she and her brother are coming to-morrow week."

Mr. Poole felt a little disconcerted. He had hoped that something might prevent the promised visit, although he did not know that Welldon was coming with a sure expectation of finding his suit successful. He had persuaded himself, moreover, that Hester did not really look forward to Welldon's arrival, and, in fact, that things were going just as he wished. It was rather a blow, therefore, to find the visit at hand, and Hester overflowing with delight at the prospect; and yet what could he say? She evidently expected his sympathy, and he knew that he ought to give it; but how could he pretend to be pleased at tidings that filled him with vexation if not with actual distress?

Hester looked disappointed at his silence. She was so accustomed to have his interest in all her pursuits that she felt hurt at his coldness.

"You never did appreciate the Stam-

fords," she said petulantly; "I know you despise them both."

"You are quite mistaken," said Mr. Poole gravely, "if you imagine that I despise your friends. I have not such a high opinion of Mr. Welldon Stamford as you have perhaps, but you must remember that he is very much younger than I am—quite a boy, in fact—and that I have never seen for myself the good qualities that you say he possesses."

"Then you cannot take my word for them."

"I would take your word on almost any point, but I think that a young lady can hardly be a judge of any lad's character, however intimately she may know him."

Hester coloured; she was nearer being angry with Mr. Poole than she had ever been before: her pride rebelled at hearing Welldon spoken of as a "boy" in that contemptuous way, and yet it was impossible to contend that he was *not* a boy, because in point of years the statement was true; in mind and character, she believed that Welldon was anything but immature and unformed, but of these she had just been told that she was no judge. She tried to dismiss the subject from her mind, saying lightly—

"When they come you will have an opportunity of finding out whether he is what you think him to be or not."

"I shall not be here when they come. Did not your father tell you that I am going away next week?"

"No; he must have forgotten it: he forgets many things now. Where are you going?"

"To Sheffield; I promised to be here for Christmas, so I am just going up from Monday to Saturday to see my mother and my old friends."

Hester was still sufficiently vexed with him to show but little interest in his plans; but after he had gone her heart smote her. He had often told her that she was his only friend in the south, and now, when he had expected her sympathy, she had failed to give it. True, he had just done the same by her, but she told herself that it was a woman's duty to sympathise with all who came in her way; and besides, it was true that he was much older and wiser than she was, and might it not be the case that he was right to withhold his friendship until he knew that it was deserved? Not that she doubted Welldon for a moment, he was open and honest as the daylight, but Mr. Poole was just, and she hoped to convince him during the next few weeks that her friend was the best and worthiest man that had ever lived.

Thus meditating she reached the Hall; her father had insisted that when Janet left the Rectory Hester should have some one to live with her. Things were very different now, he told her, and she must submit to him in this matter. Hester had consented at once, feeling within herself that he was right, and the Squire wrote to his only near relative, a cousin on his father's side, asking her to come and live with them. Miss Talbot cordially acceded to her cousin's request, and she was now settled at the Hall as comfortably as though it had always been her home. She was a dear old lady, with a face that was beautiful even in age; she still took a keen interest in the literary and political world, and Hester found her own range of ideas insensibly enlarged since her acquaintance with her Aunt Harriet began. Miss Talbot had known Mr. Stamford well, and there had been a strong friendship between them; she was always pleased, therefore, to hear Hester's stories of past days, and was looking forward with great interest to seeing Welldon and Janet. There was only one point on which she could not agree with her niece, as she always called Hester, and that was admiration for Mr. Poole. From the first time they met a strong antipathy had arisen on both sides; his manners, words, and ways were alike distasteful to her, and she had not scrupled to speak her mind plainly on various occasions. "I always expect a clergyman to be a gentleman," she would say to Hester; "things are altered indeed when such a man is to be received as an equal."

"I think that when a man is so devoted to his work as Mr. Poole undoubtedly is we should overlook any trivial faults," was Hester's answer. "He has the mind and heart of a gentleman if he has not all the outward polish. The poor people cannot speak too highly of him."

"I daresay, my dear; but that does not alter my opinion; he may be all very well, but I hope my old friend's son is not like this good man."

The conversation always ended there. Miss Talbot had a pretty clear idea how affairs stood between Hester and Welldon, but there had been no open confidence on the subject; her tact was very delicate, and she felt that in this matter there was no need for her to interfere, at any rate for the present. The same good feeling prevented her from giving vent to her dislike of Mr. Poole before

the Squire; she saw that he was a real comfort to the old man, who was becoming more and more difficult to please, so she said no word that could disturb the relationship between them.

Hester said nothing to her aunt of her interview with Mr. Poole, as she knew that his departure would be looked on as a happy release; her father bemoaned it at lunch-time, saying that he could not get on a day without him now, and how should he get through a week?

"Mr. Poole has too much influence over your father, my dear," said Miss Talbot when they were alone in the drawing-room.

"He is a man who only uses his influence for good," said Hester a little stiffly.

"Well, we shall see; but I cannot say *I* think the effect is good. He rules your father more than is right, and will not allow him to decide anything for himself; now if a mind is not allowed to act, it loses the power of acting in time."

Hester was too young and inexperienced to see the force of her aunt's words, she only knew that Mr. Poole managed her father a great deal better than she did, and that it was very nice to think that he was well looked after, so she succeeded in turning the conversation as soon as she could.

Mr. Poole was up early on Monday morning, packing his things and arranging matters for his absence. As soon as he had once started on the long railway journey that lay before him he gave himself up to thought. His prospects did not seem quite so bright as they had done a few days before. Something in Hester's manner told him that her heart was more deeply touched than he had ever dreamt of; but still he could not despair, sooner or later she would be his. Something would surely come to light yet which would prevent this foolish affair from going any farther.

Secure in this belief, he entered fully into the pleasure of seeing his friends again. He had told himself that he was tired of Sheffield; but there was something in the very atmosphere that seemed to exhilarate him as soon as he stepped out of the train. He felt that he was at home, and that the south country could never be so dear to him as his native place. His mother was overjoyed to see him once more, and bewailed the fact that he had been induced to stay at Langleys. He said little on the subject to anyone, and his friends soon felt that a change of some kind had passed over him. He was silent and absorbed; and as soon as the first interest of reaching home had passed off seemed to take but little pleasure in anything.

The time passed quickly; and on the day before he left he went for a last walk, glad to escape for a time to his own thoughts. He was strolling along, deep in meditation, when he felt a touch on his shoulder, and a well-known voice exclaimed—

"Of all men in the world the one I want to see!"

Mr. Poole looked round. "Arthur! Who would have thought of seeing you here!"

The two men clasped hands warmly, and walked on together, exchanging rapid questions and answers.

Arthur Wells and Richard Poole had been inseparable friends as boys, and had persuaded their respective fathers to send them to the same college at Cambridge. Since then their paths had diverged, Richard had returned to Sheffield as a curate, and his friend had become a tutor in the south. They had not written to each other for some time, and were mutually interested in hearing of each other's doings.

"And how is your pupil getting on?" asked Mr. Poole when the more immediate inquiries had been satisfied.

"Going from bad to worse," said Wells, with a shake of the head.

"How so? I thought you hoped that he might improve when away from home influence?"

"Yes, I did; but he has got into a thoroughly bad set at college, I fear. I hear of him but seldom, for since I left Eastlake Hall I have had but little communication with the family."

"You liked him personally, did you not?"

"I could not help it; there was something fascinating about the lad. But when I was with him the other day I hardly knew him, he was so much altered."

"Where did you see him?"

"I was near Oxford, and took the opportunity of calling. But there was an idle young scamp in his room—Stamford, I think was the name—and I could get no conversation with him at all."

Mr. Poole turned pale for a moment. "Stamford!" he said in an almost awe-struck tone.

"Yes, I think so. Do you know any one of that name?"

It was some minutes before he could collect himself sufficiently to answer.

"The late Rector of Langleys was named

Stamford," he said at last, "and this must be his son."

"Do you know him at all?"

"I have seen him, a fine-looking young fellow; but I thought him weak and unstable."

"Yes, that's the man, no doubt. He is tall and well-built, fair hair, and what should be a fine, open face, but utterly spoilt by dissipation. I heard afterwards that he is deeply involved in debt."

Richard was silent, and his friend could not but notice his extreme agitation.

"I'm sorry this cuts you up so, old fellow," he said. "I did not think you would take it so much to heart."

Then Richard Poole took his friend by the arm, and, binding him over to secrecy, poured the whole story into his ears.

Wells's astonishment grew greater as the tale went on. "What are you going to do?" he asked at last.

"I don't know, and that's the whole truth."

"You ought to go down to Oxford and make inquiries before you do anything in the matter."

"I can't do that—at least not now. I must go back to-morrow, and I shall find Stamford at Langleys."

Wells gave a whistle. "That's a complication," he said. "However, in some ways it may be a good thing. You can judge for yourself, and a little judicious questioning may bring out the truth."

"My mind is in perfect confusion; but perhaps by to-morrow I may have decided what to do. At any rate *she* shall be saved from him."

He spoke in a low tone, but the words were fiercely uttered, and as Wells looked at the determined figure at his side he felt that his friend would not fail to carry out his purpose.

WILLIAM PENN.

By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D.

ONE of the most remarkable careers of modern times is that of William Penn. He was one of the first Quakers, and a powerful preacher; he was the founder of a great colony, and showed no mean power in legislation and statecraft; he was a man of great personal influence, so great that he is credited with the initiation of enterprises which could hardly have owed their beginnings to him. Conflicting views have been taken of many of his actions, and the deeds of others have even been fathered upon him. Lord Macaulay, in his "History of England," treated him with some lack of sympathy, if not with some injustice; and he has been vigorously defended by men like Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. W. E. Forster. Dr. Stoughton wrote a most interesting monograph upon him quite recently, bringing forward some new facts, particularly with regard to his early religious experiences. There are altogether about twenty memoirs of Penn and collections of his letters. One of the most recent of these is that of Mr. Samuel Janney, an American, which contains many original letters and documents. From this it will be seen that William Penn's life and work continue to attract the curiosity and to exercise the minds of men. It will not, then, be out of date shortly to review the main facts of his life here, nor will it be out of place, for the religious interest is powerful in it from first to last.

William Penn was the eldest son of the distinguished admiral, Sir William Penn, who, on several occasions, did his country signal service. Under the Commonwealth he took part in the famous three-days' fight, in which the naval power of the Dutch was shattered, and the gallant Van Tromp was slain. Later he commanded the expedition which made Jamaica a British possession, though it failed to conquer Cuba. After the Restoration he led the English fleet, under the command of the Duke of York, in the memorable encounter with the Dutch under Admiral Opham, and by his conduct on this occasion he won the early friendship of the King and his brother. We emphasize the dogged fighting temper of the father, for, though the son, by his religion, was pledged to peace, the same characteristics in many ways came out in him. At an early age William was sent to a free grammar-school at Chigwell, in Essex, not far from one of his father's estates at Wanstead, and here he gave evidence of the highest talents, and also became subject to deep religious impressions. One of his biographers says, "Being alone in his chamber he was sud-

Ruscombe, Penn's residence in England.

denly surprised with an inward comfort, and, as he thought, an external glory in the room, which gave rise to religious emotions, during which he had the strongest convictions of the being of a God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying communion with Him." He believed also that "the seal of divinity had been put upon him at this moment, or that he had been awakened or called to a holy life." Dr. Stoughton has devoted a good deal of consideration to the phenomena connected with this early conversion, and has written of them with full insight and sympathy. His father, who had destined William to a career of fashion and worldly success, did not welcome these early manifestations. At the age of fifteen he was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, and advanced rapidly in learning, cultivating the society of those students who were most distinguished for talents and virtue, while at intervals he engaged in manly sports and athletic exercises, in which he took great delight. One of his friends at this time was John Locke, afterwards made famous by his "Essay on the Human Understanding." While at Oxford he was led to attend a meeting of the Quakers, and there he heard the famous Thomas Loe, who had formerly belonged to the University of Oxford. The sermon made a deep impression on the mind of Penn, who began to perceive that the simplicity and purity of the Christian religion were lost sight of by most of its professors, while their attention was occupied by a round of lifeless ceremonies. His early religious impressions were revived, and he joined, with others like minded, to form a society to hold meetings for prayer and praise. They withdrew themselves from the college chapel, and thus gave offence to the heads, who fined them for nonconformity. Penn and his friends, under a sense of duty, persisted in their course, and were finally expelled.

These things deeply grieved his father, who now began to fear that all the prospects of worldly honour he had cherished for his son would be blasted. Being himself a man of the world, he could not understand or sympathise with his son, and was fain to wean him from his piety to the delights of the gay world. For this purpose he sent him to France with some persons of rank. After spending some time in Paris, William went to Saumur, where he remained for several months in the year 1662-3, enjoying the counsel and instruction of the learned Moses Amyrault, a Protestant minister of the Calvinistic persuasion and Professor of Divinity in Saumur. On his return he began legal studies at Lincoln's Inn, by-and-by went a voyage with his father, and resumed his residence at Lincoln's Inn when he came back. His mind now underwent a great conflict of religious exercise. His father perceiving this sent him to Ireland, where the Duke of Ormonde, then Lord-Lieutenant, presided over a Court of great gaiety and splendour. It seemed for a time as though William Penn would fall under the fascinations, as his father hoped; but, just in the nick of time, Thomas Loe (who was destined to be Penn's good genius) appeared upon the scene, and Penn once more rose to the higher level of life and thought. He now regularly attended the Friends' meetings, and became active in seeking to undo the persecutions to which they were subject, or to mitigate them. Before long he became a member of the Society. It does not seem, however, that for some time he adopted the dress of the Friends, or relinquished the custom of wearing his sword. Being one day in company with George Fox, Penn asked his advice regarding it, saying that he might perhaps appear singular among Friends, but his sword had once been the means of saving his life without injuring his antagonist; that Christ has said, "He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one." George Fox answered, "I advise thee

to wear it as long as thou canst." Not long after this they met again, when William had no sword, and George said to him, "William, where is thy sword?" "Oh!" said he, "I have taken thy advice: I wore it as long as I could." This anecdote suffices to show that the primitive Friends preferred that their proselytes should be led by the principle of divine truth in their own minds, rather than follow the opinions of others without sufficient evidence.

Penn now threw all his powers into obtaining relief for the Quakers from the persecutions under which they groaned. In his autobiography he tells of his visits to Court with this end in view, and how his intercessions were stopped by his being himself cast into prison. He writes—

"The second time I went to Court was in the summer of '68, in company of G. Whitehead and Josiah Cole. We addressed ourselves to Sir Henry Berwick, then Secretary of State, with whom our business had no better success than before. I was much toucht with the sense of our Friends' many and great hardships, and the more for that they were inflicted in a Protestant country, and came from Protestant hands, and could not but think the severities they lay under, for mere conscience to God, must necessarily bring the very Protestant religion under scandal abroad. Being Protestants in all those points wherein the Church of England might claim that title, and whose main point was a strict and holy life, this made it seem reasonable and requisite to me to make their sufferings and them better known to those in authority, charitably hoping that if they would give themselves the leisure to be truly informed of both, they would afford them better quarters in their own country than Stocks, Whips, Gaols, Dungeons, Præmunires, Fines, Sequestrations, and Banishment for their peaceable dissent in matters relative to faith and worship; and, secondly, I had framed a scheme to myself for that purpose. But it so fell out that towards the close of that year I was made incapable of prosecuting the resolution I had taken, and the plan I had of this affair, by a close and long imprisonment in the Tower of London, for a book I writ called "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," occasioned by some reflections on us and our principles by one Thomas Vincent, a dissenting minister, because some of his congregation inclined to be of our persuasion."

Penn's pertinacity and redoubtable patience show grandly in the years that follow. Like Paul, he was "in prison oft." Newgate became familiar to him. No sooner was he released than some other charge was trumped up against him. This is a specimen of the letters he wrote from prison to his father, who was more and more led to see that his son's behaviour deserved respect:—

"Newgate, 6, 7th, 1670.

"Dear Father,—I desire thee not to be troubled at my present confinement. I could scarce suffer on a better account, nor by a worse hand, and the will of God be done. It is more grievous and uneasy to me that thou shouldst be so heavily exercised, God Almighty knows, than any living worldly concernment. I am clearly the Jury, and they in my place—they are resolved to lay until they get out by law; and they, every six hours, demand their freedom by advice of counsel. . . . . I entreat thee not to purchase my liberty. They will repent them of their proceedings. I am now a prisoner notoriously against the law. I desire the Lord God in fervent prayer to strengthen and support thee, and anchor thy mind on the thoughts of the immutable blessed state, which is over all perishing concerns."

Letitia Cottage, Philadelphia (Penn's first residence there).

Shortly after this the Admiral died. Penn married and undertook long ministerial tours. While the Declaration of Indulgence was intact, he profited by it; when it was revoked, of course, he suffered with the rest, by sympathy, if not by personal pains. He went extensive journeys on the Continent, during which he visited Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, who had a leaning to Quaker views. He had ere this become deeply interested in

Penn and Rebecca Wood.

the colony of Maryland, through efforts on behalf of the settlers there; and he was one of the Commissioners for New Jersey, which he had done not a little to settle, and which was now being successfully developed. This led him to think of establishing a colony in America, to which the Friends in large numbers could be transported. The Government was indebted to Penn a considerable sum of money for services rendered by his father, and was unable to pay it. The idea suggested itself to Penn that the debt might be wiped off by a grant of land. This was done; the property secured by a Patent under the Great Seal to Penn and his heirs for ever. The district was on the Delaware, stretching three hundred miles in length and a hundred and fifty in breadth, touching the bay of Delaware on the south-east and extending to Loch Erie on the north-west. By the King's command it was to be called Pennsylvania in honour of its proprietor, and in commemoration of its being then almost entirely covered with wood. When his charter was completed he drew out, with the help of Algernon Sydney, a constitution for his yet unformed settlement, of which the first and fundamental article was, that liberty of conscience and worship be accorded to every settler. Penn offered his land for forty shillings the hundred acres, with an annual quit-rent of one shilling secured to himself and his heirs for ever. Even servants could hold fifty acres in fee-simple. A large number of persons were ready to accept terms so favourable, and in the end of 1681 three ships laden with emigrants, most of whom were Quakers, set sail for the promised land. Penn himself embarked for America in the autumn of 1682, and landed at New Castle on the 24th of October. On the following day he produced his deeds from the Duke of York, and received possession of the town and country adjoining. He was joyfully welcomed by the inhabitants, whom he called together at the Court-house, when he "made a speech, in which he explained the design of his coming, the nature and end of Government,

and of that more particularly which he came to establish." He and his friends then settled, as we read, at "a rich, pleasant spot on the river Delaware, where they commenced a settlement, to which he gave the name of Salem." One of his first cares was to call a general assembly of the free men, that, by the universal suffrage of these, laws might be made for the government of the country. The foreigners were naturalised and placed on the same level as the English with respect to rights and privileges. Two offences only were made capital—murder and treason; whereas in England at that time a man might be hanged for sheep-stealing. The prisons were to be considered as workshops and reformatories, where offenders were to be weaned from their evil ways and trained to industry. The whole code shows how far in advance of his time Penn was, in not a few respects.

We read that Penn's own sincere temper was imparted to all: "As to outward things we are satisfied; the land is good, the air clear and sweet, the springs plentiful, and provisions good and easy to come at; an innumerable quantity of wild-fowl and fish; in fine, here is what Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be well contented with."

Penn's first residence in Pennsylvania is supposed to have been Letitia Cottage, of which we give (page 616) a woodcut; but the later residence of the Penn family in Philadelphia was the Penn Mansion, of which we are also able to furnish an engraving.

The experience of the people of New Jersey had already proved that it was perfectly possible to live in the utmost amity with the Indians. "We are your brothers," the Sachems had said, "and we will live like brothers with you." Penn was resolved that it should be the same in Pennsylvania. To protect the Indians he had provided that all parley between them and the settlers should be carried on in the open market-place, and that if any one wronged an Indian, he should incur the same penalty as if he had wronged a fellow-planter; and that all disputes between Indians and planters should be determined by a jury of twelve, six of whom should be Indians and six planters. Though he himself had purchased the land from the English Government, he respected the rights which the Indians conceived themselves to have to portions of it, and through commissioners had negotiated a transference of their rights. This had been satisfactorily accomplished, and Penn, as proprietor and Governor of the Province, arranged that the treaty should be publicly ratified in the presence of the assembled tribes. With a number of Friends, he proceeded to Coagnannoca, the Indian name of the place where Philadelphia now stands. The Indians had already assembled; in every opening of the woods their swarthy skins and gay head-dresses of feathers were visible. They came armed with bows and arrows, but the Quakers, as men of peace, bore no arms. At Shallamaxon, where Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia, is now built, there stood a gigantic elm; Penn and the Indian Sachems met under its

Penn's address at New Castle.

spreading branches. He was distinguished from his fellows only by wearing a sky-blue sash round his waist. He held in his hand the parchment confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, and before him were borne various articles of commerce, the price of the Province of Pennsylvania. Penn now spoke. He declared that the Great Spirit, who searched the inmost thoughts of the heart, knew that he and his friends desired to dwell in peace with them. They had come not to do them harm but good. He then unrolled the parchment and, by means of the interpreter, read it to them clause by clause. In return, the Indians solemnly vowed to live in love and peace with Penn and his children, so long as the sun and moon should endure. "The simple sons of the wilderness," says Bancroft, "returning to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum, and long afterwards in their cabins would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory and speak to their children or to the stranger the words of William Penn."

Burial-place of Penn.

And to their word the Indians were faithful. Amid many complications, and difficulties, and feuds, and wars, Quaker blood was never shed by an Indian.

This done, Penn at once set himself to the laying out of his capital on a spot at the confluence of the Skuylkil and Delaware. He named it Philadelphia, in token of the brotherly love which he hoped would prevail in the land. In less than two years the city could boast of a population of two thousand five hundred persons. It grew as the colony throve, and now it is a great and flourishing town.

Penn's sweetness of temper, and his disinclination to dwell on, or even to recognise differenees of rank, are celebrated in many ways. He was altogether home-like amongst his people. Bryant and Gay, in their "History of the United States," say: "So well was this understood among those who saw his daily life, that only a stranger would remark upon it, that Penn rode up to the Darby Meeting with a young girl, Rebecca Wood, whom he had picked up on the way, sitting behind him on the bare back of the horse, her naked legs and feet dangling down by the well-clothed limbs of the Governor. Yet," they add, "he was by no means indifferent to personal appearance and presence."

After two years' residence in Philadelphia, Penn returned to England, where once more he engaged in pleading the cause of civil and religious liberty, and in promoting the interests of his colony. Once more, in spite of his fame and power, he was in prison for his testimony to the truth. He visited America several times. His presence being made necessary on one occasion at least by strifes and dissensions; but his combined

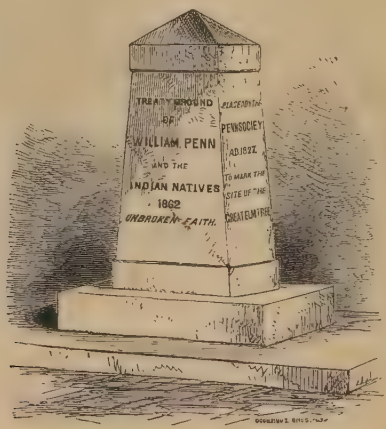
The Penn Mansion.

firmness and sweetness of temper triumphed over difficulties, and cemented the contending sections. From an expostulatory letter, written in 1710, it is clear that Penn sacrificed much for the prosperity of Pennsylvania. "I cannot but think it

Treaty Ground at Kensington (before the fall of the Treaty Tree).

a hard measure," he says, "that, while that has proved a land of freedom and flourishing, it should become to me, by whose means it was principally made a country, the cause of grief, trouble, and poverty." If, through his endeavours to promote the welfare of others, he suffered contraction of his estate, he had resources that ministered to his peace of mind. He went on preaching tours; he was constant in works of charity. His house at Ruscombe was a centre of attraction for men of thought and devotion; and here, amid rustic peace and content, he departed in July, 171 in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was buried on the 6th of August following, at Jordon's, in Buckinghamshire, where his first wife and several of his family had been interred.

A man of signal determination, far-sightedness, benevolence, power of organization, and management of men, his name would have survived in history on account of these. But his devotion and religious zeal impart a colour and elevation which, in spite of some faults and mistakes, will call forth the admiration of many generations, and may form an example and encouragement to not a few, in all time to come.



Treaty Monument, Kensington.

THE RUINED STAIRCASE.

THE Ruined Staircase in the grey old castle
Echoes no longer to the tramp of feet,
Silence has gathered where the lord and vassal
In pomp and pageantry were wont to meet.

The hall of banqueting is chill, forsaken,
Silent and gloomy are the halls of song,
Here nevermore shall bard or minstrel waken
The strains of music for the festal throng.

Yet are they peopled! There are phantom faces,
And phantom footsteps down the staircase glide,
Shades of the past fill up the vacant places
And phantom horsemen through the courtyard ride.

Again the warrior and knight undaunted
Hail the hoarse clamour of war's rude alarms,
Again the corridors, all shadow-haunted,
Ring to the battle-cry, "To arms, to arms!"

I see the bride go forth from yon still chamber,
And round her dainty form her maidens press,
The gleam of jewel and the sheen of amber
Are softly flashing through each dim recess.

Joy for the bridals! Let the minstrels greet her,
Viol and harp the bridegroom's prowess praise!
Beauty and youth with summer garlands meet her,
And lead her forth upon the flower-strewn ways!

And now for bridal bells are farewells dreary,
While sobs and lamentations rend the air,—
With dirge and chant and solemn miserere
They bear the corse adown the castle stair.

The sunlight vanishes, and storm and shadow
Brood o'er the castle on the moated hill,
The bells are tolling o'er the distant meadow,
The dead—the quiet dead—lie hushed and still.

The ancient staircase, in its ruined splendour
Holds its own secrets,—but with bated breath,
The winds still whisper with their voices tender
Stories of triumph, sorrow, love, and death!

CLARA THWAITES.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

By BENJAMIN CLARKE.

THE giant of volcanic mountains has been making himself notorious of late. In the usual way he is eclipsed by his more renowned diminutive brother Vesuvius, who has received far more attention from writers and tens of thousands more visitors.

Nor is this to be wondered at. Vesuvius distinguished himself once by extinguishing a great historic city, whose exhumed remains constitute one of the most interesting sights of Europe, and which draw numberless travellers from all parts of the world. Then Vesuvius is on the highway of continental tourist travel, and those who go as far south as Rome are tempted to make the journey to Naples, which city is now one of the ports at which the Orient line of steamers stops. The railway tempts very many to ascend Vesuvius who would not undergo the fatigue of climbing, and as one may now ride in a carriage to the Atrio del Cavalio, then ascend almost to the base of the cone by rail, the lion of Naples becomes more and more popular every year.

For these and other reasons it is that Etna has been kept comparatively in the background, and it is only now and again when he asserts himself that he secures anything like the attention his fame and his vastness demand.

The recent eruption has had this effect, and though all immediate expectation of a huge devastation is removed, the tide of desolation was so vast, and was flowing towards Nicolosi with such threatening violence, that the inhabitants had fled from their houses, and a cordon of soldiers had been drawn round the town to prevent their return.

At one time this eruption assumed alarming proportions. For some days the volcano showed signs of unusual activity, rumblings of thunder were heard from far down the crater, and these were followed by a continuous roar of Titanic artillery. Huge masses of flame and stones were hurled from the mouth of the crater; but it was from the side of the mountain that the great eruption came. Here a stream of red-hot lava burst forth, and continued for days with more or less violence, until, at its worst, a river of red fire flowed down the mountain, some three or four miles wide, five or six miles long, and of a depth of from thirty to forty feet. This awful stream moved on in slow and destructive majesty, and gradually, as it advanced, separated itself into several smaller currents, and distributed itself over the vast mountain side.

No wonder that the people fled before such an advancing tide. The whole country is but a too terrible evidence of what Etna is capable of effecting, whilst the history of previous eruptions lives in the minds of the inhabitants to remind them of the former desolations. Etna began to make history before there were any historians ready to record the eruptions. Such a vast crater may well have been connected with the fabled gods, who were supposed to impress themselves on popular imagination by their vastness and power. What so fitting, therefore, as that down in the subterranean depths of this mountain Vulcan and the Cyclops should have their workshops, where they forged the thunderbolts which Jupiter ever and anon needed for his use?

The first mention of an eruption is by Pythagoras, and the next is by Thucydides as early as 477 B.C. Many other eruptions have taken place, but the earliest of which there is any detailed description occurred in 1669, of which a graphic account is left on record by Alfonso Borelli.

From it we learn that on March 8th there came first such a discharge of lava as to obscure the light for some time; this was followed by a whirlwind and by a series of earthquakes, increasing in intensity for three days, until the people of Nicolosi—some fourteen miles down the mountain—could not stand. Fissure after fissure opened in the mountain side, each vieing with others in the violence of its discharge, some throwing up red-hot stones to the height of 1,200 feet, until at length all the openings united formed a crater or chasm some 2,500 feet in circumference. We need not particularise the course of the desolating torrent, nor indicate the various towns and villages that were swept away; suffice it to say that the desolating stream was quite two miles wide, that it destroyed some fourteen towns and villages, some of them to the depth of 40 feet, and that 27,000 persons perished.

The eruption of 1693 was even more violent and destructive. On January 9th Etna began to vomit smoke and flames, and to give forth fearful sounds, as of a storm within its vast bosom. Suddenly there was a terrific

Mount Etna from Il Bosco.

shock, accompanied by an explosion, and in an instant Catania, some twenty-six miles off, at the base of the mountain, was in ruins, underneath which lay 18,000 of its inhabitants.

The same shock destroyed in a moment fifty towns and villages, some of them at even a greater distance than Catania, and the loss of life is computed at from 60,000 to 100,000 persons.

The last eruption recorded was in May, 1879, when the tide flowed down in two sluggish streams, but did not continue far enough to cause any serious destruction. A severe shock of earthquake occurred, causing some destruction to houses and killing ten persons.

Since then the giant mountain has not given much cause for alarm until the eruption which has just occurred, and which happily seems to have stayed its desolating course before doing any damage to life.

But a monster with such a record, and which has shown such recent signs of the devastating powers slumbering within, must always be an object of terrible grandeur, to be seen from afar with solemn interest, to be approached with feelings of sublime curiosity.

Our ascent of Mount Vesuvius had introduced us to the family of volcanic mountains, and as we were greatly impressed with the sights we saw on the summit, we were anxious to make acquaintance with the grander and more terrible Etna, if we should have the chance. It should be stated that we had come to Naples, a small party of four, in a well-appointed steamer, and that the route on our return would be regulated by the ports where cargo was most easily to be secured. When, therefore, it was ordered that the ship should go to Catania, in Sicily, and that this was the first port we should stop at, we knew we should be anchored at the base of the terrible mountain, and hope stirred within us at the thought of visiting the summit.

To go to Catania and not visit Etna would be to see the play of *Hamlet* with the chief character left out. For is not the city the creature of Etna? Its name is derived from its position, "under Etna," κατ' Αιτνης. Its harbour possesses a natural breakwater, formed by immense irregular masses of lava. Its roadways, its houses, its garden walls are of the same material, nay, the very soil itself, which is so productive, owes much of its fertility to the same source.

Looked at from the harbour, the mountain presents few attractions, a solitary cone rising to over 11,000 feet from the base, and distant some twenty miles as the crow flies. The smoke from the summit is but a small volume compared with that which issues from Vesuvius, and indeed from a distance is scarcely discernible. But then there the monster rises, and around on every hand are the results of his awful devastating power; and we are determined to ascend.

Our pilot who brought the ship into the harbour, and who is the ship's chandler, tries to dissuade. He shrugs his shoulders in a most deprecating way, recalls his own experiences with horror, says the fatigue will exhaust and the cold will freeze us; but we are the more determined, for are not Sicilians, like Italians, proverbially inert; and may not the continued proximity to the mountain detract from its notoriety?

Turning to our Murray, we are not reassured, for it says, "Every one who visits Catania is desirous of seeing something more of Etna than is visible from the city, yet few, comparatively, are able to undertake the ascent to the summit or to undergo the fatigue inseparable from a climb of 11,000 feet." All which may be at once dismissed by an ordinarily robust and active man with good lung power, and who does not mind fatigue.

Four of us—one a Sicilian gentleman who had never made the ascent, but whom we enlisted in order to act as interpreter as well as companion—start in a carriage and pair at three in the afternoon. Our destination, in the conveyance, is Nicolosi, an ascent of twelve miles. As we emerge into the country the lava asserts itself everywhere—the houses, the hedges, the soil are all of the same predominating substance, and of the same gloomy, ashy colour. The vegetation springs up, as it were, from boundless fields of cinders, and is the only relief to the dreary, depressing scene that everywhere meets the eye.

It is quite a relief to come to the bustling, well-to-do-looking villages of Grevena, Mascalucià and Massanurcheata, all phœnix-like having arisen from the ashes that overwhelmed them. The men and women look clean and happy, the children are well-fed; and the huge churches, if ugly in their vastness and plainness, are at least in good repair.

After three hours' ride we come to Nicolosi, where the carriage leaves us, and where we enter the "Novel Hôtel de l'Etna" to prepare, in more ways than one, for the ascent. After refreshment a guide appears, with

Mount Etna in eruption, 1879.

whom we come to terms. His charge is ten liras, equal to ten francs; ten liras each for the mules, and also ten for the guide's mule. These prices are fixed by the Alpine Club, and seemed reasonable enough at the outset; they seemed preposterously cheap when we had done with them.

The guide collects our spare clothing and refreshments and puts them across his mule, and then, calling on us to mount, he leads the way.

The prospect of an ascent on mule-back of fifteen miles is not exhilarating, but when we are told it would take us fully six hours we settled down to it in a business-like fashion, proceeding in Indian file, with a lad, Alphonso, on foot to look after the mules, but we hope not to walk the whole way.

On the left we pass the Monti Rossi, two mountains between 6,000 and 7,000 feet high, thrown up by one of the eruptions of Etna. Then there are nothing before us but masses of tiny vines some two or three feet high, which we suppose are the last traces of vegetation we shall see. But no, we soon come to quite a distinct zone or belt of woodland, called *Il Bosco*, or the wood, which extends in width about six miles, and is three miles deep. Hitherto, we have been ploughing our way through loose cinders with a dreary waste of land on either hand, but now the scene changes suddenly, and as pleasantly. For an hour we are riding through a wood of small trees, of oak, beech, and cork; the roadway is no longer of loose cinders, but of huge bolders of lava, over which, or around which, the mules mount or creep as may seem best to them; for by this time we are quite persuaded that we are at their mercy, and that these patient, hardy animals will well earn the money charged for them.

The moon has risen, and this part of the ride is as pleasant as it is picturesque. But beyond the wood the dreary waste begins, not to end till we retrace our steps on the morrow. After a little more than two hours' ride we come to the Woodman's House, of which we avail ourselves for a rest and for some water for selves and beasts. Again mounting, we start for our next stage, the English House, or *Casa degl' Inglesi*, at the base of the cone of Etna, and which has been placed there by the Italian Alpine Club, where travellers may rest and get a shake-down before ascending to the crater.

This stage of three hours and a half is probably the most depressing ride either of us has ever had, or could possibly have. Usually in mountain climbing there is much to delight and to reward one in the ascent; there are halting-places where one gets visions of beauty delightful in themselves, even if they are not an earnest of still more extensive ones to come. But here there is nothing for the eye to rest on to please; everything by way of vision or suggestion is gloomy and depressing. Leaving behind all trees, and after a while even the hills, on which a few hardy shrubs had struck root and asserted themselves, we enter on a dreary waste of lava, unrelieved by any object to cheer or enliven us. Far as the eye can see—and the moon is at the full—there is nothing but a scene of sombre vastness—one vast waste of present desolation and of former destruction.

After some well-intentioned efforts to throw off the gloom which oppresses us all, we are forced to yield to the influence of the surroundings, which settles down upon us like a nightmare, our one hope—to come to the end of our funereal ride. By-and-by the white front of the English House presents itself, shining like a friendly beacon in the moonlight; but even then this relief is tempered with disappointment, as we learn we are more than an hour's ride from it.

The way is almost perpendicular, so that the mules toil on at a snail's pace, quite at their own discretion, for the cold has become intense, and we are glad to thrust our hands in our pockets. We could have slept away the tedious minutes, and thus shut out the dreary panorama, but the cold prevents us. We have nothing to do but to stare at the whitewashed front of the English House, and wonder if we are ever to reach it.

Never was hostelry more welcome when at length, at half-past twelve, we reach the top; and never had hostelry less to offer to tired and dispirited wayfarers. A bundle of straw is all that is available as a bed, and from this two men have to be aroused, who had gone to sleep. The cold is intense, and no covering is provided. Fortunately, we creep under a corner of a rug brought with us, but even then it is too cold to sleep, and we are glad when the guide comes to call us. At a quarter to four we start for the summit, our party being increased by two Sicilian generals and a captain, with their two guides.

We hope to reach the summit before sunrise, but we little reckon the difficulty of this two-mile ascent. At first our path lies over loose scoriæ or ashes, into which our feet sink to the depth of several inches. By-and-

by the mountain-side becomes steeper, and the pathway is over hard lava, in which the guides with their axes have to cut niches, in which our feet may find safe hold. It is trying work, for an insecure foothold means a precipitate fall. Our alpenstocks greatly help us, resting on which every few minutes we take breath. Looking down, the Sicilian party is seen to be in trouble, and they presently give up the attempt.

Before we reach the top the sun has risen, but in a mist, so that an earlier start would not have secured the view desired. But in spite of the mist the view is indescribably grand and extensive. All around and below us are the undulating sides of the mountain, which is more than ninety miles in circumference at its base. Beyond, on every hand, stretches away the island of Sicily, with its variegated landscapes, fringed with the blue sea. Of course the extent of our view, grand as it is, is circumscribed by the mist, so that it may be well to quote from Murray what may be seen under exceptionally favourable circumstances. It says: "Perhaps from no spot on earth's surface are the splendours of creation seen to more advantage. This pinnacle, on the brink of a bottomless abyss, commands a prospect which for extent and majesty, and for the combinations it presents of the sublime and beautiful, is unrivalled. Admiral Smyth calculates a hundred and thirty miles as the radius of vision from the summit, which would give a circumference of nine hundred and thirty-seven miles."

Grand as is the panorama that opens up before and around one, the scene which the crater itself affords is no less imposing and unique in its way. Creeping over to the summit, and lying down, with covered nose and mouth, to protect them from the fumes of sulphur which rise up from a thousand fissures, we peer down into the awful abyss. The sides are almost perpendicular, coloured by the sulphur, but relieved by patches of green and brown. Every now and again we bury our faces, as the wind blows such fumes of sulphur across them as threaten to blind and choke us. We strain our eyes to peer into the recesses of this awful gulf, but all in vain. Far, far down beyond our sight the unfathomable chasm yawns, and we cannot help letting our fancy picture, all too faintly, what awful eruptions might come forth from these hidden depths.

One of the guides rolls to the edge a huge stone, and prepares us for its descent. Over it goes, but it seems minutes before it reaches the bottom, and when it does there is not simply the sound of a great crash, but a series of thunder peals, which travel round the sides of the crater, and reverberate again and again like a thunder-storm.

Some idea of the size of the crater may be gathered from the fact that it is from two to three miles in circumference.

Our way down is on the other side of the mountain, over loose fields of cindery lava, into which the legs sink, so that a precipitous descent is avoided. We reach the English House at seven, where we have an all too frugal breakfast, but where the Alpine Club has provided the unexpected but most to be desired of all commodities, ice, with which we refresh ourselves, till our teeth ache.

At eight we begin our descent on the mules, which step out more briskly, but as carefully as in our ascent. At ten we reach the Woodman's House, where we again rest and get some cool water. At twelve we reach Nicolosi, glad of the rest and shade from our four hours' ride under a broiling sun.

At Nicolosi we are grateful for a meal and for a refreshing wash, and then the carriage takes us back, after a pleasant and breezy drive of two hours, to Catania, where we gladly change our garments, and are then ready for another meal. As we sit on deck and look up at the grand old monarch, so innocent and harmless as we saw him, but so terrible as he has so often proved himself to be, we are intensely thankful that circumstances have enabled us to make the ascent.

TORCH-BEARERS OF CHRISTENDOM.

By Mrs. E. S. ARMITAGE, Author of "Childhood of the English Nation," etc.

IV.—BLANDINA.

It has often been said lately that there are battles which are entirely soldiers' battles; battles where it is not the skill of the generals which counts, but where the victory is won solely by the courage and coolness of the rank and file. It is such a battle in Christian history which we are now about to describe; and the task is the more

pleasant because it is on the conduct of the rank and file that the forward march of Christianity eventually depends. It is not enough, even in a bird's-eye view of the history of Christianity, that we should glance only at those great names which rise like mountain-peaks; we must also take note of what is going on in the humble valleys of Christian life, and when we find that there also the fire of a divine heroism is burning in its fullest brightness, we shall understand better how it was that Christianity overcame the world.

We pass, then, from the story of bishops and leaders of the Church to the story of a slave-girl.

In the second century there existed at Lyons and Vienne, in Gaul, a flourishing Christian community, which appears to have derived its Christianity direct from Asia Minor, since one Attalus, a native of Pergamos, is mentioned as a "pillar and foundation of the Church" at Lyons; and this Church still maintained correspondence with the Church in Asia Minor. It is, in fact, from a letter of "the servants of Christ dwelling at Lyons and Vienne to the brethren in Asia and Phrygia," that we have the story of the frightful persecution which broke out there in the year 177, in the reign of the wise and humane Emperor Marcus Aurelius. This document, like the letter of the Smyrnæan Church announcing the death of Polycarp, is one of the few early and authentic Acts of the saints. It has every internal mark of genuineness; it contains no miraculous events, not a single improbable incident; its exquisite simplicity and high tone of Christian feeling place it above suspicion of forgery.

The persecution at Lyons appears to have been an outbreak of popular fury, sanctioned by the local authorities and afterwards by the Emperor himself. A number of Christians were mobbed and arrested, and about ten fell away after sentence had been passed on them by the Imperial Legate, to the great sorrow and anxiety of those who had not yet been arrested, who, we are told, were always with the sufferers, and never left them. On the other hand, Vettius Epagathus, a Christian of high social rank, was filled with such noble indignation on hearing the infamous charges brought by the pagans against the Christians, that he demanded to be heard in their defence, and thus involved himself in their condemnation. The arrests now continued every day, until all those by whose work the Christian Church in that district had been founded were in prison. The Roman law, that the witness of slaves against their masters could not be received, was set at naught, and by threats of torture heathen slaves were led to charge their Christian masters with unnatural crimes. But one poor Christian slave-girl, Blandina, showed so high a fortitude under the most atrocious sufferings that her name is the most illustrious among the noble band of the Lyons confessors.

A diabolical ingenuity of cruelty was used to shake the confidence of the poor slave-girl. Lovingly does the letter of the Church dwell on the fact that the things that appear mean and contemptible to men, are most esteemed by God. What a solvent do those words point to of the old imperial tyranny, nay, and of all the tyrannies, aristocratical, feudal, and monarchical, which were to succeed it! The Church was the first to be able to admire the glory of God manifested in a slave-girl; the world will be very slow to learn the teaching, but it will have to learn it in the end. "The mistress of Blandina, who was herself one of the martyrs, feared that feebleness of body would prevent her young servant from making a bold confession; but Blandina was filled with such power, that her ingenious tormentors, who relieved and succeeded one another from morning till night, confessed that they were overcome, and had nothing more that they could inflict upon her. Only amazed that she still continued to breathe after her whole body was torn asunder and pierced, they testified that one single kind of the torture inflicted was of itself enough to destroy life, without resorting to so many and such excruciating sufferings as these. But this blessed saint, as a noble wrestler, in the midst of her confession itself, renewed her strength, and to repeat, 'I am a Christian, no wickedness is carried on by us,' was to her rest, refreshment, and relief from pain."

The torturing process seems to have been continued for many days. Of one of the martyrs it was said that his body was just one wound, mangled and lacerated, so that it had entirely lost the appearance of a human form; yet he still lived. In the intervals they were confined in a prison so dismal and suffocating that many perished there. "Yet though deprived of all human aid they were strengthened by the Lord, and filled with power from Him both in body and mind, and they even stimulated and encouraged the rest." One of those who had renounced the faith under torture was encouraged to triumph over a naturally frail and timid character, and to make a good confession.

Though the Church of Lyons seems to have been of comparatively recent foundation, its bishop, Pothinus, was more than ninety years of age. In spite of his age and weakness he was dragged before the tribunal. "Who is the God of the Christians?" asked the Legate. "If thou art worthy thou shalt know," was the calm answer of the frail old man. The mob, which throughout this persecution displayed the peculiar cruelty which is the special attribute of French mobs, fell upon him and abused him so much that after he was carried to prison he expired in two days.

The Christians who still survived were at last brought out of prison to be cast to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre. Blandina was hung out on a gibbet to be attacked by the beasts. Stretching out her arms in the form of a cross, she appeared to the Christian combatants as a living symbol of their crucified Lord, and her earnest prayer filled them with new ardour for the conflict. But the sufferings of Blandina were not yet at an end. The wild beasts, gorged with other victims, refused to touch her, and she was remanded to prison. Several others were also remanded, in spite of the outcries of the mob, the Legate having learned that one of them at least was a Roman citizen. He thought it necessary to consult the Emperor himself as to what should be done with them. It is here that the humane Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher whose "Meditations" still afford us such a delightful glimpse of a noble soul, becomes personally implicated in the persecution of the Christians. He wrote to the Legate that those who recanted should be dismissed, but that the others should be beheaded. A great deal has been written to explain why Marcus Aurelius should be found among the persecutors. The sum of it all is, that in those days, when the heathen religion was closely bound up with the State, and the Emperor was *pontifex maximus*, to defend the existing religion, and put down all attacks upon it, was part of the duty of a ruler, and the better the ruler the more conscientiously would he fulfil this duty.

While Blandina and the other remanded martyrs were awaiting the Emperor's sentence their time was not idly spent. Many beautiful traits are recorded of their lovely humility and gentleness, and their Christian common-sense as well. They refused the title of martyrs, maintaining that Christ alone was the true and faithful Witness, and those who had sealed their testimony with their blood. They entreated the brethren to offer up incessant prayers that they might be made perfect. They prayed for those who were so bitter in hostility against them, that the sin might not be laid to their charge. But above all they sought to save those who, by their weakness in the hour of trial, had fallen from grace; the lapsed, who had escaped death, but were still lingering in prison. Arrogating no superiority over them, but showing a maternal compassion, they sought, out of the abounding life which they had received from the Father, to give life to their neighbours. Quickened by their prayers and their example, the lapsed "retraced their steps, were again endued with vital heat, and learned to make the confession of their faith. Much joy was thus created for the Church, their mother, for those whom she had brought forth as dead she received again as living." Another story illustrates their simple wisdom. One of the martyrs named Alcibiades had been practising an ascetic life, and tried to carry it on in prison, refusing any food but bread and water. But it was revealed to Attalus, one of those who had already fought in the amphitheatre, and who had been remanded as a Roman citizen, that Alcibiades did not do well in not making use of the creatures of God, and affording an example of offence to others. "Alcibiades therefore, in obedience to this, partook of all kinds of food, and gave thanks to God, for they were not destitute of divine grace, but the Holy Spirit was their counsellor."

The Emperor's answer had arrived, but the prisoners were kept till the time of the great annual fair at Lyons, which was also the great festival of the worship of Augustus, when multitudes of people from all nations were accustomed to assemble there, and were then brought forth to furnish a spectacle for the holiday. Those who were Roman citizens were beheaded, and the rest thrown to the wild beasts. Yet to gratify the mob, the Legate did not scruple to order one of the Roman citizens, Attalus, to the combat with wild beasts, in spite of the imperial letter. The martyrdom of Attalus, who survived his fight with the beasts, was completed by placing him in a red-hot iron chair, where he died, protesting with his last breath the innocence of the Christians.

Blandina, and a boy of fifteen named Ponticus, were reserved till the last day of the gladiatorial shows. Every day they were brought to witness the tortures of the others, and every kind of torture was used to force their submission. Under these torments,

Ponticus died, after showing great fortitude, being constantly encouraged by the exhortations of Blandina. "But the blessed Blandina, last of all, as a noble mother that had animated all her children, and sent them as victors to the great King, herself going over the ground of all the conflicts her children had endured, hastened at last to join them with joy and rejoicing at the event, as if she were invited to a marriage feast, and not to be cast to wild beasts. And then after scourging, after exposure to the beasts, after roasting, she was finally thrown into a net and cast before a bull, and when she had been well tossed by the beast, and had now no longer any sense of what was being done to her by reason of her firm hope, confidence, faith, and communion with Christ, she too was despatched. Even the Gentiles confessed that no woman amongst them had ever endured sufferings as many and as great as these." The sight of the noble constancy of the Christians seems in this as in many other cases to have only heightened the fury of the mob, instead of conciliating sympathy. The savage hostility of the populace was continued even to the mangled remains of the martyrs. They were burnt to ashes, and cast into the Rhone, that not a vestige of them might remain. And the comment of even the most moderate on the marvellous victory of faith over suffering, of the soul over the body, which they had just witnessed was, "Where is their God, and what good has their religion been to them, which they preferred to their own life?"

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "All things bright and beautiful."
Lesson: Romans xii.

"OVERCOME evil with good" is the closing cry of one of the most beautiful chapters outside the chapters of the Gospels which the whole Bible contains. I want you to understand what good is. There is none good but God, and those who are like Him. But there are moments in which men are good, only moments; but in these they are like what God is, and is always They are full of loving-kindness and self-forgetfulness, have no fear of pain or death, or indeed of anything but of being cowardly, mean, or selfish. And these moments of beautifulness are like what the whole life and being will be when they are what God wants them to be; they are a kind of first-fruits, one ear of ripe corn in a field full of ears all green yet; one flower opened in a garden which is as yet only in hard green bud and leaf.

My story is of men who were just a little good with the beautiful goodness of God. It is of soldiers, English soldiers, who showed that they could fight and conquer what was mean and unworthy in themselves; and that, the Bible says, shows a greater greatness in men than their rushing in the face of bursting bombshells and blazing muskets to take a city. The world does not think so, but God thinks so, and He is the best judge. They were on board a ship sailing from England to a foreign land. They were off the African coast, and the sun had set. The pleasant sounds of the soldiers' wives gaily gossipping as they sat about with their mending on the deck, and the laughter of their little children breaking on the pleasant stillness of the evening air had died away; soldiers and all, save the night watch of the ship, had gone to bed and were fast asleep, when suddenly everybody started in their beds. There was the sound as of thunder, and the ship shook from stem to stern, and stood still. "What is that?" everybody asked. In another moment it was too clear what it was. The ship in her race before the wind had driven upon a rock so terribly as to make a great gash in her side through which the waters were already rushing and flooding the place. Everybody seized clothing and children, and rushed to the deck. It was dark. The only light was from the stars; but they could make out that the ship was fixed upon a rock and rapidly filling and sinking. The ship was wrecked. Women began to wail, children to cry and cling to their fathers. Sixty men were told off to the pumps to pump the water out of the ship, if possible to keep it afloat till daylight; but their pumping was vain. Work as they would, the waters gained on them tremendously. Cargo and all that was in the ship was got up and thrown overboard to lighten it, anything to keep it afloat till the morning; but all was vain. It was going down, deeper and deeper into the sea.

The command was given to lower the boats and abandon the ship. The women were to be got away first and the children. This is the law of the kingdom of God, women and

children *first*. The children, if only those can be saved. The desperate question wherever there is a spark of a soul divine is *can* they? To God the greatest interest always belongs to the weakest and the least; and for these the greatest toil and danger are most readily and gladly endured. And when of itself it comes to us to help the helpless, to face death for their safety, and the natural fear of death is forgotten in the delight of making them safe, we are for the moment in that beautiful kingdom whose law is that the least is the greatest.

With tremendous haste and earnestness, but without flurry, the boats were got ready by some of the soldiers, while others of them took care of the little folks standing in their night things. On reaching the water, the first boat was filled by a big wave and instantly sank. The second was lowered, and that was banged with such violence against the ship's side as to be shattered, and in bits it drifted away. Six hundred soldiers were on board, and now, in the two boats, room was left for only sixty. Happily that was enough for the women and children. The cords of these were loosened, the boats were lowered, and both safely floated. Now the mothers, and boys and girls, were brought one by one to the ship's side and lowered into the boats carefully till the last child was safe and the last seat was filled. By this time the sinking ship was deep down in the water, and death was near to the men who had lowered the boats and with their own hands had filled them. They might have got into the boats themselves, and have rowed away and been saved. It was they who had had all the trouble; and they loved life, and would have given all they possessed to save their lives; yet they of choice lowered the boats for others, filled them with others, and now watched them row away, and calmly stood waiting for death. They might have plunged into the water and have followed the boats. The water was at their feet, but they stood. It rose to their chests; still, having done all, they stood, for if they tried to enter those vanishing boats, it would risk the lives of those women and children, and just then they had too high a sense of duty and were too noble and generous to do that.

There was no rushing about, they stood still and orderly, as if they had been on their parade ground; and all the while the wild waters broke over the sinking ship, covered the deck, and rose about the knees and up to the breasts of the brave men, till only the tops of their heads were seen disappearing in the sea. It was a terrible choice they made, more terrible even than it seemed; for the seas there were full of sharks which, before they could drown, would seize and devour their limbs. Their last struggling moments might be full of horrible pains.

As the boats moved away, the temptation to plunge into the sea and swim after them must have been terrible; to some of them doubly terrible, for were not their wives there? Were not their children there? Doubtless, to many a man among them, the longing to go after those boats was fearful; there was more there than dear life itself. But they overcame it for the sake of all in them. They stood upon the deck, and in the dim light of the African night, the people in the boats watched with unspeakable woe the ship sink. They heard the loud cry "Farewell," then there was a death-bed stillness, a great swell and sob of waters, and all was over.

The conduct of those men was good. I have told you of it to help you to understand what I mean by good. It is something which the deepest things in us like. It is something in the conduct of men which is like God, the Good and only Good, and which all mankind own to be beautiful; and have done for centuries of time, and will do for centuries to come, indeed, for ever, because we were all made to admire it in our Maker, God.

These men had probably many bad habits; they had not always done the brave thing to women, nor always spoken the kind thing to children. I am not speaking of the men—of men there is none good—I am speaking only of this act of theirs, and how they went down to a fearful grave, carrying those two boats in their hearts, and were glad.

All things from the heavens and the earth may go to their grave, but the goodness of such an act will endure.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Brightly gleam our banners."
Lesson: Psalm viii.

I have spoken to you about "good" and have shown you that it is something in the conduct and character of men which we cannot but admire and like in our deepest soul. How mighty very simple goodness is we may see in a little story I will tell you. It once appeared in the police reports of a New York paper. The story is of a child in a night gown, well brought up; a true child, nothing but that; like the little countless

children who at six o'clock go to bed all over the world in the winter time; who yet overcame a big, hideous, dangerous man who could have ended its little life at a blow. His fist would have fallen and the child would have been dead. It was in his way, too, and hindering his plans; yet did he not touch it, he could not.

The Bible tells us that strength comes out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. It is all because they are so pure and innocent, and so unconscious that they are beautiful. These are their brightly-gleaming banners pointing to the sky, which make them all a little army of the Lord God who sent them, little weak things, strong in their very weakness. This young and simple child was a little girl. Now, girls are naturally more nervous than boys and of weaker frame. God has made them so. Yet are they often more brave than boys; and when they are doing anything for those they love, God seems to send greater strength of heart into them.

And what happened, too, happened in the night. The chimes in the spire of the tall church standing up in the dark sky outside close by the house had just struck a quarter past one o'clock. It was an hour past midnight. The house was all dark and still save for the low murmuring wind. And this tiny girl was all alone. She had just awoke from her first sleep. Something had startled her, but she did not know that it had. Her first thought was of her mother, who was not well and was sleeping in another room. She sat up in bed, leaning her elbow on her pillow, and thought awhile; and then she told herself that it would be nice to just go and peep into her mother's room, very very quietly, and see if she wanted anything. She accordingly slipped down off her bed and groped her way to the door. She opened the door. All was silent and quite dark, save a window softly rattled with the wind. It was the only sound in the house. She entered the passage and turned and went tiptoe towards her mother's room with her hands held out.

Gentle as was her opening of the door, it had been heard by ears not her mother's. A man was in the passage, and at the low sound of the slowly turning handle he had been startled and had stood still and had instantly shut up a lamp he carried. Cautiously she went groping her way, through the dark long passage, when suddenly her outstretched hands touched something. Her heart went pitter patter and she thought to herself, What is it? "It is somebody," she said. Suddenly a great light shot out of a lamp on to her, and she could see a dim face. It was a mask, the mask of a face of a man. She looked up at it with the earnest, astonished entreaty which only the face of a perfectly innocent little child can wear.

As this strange man in the passage had flashed out his bull's-eye light, his big arm had lifted a bar to strike a deadly blow. And, lo! it was a child; and she stood in her little night-gown looking at him. At the sight of that calm pale little face, so pretty with timidity and love, his big arm sank back to its place at his side again. Every evil thought had faded. He was a burglar, a man who robs houses in the night. At the touch of somebody's hands, a pang had struck to his heart, and he thought of a deadly conflict, such as he had had before and was ready for again. And if anything but that pretty little upturned bewildered face there had met him he would have throttled it or struck it dead at a blow and have been off. But now the man stood touched and sad and subdued. "Who are you?" she said with just a little tremble in her voice, yet with the music and calmness in the tone which pure childhood alone confers — her eyes fixed on his, anxiously looking up for his answer. He had never heard anything exactly like that "Who are you?" It quite unnerved him.

"You little dear," he said, and took his mask off his face and bent down and kissed her. "I am a burglar," he continued, half smiling, while she still looked him straight in the face. She was a Quaker child, and had as yet heard nothing about housebreakers and their dangerous and cruel ways. She had somewhere seen masks on boys' faces in fun, which she did not like. But the man scarcely looked like fun, yet he seemed a kindly man. Perhaps it was disagreeable fun. With a little more fear in her voice she said, "If you please, will you burgle me, for my mother is poorly." The last words had a pleading earnestness in them. And then she added with almost a smile, "I'll give you my doll if you will."

It matters not by what name we call men, burglars, or merchants, or priests; nor how far they have got away from God. At the touch of one bit of His own spirit of innocence and purity and goodness they are all brought back to Him, and to themselves, and overflow with beautiful feelings and benedictions.

Big tears came into the man's eyes. He put his hand on the little head, and said, as best he could, "God bless you," and turning

away with a sob went his way down-stairs, opened the front door and let himself out into the street, where the police were walking about, forgetting all need of care to avoid arrest, in the thought of that child's face and her strange desire, "Burgle me, please." Almost before he had entered the street, a hand was laid upon his shoulder. It was a policeman's hand. He made no resistance. He had plenty of muscular power and could have wrenched himself loose, and have thrown the policeman to the ground. But he did not think of his strength; he was not an animal at all just then; he was all soul, in which there was an uncommon sacredness and joy—his physical power was useless. He was as gentle as anybody could have wished. He was led away, scarcely seeming to mind. He did not say a word, but went his way to the lock-up absorbed in the memory of the little figure in the night-gown, saying, "Burgle me, please, for my mother is poorly!". Next morning, the magistrate sentenced him to imprisonment, against which he made no protest. But one thing he begged as a favour, that "the little miss" he had seen at the house he had entered might come to see him before he was "put away." And she was permitted to come. When she stood on the floor of his cell, he took her little hand in his and, as only deeply moved men can, he kissed it and wet it with a tear, having that feel within him which makes it easy and delightful to believe that there is both heaven and God, and that we were indeed, as the Bible says, made for both.

The little child did not understand what it all meant. But she would have given all that she had, to take that nice man out of that dreadful house, as she heard the keys turning and the bolts falling behind her, as they led her out again. She would perhaps have made a good citizen of him; but law prefers to have its own way, and it believes in overcoming evil with something more substantial than good. Let us preserve harmless and pure hearts, and a love to everybody that casts out fear; let us be *good* and, with our ordinary acquaintances at least, we may follow in the ways of Jesus, and gently and mightily draw men to us, and towards Him also whom we are a little like.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lo at noon 'tis sudden night."
Lesson: Luke xxiii. 33—46.

A still higher overcoming of evil with good, because a way still more like the way of Jesus, is seen in the story of a Moravian missionary, who had put his whole heart and life into the hands of Jesus and looked to Him to see how to live. It happened in the West Indies.

It was in those days, now happily gone—gone by the noble zeal and daring of a few of our brave fathers—the days of negro slavery, when men with white skins thought it manly and right to own black men and women, as they owned dogs, and to treat them worse than they treated dogs. In those days, God in heaven heard many sobs and bitter cries, and moans, which He does not hear now, and He was angry as He is not angry now. He is angry with wickedness still, but not with the wickednesses and cruelties of slavery; for disciples of Jesus have joined hearts and hands and voices and have put them down. They have set the slaves all free. If there are bells hung in heaven—perhaps there are, even though there are no churches there—the day this Christian deed was done, I think they must have been set swinging to peal out the wild joy it brought to the hearts of the angels of God. One of the purposes for which Jesus came to earth was to set slaves free. But, bells or no bells in heaven, there is a throne of judgment there; and all slaveholders have gone before that, to be judged for the deeds they did in the body as you and I and all the world must one day be judged before it, by Him that sitteth thereon, to whom the colour of a man's skin and the shape of his skull are of no count; and who Himself feels all sufferings and thinks much of sufferings, sorrows, and tears; and who hates cruelty and will humble and put down the proud and the selfish, however well dressed they have been, and however much the world has thought of them. They have all heard these terrible, tender words of the Great Lord and Brother of us all: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." The man who carries a cruel heart, or anything that "hurts or destroys," carries with him nails and hammer, thorns and spear, with which to hurt and crucify the Son of God afresh. And He carries, too, his own sentence, "Depart," at last: for *God is love.*

Let us just think a moment of the time of my story, and of what the poor negroes suffered then. They knew the love of liberty, yet were they driven into market-places like cattle, and were sold at the hammer by auction. Fathers and mothers, and husbands and wives, among them knew

what your father and mother know, the instinct which would rather lose life than lose one another. Yet wedded lives were separated, the wife was sold to this man, the husband to that, the children to somebody else, and, torn asunder, were sent hither and thither, to meet no more.

They had flesh as tender as yours, yet were they driven with whips, which their drivers cracked as waggoners will crack their whips; and, when weary in their march, or faint of thirst, or sick of heart, they lagged, they were often lashed on their bare limbs till the flesh rose in wales and blisters, and the blood oozed out. A mad driver might settle what they should have, and there was none to defend. In their owner's field they picked cotton, to make money for him and his family to keep house and horse and carriage with, and to take pleasures—and were in charge of proud, disdainful overlookers, who, whip in hand, kept them at work. If, in the long, weary years, they omitted some duty, all the wild blood of their angry masters was at liberty to break out on them, and do its worst. They were felled to the earth with a blow, like a bullock, or chained with steel to a flogging-post and flogged, it might be to death, just as the fiery passion of their owners chose. They were their master's property, and nobody would interfere. Of nights they were herded together in sheds like cattle, and were fed like them, often with every accompaniment of infamy and shame. When they died they were buried like dogs; indeed dogs were more fortunate than slaves. They sometimes ran away; they fled to forests and swamps, and were followed with hue and cry; bloodhounds were set to scent them, as fox-hounds are set to scent an English fox, filling the forest with their clamour. But a fox can brick itself up in a drain, or escape to the safe depths of its hole. Not so the slave; for him there was no refuge but to be buried in the grave. The clergy were against him, saying that the Bible taught he was accursed, that God had appointed him to his lot. The people were against him; it was the law of the land, the judges said so. Then his master had paid for him, and property must not be stolen. Judges, people, clergy—to their shame be it said—all were on the side of the master, because they went by books, and Acts of Parliament, and reasonings, and not by the spirit of fairness in them, and their feel as to what was beautiful and good. The poor slave fled, not knowing where he went, only avoiding houses and churches, on and on and on, to clear himself of the hot pursuers behind. But almost all hunts ended in the man's capture or his death. Bloodhounds fixed their terrific fangs in him, and held him till his owners came up, or a bullet reached him —for his master would shoot at him as a mad dog—and sent him sprawling headlong, and dead. Happy indeed was the man who ended his race thus; for if captured, he was led home to nameless tortures, by way of warning to slaves who might be tempted to follow his example. No sadder lot ever fell to man than the lot of a slave.

Yet, sad as it was, there was once a man who deliberately chose to endure it. He was a white-skinned man, not a negro; but he chose to be sold with the negro lots in the market-place, to cease to be his own, to give up his freedom, to be any man's whoever might buy him. He chose to go driven to the fields, to work through long days under broiling suns, as slaves did, while mad drivers snapped at him, and wrapped their lash occasionally round his bare limbs, as they did to other slaves. He chose to be fed like the pigs, as they were; to be squeezed into sleeping-huts, sickened with their smell, and to be made half dead for want of air, as they were. He chose to go his whole life a slave's daily, weary round of task and misery, to be ended only in the grave, as was theirs. He chose it, too, all of love and free will, unhesitatingly, and with thankful delight. When he had made up his mind to this step, he told his friends. For one instant, they were paralysed; then they plunged into all kinds of entreaties to dissuade him from so amazing a course. "Are you mad? Do I hear you aright? A slave! Selling yourself to be a slave!" they exclaimed, not believing their ears. Yet he stood calm and resolved, with only a deep, sacred smile on his face as he heard and saw their bewilderment. He knew what they meant. And as they looked at his calm, strong face, a great dread seized them. He was clearly in earnest. Then they turned on him looks of sorrow, and pleaded that if not for his own yet for their sake he would give up his idea, and stay with them. He did not speak, only for a moment the smile left his face. He was no stranger to their reasons; he honoured them for their love of him, but he could not yield to them. And they knew why; but it seemed altogether too sad; they could not bear it. But something told them that his resolve was not to be changed. So their opposition ceased, and they broke into tears, and let him go; and, painful as it was,

they could not help giving him their blessing.

His reason for his strange step was a great longing to tell the slaves something which would make their lives less unendurable. He wanted to tell them of Christ; he wanted to lead them to the refuge of the distressed; and as he was, he could not even speak to them. He had a white skin, and white skins they hated. None of them would hear him. Was it not white men who had robbed their lives from them, and white men who oppressed and hurt them? And more, he would not even be allowed to preach to them unless he told them that it was God's will they should be slaves; and commanded them, in His name, to submit, as their masters' clergy told them; and made it appear as if God was at the back of all their woe, as if He were their oppressor, as if by His will it was they were bought, and sold, and driven. And if the slaves even would receive him, he could not get in to them with his good tidings of God till he had got side by side with them, and had won their faith in himself. So he would become like them. He would toil with them and suffer with them, and at night, when the day was done, kneel amongst them in their huts, and pray amongst them, and take his wearinesses and his sorrows to his God, and show them the way to the slaves' Friend, to his God and their God, his Father and their Father. They would believe in an earnestness like that. They would lend an ear to him then and hear him. And all their shameful doubts against the good God would vanish. His words would tell them something about Him which his own life would make them understand. They could hear the good tidings of God and know and feel what they meant in no other way, and hear them and know them they must. So he resolved and was glad.

The slave-market was held, and the missionary was sold. He was driven off with other slaves, that had been bought by the man who bought him, away to their master's fields. He toiled with them, suffered with them, lived as they lived; and as he stood at his labour and as he sat in his hut, he pointed them to that rest of the weary, that joy of the sad—Jesus, and comforted them with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God.

That glorious man was overcoming evil with good. Alas! the very worst of all the evils in the world is that evil which men do who profess to be godly and good; they make the very names God and goodness abominable. These slave-drivers were Christians; they called themselves Christians, and they made Christianity hateful and the Christian's God hateful. All that the slaves knew of these whites' God was that He was the friend and patron of the cruelest and wickedest of robbers. What good could it be to hear of such a God as that? They were savage with all the whites and with all that belonged to them.

But *this* white man was of another heart. When they understood why he had come; why he toiled and suffered with them; why he had taken upon him the form of a slave, that it was all because he would teach them that God was not like their inhuman masters, nor like their masters' clergy, but one who bore their sorrows and sicknesses, and was in deep and real sympathy with them—when they understood all this their hearts were opened, and in their simple way they began to hear about and to welcome a God and Father, who was like that child of His whom they admired and wondered at so much. He had given himself for them—a free man for slaves—that he might bring them to God.

And they heard him gladly. There was no dread in their hearts as they listened to him. No cloud of sullenness nor flash of anger crossed their faces as they looked up to one who daily endured so much on their behalf. "Hosanna!" their hearts said; "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Now the day is over."
Lesson: John xii. 23—33.

Now let me say one thing more to you about overcoming evil with good. Lives that do that are what the Bible calls exalted lives. They are the kings of the earth, as God counts kings, and Jesus is the Prince of such kings. For Jesus, of them all, most fully, most wholly and gloriously gave Himself to overcome evil with good, without the least idea of having anything in return. His sole joy was that others should have something. They would have a new idea of their God—a better, a more beautiful and ennobling idea of Him. That was all; and that was His everything. Wherefore God highly exalted Him, and gave Him a name above every name. You must not think of God exalting by mere lifting up, as you might exalt a brick from the floor to the mantel-piece by lifting it up, or as a brutal man might be exalted from the ranks to reign over a people. God exalts people, as He exalts trees from

little saplings to mighty forest giants, to tower above all the trees around and spread their great arms abroad, by giving them sound hearts and vigour, and making them grow in grace, and beauty, and nobleness. Kings of men He makes as He makes kings of the forest. First, He puts the feel of it in them. Or better, let us take the simpler figure of Jesus. A selfish man is like a corn of wheat: it is a corn of wheat; it is that, and remains that, and nothing more. But if self dies, he is like a corn of wheat which has fallen into the ground and has died, and out of it there springs up another life, larger, nobler; worth fifty, sixty, and a hundred times as much. The self of that little girl you remember standing in her night-gown there in that passage, at a quarter past one in the night, had died when she wished that strange-looking man to do his disagreeable fun to her, not to her mother. The self in those soldiers on that shattered and sinking ship on the coast of Africa had died when they found joy in cramming other people into the boats they themselves had lowered and got ready, and then were content to be drowned. That missionary had died to self when, for the good of slaves, he sold himself to slavery.

It would seem foolish to speak of all these as having exalted life, and not exalted life alone, but exalted joy—joy of the heavenly sort. That missionary drudging the day long, while the sun broils him, a driver goes round with him, snapping his whip at his bare back; and sweaty men are squeezed up against him in sickly-smelling huts; disgusted with his food; deafened with noise, and going a whole life without the right to do one single thing as he liked; it would seem that he, at least, lived a life degraded and miserable. For a life exalted and blessed we should be told to look to that slave's wealthy owner and his merry children. But, foolish as it seems to the worldly mind, it is that missionary whom God counts happiest and highest. Men's views of things are so shallow; the most learned of them are as shallow as the rest. It was so in Paul's day. Then "the wisdom of God was foolishness with men," he said, and it is exactly the same to-day. Of the two, Queen Victoria or the penniless Nazareth carpenter who simply set Himself to live the will of God, the world still counts the Queen's the more exalted and enviable life. But in all the earth there is no place so honoured in God's eyes as the place of that carpenter's feet. The world has never contained a life so exalted, so blessed.

The chief of the evils with which Jesus had to deal and overcome was one similar to the evil the Moravian missionary deplored. Where Jesus lived and died, men thought of God as one who revenged Himself on His enemies, stoned and strangled men and women after they had sinned, in a determined effort to put sin down. They thought of Him as being a year without a visit from men, and then allowing only a high official to approach Him in costly robes, amid the reek of blood and fumes of incense. Jesus wanted all such thoughts to cease. They thought that God forgave nobody without money and without price. He must have shekels and costly offerings even from the poor, from the widows, and from the fatherless; Jesus wanted all such thinkings to cease, and so He lived with the people. For thirty years He worked side by side with them; He suffered their sufferings, was made under their law; He went to their Temple and their synagogues, and heard their services and their sermons. And when He had become perfect through suffering, He let their clergy and masters, and those who ruled over them, know who He was, and why He was found "in fashion as a man," and they hated Him, and caught Him, and put Him to death with all kinds of infamous procedure. Still, in that most sacred and dreadful moment of His life He glorified the name He had come to declare. He took the veil from the Holy of Holies, as the people thought the place of the presence of God and of His mercy-seat, at the Temple. He abolished mediatorial priests, by letting whosoever would come to Him, come to Him as near as they would, near enough to spear Him, to spit upon Him, to slap Him on the head. They made Him faint and dizzy, and insupportably depressed. Deeper darkness, keener sorrow short of absolute despair, never man knew. Yet He endured it all, and forgave them all. They were near to His body, but they were far nearer to His heart. He could meet their hurting and scorn and death, but He would not, could not in any wise cast one of them out of His heart. So simply and gloriously died Jesus. And "God was in Christ." And this is why God in the dying of Jesus reconciles the world unto Himself, and why the name of Jesus is above every name that man or angel can speak.

We must in our little way follow Jesus; be children of the same pitiful, merciful, and approachable God, and conquer the ugly by the beautiful, the evil by the good.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

DR. YOUNG, who has just been called to occupy the Chair of the Wesleyan Conference, enjoys the unprecedented distinction of being the first president who is also the son of a president. The honour, unless memory plays us false, has more than once been repeated in the same family, but this is the first instance of its transmission through two generations from father to son. Dr. Young has already had a career of varied honour and usefulness. He was for some time one of the theological tutors in the Wesleyan colleges, and for the last five years he has served the Conference as secretary, so that he will bring rich and wide experience to his new position of responsibility. The times will need all his power and faculty. The great project of the London Mission still seems to waver in the balance, and the success of the bolder policy is not yet assured. And then the stir and stress caused in Wesleyan circles by the recent election have not yet passed away, and the excitement occasioned by the controversy is still keen: the vexed question of the attitude to be taken by ministers in regard to political conflicts has still to be settled, and will task tact and judgment to the uttermost. Nor must we forget that the president stands at the head of an elaborate and intricate organization, and that he has the ultimate responsibility for the control of a marvellous machine. He is the centre of a great system, and has to bear a burden which only the strongest and most vigorous natures can sustain. Dr. Young's friends and admirers in all churches will unite in wishing for him a prosperous and peaceful year of office.

PUBLICITY AND POLICE CASES.

Is it not time that steps should be taken to check the indiscriminate publication of the proceedings in our courts of law? During the last few weeks we have day after day been inundated with the most nauseous details of a loathsome scandal, published merely to satisfy a morbid and prurient curiosity. The great newspapers of London have filled as many columns with their reports as if the fate of a nation hung in the balance. All day long the telegraph has been at work pouring the muddy stream into every nook and corner of the land. No one supposes, or even suggests, that any good result has been aimed at or secured by the world-wide publicity given to this horrible story of intrigue and crime. Innocent minds have been polluted; depths of impurity unknown before have been suggested to many; and all this degradation and defilement has been wrought without a particle of good to set off against so much evil: it has been all loss, no gain. Why should not the publication of evidence in such cases be prohibited? The charge might be stated and the result. It is idle to say that the world ought to possess the evidence for a person's innocence or guilt, for already in innumerable cases we are content with the few lines in which the case and its issue are recorded. We are content to know no more when those involved are comparatively obscure or insignificant; why should we not apply the same law universally? It would purify our Press to a wonderful extent. At present it is clear that the evil, if unchecked, will soon exclude newspapers from family reading.

ENGLISH EDUCATION AND ENGLISH COMMERCE.

There is a good deal of talk just now, and very foolish talk, for the most part, about over-education. It would be only too easy to find scores of unfortunate people who have been under-educated, or wrongly educated, but an over-educated person is a marvel that we do not meet with more than once or twice in a lifetime. Whatever may be wrong in our system of education, we may be quite sure that there is not too much education, though we may not give the right kind to the right people, it being so much easier, and more convenient at the moment, to make one huge uniform machine to grind away at every one without distinction. But we are not getting too much knowledge; and this fact comes out very clearly from the evidence contained in one of the Blue Books issued by the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade. It appears that the Germans, for instance, have driven us out of several markets, because their merchants employ clerks and agents who write and speak the language of the country, while our men of business and their servants do not. In other cases, the Germans and the Americans, not to mention others, set themselves to study the foreign markets, and to discover what their real needs are and how they can be satisfied. Enterprise like this is impossible without education, and here we are distanced again. At point after point we fail to hold our own, and orders consequently go to the foreigner instead of coming to us. Some English firms, no doubt, are better prepared for the struggle, but then they have to contend against the prejudice created by their less intelligent fellow-countrymen. Once we were able to control the world in commerce, but now the conditions of life have changed, and if we wish to keep even our present position, we shall have to learn that we have minds and how to use them. Nothing but that will save us from ruin.

DR. MARTINEAU AND A NATIONAL CHURCH.

We all owe so much to Dr. Martineau for his defence of religion against materialism, that everyone will be sorry to find him championing a wild and hopeless cause. He is anxious that the limits of the Church of England should be expanded to embrace

the Christian churches of the land now excluded from its pale. But how is this to be done? To attempt to secure religious unity by uniformity of doctrine, he answers, has been and always must be a failure: uniformity of ritual and worship may also be treated as unessential: each Nonconformist body "which has stood the test of time and acquired an historic place, should be taken in just as it is," without disturbance to its orders, ritual, discipline or worship. All would be members of the national Church; all pulpits would be legally open; and all ministers equally eligible for preferment. But just think of the enormous difficulty of enforcing the conditions indispensable under any such scheme. The educational qualifications of ministers would have to be tested, and in the country districts especially there must be many men doing admirable work as pastors who could not satisfy a test of this kind. And how is the "historic place" to be determined? Is it to be distinguished by influence and numbers or by antiquity and tradition? Out of the enormous number of separate religious communities in England, how many would be included and how many still left out in the cold? And as long as any considerable portion of the nation were excluded the scheme could hardly be called national. The system gives us an organization teaching religion with a thousand discordant voices. Its ministers need be agreed on no point save in professing attachment to the Church of which they were members; it would, in fact, give us a national Church without a national faith. Would that be worth having?

THE CHURCH AND THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

In some families that we know birthday presents, among the older members, are made to serve a double purpose—to express affection in the customary way, and also to supply the various needs of the household. Of course there is no reason why a chair, a carpet, a wall-paper, or even a coal-scuttle should not convey as much affectionate feeling as a more personal gift, and yet the custom always seems a little ungracious, and the present to the family at large seems hardly a present at all. In a community the case is harder: if a Church or a society wishes to commemorate anything or anybody, the offering directly or indirectly must almost always return to itself. We have seen an instance of this kind just lately. There is a strong desire among very many members of the Church of England to join as members of the Church in some commemoration of the jubilee of the Queen's accession. What form is the commemoration to take? Build a "Church House," says the Bishop of Carlisle, which shall be the headquarters, the central office of the Church; where meetings may be convened, discussions held, and business transacted. Such an institution is needed, and we have nothing to take its place. From other quarters comes the cry to establish new bishoprics, and to complete the scheme brought forward some years ago. To most people neither of the two suggestions will appear quite satisfactory, though the first is certainly better than the second; for it would be easier to raise funds for the endowment of a bishopric, under ordinary conditions, than to establish such an institution as Dr. Harvey Goodwin suggests. Both, however, would be "family presents." Far better to take up some new work, some mission to those hitherto neglected, and to turn the gifts into a channel as yet untried.

THE TREATMENT OF INEBRIATES.

It is quite clear that this is a practical question which is rapidly coming to the front. Dr. Crothers, an American authority of high eminence, has just published a most suggestive paper on the "Sanitary Relations of Inebriety" in a periodical specially devoted to investigations of that kind. He shows how drunkenness taints national health, saps national prosperity, and perpetuates all the curses of barbarism in the midst of civilisation, and then passes on to discuss the efficacy of our methods of dealing with the disease from which all these evils flow. Hitherto we have almost always taken one of two courses; by the law the drunkard has been arrested and sent to prison; by religious philanthropy he has been pledged to abstinence in the future. Both methods, Dr. Crothers says, and he speaks with authority, have failed. "About two per cent. of permanent cures" is as much as he will credit the total abstinence movement with, so far as chronic inebriates are concerned. The other method of incarceration, so far from producing any good result, is positively injurious; for the diseased drunkards by these "inhuman means of reform" are driven farther and farther from the possibility of recovery. We are repeating in our time with inebriates the blunders of the last century in the treatment of the insane. What then is the true course? To treat the inebriate "as a sick man without power of his own to recover." His malady must be scientifically treated in special hospitals or asylums, of which at present we have far too few; he must be removed from his ordinary surroundings, relieved of all responsibility, and compelled to live a quiet, regular, and healthy life, with a certain amount of work, but without any excitement. Such a policy, says Dr. Crothers, would permanently cure more than 30 per cent. of the sufferers, and would "do more to lessen crime, poverty, and disease, than all other reformatory forces combined."

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION.

At last, after vexatious delay, there is an immediate prospect that the men who have become the terror of civilisation in Britain will not be able to secure the protection of law by putting the Atlantic between themselves and the scene of their crimes. Hitherto treaties would do a good deal to prevent the criminal from succeeding in the attempt to elude justice, but the worst criminals of all it left un-

touched. The authorities of the United States had power to surrender to us the man who in a moment of wild passion stabbed another to the heart, but they could not surrender the man who in cold-blood had planned the reckless destruction of men, women, and children, innocent and unknown, by a dynamite machine. He might be—he was, sunk ten times deeper in guilt than the other, but he might go free, while law laid its hand on the less guilty offender. Now the law of America will be enlarged, and the dynamiter will receive his deserts. The clause which excepts "political" offenders from the operation of the bill need cause no alarm. Political offences are excepted in all treaties of the kind, and even if the reservation had not been specified, the legal authorities of America would have been bound to consider the point in every case where surrender was demanded. The clause properly interpreted will not save the miscreants on whom we wish to lay hands. If America is willing to help us to put down this monstrous crime—as it certainly is—the instrument will be efficient enough for all practical purposes; if it does not mean well by us, then nothing that human ingenuity can devise would be of much service.

INDIANS IN AMERICA.

The Commissioners in America, appointed by Government to watch over the interests of the Indian tribes, in their report for last year, denounce in the strongest possible terms the system which now prevails of dealing with the natives. They are settled in large communities on vast tracts of land called "Reserves," and a ring-fence is drawn round them, completely excluding them from the influence of the civilised society in the midst of which they live. All of society that they know consists of the dealers in adulterated spirits, who hang round the "Reserves," and the debased half-breeds, who unite the vices of barbarism and civilisation: they may be corrupted and degraded, but not raised up and ennobled. Only the children escape, and but a few of them. Some are taken away and brought up in industrial training-schools, mix in the ordinary life of the country, and find a new life there. And though they come as children, and return as young men and women, say the Commissioners, "They look younger in the face than when they came. The prematurely-aged look of helpless heathenism has given way to that dew of eternal youth which marks the difference between the savage and the man who lives in the thoughts of an eternal future." From these experiences we may learn a lesson in dealing with the natives who are subject to our rule.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF SWISS INDEPENDENCE.

It is just five hundred years this summer since the battle of Sempach, and Switzerland has been celebrating the anniversary of her independence with special enthusiasm. For 1386, not 1315, is the year from which the true liberty of the Confederation dates. Austria was repulsed at Mortgarten, but crushed at Sempach, and it was the latter battle that secured a permanent peace, though poetry and legend have invested the earlier stages of the struggle with a special glory. The effects of most battles soon pass away, and the next generation often question whether the cause which arrayed the combatants was worth fighting for; but the influence of Sempach has lasted until now. Austria has never been a terror to Switzerland since that day. That the Cantons should so long have preserved their independence, each settling its own internal laws, while subject in external questions to the authority of the Confederation, is only less remarkable than the survival of this little state in the very centre of European conflict and intrigue. It would seem that for nations as for individuals humility and quietness are often the truest strength.

ARCHBISHOPS OF PARIS.

M. Guibert, the Archbishop of Paris, has passed away after holding the office for a considerably longer period than any of his immediate predecessors. We do not usually indeed associate high ecclesiastical honour with bloodshed and crime, yet out of the five archbishops who have presided over the See since 1841, no less than three have died by a violent death. One was shot on a barricade in the revolution of 1848; another was murdered in church nine years later; and the last of the three was put to death by the Commune, in the most terrible year through which France has passed since the tragedies of the eighteenth century. M. Guibert knew the perils of his high position, and nothing but absolute devotion to his Church and the deepest sense of duty would have induced him to accept such a responsibility; of personal ambition and its promptings he knew nothing, and in his post of honour he sought and found nothing save larger opportunities of service, charity, and self-privation. Those who differ most widely from the creed which he held will find much to reverence and imitate in his character and life.

SLAVERY IN CUBA.

The progress of liberty in the world still continues. A few months ago a great step towards the abolition of slavery was taken in Brazil, and although complete liberty was not granted at one blow, the limitations and restrictions retained for a time were comparatively insignificant. In Cuba the same policy has been followed, but now, long before the allotted time has expired, it has been decided to sweep away the last barriers that still stand between those who once were slaves and freedom. By this Act of the Legislature 26,000 slaves, now in a position of dependence upon their former masters, will be completely and for ever emancipated. We may be quite certain, from such signs as these, that the liberty already granted has not been abused, and that those who have seen the results of a generous policy are wise in conceding all where they have hitherto given only a part.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S SUCCESSOR.

The posts of peril in the mission-field are never long unoccupied: when one man falls, another soon steps forward to fill the vacant place. It is but a short time since Bishop Hannington's murder, on his way to Uganda; but already a successor has been found in the Rev. H. P. Parker. Mr. Parker has had excellent training in mission-work, for he has served for six years as Secretary to the Church Missionary Society at Calcutta, and more recently, after resigning that office, has been carrying on a most interesting evangelistic work among the Gonds of Central India. As the *Intelligencer* points out, India is becoming a great training-field for missionary bishops, having sent one to Waiapu, two to Japan, and now another to East Africa.

DROUGHT IN CHINA.

The Rev. Evan Bryant, of Tien-Tsin, has published, in the *Bible Society Monthly Reporter*, a most interesting account of a journey which he made during last year to distribute Christian literature in the northern parts of China. He travelled more than three thousand miles, and although public feeling had at that time been stirred up by the policy of France, on one occasion only did he meet with any real hostility; a fact that shows in the most striking way how even the interior of China is opening up for missionary enterprise. Parts of the country through which he passed were suffering from a severe drought, and all the people were praying for rain, putting up their petitions in a strange and novel way. "At each door," Mr. Bryant tells us, "was set up a branch of the willow-tree, placed in a jar or pail of water, and over the mouth of this pail or jar was a board, on which was put a smaller pot of incense-ashes. Behind was a piece of yellow paper, on which was written in black characters a sort of prayer:—'We unitedly and reverently present our petitions for rain to the Holy Dragon the Great King.'" To such a faith symbolism is natural even in prayer, and the empty water-jar would call the attention of the gods to the needs of their worshippers in the most practical way, while the willow fittingly represents all plants and creatures that must have water or die. The strange thing, as Mr. Bryant points out, is that the Dragon God should be appealed to, instead of the *Lant'ien Ye*, the Heaven-Father, who is the "Giver-of-Rain." It may be that the more ancient and powerful deity was kept in reserve, in case the other failed to listen to and answer their prayers.

CHINA INLAND MISSION.

The China Inland Mission report the completion of their first twenty years of work, and it is wonderful to see how great a change has taken place within that comparatively short period. In 1866, so we are told, there were but ninety-seven Protestant missionaries in the whole of China, now there are one hundred and eighty-eight, reckoning in the thirty-six wives of missionaries, who are often the most efficient workers of all, in connection with the Inland Mission alone, while other Societies also have largely increased their forces. Ten provinces, which twenty years ago had not a single Protestant missionary from one end to the other, have now been permanently occupied, and in another, where there is no permanent station as yet, mission work has been carried on for several years by itineration. It is a grand record, and shows for how little wealth, prestige, and influence count as compared with a living and energetic enthusiasm. Twenty years hence the story of advance will be still more wonderful.

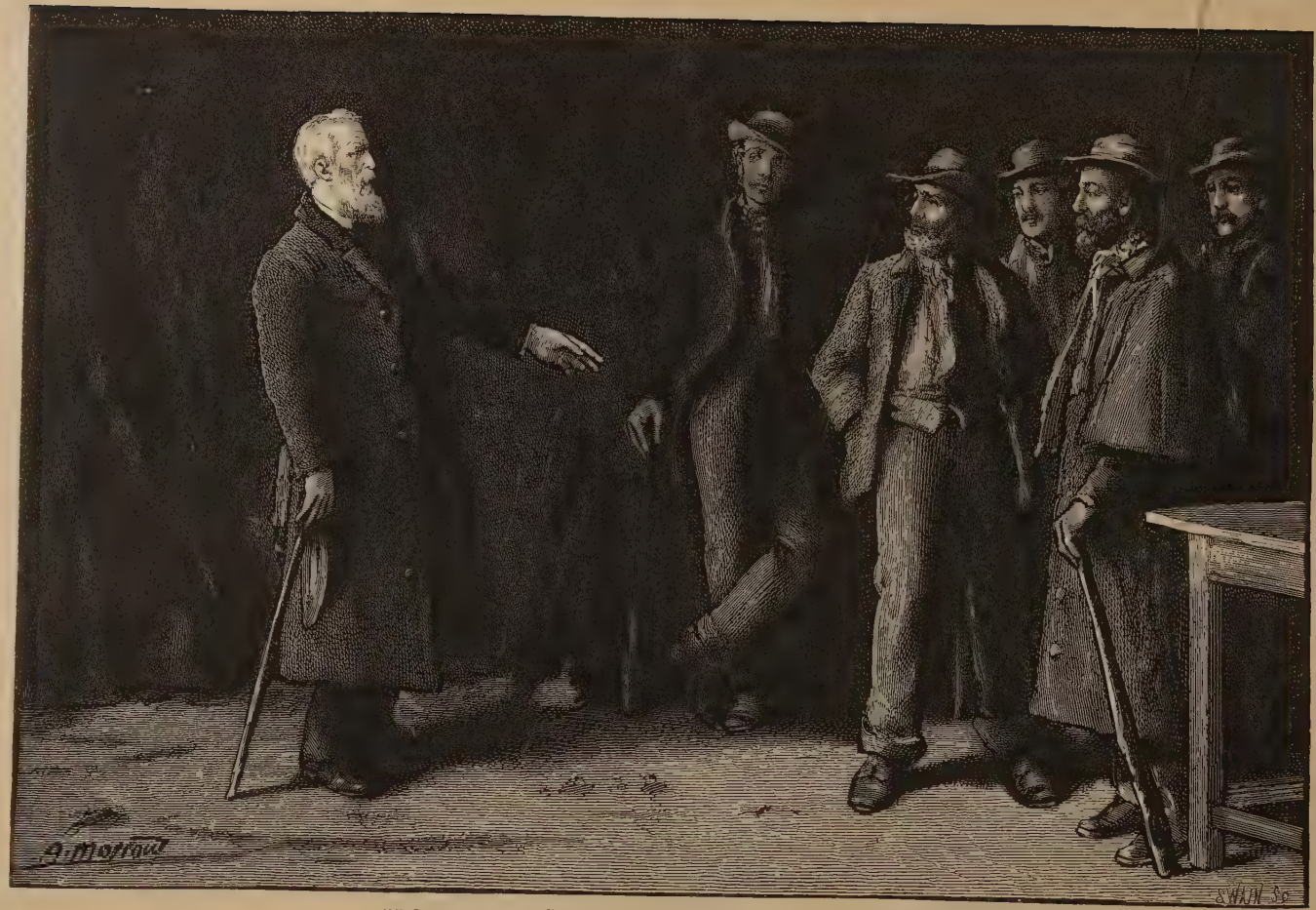
IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

THE REV. DANIEL WILSON.

For fifty-four years the Rev. Daniel Wilson presided over what is said to be the largest parish in London, perpetuating the work and the spirit of his father, who had laboured there before him. His was a life of steady usefulness and earnest service, not distinguished by startling incidents or vicissitudes. His great work was to keep up with the needs of the age, for during his lifetime Islington became a crowded town instead of a country suburb; and no better evidence of his success in Christian enterprise could be found than the fact that the two Societies which he founded have both been developed on a more extensive scale, and have been widened out to include all the metropolis, and not merely a part of it. From one of these local societies sprang the "Bishop of London's Fund;" from the other the London Diocesan Home Mission. In each case the little sapling has become a great tree. Among the Evangelical section of the Established Church Mr. Wilson wielded great influence, which he always used with wisdom and moderation; while his attitude towards those outside his own Church may be inferred from the fact that among the mourners who followed him to the grave Dr. Allon, of Union Chapel, held a foremost place.

THE REV. J. P. CHOWN.

To us, as to many others, the news of Mr. Chown's death came as a sudden shock. For though he passed through a serious illness last year, in this busy world of ours a man may vanish from public work for a time, and none be the wiser, save those who come into immediate contact with him. Mr. Chown will be greatly missed. His work both at Bradford and at Bloomsbury was so sound and fruitful that his influence cannot soon be lost. He was not a great scholar, hardly perhaps a great preacher, but he was always worth listening to, for his practical piety, his sound sense, and his genuine Christian enthusiasm.



"I demand that Philip Arundel should be liberated from his prison."

Page 643.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER LV.—SIGNS AND OMENS AND A FATHER'S COMFORT.

THE news which Brownlow had tried to conceal from Ellen O'Donnell was known to a certain extent the next morning—only, however, to a certain extent; the Red Glen men could keep their secret to the death. Nora Mahoney had disappeared; she was not to be found at her mother's cottage, and not a soul seemed to know of her whereabouts.

Brownlow, for a thousand motives, had resolved to keep his own counsel. Therefore, when Miss Bridget and Ellen arrived at the cave at an early hour the next morning—for Ellen had taken refuge in a cottage which she knew, and had not returned to Rose Bank—they were greeted by the information that Arundel was not there. His iron house, which was nearly ready for habitation, was empty. His scholars came in numbers to receive instruction, but the master's bright eyes and firm, guiding spirit were absent.

Ellen remembered that Brownlow had said something about Arundel going to Derry for the night. With her heart aching heavily, and a strange foreboding oppressing her, she sent a messenger into Derry; but the man returned with no tidings.

The long and wretched day passed in confusion, in excitement, in conjecture. Miss Biddy told of omens and signs which had long oppressed her; she had heard the wailing of the banshee; she and Honora had been startled that morning by the ominous appearance of a single magpie.

"If you'll believe me, Ellen, the nasty thing hopped up and down right before our very eyes. Well, well, we all know the old saying, that when one of those variegated birds comes singly it bodes no good—one for sorrow, two for joy. You know the rhyme, don't you, Eileen?"

"Yes, auntie, dear. But we must not remember omens just now; we must try and think and consider what is best to be done."

"Oh! all right, miss, all right; you know better than your elders of course; 'tis the way with the young folks of this day. It has fairly come to this pass, that the signs in the sky above and the earth beneath are disregarded by the poor young idiot things, who think they know better than those who have had years of experience."

Miss Biddy turned back in a huff to her soup-kitchen, and Ellen went into the cave and tried to keep up some method and order, although her head ached, and her heart sank lower and lower.

A heart like hers might be tried in many ways, but perhaps that quiet returning to the ordinary tasks, that quiet performance of the every-day duties, might be likened to so sensitive a nature as the torture by fire. Nothing ever so truly tested the real devotion this girl felt for the people of Inchfawn as her patient, and untiring goodness to them on that long and wretched day.

By the evening all the people in Inch fawn were aware of the fact that the good Englishman, as some had learnt to call him, had disappeared. It was called a mysterious disappearance by many of these impulsive and excitable people; but as they had really no clue whatever to any treachery having been contemplated or thought of, there seemed literally nothing to do but to wait.

Ellen managed as best she could without Arundel's help all day, for she had firmly made up her mind that when he returned he should find things carried on in his own spirit; but at a comparatively early hour she ordered a horse to be put to a car, which Tom Doherty, hearing of Shela's illness, had placed at her disposal, and drove over to see her father.

Before she went she had a word or two to say to Aunt Bridget.

"Auntie, dear, I want to spend to-night in the Cave of Good Will; do you mind keeping me company there?"

Miss Bridget uttered one of her far-famed shrieks.

"Is it me!" she exclaimed—"is it me that 'll spend the night in that nasty underground, haunty place! No, thank you, Ellen O'Donnell, I'm pleased to decline. If your father likes to encourage the mad freaks which, in Honora Macnaughten's and my day, were simply not thought respectable for young women, I beg to have neither part nor lot in the matter. No, thank you, miss; your old aunt will sleep in her own good, warm, feather-bed to-night, with a hot bottle to my feet, and a warm flannel bedgown on, well roasted by the fire. Well,

well, what next will the girleen be after? Me spend a night in that cave, perhaps to be spirited away the same as Mr. Arundel was! and the banshee screeching out last night enough to make your blood curdle, and that ill-natured bit of a magpie strutting in front of my two eyes this morning!"

"Very well, auntie," replied Ellen. "I shall come back later on with Kate; but the car is ready now, so will you come home?"

All during the long drive between the Cave of Good Will and Rose Bank Cottage Miss Bridget harangued her niece, starting many theories, each one more horrible than the last with regard to Arundel's fate.

The moment she entered the house she flew up to the Squire.

"Ah, then, Inchfawn, 'tis the sorrowful news that we bring you this night; that poor young man, Mr. Arundel, has either been drowned, or committed suicide perhaps, or foully murdered. Hold your tongue, miss"—to Ellen. "I tell you one of the three has befallen him, and who's more likely to know than your aunt, with her years and experience? There is one thing, however, I'm glad of—that it wasn't that poor, nice Mr. Brownlow, for I never met a nicer nor a more civil creature. I will say it, if it is my last dying word, that I am glad 'tisn't poor young Brownlow."

The Squire looked from his sister to his daughter; then he went up to Miss Biddy and laid his two hands on her shoulder.

"Now look here, me woman: go up to your room, and make yourself scarce for the next couple of hours. You're just a little excited and overdone, Biddy, woman, and you're talking the most arrant nonsense I ever listened to. Go up to your room; go to bed, if you like. Have a glass of potheen, if you fancy it; but, anyhow, leave the child and me to ourselves for the next few hours. Come along in here, acolleen aroon. Why, what is it, my darling?"

The long tension round Ellen's heart gave way at her father's words. She laid her head on his breast, and he clasped her in a tight, close pressure.

"You're in trouble, my pet; what is it, me jewel?"

"Oh! father, dear, I came home just to tell you everything; I have no one I can tell what lies against my heart except you. You will be patient with your own Ellen, will you not?"

"Patient with her!" half laughed the Squire; "hark to the bit of a girleen; and who wouldn't I be patient with, if not with you, mavourneen? I can tell you I spent a miserable enough night after the message you sent me by Kate. Child, child, there is no use in you and me having secrets from one another; we're knit too close, too close, darling; thy sorrow is my sorrow, thy joy my joy. Where did you go last night, acolleen?"

"I will tell you, father. A messenger came to me—I dare not mention the messenger's name—and told me that our Mr. Arundel, he who has worked in our cause and devoted himself to our people, was in great danger in the Cave of Good Will; the messenger said that I with my presence could save him, that no harm could happen to him if I was by. So I took Shela—you know how ill she has been—into the terrible wet and stormy night, knowing that she might meet her death; but I said to myself, a man's life is greater than a horse's, even than this horse's, and if necessary Shela must die. Oscar and Shela and I went along the coast road, father, and we found that the sea had come up over the bit of yellow sand by Crorane. We had to ford that bit of sand, and Shela did her work like her own brave self, never faltering nor giving way; but at the other side she fainted. I had to leave her under Oscar's care and run as fast as I could across the sands to the cave. After a moment the door was opened, and there stood before me—not him whom I had come to save, but young Mr. Brownlow of Inchfawn. I almost staggered, and my heart grew sick, but he assured me that he alone had been in the cave all night; that he did not know anything about Mr. Arundel, and that no harm had befallen himself. He came with me then to rescue Shela, and he was kind—yes, he was kind—and he insisted on taking Shela back to her old stable at Inchfawn. She is there now; and I heard to-day she was a little better. That was the story of last night, father. To-day came the news that Philip Arundel was gone—nobody knows where, nobody knows how—oh, father, dear, can you tell me—can you guess—can you relieve this terrible pain in my heart?"

"Acolleen, look me in the face."

Ellen raised her blue eyes.

"Ay, ay, darling, I don't need to ask you any questions. Ellen, I have seen down into your heart, and I wish—I wish I had looked there before; I thought to satisfy you with one thing, and God knew all the time you needed another. What a fool your old father has been! You ask me about Arundel—no, acolleen, I do not know where he is.

Far be it from me to allow one hair of his head to be injured; but if there is treachery I shall soon find out. You cheer up, mavourneen; look me in the face and smile, my darling, for your old father won't leave a stone unturned until he brings Philip Arundel to your side again."

Ellen smiled very faintly, and the Squire went quickly out of the room and, putting on his greatcoat and hat, hurried from the house.

"What a fool you have been, Fergus O'Donnell!" he muttered to himself. "You thought of nothing but Inchfawn, and getting back Inchfawn, and you gave no consideration to the heart of your own brave girleen. Bless her, if she loves him well enough to look like that, shall the oldest patrimony that ever existed divide them? No, no; old homes are great, and old associations precious to men like me, but not so precious as the heart of my darling. From this moment, Fergus O'Donnell, you must turn your thoughts from old Inchfawn; but it is well done if it is for Ellen's sake."

The Squire hastened as fast as his feeble footsteps would allow him in the direction of the Red Glen.

CHAPTER LVI.—"YOU HAVE LIED TO ME."

GREAT was the astonishment of the Red Glen people when the old and dearly-loved master of Inchfawn knocked at the cave door and begged for admittance.

Of course he was let in with cheers and acclamations and vehement blessings, and the people flocked around him as round the patriarch of their tribe; in truth, old Inchfawn looked in all respects worthy of this title. In moments of strong excitement his figure regained the old uprightness of his youth. He was a man of princely height and symmetry of form; his blue eyes could still sparkle with the fire and glow of early manhood, and the exquisite silvery whiteness of his beard and hair would alone have made him distinguished-looking. He had a deep voice like a bell, and when he chose it could penetrate to a great distance.

"Boys," he said, uncovering his head and waving the people back, "boys—and you, my poor women, I demand that this treachery which has been committed in our midst be instantly undone. I come to you to-night in the absence of my son Geoffrey to desire you in the name of our house to liberate Philip Arundel, if you are in any way responsible for his disappearance."

It was curious to see the change which fell over the people at the first mention of the word treachery; they fell back indeed without any assistance from the Squire's warning hand; their faces grew blank and white, a few mouths dropped open in an incredulous manner, and some eyes even flashed forth indignant fire.

The Squire looked round at the fifty or sixty assembled people. "Men of the Red Glen," he thundered, "d'ye hear me? Must I bring back the old days to you? Must I allude to the good old times when no one was ever sent empty away from the doors of Inchfawn, and no hearts suffered of all my people that I did not suffer with them? Must I remind you of those times to-night when I come back to you old and broken-down. Why do you hesitate, and why do you look at me so? I demand that Philip Arundel should be liberated from his prison."

A quick murmur ran this time through the assembly, and then Tom Doherty, Long-legged Dan, and Mrs. Mahoney came forward. "We know nothing of the man whom you seek, Squire O'Donnell. We swear that we haven't anything to say to the disappearance of Mr. Arundel. He has nothing to say to us; he belongs to the Good Will."

The Squire was silent for a moment or two, then looking hard into the eyes of the three who stood before him, he said a word or two.

"Thomas Doherty, Daniel O'Connell, Mary Mahoney, you have lied to me to-night. No matter; I ask you nothing further. Only listen to me, people of the Red Glen, if you brought me Inchfawn to-morrow as a gift, I would not take it at the cost of the lie which you have now let fall from your craven lips."

The Squire turned his back and slowly, more slowly than he had gone forth, returned home.

CHAPTER LVII.—MISS ELLERSLEE'S DREAM.

"SELINA," said Margaret Ellerslee, "I should like to know if you believe in dreams."

"Oh, my dear," replied Miss Ellerslee's gentle, little white-haired companion, "I—I—I don't quite think so—it shows a certain weakness, my dear."

"Then I possess that weakness, Selina. A vision came to me last night on which I dwell uncomfortably to-day. You won't believe me when I tell you that in that vision I saw my cousin Philip in prison."

Miss Marsh gave a slight laugh.

"Then I was right, dear Margaret, with regard to visions of the night, for if there

is a thing utterly impossible to happen, it is the circumstance you now allude to. Mr. Arundel is one of the most upright of young men. I wonder, Margaret, at your dwelling even for a moment on what would mean such a terrible fall for him."

"Did you ever, Selina, in 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs,' or in any other devout manual, read of false imprisonment? Philip, after his kind, is a missionary, and such people have sometimes to seal their testimony with what is more precious to them than life. However," continued the young mistress of Ivy Bank with a slight impatient movement, "let us change the subject. Business, as of old, must be our motto, Miss Marsh; and now tell me, how goes the Irish cause? Is the desire to save the starving people of Ireland, and is Inchfawn still paramount in the aristocratic breasts of our select and charming friends? Speak, Selina; don't look so glum."

"Well, my dear Margaret, I did notice at the drawing-room meeting, which I attended yesterday, that the subject seemed to fall a little flat; there was no excitement, and no special desire to open purses; in short, my dear, I have hesitated to tell you, but truth is always best. I saw one or two, perhaps four, of our most influential members nodding. Yes, Margaret, I mention no names, but they were absolutely nodding in their chairs."

Margaret's pale face flushed. After a pause of a moment or two, she said abruptly, "What about the bazaar?"

"Well, dear, if you will allow it to be a fancy fair, with a great many pretty cos tumes for the young ladies who sell, and if you make the admission tickets decidedly high, and, above all things, if you can invent anything of a novelty, I am inclined to believe that the bazaar will be a success; not otherwise, Margaret, not otherwise. A lady asked me only yesterday if the Irish peasant's dress was becoming. I described it as well as I could, but she rather shuddered at the cloak, said it was doubtless picturesque, but not in her style. She was Lady Conway, Margaret; if Lady Conway does not take up the cause with vigour we are lost."

"In short," said Margaret Ellerslee, clasping her hands impatiently together, "the fancy fair is to be so expensive in its get up, that all it can possibly do is to pay for itself, if it can do that. You dear, wise little woman, you go out into the world and you bring me back the truth. The facts are these, Miss Marsh: Margaret Ellerslee's mission is nobody else's mission; the slight excitement, the passing interest have faded away. When a cause drags, let it die. I give up from this moment my friends and acquaintances, and I take the Irish cause on my own shoulders."

"But the shop, dear child—the shop with the stockings, the gloves, and the muffatees? That is really doing rather nicely; people quite admire those warm, knitted gloves. Mrs. Cholmondeley bought six pairs the other day for her six little boys; it is true she rather complained of the price, but she admitted that they wore well."

"Ah! let our friends continue to purchase if they wear well; after all, Selina, it is exchange and barter all the world over. Business principles, my dear Miss Marsh, are the only ones in the long run that hold muster. True, there are a few souls who step through the world with the white lily of purity in their hands and the love of men outweighing the love of money in their hearts. Alas! Selina, only a few, only a very select band. Can I belong to them? There is little applause on that road, Selina; sometimes, indeed, instead of applause comes censure—and yet, and yet, the Divine smile and the Divine blessing accompany the missioner in his work. After all, I believe the heavenly reward is great enough. Dear Miss Marsh, I have made up my mind: my lease of Ivy Bank has just expired; I shall not renew it. We will pack up our belongings, dear, and go to Ireland."

To this very unexpected and fervent speech Miss Marsh turned a white and uncomprehending face. "Good gracious, my darling girl, you are so impulsive and so rash! I have certainly no right to control your actions—but Ireland, and those dreadful wild Irish! I have been told, dear, that the whole country is one vast bog."

Miss Ellerslee's bright eyes sparkled. "What fun it will be to go about on stilts then!" she said. "We'll provide ourselves with any amount of oilskin coverings, Selina; and how nice it will be not to have to give any thought to one's dress, for of course the poor aborigines know nothing of fashion."

"I could certainly wear my last spring bonnet," said Miss Marsh in a thoughtful tone, "that little grey quilted satin, you remember, Margaret, with those very delicate blush-roses; but, oh! dear, who is coming to call on us at this hour?"

In a moment the footman brought in a gentleman's card. Margaret took it up and read it aloud,—"Mr. Geoffrey O'Donnell."

"O'Donnell," she repeated; "why, can this be Ellen's brother? Selina, this is news from the very seat of war. Henry, tell the gentleman that I'll be with him directly."

"The gentleman desired me to say, ma'am, that he would not have called at such an early hour except on very urgent business."

"More and more exciting, Selina," said Miss Ellerslee in a gay tone when the footman had left the room. "The plot thickens, and in a moment I shall find myself face to face with a native of the wilds. Try and consider during my absence, Selina, how many trunks you will require to take to Ireland."

The light-hearted girl stepped gaily along the hall, and the next moment found herself in young O'Donnell's presence. His handsome and slightly-bronzed face was paler than usual, and he took Miss Ellerslee's proffered hand with a question hovering on his lips.

"Pray sit down, Mr. O'Donnell. I have heard a great deal about you. I am very glad to see you. You are Ellen's brother, are you not?"

"My sister's name is certainly Ellen. I suppose Arundel has told you about us, Miss Ellerslee. No, I cannot stay. Thanks very much, I should like to, but I am in a great hurry. I have just come to ask you two questions. I am going to Ireland by the mail to-night. You are Arundel's cousin, are you not?"

"Yes, of course. I am so proud of Philip, he is literally the only kinsman I possess."

"And—you have not seen him lately, have you?"

How could I have seen him? He is not in London."

Geoffrey's blue eyes sought the floor. In an instant he raised them, full of trouble, to Miss Ellerslee's. "The fact is," he said, "we're all in anxiety, or rather perplexity, about Arundel. I was telegraphed to to-day to call on you and ask if he had come over here on some sudden business, or if you had any clue to his whereabouts. He at least writes to you very often, does he not?"

"He writes to me constantly. I heard from him a week ago; he was then at Inchfawn. You, you frighten me, Mr. O'Donnell."

"I don't frighten you more than I am frightened myself. Arundel has most unaccountably disappeared. One day he was working happily and busily at Inchfawn, in perfect health and strength and spirits, the next day he had vanished, taking nothing away with him, and leaving no clue whatever to his whereabouts. Searches have been instituted, inquiries made, but they have led to nothing. The only fact that remains is that Arundel is gone."

"My dream," said Miss Ellerslee, sitting down and clasping her hands before her. She was silent for a minute or two, then she said, raising her dark eyes to the young man's face, "Philip is not in London; if he were he would certainly seek me out. I can give you no comfort on that score, Mr. O'Donnell. You say you have no clue to my cousin's whereabouts, but have you—have you any suspicions?"

"Well, no," said O'Donnell slowly; "I can't say that I have; there seemed no motive for the people round there to do anything to him. He never went against them. The Inchfawn folks are always a little cold and stiff to outsiders, but I never saw any of them who did not give Arundel a good word. His quiet manner had an effect on them, and his influence over many of them was quite remarkable. I don't think any of them could have had a motive for injuring him, Miss Ellerslee."

"If it is the way of the Irish nation to injure their best benefactors, then surely the desire might have prompted the deed in Philip's case," said Miss Ellerslee with fine scorn in her voice. She was silent again for a couple of minutes, then rousing herself and pushing back the bright, crisp hair from her brow, she said abruptly, "Thank you for coming to me, thank you for letting me know. You said just now something about going to Ireland. When do you go?"

"I am going to Holyhead by the night mail, Miss Ellerslee; it leaves Euston at eight o'clock."

"And when—when do you expect to reach Inchfawn?"

"About seven to-morrow evening."

"Good!" said Miss Ellerslee; "my friend Miss Marsh and I will accept your escort if you will allow us."

"I shall be delighted," said Geoffrey, colouring and looking a little confused. "Are you going to Dublin? We shall reach Dublin to-morrow morning."

"I am going to Inchfawn, Mr. O'Donnell. You don't suppose I shall allow this mystery with regard to my cousin to remain unravelled."

The colour went quite out of young O'Donnell's face, and a mixture of pride and sadness filled his eyes. "If it were the old days," he said, "and we were at Inchfawn,

the fact of being Arundel's cousin would alone insure you, Miss Ellerslee, the best of Irish welcomes; but now, I am very sorry, but the cottage we live in is so small."

Margaret rose to her feet, and smiled with a certain gracious and half-regal manner. "I wish for more reasons than one that you were at Inchfawn, Mr. O'Donnell, but whether you can take me in or not makes no difference to the fact of my going. Which is the nearest village where I can lodge?"

"There is a place called Buncrana; there is an hotel there, empty in winter, but full enough in summer. I believe they could put you up."

"Will you telegraph to them at once, and ask them to prepare for two ladies? And now I must go and break this news to Selina."

CHAPTER LVIII.—MISS ELLERSLEE AND MISS MARSH FIND THEMSELVES IN A NOVEL ATMOSPHERE.

YOUNG O'Donnell spent the rest of that day in a curious state of wonder. He lost no time in dispatching the telegram to the Buncrana Hotel. He did more, he also sent a telegraphic message to his father to say that Arundel's cousin, the great and wealthy Miss Ellerslee, was coming to Inchfawn for the express purpose of searching into Arundel's disappearance.

Geoffrey had a certain natural grace and ease of manner, and after the first slight unpleasantness of not being able to offer Miss Ellerslee hospitality from his own family, he took the fact of her coming across the channel with him with all an Irishman's complaisance. Geoffrey made himself an invaluable escort to both the ladies, attending to all their comforts, and even having a war of words with the stewardess on board the Holyhead boat, in order to secure Miss Marsh the most comfortable berth. The night was very fine, and the crossing calm, and he and Margaret remained most of the time on deck.

Margaret Ellerslee was fond of making studies, and she now endeavoured to fathom the Irishman by her side. Geoffrey, with his flashes of almost exuberant gaiety, and his intervals of despondency, the light and easy badinage of his speech, the slightly sarcastic way with which, to judge from his words, he looked at life, and the expression of earnestness and even tender and strong resolve which now and then filled his handsome eyes, puzzled this young woman.

"What a many-sided creature he is!" she said to herself. "He has plenty of heart, and he is as lovable as man could be, but I doubt if his character is over strong. He could go a long way on an impulse, but I don't know if he has a great deal of sustained strength. I like this wild lad of the mountains of Donegal; he is beautiful to look at; he is fresh and delightful to listen to. Are all Irishmen and Irishwomen, too, like this man? Ellen, at least, must be like him, and yet Arundel did not speak of the faults I see in this changeful face."

In perfect safety the next day the little party reached Buncrana, where the ladies were comfortably put up at the hotel.

"I want to go to the Cave of Good Will as soon as possible," said Miss Ellerslee. "I have come over with a certain object, and I don't wish to lose a moment in sifting this mysterious matter to the very bottom."

"I will come and escort you myself to the Cave of Good Will," said young O'Donnell. "It would be impossible for you to do anything there, however, to-night."

Miss Ellerslee thanked him; but she had made up her mind to a certain course of action, and she fully believed that she could work her plan better alone and untrammelled. Early the next morning she awoke Miss Marsh.

"Come, my Selina, get ready for the fray. For once, a fine day has beamed on Erin-go-Bragh. You need not get into your oilskins, but as soon as you have put on your warmest clothing—for there is a sharp, frosty, English feel about the air—and have partaken of some breakfast, a car waits your convenience."

Poor Miss Marsh, who had spent the greater part of the night awake, and in a high state of nervous excitement and fatigue, felt that her Margaret's commands at that moment were rather hard. The loving old creature, however, never dreamt of resisting, and shivering violently, for it was really bitterly cold at the hotel, she presently came down to breakfast. But the appearance of the car quite upset Miss Marsh's last remnant of nerve.

"Darling Margaret, dear, precious girl, I really can't get on that thing! I don't know how to do so, love; and even if I were perched upon it I should fall off, to a dead certainty. My dear child, I never saw such a dreadful, barbarous-looking vehicle! Pray, pray, darling, order a brougham or victoria without delay."

"You will be all right, Selina," said Margaret firmly, not laughing at her old friend, but looking at her with that steadfast and courageous glance which she could assume at will. "Selina, dear, you shall be lifted on

the car, and then I will tuck you in, and make you so cosy!"

Miss Marsh, however, was not to be so easily appeased. She felt that a limit had come even to her obedience.

"My good man," she called out in her thin, quavering voice to the round-faced Irish jarvey, "have the goodness to take that thing round to your stables, and put your horse to a brougham directly. Margaret, dear, I really must insist! We should have no objection, my man, to two horses, as I dare say the roads are rough and difficult of access."

The Irishman grinned from ear to ear. "Sorra a bit o' a broom I 'as got," he said, "but if ye'd rather have an inside car, me lady, we might contrive to patch one up. Pat Donovan, I say, Pat Donovan, is Michael Mahoney's inside car mended yet—the one I manes as came down last week, and shot the parties right on to the road? No, no, you say. Well, all right. Why, then, me lady, I'll take ye as safe as safe can be in this little vayhicle. Why, it's as nate and swate a little outside car as could be found in Buncrana. Now then, here goes! Oh, worra, it is you as 'ull like it fine afther a bit."

Before poor Miss Marsh even guessed the man's intention she was aloft in his arms, and flopped down on the car. "Now then, miss,"—to Margaret—"jump up quick and catch hould of her, hould her tight for your life, miss, and she'll be aisy enough in a minute. Pat, ye spalpeen of a boy, let go the powny's head!" Standing up on the other side of the car, Red Joe, as this popular driver was called, gave several thwacks to the beast, and the party started forward at a furious pace.

Had this pace continued it is possible that Miss Marsh might really have lost her balance, but as Red Joe only wished to produce an effect in the village of Buncrana, he soon came to a moderate, even snail-like, rate of proceeding.

Red Joe entertained the occupants of the car with many wild and improbable stories, in which fairies, bogies, and evil omens predominated. He took care to make himself the hero of each tale, until at the end of the drive poor Miss Marsh considered him quite one of the most heroic and ill-used persons she had ever met. The dangers he had undergone, the face-to-face encounters he had met with fairies of the glen and demons of the bog, completely took her breath away. All was said with such a perfect and unclouded faith in himself by the narrator, that Miss Marsh, what with the peculiar motion of the vehicle on which she was seated, what with the awful sense of insecurity and danger which each motion of the outside car produced in her frame, became really for the time rather muddled in her intellect, and came to the conclusion that in Ireland, at least, fairies and demons still existed.

"Oh, it is a frightful country, my love!" she whispered in a low, tremulous voice to her companion.

"Dear Selina, don't mind that man, he is only humbugging us."

"Now, my love, is that quite charitable? The poor fellow's face speaks the truth of his words. Margaret, I have made up my mind, I shall give him half a sovereign."

At this moment they approached the Crorané sands, and skirting the little bay, soon found themselves opposite the iron house, the rudely-contrived soup-kitchen, and the tall pole at the entrance to the cave, where in Arundel's day the white flag used to float proudly.

Ellen had not had the flag unfurled since his disappearance, but, early as the hour was, there were plenty of signs of life and movement about the cave.

As the two ladies descended from the car, a stream of people was seen walking slowly down the mountain-side and, each bearing a tin can, approaching the soup-kitchen. The next instant Miss Biddy, with a small red shawl pinned across her shoulders, one lock of grey hair loosened and falling down her back, and her bonnet, as usual, on wrong side to the front, appeared through a cloud of vapour at the door of the soup-kitchen.

"Now then, stand back, all of you—stand back, and come up one by one as I bid ye. Mary Macdermott, come to the front, woman; there's your soup, and God bless you, you poor starved soul!"

"Ochone, then, Miss Biddy O'Donnell, darlint, and may the blessing of the Vargin and all the saints fall on your purty, swate face this morning! Why, then, 'tis iligant you look, Miss Biddy asthore, and a good husband I wish ye, and the top of the morning to you!"

"No more of that folly, Mary—keep out of the way, keep out of the way, and make room for the others! Daniel O'Flynn's wife, step along here."

While the soup was being disposed of, Margaret Ellerslee walked quietly round the premises.

Brought face to face with Arundel's work, her heart felt very sore. Seeing for herself

how wild and lawless the people were, she trembled and felt that any fate might be possible for him.

Miss Marsh followed her leader tremblingly.

"Margaret, dear, what an awful-looking person that is at the door of the soup-kitchen. Oh! Margaret, I feel sick with terror. Pray, pray, my darling child, let us go back to Dublin to-night. Oh! Margaret, my beautiful, stately Margaret, such scenes as these are not fit for you to witness."

"And why not, Selina? Is that the way to fulfil a mission, to turn tail at the first moment that we see something which does not quite coincide with our over-refinement? Fie! Selina; your Margaret would be unworthy of your love if she should act so. My dear, I've come to rescue my kinsman, and I will promise that no harm happens to you. If you go back to London, poor Selina, you must do it alone."

Miss Marsh placed her trembling little hand inside her friend's. To part from Margaret was impossible to her, as Margaret knew well.

Just at this moment a young girl came and stood in the open doorway of the cave. She was dressed in the neatest and plainest of grey dresses, and her soft coils of black hair were fastened simply round her head.

Margaret glanced at her with a curious tightening at her heart. Quickly she took in the graceful pose of the young head, and the noble expression on the sweet, fair face. This then was Ellen O'Donnell; this young girl with the undefined grace and charm about her, which were hers by inheritance, not by culture, was the woman whom Margaret's only kinsman regarded with an enthusiasm great enough to alter his life—this was the woman for whom he was suffering some unknown and terrible peril.

The sun shone full on Ellen's eyes, and she raised her hand to shade them. Then Miss Ellerslee came forward.

"Do I need to introduce myself? You are Arundel's princess; you are Ellen O'Donnell."

"And you are our unknown benefactress and friend," said Ellen, taking the other girl's hands in both her own. "I am glad to see you; we're in great trouble here just now, but I am very glad to see Mr. Arundel's kinswoman."

The rich, bright colour which used to add to Ellen's beauty, and which came up with a passing flush when Miss Ellerslee introduced herself, now faded, leaving her very pale.

Her dark blue eyes, a little darker and a little deeper than Geoffrey's, looked up at Miss Ellerslee with a certain swift appeal. It was a very passing glance, quickly put away, but it reached the fine heart of the woman to whom it was directed.

"And this lady, this is Miss Marsh," said Ellen, taking the cold, trembling hand of the little companion in her own. "Oh! I am afraid you found your drive across the hills very bitter this morning, did you not? but you saw the lake in great glory. Now please come into my cave and I will warm you by the nice turf fire. I am very glad to welcome my two English members to the Cave of Good Will."

Ellen busied herself with Miss Marsh: she placed the little lady in a straw arm-chair by the fire and supplied her with some hot, strong tea and delicious girdle cakes. Miss Ellerslee found some slight constriction still round the region of her heart, which prevented her caring to eat, so she strolled out again into the open air.

Presently this English young lady was brought face to face with Miss Biddy. The good lady took in the fashionable figure from top to toe, commented inwardly on the shape of her hat, and as she afterwards remarked to Honora Macnaughten, took the pattern of it in her mind's eye.

Miss Biddy knew at a glance who Miss Ellerslee was; but whatever her faults, she was never in the least overcome by rank or wealth, and she coolly surveyed this new arrival—learning her by heart as she said—before she troubled herself to speak. Margaret, too, regarded this curious woman with a certain quizzical sense of enjoyment.

"Well, miss—oh! you needn't introduce yourself, you're Miss Ellerslee—Geoffrey told us all about you when he got home last night. Well, I did think Geoffrey would have had the manners to see you over here this morning."

"Is it possible that I speak to Miss Biddy O'Donnell?" said Margaret, who, of course, had heard of this celebrated personage, but did not imagine that Geoffrey's and Ellen's aunt could be so outlandish.

"Right you are, me dear child—here stands Biddy O'Donnell, neither more nor less. Now then, I wonder where that jewel of an Ellen is; you'd like to see her, of course, me dear."

"Thank you so much, Miss O'Donnell; but I have seen her, and she is taking the nicest, kindest care of my little friend Miss Marsh."

"Oh! hoity-toity; that will never do—

that'll never do. That's the little old woman Geoffrey told me about; I'll see after her, Miss Ellerslee—I'll see after her. The old with the old and the young with the young; that's Biddy O'Donnell's motto, so come now."

"But it is not Margaret Ellerslee's motto," retorted the young English lady with spirit. "I think the present arrangement ever so much nicer. Selina is very happy with Miss Ellen, and I am going to stay with you, Miss O'Donnell."

"Well, me honey, well; 'tisn't for an old woman like me to say no to the wish of a fine bouncing girl like yourself. Come along, then, into the kitchen, me dear child; for whoever plays, Biddy O'Donnell must work, and there's a pile of onions to be pealed this blessed minute, and the soup crying out for them like mad."

Poor Miss Ellerslee certainly found the next half-hour of her mission anything but agreeable. Joined to the overpowering smell of the onions, and the close and steamy atmosphere of the soup-kitchen, Miss Biddy kept up a running fire of comments anything but agreeable to Arundel's kinswoman.

"Well, poor young man—poor young man. Ellen won't see it; but 'tis as plain to the mind of Biddy O'Donnell as if she had clapped her two eyes on the fact—he was drowned, he committed suicide, or he was foully murdered."

"Oh! Miss O'Donnell, you don't think anything so horrible."

"Me jewel of a girl, indeed I do—indeed I do. Inchfawn won't mind me; and Ellen—well, mum's the word with Ellen. But that don't alter facts. Poor fellow, poor fellow! he meant well, and you meant well, and there was a deal of money sunk; but there, bless you! where was the use? he didn't do no good. The people they mean no harm; but if poor Arundel thought to teach them saving, and what he called thrift, he was finely mistaken. Why Miss Ellerslee, there's me, there's me who has been toiling and moiling and scraping all my days, and trying to din saving principles in them ever since Ellen's mother was buried—bless her soul! and do you think I could do it? Not I. And do you think they'd save? Not they. And is it likely, Miss Ellerslee—I put it to you point blank, me ducky—that what Biddy O'Donnell failed in, Philip Arundel would succeed in? No, poor fellow! he did his best—I'm not denying him that; but he was mistaken. Now, there's a young man up at Inchfawn—as nice and really iligant-mannered a boy as I ever come across—well, well, I always say 'twas a merciful providence 'twasn't he that was spirited away; 'tis really wonderful how that broth of a boy, young Brownlow, relies on my judgment!"

CHAPTER LIX.—WORK AND PLAY.

ELLEN having done everything in her power to make Miss Marsh comfortable, having assured her that for all practical purposes the cave was as much to be depended upon as a house, and having asked one of the brightest of her little Irish scholars, pretty little Mary Donovan, to sit down on a three-legged stool on the other side of the hearth, and be ready to do the old lady's bidding, went away herself to attend to her numerous duties. Ellen had long ago established a school for girls, Arundel a school for men and boys, where they could be taught the rudiments of carpentering and other useful arts. These schools it was her fixed determination to keep going, even though the strong help and the clear and sound judgment of the Englishman were no longer there to superintend.

The Cave of Good Will was in reality three caves, each communicating by a low natural archway with the other. The outside cave formed not only the entrance-hall, through which all scholars must pass, but also a vast store-room for the provisions. The other two caves made for the present two rude schoolrooms, and were not only lit but ventilated by small openings cut in the solid rock overhead, which let in air from the outer world.

Ellen had said a word or two to her boys and girls, a few days after Arundel's disappearance.

"Your master has gone away, we none of us know where he is; but it is my firm conviction that though some harm may have befallen him, through the treachery of wicked men, yet that he will come back again. Will those who really love their master, now hold up their hands?"

Instantly nearly every hand was erected, and there were muttered cries through the group of—

"Shame! shame!" and "He was a good man, that he was."

"Now," continued Ellen, "will those who think they will again see this kind and good Englishman hold up their hands?"

Several hands were again waved in the air, but not nearly so many as before, and one or two men were seen to shake their

heads ominously. Ellen did not heed them. She looked full on the people who had upheld her own idea, a bright light illuminating her face.

"Thank you for having faith," she said; "faith is a blessed thing, and so is hope; we won't part from either of them, dear friends. Now, people of the Good Will Society, we have for the present lost our head."

"No, no, darling; not when you are with us, acuishla machree."

"We have lost our head," continued Ellen firmly; "thank you all for loving me so, but, indeed, and truly this is the case, and I am only under orders like the rest of you. Now, I propose this, that we who love Mr. Arundel, and we who expect him to come back again, should work in his absence as if he were present, and so spare him the great pain of seeing the labour of these past months come to nothing. Women and girls, I believe I can manage you, but what about the men? Who understands most about carpentering here?"

A man of the name of Joe Sullivan pulled his front lock of hair, and came forward.

"Why, then, 'tis I knows a good bit about it. I made them nate little stools last week, and the mhaster said they were a good job, so he did."

"Face about, Joe, and stand by my side," said Ellen. "Men and boys of the Good Will, you see Joe Sullivan. Is this true what he says of himself?"

"'Tis nothing but the gospel truth the boy has spoke, miss."

"You think he knows more than the rest of you?"

"Oh, wisha, wisha! to be sure he do, miss!"

"And you are willing to be put under him, and to learn as much of carpentering from him as he knows himself?"

"We are willing, Miss Eileen darling," said several voices.

"That is right. You can now go back to your schoolroom, and set to work under Joe's directions. I shall come to your schoolroom myself three times a day, and see what you have done. Remember, boys of the Good Will, that I trust you."

To trust an Irishman is instantly to win all that is best in him to your side. If he sees with that sharp and penetrating eye of his that your words are genuine, that your innermost soul has spoken through your lips, there is that in him which would rather die than betray you.

The trust that Ellen gave was amply appreciated by these young fellows, who would have very nearly one and all laid down their lives for her. Her smile was their sunshine, her slightest word of approval worth going through a whole day's toil to obtain.

On this particular morning, as Ellen was hurrying into the girls' school, she was met again by Margaret Ellerslee.

"I have been getting so much information from your aunt, Miss O'Donnell. She has enlightened me on all sorts of matters, and—and—you don't suppose I have come over here to be a drone."

"You don't look much like a drone," said Ellen, glancing at the tall, erect figure of the girl at her side with admiration.

"Oh, my dear, I long, I pine for work! Now, may I take your girls' school this morning?"

"But it is not a regular school," said Ellen, "except that we get through some steady work, in the shape of knitting or crochet. I am afraid you would call it mere play."

"My dear, I know all about the work. There are the gloves and the stockings and the muffatees and the crochet edgings—we have them in our shop, Miss O'Donnell; and don't people run after those knitted gloves, and buy them as fast as we can get them in, and abuse them all the time. But, there, you look puzzled, dear, and no wonder. Little a wild flower like you can know of the intricacies of our London hearts. I understand about the work, Miss O'Donnell. Now if you will only explain to me the play I can commence my duties at once."

"But, indeed," said Ellen, with a sad inflection in her voice, for she could not quite comprehend the other's slightly satirical manner, "you will hardly believe me when I tell you that the play is more important than the work. The work is to give them means to live, but, you can scarcely believe, Miss Ellerslee, that the play aims at touching their tired and weary hearts, and putting a little warmth into their famishing souls—the play is to bring courage and faith and hope to the fore."

"How do you manage it?" said Miss Ellerslee in a changed voice.

"Oh, in so many, many ways—as varied, perhaps, as their moods. Sometimes we sing—Irish ballad after Irish ballad—all about the days when there was an old dream that the country was prosperous and great; and sometimes, if they are very sad, we sing a hymn or two, and then the tears roll down their cheeks, and that seems to relieve them,

for they brighten up after a little. Sometimes, again, I find nothing will do but to sit right down in their midst on the floor, and take the babies in my arms, and let the little, tiny children sit close to me, and tell them story after story. They like stories about knights and grand ladies, and fairies and goblins best of all, and I generally have to bring the banshee in. But last night, do you know, we all felt very anxious and sad, and I read a few verses out of the Douai Bible, which their priests allow them to use. They all sat still—you could have heard a pin drop while I read; it was about that time when Jesus wept; and then we sang the verses about being safe in His arms. Oh, I know it is not at all the usual way of keeping school."

Miss Ellerslee's face had grown graver and graver while Ellen was telling her simple narrative. Then she spoke in her full and clear tones.

"Will you do me a favour?"

"Oh, indeed, gladly; anything in my power."

"It is only a little thing, but much from you—kiss me."

CHAPTER LX.—IF THINE ENEMY HUNGER.

SEEING that Miss Ellerslee was quite in earnest, Ellen gave her up the girls' school for a few hours. She was glad of the amount of leisure this afforded her, and looking hastily at her watch, determined to put into execution a little scheme which had been growing to a desire.

The jacket she wore that winter was grey, and of the same material as her dress, and her round beaver hat was also of this quiet tone.

Very soon any one who had looked would have seen this slight and quietly-dressed figure running as fast as possible in the direction of Inchfawn. Ellen ran a considerable distance, then when she came to the boundary of the immediate estate she deposited in a cranny of a broken wall a little basket filled with some strong soup, bread, and a tiny, tiny bottle of potheen. She hid the basket effectually by dragging forward some ragged bits of furze, and then mounting a stile, the very stile where Brownlow had once seen her, she ran quickly up the now neglected grass walk. This grass walk was the only portion of Inchfawn which was not in the trimmest order, in the neatest possible perfection. So much the better for Ellen's purpose now. She knew far better about where it led, about its capabilities, than any of the Misses Brownlow. Its solitude suited her well. She ran very quickly up the path, now startling a rabbit, and even once or twice a timid hare. In the bygone days none of the wild creatures of the wood ever feared this gentle-hearted girl, and it gave her a slight additional pain at her heart to see them hurrying from her now. She had no time, however, to coax them with any tender words. She ran on until she came to a high and ivy-covered wall. No modern young lady could have scaled that wall, but Ellen accomplished the feat with little difficulty, and dropping down at the other side, found herself in a long, narrow field which led directly to the back of the stables. Now indeed if Shela had been put into her old stable she might satisfy her craving heart, and catch a glimpse of her horse again. How could Mr. Brownlow know which was Shela's stable; and even if he did, was it likely that it would be disengaged? In the old days this special stable had been always reserved for the petted and cherished horse, and had been considered the best at Inchfawn. It had one peculiarity, by which Ellen would instantly recognise it; it had a window which looked out on this back field.

Entering the field now, Ellen looked along the row of buildings with a sudden fearful sinking at her heart. Where were the tumble-down and badly-roofed edifices where her father's hunter and Geoffrey's pretty sleek horse Snowball used to have such jolly times together? Where was the large building at one end where the carthorses used to herd? Where was the piggery? Where were the stalls for the cows? All gone—gone utterly, and in their place a long detestable row of strong neatly-built houses. Poor Ellen felt all the lessons which Arundel had tried to instil into her on the necessity and virtue of thrift and order dying out on the spot. Her heart swelled, rebellious tears came to her eyes, and she had to bite her lip to prevent them from falling. Why had she ever consented to let her darling, her beloved Shela, come here? Surely such neatness, such crushing order would break the creature's heart.

In the middle of the field, however, Ellen stood still. A curious sight met her eyes. In the very middle of the imposing English stables stood a funny low little tumble-down edifice. How poor and queer it looked, towered against at each side by its grand new neighbours! and yet it caused the girl's heart to beat with joy. She flew up to it, and glanced in at its window. The little stable was perfectly snug and neat and weather-

tight, a great bed of litter lay in a loose box, and beside it stood Shela, better than when Ellen last saw her, but with dull eyes and a patient, drooping gesture. Ellen pushed at the little window. It never used to own a bolt; oh, surely they were not so horribly neat as to have put one on now! No, joy to tell! it was all right. It opened inwardly like a little door, and Ellen, taking a long tempting carrot out of her pocket, put in her head and showing at the same time a morsel of the carrot, said in a low and coaxing voice—

"Shela! Shela, my beauty!"

The little horse pricked her ears, glanced sharply round, and then seeing Ellen, came with a glad step and an eager neigh up to the window.

Ellen clasped her arms round the creature's head, and buried her face, as she had done some nights before, against the white star on Shela's forehead.

Shela was trembling violently, and her pleasure in rubbing her nose against Ellen's hand was so great that for a moment or two she did not even touch the carrot. That she was much better was very evident, and Ellen's tears of thankfulness rained fast.

"My darling!" she said, "it was quite right that he told me, but I could not rest until I knew for myself. Oh, Shela! I am so glad that you are going to live; it would have been terrible, my beauty, if you had died for the wrong man."

She caressed the horse for a few moments longer, gave her another carrot and an apple, and then softly drawing the window to, let herself down and ran out of the field. How lucky she had been! She had seen Shela; Shela was getting well, and she had not met a soul who could tell of this stolen visit. Soon again she had mounted the stile, and found herself on the high road. She rescued her little basket from the cranny in the wall, and leaving the beaten track, pursued a narrow path which cut right across a very barren hill. Whenever she had time to take a walk, Ellen purposely went in these directions. She knew that in these very hard times the poor desolate and starved people took refuge in the merest shells of houses. The most miserable little cabins imaginable, built of mud and broken bits of stone, met the wanderer in these desolate regions. People terrified by the Red Glen Society, and afraid to come to the Good Will for relief, used to cluster here in these dwellings, and more than once this intrepid girl had rescued them from absolute starvation. For this reason she never went out without her little basket prepared for emergencies, and she very seldom returned home without having bestowed its contents on some one.

Now and then fierce and lawless and starved-looking men would start up and confront the beautiful girl, but her name on all occasions acted as a talisman, and her fearless faith in all mankind would have disarmed the most savage breast. Ellen was as safe on these mountains as she would have been at Rose Bank Cottage, and personal fear was an attribute almost unknown to her.

Her heavy heart to-day was considerably lightened by the fact that Shela would recover, and she was Irish enough to consider it a good omen with regard to Arundel. Two magpies also cheered her by their presence as she sped along the narrow path. Oh, surely God would not allow this good and brave man to perish! Surely a clue would before long be found which would lead to his recovery! Ellen knew enough of the habits of these wild mountaineers to understand that it was quite possible for them to spirit away an individual against whom they had taken a prejudice, and without taking his life to keep him a captive for the rest of his days. The country, with its caves, its numerous small islands lying near, and its old ruined keeps and round towers, would give abundant opportunities for the practice of such cruelties. There were Danish forts with vast subterranean passages, and these existed in the most unsuspected places. At that very moment Ellen might be treading over the spot where Arundel was in captivity. Yes, it was quite possible for those dreadful Red Glen men to hide away one who had come to them all as a benefactor; but what the motive could be which could instigate so cruel a deed Ellen was in complete ignorance of. The more she reflected, however, the more sure she felt that the Red Glen men were at the bottom of the mystery. Oh, where was Nora Mahoney? Surely she could enlighten her!

Two people Ellen had not seen since that fearful stormy night when she had forded the yellow sands with Shela, and these two persons had played a very prominent part in the night's proceedings. One was Nora, the other Brownlow. Nora had disappeared as if from the face of the earth, and Brownlow, beyond sending down a daily bulletin with regard to Shela's health, never came near the cave. He could have been useful in this time of confusion, and he could have helped in the young men's school; but Ellen

wondered at his absence, and Aunt Bridget lamented him, in vain.

Walking now along the path, Ellen came suddenly to a sharp and very steep descent; this descent led directly to the door of a miserable hovel.

No smoke came from the broken-down chimney, there was not a sign nor stir of life about the place. Ellen sped down the narrow path, burst open the door, for these signs of lifelessness by no means deceived her, and entered a one-roomed dwelling. A mouldy smell greeted her, a few white ashes of a bygone fire lay on the hearth, and on some leaves in a corner reclined a woman quite motionless. Ellen went up quickly and bent over her, then she started back with a rapid exclamation of horror, for this poor semblance of humanity, this skeleton which still faintly breathed, was the once beautiful Mrs. Mahoney.

Ellen was kneeling by Nora's mother's side; she looked hastily round to see if Nora herself could be anywhere near, but no, the wretched woman was all alone.

Ellen was too much accustomed to sights of starvation and misery to be in the least puzzled how to act. She opened her basket and wetted the woman's blue lips and her pinched nostrils with some of the spirit, then when she sighed faintly and opened her heavy black eyes wide Ellen fed her with a few drops of the cold soup; a glance had shown Ellen that it was hopeless to think of lighting a fire, for not a vestige of anything that could possibly burn had been left in the wretched cabin. The little round white table, the three-legged stools, and even the dresser, had all been consumed for fuel, and the penny bowls now lay on the floor. The bed of leaves on which Mrs. Mahoney was stretched would have doubtless shared the same fate, but they were far too damp to burn.

"Nora—black-hearted Nora—no, no, don't trouble me, let me die in pace now. The pain's gone, thank the Almighty God; the gnawing's ceased inside, let me rest."

"'Tis me, Mrs. Mahoney," said Ellen, "'tis Eileen O'Donnell who kneels beside you; you remember little Eileen? you used to be fond of her once."

"Ay, my purty, 'tis a swate name and a dear! we did yer a cruel wrong, but never mind, 'twas in the Cause; you'll be right glad when you come into your own again. Ay! Nora's black heart would have undone us all, but praise the Lord she didn't succeed."

"Where is Nora?" said Ellen, a horrible fear coming over her, "tell me, try and tell me. Here, take another spoonful of this soup, now try and tell me where Nora is."

"*There's thim — as — must — punish — treachery,*" said Mrs. Mahoney with slow laboured pauses, and yet with a terrible strength of purpose. "Never name her as was false to me again."

These few words were spoken with the utmost suffering and effort, and when they were finished the heavy lids closed over the great black eyes, and Ellen knew that it would be impossible to get another sound from the lips of the poor dying creature. She had but very slight hope of saving the woman, but having forced all the soup she could down the parched lips, and again seeing that they swallowed a few spoonfuls of spirits and water, she took off her own warm jacket and tucked it tightly round the deathly cold frame, and then flew down to the cave to get assistance.

That night Mrs. Mahoney lay on a dry mattress close to a roaring peat fire, while nourishment suitable to her exhausted state was given at intervals by two kind-hearted and clever young women, who belonged to Ellen's school.

After all the Good Will society was doing its best for its most bitter enemy.

CHAPTER LXI.—TOM MACNAUGHTEN TO THE RESCUE.

During the two or three hours of Ellen's absence, while Miss Ellerslee—with a feeling of triumphant success—was ruling and fascinating the little school of girls, and causing these Irish maidens at first to glance at her with shy and fearful curiosity, and in a considerably short space of time to lose that same shyness and to become sufficiently free and easy to finger softly her dainty dress, to touch with admiration her splendid furs, and even—in the case of one audacious baby—to raise two red delicious lips for a kiss; while this young lady was enjoying herself to her heart's content, matters had not gone by any means so smoothly for Miss Marsh. Biddy O'Donnell, having made what she considered a sufficient quantity of soup for the day, became oppressed with a great curiosity to see the old lady; the young lady was all very well, but Miss Biddy still held to her original opinion that old should mate with old and young with young. Accordingly she bustled into the cave and greeted the timid little English lady with a storm of words and a noisy welcome which caused her heart to beat with unpleasant rapidity.

Miss Marsh was beginning to feel quite comfortable in the presence of gentle little Mary Donovan, and the warmth of the glowing fire, joined to the general air of comfort in the cave, was really sending her off into a pleasant little nap. From this, however, she was destined to be rudely awakened. Miss Biddy entered the cave, and seeing the little old lady nodding, thought it an excellent opportunity to take the exact pattern of her delicate little grey satin bonnet. Holding up a warning finger to little Mary and advancing on tip-toe, she bent low over the bonnet and tried to measure by means of her bony fingers, the amount of ruching that went round the front. These fingers came in contact with Miss Marsh's peach-like little face, and the poor lady awoke in a horrible state of fright.

"Oh! now woman, easy—easy—there, I'll have to do it all over again. Mary Donovan, you keep it in the back of your head, three fingers and a half full ruching, to go tight round the front of the face. Now, me dear, if you'll have the goodness to turn round I'll take the pattern of the back in a twinkling; it's as stylish a little bonnet as I have seen for many a day, though over-young for you, I should guess; but it'll suit me very fine, and I have got a bit of grey satin that belonged to my mother that'll make up iligant into the same shape."

"Who are you?" said Miss Marsh in the feeblest little voice; her eyes began to dilate with terror, and she slowly and nervously endeavoured to untie her bonnet-strings.

"You may have it; oh, yes, please take it! I—I don't mind; and I can explain to dear, dear Margaret. Please take it at once, and —go."

Miss Biddy gazed down at the little lady with a comical grin, broadening and broadening on her face.

"You poor soul!" she exclaimed; "and so you thought that Biddy O'Donnell of Inchfawn that was, she that comes of the real Irish kings, would want your little bit of a bonnet; no, no, my dear; not I, me honey. Why you're all of a tremble, as if I had frightened ye. There, me jewel of a little old woman, come into the arms of Biddy, and take a good hearty Irish hug."

Miss Marsh was the most reserved of individuals, and while she endured this fervent embrace quite came to the opinion that the Irish people were a race of lunatics. Her bonnet, however, was tied on again, and as she knew that she should suffer acute neuralgia without it, she was not sorry that Miss Biddy's pride prevented her accepting the hastily proffered gift.

"No, no, me dear, you and me will be great friends, I can see that. You are ten or twelve years my elder I should guess, but no matter that; we are both spinsters, and must have a power of thought in company. And what I'm thinking is this, that some day, when we have a minute of time, we'll fix up that bit of grey satin left me by my mother into just such another bonnet as that sweet thing on your head, and then we can go to church together for all the world like two sisters. Won't we take a rise out of Honora and Kate Macnaughten?"

Poor Miss Marsh straightened her bonnet-strings, and assented to this proposal in the coldest manner.

"And now, me dear," continued Miss Biddy, "what do you mean to do with yourself this fine sunny evening? It isn't staying in this dark, lonesome cave you'll be. Now what I say is this, let's come over and have a bit of dinner with the Macnaughtens; they'll be right glad to give you an Irish welcome, and I am dying to make Honora and Kate jealous over that bonnet."

"Oh, I should be very glad to come!" said Miss Marsh, who was absolutely the most polite little woman in the world, "but I expect Margaret will soon want to go back to the hotel."

"Not she, not she, me doaty girl. Why she's keeping Ellen's school this morning, and is as busy as a bee. Anyhow I'll run and ask her."

Miss Biddy returned in a moment or two with the terrible information that Miss Marsh might feel herself quite at liberty for the next few hours, and in a kind of whirlwind of protestations and endearments the little woman was tucked under the larger woman's wing, and borne in triumph across the sands to Crorane.

"'Tis but a mile away, me darling," said Miss Biddy, "and the air is most bracing. Why, you'll be as hungry as a hunter for Honora's dinner."

Poor Miss Marsh found the keen winds nearly lifting her off her feet, but she had long ago given up making any comment, and simply resigned herself to being swept along by the most outlandish woman it had ever been her misfortune to meet.

A little sigh did escape from her heart for the refined comforts of Ivy Bank; a little wish, also, came that dear Margaret was not quite so eccentric; then, praying for deliverance, she tried to call her fainting courage to her aid.

"Me dear child, I do trust you are not

afraid of dogs, for there are a good few at Crorane—it's a way Tom has—I don't mind 'em, not a bit, but some folks who have weak nerves might feel a little put out by the pack."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Marsh. "A pack!—a pack of dogs!—and loose! No, Miss O'Donnell, there are limits. I can't—I positively can't go to Crorane."

"Why, me dear, we're at the gate now; and see, here is a long bramble. I'll beat them off with this. You cling close to me, Miss Marsh. Now then, Jupiter!—Mars!—Vulture! down, down, you brutes! Ah! Tom, 'tis yourself is welcome, my man. Call the dogs off, do!"

Tom Macnaughten, attired in a much bespattered hunting costume, and with a long riding-whip in his hand, here dashed out of a thicket hard by. Miss Biddy's screams and the furious barking of the enraged hounds had attracted his attention. With Miss Biddy and her ways he was only too familiar, but who in the world was this wonderfully delicate and really beautiful little woman by her side? Surely this half-fainting and marvellously refined-looking being was no denizen of Inishowen.

"Who have you there, Biddy?" he said, pointing with his riding whip at Miss Marsh.

"Loose her bonnet-strings, Tom; loose her bonnet-strings, and do it tender, so as not to spoil the delicate shade of the grey. Why the poor dear is going off in a kind of swoon. 'Twas the dogs took the heart out of the bit of a creature. Who is she, Tom? Why, a sort of sister of me own—so now!"

"Brutes of dogs," said Macnaughten; "'tis just like you, Biddy; bringing ladies here and never giving me a note or a word of warning! Don't you suppose that if I thought a person like that was coming to Crorane I'd have locked the brutes up? But there, they'll feel Tom Macnaughten's horsewhip to-night. Come, ma'am, I'll just carry you right up to the house."

Poor Miss Selina made a feeble effort to resist, but she really was in a half-unconscious state, and Macnaughten seemed to her less terrible than Miss Biddy. When the little English lady came to herself again, it was to open her eyes on a scene which she never afterwards forgot. In the first place, she found herself bonnetless, and she had an indistinct feeling of shame that her little soft white curls should be exposed to view. She was lying full length on a sofa, and Macnaughten was trying to administer some whiskey-and-water, while Miss Kate, standing at the foot of the couch, was violently fanning her with a newspaper.

On the arm of the sofa sat a large sleek fat cat, and Miss Selina, feebly moving her little hand, found that she came in contact with another furry creature of the same tribe.

In the distance might have been heard a fierce and angry wrangling of words, for Miss Honora and Miss Biddy had both seized the unfortunate grey bonnet, and in their dispute over it were very nearly pulling it in pieces. Some other words also reached the unhappy lady's ears.

"'Tis the first time he ever scolded me, and that it is," wailed Miss Biddy; "and" (sob) "I," (sob) "who have been cronies with him ever since I was a little thing, no higher than the table. But—'tis no matter now, Honora," (sob, sob, sob) "you may take the pattern of the bonnet; I don't want it; you may have it, and so may Kate. 'Twas to please Tom that I thought I would like to make up my bit of grey satin that my mother left me. I" (sob) "I fancied that he would like to see me looking young and girlish once again. But you may have the pattern, yes, you may, and so may Kate. And don't forget that it's three fingers and a half of ruching round the face, and the back quilted in very full and becoming. I don't want it, but I will say that the fickleness of the male sex is disgusting."

WAITING BY THE STREAM.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

DEEP amid the scented grasses
Where the waters glide and gleam,
Ere the vesper glory passes
They are waiting by the stream.

And the south wind stirs the clover,
And the blossoms bend and sigh;
For the summer day is over,
And the golden time goes by.

Then he whispers that to-morrow
Shall be sweeter than to-day;
But she answers, "Who can borrow
What the river sweeps away?

"For the blooms have no abiding
On the tendril or the tree,
They are falling—floating—gliding
To the everlasting sea!"

When the gold is on the hedges,
And the mist is like a dream,
Deep amid the nodding sedges
He is waiting by the stream,

And the autumn lights are lying
On the river and the shore;
But a lonely heart is sighing
For the love that comes no more.

"Oh, my Father," he is pleading,
"Let me follow her to Thee!"
But the tide goes on unheeding
To the everlasting sea.

Yet a voice of benediction
Speaks within the mourner's breast:
"On the waters of affliction
I will bear thee safe to rest."

WHAT THE GOD-MAN REVEALS OF GOD AND MAN.

By SAMUEL COX, D.D.

"He hath declared Him."—John i. 18.

THERE are two modes in which we may acquaint ourselves with the facts and truths whether of the physical or of the moral world—the theoretical and the practical. If, for example, we wish to know all that can be known of the wild flowers that grow in the district in which we live, we may get a botanical manual in which they are figured and described. We may study the plates and the letterpress diligently till we are familiar with the name, the form, the colours, the characteristic qualities and distinctions of every plant that is to be found in the fields and woods, the bogs and streams, of our county or shire. This is one method in which we may acquire the knowledge we seek. But if we pursue the other method, we shall not be content with books and what they teach; we shall walk out into the fields and woods; we shall pick our way through the bogs and wade the streams; we shall look at and study the flowers as they grow in their several habitats; we shall mark their resemblances and differences; we shall collect them, bring them home, pore over them at our leisure, get some friend to name them to us perhaps, and not be content till we have added to our store every flower that the district yields, and are able to recognise and name them wherever we light upon them. This is the practical, as distinguished from the theoretical, method of acquiring knowledge. And no man doubts which is the better method of the two. We all admit that to learn from nature is better than to learn from books. We all feel that the practical method of studying facts and principles makes our knowledge far more accurate, complete, and vital than the theoretical; that it brings truth closer home to us, and renders it a more assured and enduring possession.

If, then, a manual of theology and a gospel be offered to us, which of the two shall we prefer? Surely we shall prefer the gospel—truth in the deeds of a living man to truth in the dogmatic abstractions of a book, truth in practice to truth in theory, truth in a life to truth in a creed. No doubt there must be theologies, just as there must be botanical theories or systems; both are useful in their place: but if it were of the last importance to us to acquire a rapid, complete, and familiar acquaintance with the plants of a district, we should certainly prefer walking through it with a living and accomplished guide, who could give us any help we required, to studying any book, however able and learned. And, in like manner, if we feel it to be of the last importance that we should come to know God, and ourselves, and our relation to Him, and His will concerning both us and the human race at large, we shall infinitely prefer that a living man, who knows both man and God perfectly, should take us by the hand, and shew us God, and ourselves, and how we stand related to Him; we shall infinitely prefer this practical method to reading even the most able and edifying theological treatise. For we are sure that, with some competent guide to teach us, there will be a power, a freshness, a life in our knowledge which we could never gain from the most diligent study of books.

But is such a guide to be had? Is there one who knows both God and man, nay, who can shew us both God and man, shew us what God is and what we ought to be and may be? and will he take us by the hand and teach us what we most need to know? Yes, there is such a Guide; and to no one of us will He refuse His help. He has spoken, He still so speaks as to awaken responses from our reason, our conscience, our heart. No man, by mere intellectual research, ever has, or ever can, find God out to perfection; but the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He has declared—literally, He has *interpreted*—Him: Christ is the *exegete*, the *expositor* of God, and of God's will.

Listen, and judge for yourselves. You want to know God, and how He stands affected towards you. You want to know yourselves, and what lies before you. Well, the man Christ Jesus came expressly to shew us the Father. That is, He came to teach us that God *is* our Father, that whatever we see or can imagine of pure parental love holds good of Him. Now we have known parents, or we have known of parents, who would suffer anything, make any sacrifice, endure any pain for the welfare of their children; who would correct their faults with an untiring patience, who would confront the most shameless ingratitude with a constant and forgiving love, who would even die to save them from harm. And this, said Christ, is what *God* is, and is like. He is our Father—your Father and mine. His love is

stronger than death and without a bound. Sin cannot alienate it, hatred cannot alienate it. And here is the proof. He that hath seen *Me* hath seen the Father. And while you are yet sinners, yet enemies, I lay down my life for you. *Thus* God, my Father and yours, reveals and commends his love for you.

This, I repeat, is Christ's revelation concerning God—that He is our Father, and loves us, despite our enmities and sins, with a love that will not be alienated or turned aside. Does not the revelation vindicate itself to our reason as well as touch our hearts? Must not He who made us be better than we are, better even than we can think? Can we see any goodness, can we so much as conceive any goodness, in His creatures which is not to be found in Him? Can the stream of love rise above its source? If not, all the sacrifices and victories of human love warrant us in believing in the love of God for us. All that parents have done and endured for the good of their children *demonstrates* in God a love at once more delicate and profound than theirs. In short, there is not a single strain of love in the whole long story of the world which we ought not to accept as a proof that Christ's revelation of the love of God our Father is true.

But, again: He who reveals God to us also reveals *man*, and God's will concerning man. He calls Himself "the Son of Man," and that, according to the Hebrew usage of speech, means that He calls Himself "*the* Man," the ideal, the perfect man, man as God conceived and will yet make him to be. And did you ever read the story of Him who went about doing good without longing to be like Him—as pure and yet as gentle, as wise and yet as humble? Do not even those who have not entered His service, with one voice confess Him to be at least the best and noblest of the sons of men? Can you consider Him, and compare or contrast yourself with Him, and not feel how far you fall beneath the mark of His perfection? If you could hope to become the man He was, would you not cheerfully submit to any discipline, however severe? If you could cherish the hope that *all* men will one day resemble Him, if you could be sure that they are being trained into His likeness by the changes and chances of this present world, would you not account it but a very little thing that all the miseries of time should be endured in order to lead up to a consummation so devoutly to be wished?

But this *is* Christ's revelation concerning mankind at large. You may be, you are to become, such men as He was. *That* is precisely God's intention concerning you. The world *is* to be redeemed, humanity *is* to be transfigured—so, at least, Christ the Interpreter of the Divine Will affirms; while in His own person He shews us what that redemption and transfiguration involve. According to Him, the end which God has set before Him, and to which His providence is conducting the story of time, is—a regenerated race dwelling in a renovated world.

Christ shews the Father, then, and how He stands affected towards us; Christ also shews us ourselves, and the prospect that lies before us. God is His Father and ours, and we are to be such sons of God as we reverence and admire in the Son of Man. And these revelations, as we have seen, accord with reason, though reason could never have discovered them, for God must be better than His creatures, and must will the good of His creatures. He must be more tender than any father He has made, and must desire that we should be His true, righteous, and loving children, wearing His image, breathing His spirit.

But what most of all gives these revelations power over us, more even than their very reasonableness, is the fact that Christ Jesus does not make them in words only, or in books, but in Himself, in His own person, character, life. He does not simply *tell* us that God is a Father who loves us, but in His own person He shows us that Divine Love bearing our infirmities, enduring stripes for our healing, and dying to take away our sins and to give us life, even when it is we ourselves who put Him to death. He does not simply *tell* us what we ought to be, how meek, how gentle, how forgiving, how just, and truthful, and kind; but He Himself *is* all, and more than all, that He describes. He shews us the ideal, the perfect man in His own character and conduct. *God* is in Him, and *man* is in Him, and in Him God and man are reconciled and dwell together in an unbroken unity. Christ, therefore, is not simply one who speaks of life, or one who teaches us how to live. He *is* our life—the Life indeed; for it is only as we become one with Him, who is one with God, that we truly live at all.

If, therefore, you would study religion practically, not theoretically, if you would receive a gospel instead of a theology, you must come to Christ, the incarnation and the interpreter of God. He will teach you what God is and what man ought to be, not by definitions, not in abstract terms, but by

shewing you the Father in Himself, and by shewing you in Himself the ideal and perfect man. He will so movingly shew you the love of God as that you will respond to it, and so brightly shew you the glory of man that you will burn to attain it. In Him you may see all the glory of God shining through all the virtues of manhood, and so see it as that you shall become perfect men in Him, and be made partakers of His Divine nature.

But here, perhaps, some thoughtful hearer may say (and I am not conjuring up an *imaginary* objection), "This is a gospel I would very gladly receive. Nay, I do receive it in part. 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty.' I am sure that His love for man must be more deep and pure than that of earthly parents for their children, that it will outdo all that is most tender and heroic in the exploits of human affection. And, therefore, I believe in the redemption of the world. I *must* believe that the goodness of our Father in heaven will conquer the evil that is in His erring children, and that, as you say, in the end a regenerated race will dwell in a renovated world. But when you speak of the man Christ Jesus as not simply teaching us how good God is, but as shewing us the Father *in Himself*, you make Him God as well as man; and thus you throw a difficulty in my path; for I never could understand how He who very certainly was a man, and the best of men, could also be God. Can you help me out of that difficulty?"

To any such inquirer I reply: Since you sincerely believe in God, the Father Almighty, I think I can shew you reason for believing that the Son of Man was also Son of God, and that He speaks to you with nothing less than a Divine authority. For you admit that God is the source and fountain of all goodness. You admit that there can be no goodness of any kind which does not come from Him, which is not therefore to be found in Him. But is there not a goodness in trust, as well as in being trustworthy? Is there not a goodness in receiving as well as in giving? Is there not a goodness in obeying rightly as well as in ruling rightly? In short, is there not a passive and dependent form of goodness, as well as an active and bountiful goodness? But we have agreed that all goodness, goodness of every kind, is *from* God and *in* God. Must not, then, the goodness of obedience, of submission, of humble dependence, of unfaltering trust, be in Him? Does not our very reason suggest, therefore, that there must be, so to speak, "two hemispheres in the Divine nature, upper and under, active and passive, giving and receiving—in a word, Father and Son?" Reason itself seems to demand that, since every form of goodness has its origin in God, there should be in the Divine nature a Son to obey as well as a Father to command, a Son to receive as well as a Father to give, a Son to sacrifice as well as a Father to accept and bless the sacrifice.

And, observe, in admitting this two-foldness in the Divine nature, we do not deny its unity. For unity is not singleness; it rather implies manifoldness. For union there must be more than one. Unity implies, indeed, many lines running up into one centre, many threads woven into one pattern, many figures harmonised into a single composition, many notes concurring in a single concord, many members articulated into one body, many elements blended into one nature, many persons drawn into one society and informed by one and the self-same spirit. So that our most reasonable idea of God is this, that He is as a centre in which all forms of goodness meet and blend, the recipient as well as the active, trust as well as bounty, obedience as well as authority. We most intelligently conceive the very *unity* of God when we hold His *trinity*, when we think of the Divine nature as including the Father and the Son, united by one Spirit, and therefore as dwelling together in an eternal harmony of love.

This much we say for the thoughtful and perplexed inquirer, whose reception of the gospel of Christ is hindered by *speculative* difficulties, who finds it hard to see the Son of God in the Son of Man. But now let us listen to a man of a more practical turn, who, like his predecessor, is no mere creature of the imagination, but sits among us clothed in flesh. This man says: "For my part I see God in the man Christ Jesus as I see Him nowhere else; and as I consider what *He* did and said, I am sure that God is my Father and the Father of all men. In Him too, I see what man ought to be; and I should be only too glad to believe that I and my neighbours are to become such men as He was. But I *cannot* believe it. I myself am not in the least like Him: and I doubt whether your bright picture of a regenerate race dwelling in a renovated world will ever prove to be more than the dream it seems to-day. Much, therefore, as I should like to believe that Christ came to quicken in all men a life like his own, I cannot believe it. The facts are against it, and facts are stubborn things."

To this practical objector, I reply: Facts *are* stubborn things; but are all the facts on your side? That they are not all on mine, I confess; for "the end" is not yet: and till "the end crowns the work," we cannot expect to find all the facts bearing witness to it. But are there not some facts, and those of prime importance, which even now already testify that Christ is in very deed the true life of men, and that the power of His life is *redeeming* the world, though for the present it is only too plain that the world is not wholly redeemed? Consider the force with which that life once seized upon men, the beauty, the power, the splendour, with which it reappeared in them. Could not St. Paul say quite simply and truly, "For me to live is Christ"? Could not the Twelve say it? Did not the power of that Divine life raise and quicken even the vilest, so that mere publicans and harlots, nay, even Pharisees and priests, pressed into the kingdom of God? Clearly, the life of Christ *was once* a mighty power in the earth, and was capable of reproducing itself in the noblest and most heroic forms. Has it, then, lost its vigour by lapse of time? Often, no doubt, we fear that it has; but when this fear is upon us, do we not suffer the shadows which rise from within us to darken the scene around us? The world *is* for the most part worldly; and the Church *is*, for the most part, infected by the spirit of the world, and hastes to be rich or defers to custom and the world's law in a way and to a degree wholly alien to the simplicity that is in Christ. But in the Church, if we find many who serve Mammon rather than God, or attempt to combine the service of God with that of Mammon,—the most impossible of feats, do we not also find many who seek first the kingdom and righteousness of God? If we find many who defer to the world and the world's law, do we not find many who breathe the very spirit of Christ? We all know men who are genuinely good, men who have cheerfully renounced much that is dear to the flesh that they might serve God after the spirit. We have all met women who bore cruel pains or a life-long sorrow with a cheerful patience, who have found their happiness in serving others, who have bravely faced all that was most repugnant to their nature in order to nurse the sick, or tend the wounded, or alleviate the miseries of the insane, the deformed, the outcast. *They* have drawn their inspiration from the life of Christ, from the cross on which He revealed a love such as, till then, it had not entered heart of man or woman to conceive.

And if we compare the very world as it *is* with the world as it *was* before He came into it, in that very proportion in which we know what the ancient world was like, we shall see that His revelation of the Divine love has been as life from the dead. If we contrast the heavy, grinding, incessant tyranny of ancient times with the ordered and growing freedom of the modern world; or if we contrast the brilliant, but frivolous and sensual, civilisation of antiquity with the deep sense of moral responsibility, the careful consideration for the wants, the education, and even the amusements of the poor which mark the civilisation of to-day; or if we contrast the moral tone of ancient literature with that of the books now put into our hands, much as we may still find to condemn or deplore, we cannot but feel how much the world owes to Christ, how powerfully His life still works among men, raising and bettering the conditions even of those who will not have this Man to reign over them. No; the power of Christ's life is not exhausted. It is an inexhaustible fountain that runs on for ever. Thousands, millions, still drink of it—drink and live, and call others to the living stream. If He has not given *us* life, or if His life in us be weak and flickering, *that* is not because He is no longer the true life of men; but because, plunged in a thousand cares and occupations and amusements, we do not accept His revelation of the saving love of God and abide with Him.

We may look forward, then, with courage and hope. Assuredly there is no force at work in the world so high, so pure, so potent, as that revelation of God and of God's will which came by Jesus Christ. And shall not the purest and strongest of all the forces at work in the world conquer all other forces at the last, and assimilate to itself whatever is good in them and worthy to live? If we believe in God at all, how can we believe that good will be overcome by evil; how can we but believe that evil will be overcome of good? How can we but believe in the final victory of Him who came forth from the bosom of the Father to declare all the goodness of the Father to us and to all men? Must not His interpretation of the will and purpose of God be the true interpretation? Let us cleave to it, then, and rely upon it. For, hopeful as it is, it is fraught with a hope that will never make us ashamed.

Village Church at Drayton.

GEORGE FOX AND THE INWARD LIGHT.

By HENRY C. EWART.

THE character and career of George Fox were such as naturally lead to exaggeration both amongst his followers and his opponents or critics. The Society of Friends, who, on the whole, perhaps, owe more of inward peace and outward prosperity to their religious convictions, than any other denomination known to history, are inclined to estimate the virtues and the power of their apostle as little short of miraculous. On the other hand, Macaulay did not scruple to regard him as an ignorant and pretentious charlatan. Carlyle, so far as he alludes to him at all, has been more reasonable in his estimate. He discerns in him a sort of spiritual arrogance, of which, as we shall have occasion to observe, there is a great deal of evidence in Fox's own writings. But he does not deny to him a veritable insight into everlasting truth. Whatever may have been the errors either of devotees or of satirists, George Fox holds far too original and important a position in the history of religion to be neglected with impunity. And notwithstanding all that has been written about him there is much service yet to be done by a careful estimate of his work in the revival of the spiritual life amongst men.

He was born at a time when the Puritan movement was beginning to develop a resistless strength. During the period of his childhood and early youth, the conflict between the Puritans on the one hand, and the worldly powers represented by church and king on the other, ended in the total overthrow of the latter. It is true that he was twenty-three years of age when Charles I. was brought to the scaffold; but the Long Parliament had been practically supreme for six years before that tragic event. Indeed, even before the meeting of the Long Parliament the authority of Archbishop Laud and his subordinates had been quite insufficient to restrain the extraordinary outburst of religious conviction and ecclesiastical reorganization which characterized the seventeenth century. The preface of William Penn prefixed to Fox's Journal well describes the successive demands of various generations of reformers to secure an entire emancipation of religion from the traditions of human authority and custom. He sharply criticises the conduct of the earlier Puritans,

who "as they grew into power were not only for whipping some out but others into the temple; and they appear rigid in their spirits rather than severe in their lives, and more for a party than for piety, which brought forth another people that were yet more retired and select." The latter religionists to whom he referred were the Brownists, or Independents, the Baptists, and others. But even these separatists, says Penn, "rested also too much upon their watery dispensation, instead of passing on more fully to the fire and Holy Ghost." "Withal, they grew high, and rough, and self-righteous, opposing further attainment; too much forgetting the day of their infancy and littleness, which gave them something of a real beauty; insomuch, that many left them, and all visible churches and societies, and wandered up and down as sheep without a shepherd, and as doves without their mates, seeking their beloved but could not find him, as their souls desired to know him, whom their souls loved above their chiefest joy." These extreme separatists never had any very definite organization. Sometimes they took the name of "Seekers," sometimes that of "the Family of Love," but the world generally called them "Ranters." To a certain extent they anticipated the Quakers, for, says William Penn, "they sometimes met together not formally to pray or preach at appointed times and places in their own wills as in times past they were accustomed to do; but waited together in silence, and as anything rose in any one of their minds, that they thought favoured of a Divine spring, so they sometimes spoke." But according to the same Quaker authority these Seekers or Ranters fell into extravagant discourses and practices. In other words, they showed a tendency to Antinomianism. They held that they could without evil commit the same act which was sin in another; or, as Penn puts it, "they made sin superabound by the aboundings of grace." To a certain extent the movement of George Fox was a development of that of the Seekers; but it was certainly also a clear and marked reaction against the abuses attending the spiritual chaos of the time. The Ranters were not able always to distinguish between liberty and license; but George Fox, while he uncompromisingly maintained the absolute freedom of the Christian from all human authority in matters spiritual, also upheld with equal firmness the everlasting authority of the moral law, and together with this, the duty of subordination to the civil magistrate in all matters properly appertaining to secular order.

Whether the founder of the Quakers was in early life brought into contact with the Seekers to whom Penn alludes, we do not know. He makes no reference to anything of the kind in his account of himself. But speculation and mysticism pervaded the atmosphere into which he was born; and though we need not doubt that the principles propounded by him were the result of personal conviction, springing up in lonely communion with his Maker, it is equally certain that he was, like other men, subject to surrounding influences. Born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in the year 1624, he lived, up to the age of nineteen, very near the centre, not only of the military manœuvres but of the religious commotions disturbing the years of his youth. His father, Christopher Fox, was a weaver, possessed apparently of sufficient though moderate means. The son tells us that "he was a good and upright man," and that "there was a seed of God in him." The neighbours recognised this by giving him the honourable title of "righteous Christer." The mother, whose maiden name was Mary Lago, was, her son tells us, "of the stock of the martyrs." In George's account of himself we have no such bitter memories of childish indiscretions and boyish wilfulness as are recorded in Bunyan's "Grace Abounding." He tells us that he "always had a gravity and stayedness of mind and spirit not usual in children." He could even criticise the imperfections of his elders, and when he saw them carry themselves lightly and wantonly towards each other, he would say within himself, "If ever I come to be a man, surely I should not do so, nor be so wanton."

It is not the province of an essay like the present to attempt even a biographical sketch, it is sufficient to note one or two incidents illustrative of the man's peculiar spiritual history. Previous to the age of nineteen he appears to have lived in unruffled peace; but about that time he went to a fair, and was invited by a cousin who had a character for religion, to drink at a public-house with some friends. Their proceedings were not characterized by Puritanic gravity. When George had drunk his glass his friends called for more, and declared that he who would not drink should pay for all. They also began the proposing of toasts, which was equally unpuritanical with their other proceedings. Then George rose

up, and laying a groat on the table as his part of the expenses, said, "If it be so I will leave you." On reaching his home that night he could not sleep, and paced to and fro in his room. He does not appear to have been troubled at all about his own part in the trivial orgie of the day. It was the glaring inconsistency of others that oppressed him, and as he prayed it seemed to him that the Spirit of the Lord said to him, "Thou seest how young people go together unto vanity and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be as a stranger unto all." He took this to mean that he must leave his home, and, accordingly, much to the distress of his father and mother, he fled to Lutterworth, and thence by various peregrinations he arrived in Barnet, in June the next year, 1644. He does not tell us how his time was occupied; but he implies that he so conducted himself as to be noticed by religious people who sought his acquaintance. But he was afraid of them, for, he says, "I was sensible they did not possess what they professed." There is nothing said of any strong conviction of sin in his own soul; nevertheless he was much troubled in his mind. But his trouble was occasioned rather by want of clear views of religious truth than by any remorse. It did indeed occur to him that he had not acted quite fairly towards his parents, and therefore, after a while he returned to them lest he should grieve them. They advised him to marry; but he sensibly observed that "he was only a lad, and must get wisdom." Others amongst his relations thought that he might shake off his gloom by going as a soldier, for which there was ample opportunity in that district at that time. But, he says, "I refused, and was grieved that they offered such things to me, being a tender youth." Then followed conversation and discussion with the clergyman of Drayton, Nathaniel Stevens, who was evidently much puzzled by the extraordinary nature of the youth's troubles. "An ancient priest" in Warwickshire, to whom he applied for advice, bade him "take tobacco and sing psalms." But, says George, "tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing." Equally unsatisfactory was all the advice he obtained from the "professors" of the time, whether priests or laymen.

For two years still he continued in this state of gloomy uncertainty. But in 1646, when he was nearly twenty-two years of age, the light began to dawn. Successive impressions were borne in upon his mind which he accepted, and we venture to think rightly enough, as revelations from the divine spirit. In this way he learned that none were true believers but such as were born of God, and had passed from death into life. While he was walking in a field on a Sunday morning

Swarthmore Hall, residence of George Fox.

George Fox and the fiddler.

the Lord opened to him that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to fit and qualify men to be ministers of Christ. He then refused to go to church, and preferred being alone with his Bible in the orchard or the fields. When his relations expostulated he reminded them of the apostolic saying that "they needed no man to teach them but as the anointing teaches them." At another time St. Paul's words came strongly into his mind, that God who made the world did not dwell in temples made with hands; and from this time forth the parish church was to him nothing more than a "steeple-house." About this time, also, he appears to have conceived that doctrine of the inward light, or, as it is otherwise expressed, the divine seed in every human soul, which has been one of the chief contributions of Quakerism to modern Christianity. Of this we shall have more to say presently; but meanwhile we can well understand how great a joy it must have been to a solitary and bewildered soul such as that of George Fox, to realise the full meaning of "the light that lighteth every man coming into the world."

That a soul capable of appreciating the grandeur of this conception should have been to all appearance equally grateful for divine instruction in manners and in grammar, is not a little surprising, but so it was. He believed that he was taught by the spirit not to take off his hat to any man, and this piece of trivial obstinacy brought him into a great deal of trouble. "Oh! the scorn, heat, and fury that arose!" he exclaims. "Oh, the blows, punchings, beatings, and imprisonments that we underwent for not pulling off our hats to men! For

that soon tried all men's patience and sobriety what it was. Some had ther hats violently plucked off and thrown away, so that they quite lost them. . . . And though it was but a small thing in the eye of man, yet a wonderful confusion it brought among all professors and priests; but, blessed be the Lord, many came to see the vanity of that custom of pulling off the hat to men, and felt the weight of truth's testimony against it." He was also taught that the rules of grammar were a part of religion, at least so far as the common use of the personal pronoun was concerned. He felt it to be a dishonour to the truth that the use of a plural pronoun should multiply one man into many. One man must be addressed as "thou" or "thee," and only two or more men could be truthfully addressed as "you" or "ye." This also occasioned no little commotion. For though at that time the use of thou and thee in families and amongst familiar friends was as customary as it is now in Germany, this only made the ceremonial and polite use of the plural "you" all the more imperative towards superiors or strangers. "Oh, the rage that was in the priests, magistrates, professors, and people of all sorts; but especially in priests and professors, for though thou to a single person was according to their accidence and grammar rules, and according to the Bible, yet they could not bear to hear it."

But the rage of priests and professors was not the worst of his troubles. Perhaps the most refined torture was reserved for his experience of prison discipline in Carlisle, where his soul was grievously tormented by a fiddle. By this time, however, he had learned the value of psalm singing, and broke into so loud a strain that the fiddler acknowledged himself beaten. The immediate occasion was a decree of his petty tyrant that he should not look out of the window. It is better to give the rest in George's own words.

"Once he came in a great rage, and beat me with his cudgel, though I was not at the grate at that time; and as he beat me, he cried, 'Come out of the window,' though I was there, far from it. While he struck me, I was moved to sing in the Lord's power, which made him rage the more. Then he fetched a fiddler and set him to play, thinking to vex me; but while he played, I was moved in the everlasting power of the Lord God to sing; and my voice drowned the noise of the fiddle, struck and confounded them, and made them give over fiddling and go their way."

Such little weaknesses, however, could not possibly neutralise the spiritual force that consumed the inward man, and streamed from his lips and eyes in earnest discourse. About 1647 he began to have a numerous following, and in the course of the next few years the "Friends" began to meet for worship under his apostolic inspiration and direction. From this time forth he had few doubts or difficulties; and scarcely a cloud dimmed the serenity of his spiritual heavens. Nothing can more clearly illustrate the amazing spiritual power of the man, than the success with which he transmitted to all coming generations of his followers the special characteristics of his own religious life. Peace, light, certainty,—such have been the best characteristics of the noblest Quakerism. This has ever been its strongest side. On the other hand, the doctrine of non-resistance, which Fox derived not only from a literal interpretation of the New Testament, but from a very profound apprehension of the spirit of Christ, was almost above the reach of ordinary humanity. It seems inconsistent with practical life; but in the case of Fox and his disciples the place of resistance was supplied by a kind of sanctified sagacity which studied how to turn the passions, and violence, and recklessness of adversaries to the advantage of the cause.

But the one most conspicuous feature of George Fox's teaching, and the best contribution of Quakerism to modern Christian life, has been, as we have already said, the doctrine of the inward light. The first conspicuous manifestation of this doctrine in his early ministry is recorded by himself with a graphic vigour, such that we can hardly refrain from giving it *verbatim*.

"As I went towards Nottingham on the first day in the morning with friends to a meeting there, when I came on the top of a hill in sight of the town, I espied the great steeple-house and the Lord said unto me, 'Thou must go cry against yonder great idol, and against the worshippers therein.' I said nothing of this to my friends, but went with them to the meeting, where the mighty power of the Lord God was amongst us, in which I left friends sitting at the meeting, and went to the steeple-house. When I came there all the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest like a great lump of earth, stood in his pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter, 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.' He told the people this was the Scriptures, by which they were to try all doctrines, religions and opinions. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me and so strong in me, that I could not hold; but was made to cry out, 'Oh no, it is not the Scriptures!' and told them it was the Holy Spirit by which the holy

men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions, religions and judgments were to be tried, for it led into all truth, and so gave the knowledge of all truth. The Jews had the Scriptures, yet resisted the Holy Ghost, and rejected Christ, the bright morning star. They persecuted Him and His Apostles and took upon them to try their doctrines by the Scriptures, but erred in judgment, and did not try them right, because they tried without the Holy Ghost. As I spoke thus amongst them, the officers came, took me away, and put me into a nasty stinking prison, the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat that it very much annoyed me."

The description of the congregation as looking like "fallow ground" and the priest as "a great lump of earth" is not only quaint, it is apt and truthful. But it should be borne in mind that the influence and truth of it depended very much upon the frame of mind of the beholder. The words in which he describes his sudden intervention in the service are instinct with a profound conviction and an intense earnestness which may well acquit him in this case of the arrogance ascribed to him by Carlyle; and any one who rightly understands this passage will have the key to the Quaker doctrine which, without in the least degree undervaluing the Bible, makes its whole worth depend on the testimony of the Spirit. Such a doctrine is, of course, liable to distortion and exaggeration.

Fox, like other good men, was too much disposed to believe that his journeys were directed, his utterances of expression inspired, and even his caprices instigated by a divine witness within. But no such abuses can deprive of preciousness the immortal truth that the spirit of man is not alone in the immensity of creation, but that the conscience and the affections apprehend the life and love and reason which animate the whole universe. This truth is now so familiar to us and so bound up with our notions of Christianity, that we may well wonder how it can have appeared so novel in the seventeenth century. Margaret Fell, who after the decease of her husband, the Judge, married George Fox late in life, tells us, in her simple and unaffected "testimony," how strange and startling the doctrine appeared to her, when she first heard it in Ulverstone Church. Yet she had long been, according to her knowledge, an earnestly religious woman. But, like many other Puritans of that day, she had really been as much dependent on human authority as any Roman Catholic. The only difference was that she thought her authorities were more ancient and better interpreted than those of the Catholics. Still her religion was a matter of historic record, not of present revelation. Accordingly when George Fox stepped on to a seat in the church, and interrupted the service to ask "what had any to do with the Scriptures, but as they came to the Spirit that gave them forth," Margaret Fell "stood up in her pew and wondered at his doctrine, for she had never heard such before." He went on, "You will say Christ saith this, and the apostles say this; but what canst thou say? Art thou a child of light, and hast walked in the light, and what thou speakest, is it inwardly from God?" Then, says Margaret, "I sat down in my pew again and cried bitterly, and I cried in my spirit to the Lord, 'We are all thieves, we are all thieves; we have taken the Scriptures in words and know nothing of them in ourselves.'"

"*Know nothing of them in ourselves;*" how much is there in these words! What is the use of believing that Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," unless the clouds of passion and pride dissolve and the Divine Presence shines upon our penitence? What is the use of reading or believing "Ye must be born again," unless the child heart re-awakens within us and we become tender to all good influences? What is the use of critically distinguishing St. James's "dead faith" from St. Paul's "faith which worketh by love," unless our trust in a living God fills us with an overmastering desire to be fellow-workers with Him? We are aware that the doctrine of a present inspiration, in the teaching of George Fox and his immediate followers, went far beyond this. Some of them, as he himself acknowledges, "ran out into imaginations," and believed themselves recipients of special revelations concerning things kept secret from the foundation of the world. But this is no real objection to the true doctrine of the inward light; for this properly concerns, not intellectual knowledge, but the impulse and the motive power of the moral and religious life. As, for instance, that God is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, is a certainty that cannot be learned by rote either out of Bible or Catechism. Every man must feel it for himself, and to that extent every generation must have a fresh revelation. The essence of George Fox's teaching is that every man is susceptible to such a revelation, and that, till he gets it, the teaching of all churches, priests, and theologians, however valuable intellectually, has no spiritual worth or meaning.

BY THE RIVER.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

SECOND PAPER.

IF the observer be fortunate he may manage to steal upon a Heron (*Ardea cinerea*), as it is standing in the shallow water and looking after fish. These it takes with a quick stroke of its snake-like head and neck. Like the kingfisher, it throws its prey into the air, so as to catch it with the head downwards, but it does not trouble itself to beat it against a stone or branch before swallowing it. An eel, however, can seldom be swallowed without being beaten to death.

Large as is the Heron it is not easily seen, as the grey tints of its plumage harmonize exactly with the shadows in which it mostly stands. Even if the sun should be shining the Heron is little more visible, owing to the singular fact that the ripples of the water, flecked with the sunbeams, are reflected on the breast of the bird so perfectly that the bird and water are blended together as if they were one.

Then the attitude of a watching Heron is most singular. The bird is quite motionless, sinks its head upon its shoulders, and, especially when seen from behind, looks more like a grey pegtop than a bird.

Many absurd ideas were once prevalent about the supposed attractiveness to fish possessed by the Heron. It was thought that a sort of fragrant oil exuded from the Heron's legs, and that the fish were attracted by its odour within reach of the beak. There is no need for any such attraction, the keen eye, active neck, and long, sharp beak requiring no extraneous aid.

Moreover, the Heron does not depend entirely on fish for its food; it feeds largely on frogs and toads, so that it would make as inconvenient a king for the frogs as King Stork himself. It also eats water-rats, killing them as they pass inadvertently near it by a single blow from the pointed beak on the back of the head.

Many years ago the late Charles Waterton was obliged to drain several fish-ponds, and turn them into fir plantations, because the water-rats bored the banks so full of holes that the water was continually escaping. Shortly afterwards a number of Herons established themselves in the grounds of Walton Hall, and soon made short work of the water-rats. Waterton used to say that if he had only known the intentions of the Herons beforehand he would not have gone to the expense of draining, and might have retained his fish-ponds.

Walton Hall afforded peculiar facilities to those who wished to watch the habits of the

Heron, or indeed of any water-haunting bird.

From long immunity the birds were so tame that they allowed themselves to be approached quite closely. Moreover, a powerful telescope was always kept mounted on a stand in the drawing-room window, which overlooked the lake, in the middle of which is the rocky island on which the house is built.

To this telescope was owing the discovery of the fact that, contrary to all preconceived opinions, the Heron was able to swim.

Mr. Waterton long disbelieved the statement, and was not sparing of his sarcasms upon the benighted individuals who dared to tell him that they had seen a heron swim. Dr. N. Moore, in his biography of Waterton, has the following passage.

"It is commonly said in books on ornithology, that 'Herons neither swim nor dive'" (Waterton himself had used these very words in his essay on the Heron). "I have known them do both. One August, when I was looking at a Heron, it disappeared under water for full half a minute, at a spot where the lake was from six to seven feet deep, and, on coming up, it rose to the surface, and flew away. In the following September, on a sultry evening, when the fish were jumping, I saw a Heron with outstretched neck, swimming this way and that, in the middle of the lake. I watched it for five minutes, when it took flight from the water where it was swimming."

No amount of evidence except that of his own eyes could have convinced Waterton that the Heron was a swimmer. However, the telescope settled the question, and he at once wrote to acknowledge the fact, as see the following extracts:—

"*Herons.*—When the weather is calm, and the water warm, here at Walton Hall, the Herons will alight on the deep water, and swim just like water-hens. This repeatedly took place for many days in the month of June, 1846. I saw the Herons, after they had alighted on the deep water, strike at fish, but could not perceive that they succeeded in capturing any."

Another extract from a letter puts the case even more strongly.

"The present warm and calm weather has produced to me a new phenomenon in ornithology.

"The Herons, which have increased and thrown aside much of their natural shyness, are perpetually alighting on the deep water before the drawing-room window. I watch them narrowly through the telescope, and it seems to me that these waders venture beyond their depth in the hopes of getting at the fish, which are in innumerable shoals on the surface. You can conceive nothing more awkward than the gestures of the Herons.

Home of the Herons.

They try, and try again; and apparently they do not succeed in capturing a single fish. After many trials, they rise from the water exactly as the water-hen does.

"This is the first time that I ever saw the Heron progressing through deep water. We live to learn." With the last observation I entirely agree. It is the motto of a true naturalist, and should animate us as we walk "by the river."

On account of its fondness for water-rats, the Heron is often an unconscious ally of the kingfisher, killing the rat, and so leaving its burrow for the use of the bird.

Though the Heron may be seen by the river, its nest may be, and probably is, from twenty to forty miles away. Herons, like rooks, congregate together, and make their nests in similar fashion, constructing them of loose sticks, and placing them on the topmost branches of trees. Also like the rooks, they are very fastidious about their nesting places, so that although they can easily be annoyed, and will take themselves off in dudgeon, it is almost impossible to attract them.

M. C. Waterton's heronry afforded an excellent example of this capriciousness.

He had for many years been longing for a heronry within his grounds, but could not, with all his fertility of invention, hit upon a plan of attracting the birds. One year, he found himself the unexpected possessor of a heronry.

He had for some years been engaged in the task of building a wall round a large portion of his property, having the house nearly in the centre. As the wall was only erected with the surplus funds of the estate, several years were occupied in building it. On the very year after it was finished, the Herons came and built their nests in the trees.

In connection with these nests, I may mention that the older works on ornithology used to state that the long legs of the Heron incapacitated it from sitting on the nest in the usual way, and that it was obliged to bestride the nest, like a man on horseback, and allow its legs to hang down on either side. This notion is entirely absurd, the Heron being able to double up its legs and sit on its nest as well as any other bird, as I have often witnessed.

Owing to its enormous wings, and the little weight which they have to carry, the Heron thinks nothing of flying twenty or thirty miles for its food. When it does so, it always flies at a height so great that it mostly escapes notice altogether. Even if discovered, it is perfectly safe, as the only bird which would be likely to attack it, namely, the peregrine falcon, is now seldom seen, and when it does make its appearance, contents itself with easier prey than the active, high-soaring, and fierce Heron, whose beak the falcon holds in well-deserved respect.

That spear-like beak is dangerous even to man, the bird always aiming at the eye, and delivering its stroke so swiftly that the sight can scarcely follow it.

The Rev. C. A. Johns mentions, in his work upon British birds, that a tame Heron used to sit on an old carriage wheel in a courtyard, and watch for sparrows and martins, catching even the latter birds by a sudden dart of its beak. As soon as it had

The Heron.

caught a bird it used to proceed to its water-trough, plunge its prey several times under water, and then swallow it whole. When the bird is within convenient distance of the sea, it visits the shore at low water, and picks up the fish, crabs, shrimps, and other sea-side animals.

The Coot.

What are those little balls of black down that are bobbing about among the water-lily leaves? They are the young of the WATER-HEN (*Gallinula chloropus*), sometimes called the moor-hen.

If the history of this bird were not known very few persons would take it for a water bird, inasmuch as its feet are not webbed. But the toes are so long that they answer the purpose of webs, and enable it to swim and dive as well as if it possessed webs like that of the ducks and geese.

Those who know its ways have little difficulty in watching the Water-Hen, while a novice will be surrounded by the birds, and not see one of them. Then, even when the bird has been detected, it is no easy matter to keep it in sight. I know no bird which is a greater adept at concealing itself, when, like Falstaff, it "would not be seen." It has, however, a greater talent for hiding itself than was possessed by Falstaff, and employs a variety of wiles wherewith to deceive the foe.

One of its favourite devices is to dive and then swim some little way under water until it comes to weeds. Then it grasps the weeds with its long toes so as to keep its body under water, while it thrusts the beak out of the water just far enough to allow itself to breathe.

Then, it will take advantage of a shady bank, and crouch under its shelter, the broken lights and shadows harmonizing so well with its mottled plumage, that even when pointed out it has often escaped the notice of unaccustomed eyes, though the bird was crouching within a few yards. If it should find concealment useless, it springs from the surface of the water and takes to wing, always flying very low, and letting its long feet trail behind it.

Near Oxford the Water-Hen is exceedingly common, and I have had many opportunities of watching its habits.

When a river happens to be the boundary of a garden, as sometimes happens, the Water-Hen will take advantage of the situation, and will make sad havoc among the early crops, both of fruit and vegetables. Should poultry be kept, the bird will mix with them in the most friendly manner, and will affably partake of their food, as if it were one of themselves, as I have seen in Sussex.

The nest of this bird is always placed on the bank of the river, and is a large mass of sedges, grass, small sticks, and similar materials. Mostly it is situated on the very edge of the water, but instances are known where it has been placed at some little distance from the water, or even on the top of a pollard willow which overhung the river. Those, and they are many, which I have seen have generally been made with the farther edge actually resting on the surface of the water. There are usually seven or eight of the buff speckled eggs in the nest.

When the mother bird leaves them she covers them over with the same materials as those of which the nest is composed. This

is not for the purpose of keeping them warm, but to hide them from the egg-eating birds, such as the crow and the magpie.

When the nest is made inland, or on a tree, the young are carried to the water by the long feet of their parent. When first hatched they are mere puffs of black down, but they soon assume the grey plumage which lasts them until they put on the olive-brown and white of the adult bird.

The beak is red, and a horny patch of the same colour extends from the base of the beak to the forehead.

Not unlike the Water-Hen is the COOT (*Fulica atra*); its movement in swimming and walking being almost identical.

It can be identified, however, by the horny patch at the base of the beak, which in the Coot is white instead of red, and very conspicuous, even at some distance. When the water is still the effect of this white patch is very remarkable. Being reflected in the water as the Coot swims along, nodding its head at every stroke of the feet, it looks exactly as if another white patch were rising from the water to meet it at every nod.

The nest of this bird is not so easy to find or reach as that of the water-hen, as it is placed among reeds or sedges at some distance from the bank, and cannot be reached except by a boat, or by wading. I have found great quantities of Coot nests in the Swindon reservoir. Indeed, the Coot prefers lakes and ponds to rivers, and does not frequent the latter unless they be very still, shallow, and retired.

It is just possible to catch a glimpse of that shyest of birds, the WATER RAIL (*Rallus aquaticus*), but not very likely, owing to the singularly retiring habits of the bird and its inconspicuous brown and black plumage.

It is mostly to be found on the banks of streams, feeding upon the insects and other small creatures which love the neighbourhood of water. The Rev. C. A. Johns mentions that he once saw several of these birds in the depth of winter hunting for food by a little stream, the rapidity of which had kept it from freezing. He suggests that he was probably indebted for so unusual a sight to two causes, one being the hunger consequent on a severe frost, and the other being the well-known fact that many shy birds will allow a vehicle to approach them, while they will take alarm even at the distant sight of a human being.

The slow, sheltered waters which please the coot are equally agreeable to the active DABCHICK (*Podiceps minor*), a bird which has many titles. To the scientific it is known as the Little Grebe, while the name Didapper (a contraction of "Dive-dapper") was known to Shakspeare.

This is a very appropriate title, as diving

Home of the Dabchick.

is the chief characteristic of the bird. It pops under water as if by magic, and without the least visible exertion. Now, all of my readers who have practised the art of diving know how difficult it is to dive from the surface, and how much exertion of the limbs is

The Reed Warbler.

needed before the body can be forced under water. Yet, the Dabchick dives so quickly that the eye cannot follow its movements. After remaining under water for a wonderfully long time, it pops up again, and in a moment is swimming about with its own peculiar jerking movements.

Some years ago a pinioned Dabchick was kept in the circular pond in "Tom Quad," of Christ Church College, Oxford. "Mercury" (as the pond is called, from a figure of Mercury that in times now long past used to decorate its centre) was edged with a stone coping, which the bird could not climb. I often used to watch its ways, as it soon became familiar with any one who was accustomed to visit it. In diving it used its wings as much as its legs, and its outstretched neck and rapidly moving wings gave it so strange an aspect under water that it could hardly be even recognised as a bird.

Like the coot, the Dabchick makes its nest at some distance from the bank. Like the water-hen, it covers the eggs when it leaves the nest. When first laid the eggs are white, but they never retain their whiteness. Probably owing to the materials with which the bird covers the eggs they soon become stained, and in a short time look as if they had been thickly splashed with mud and blood. It is impossible to remove the stains, so that a pure white egg is very seldom secured.

The observer should look carefully at the feet of the Dabchick. Like the Grebes in general, the three front toes are furnished with a narrow web on either side, and therefore look like three "lanceolate" leaves.

In or near shallow water, especially if it should be rapid and rippling, the interesting DIPPER (*Hydrobates cinclus*) may often be found. It is sometimes called the Water Ousel, and is notable as being a British representative of the Ant Thrushes.

Probably because it has little need of flight,

the tail is so short that it really looks as if it had been artificially clipped. The Dipper is remarkable for its habit of seeking its food under water, not diving deeply like the dabchick, but haunting shallow waters, running over their stony beds, and picking up the insects and crustacea which inhabit the water. Considerable exertion is required while the bird is thus engaged, and it goes tumbling along in a most awkward-looking manner, using its wings freely in order to keep itself below the surface.

The nest of the Dipper is always placed near the water, and is so ingeniously concealed that it is mostly found by accident.

The bird selects some convenient hole in a bank near or over the water, and fills it with a nest made of moss, not unlike that of the wren. The exterior of the nest is always made of damp moss, so that it appears to be merely a lump of growing moss, and gives no sign of the nest which it conceals. I once came accidentally on one of these nests as I was seeking for insects. It was at some distance from water, so that I had no reason to expect the presence of a nest.

Several of these nests have been found behind waterfalls, so that the bird had to dart through the water in order to reach its home.

The last bird for which we can find space is the Reed Warbler (*Salicaria arundinacea*).

The nest of this bird is in its way quite as worthy of notice as that of the dipper. Instead of being concealed by living moss, it is built quite open, with no attempt at concealment. Yet, owing to the locality which is chosen, the nest, though not uncommon, is seldom found except by those who go to search for it.

Choosing the middle of a clump of reeds, the bird selects three or four tall stems which grow closely together, and fastens its nest to them. In rivers, especially if they be tidal, the nest is rather more than a yard from the surface of the water. It is narrow, and very deep in proportion to its diameter, so that even if the combined influences of the wind and the stream should bow the nest to the water the eggs will not fall out.

The nest is made of grass-blades, strips of sedge, and similar materials, and is warmly lined with horsehair and vegetable down.

If the reader can find one of these nests, I strongly advise him to keep a watch on it until the breeding season is over, and then to remove it and keep it as a token of the wonderful work which is done by some of the birds that live "By the River."

THE LIVING OF LANGLEYS.

A Story of Country Life.

By MARY B. WHITING.

CHAPTER X.—A SKATING-PARTY AT EASTLAKE PARK.

IT was a bright December morning, the sky was clear and the ground glittered with a thick frost which had lasted for several days; a day to make men throw aside their books, and enjoy the sun while it shone.

Welldon felt as inclined for a day's holiday as any one, he had been working hard during the last few weeks, and had allowed himself but little rest; the first edge of his grief had worn off, and he felt that there was still much in life to live for. He had no longer his father's approbation to look forward to, but he felt that each step in his career brought him nearer to Hester, and so he put his whole heart into his work and found it light.

He stood looking out of his window after breakfast, wondering what he should do with himself on this glorious day, when he heard a hasty step on the stairs and a young man entered tumultuously.

"I say, old fellow," he began almost before the door was opened, "what are you going to do to-day?"

"Just what I was wondering myself," said Welldon. "Is there anything up?"

"I should just think there is," cried his friend, Henley by name; "look here, I've got an invitation to go to Eastlake Park this afternoon for a skating party. I can take a friend if I like, will you come?"

"All right," said Welldon heartily; "you come like an answer to my wishes, I was just looking longingly at my skates."

"Well, don't be late, two o'clock sharp."

"How shall we go?"

"A dog-cart from the stables; unless you prefer any other way."

"Not I, settle it how you like."

So at two o'clock they sallied forth to the livery stables. It was very seldom that Welldon entered them, for he did not care for riding, though he could have afforded it without scruple. Walking and football were his favourite exercises, and unless he went out with a friend, he scarcely ever drove. He left the business to Henley, who was quite at home with the ostlers, and picked out his horse with the air of a critic.

Welldon was looking on with an amused smile, when he felt a familiar tap on the shoulder, and turning round came face to face with his cousin. It was some weeks since he had seen him, and even in that short time a decided change for the worse seemed to have come over him, indefinable in words, but which told the experienced observer that he had taken a few more steps on the downward road. In height and build he was much like Welldon, but here the resemblance ceased; his swaggering gait and noisy speech were alone enough to mark the difference between them.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "who would have thought of seeing you here? How long have you come down from your pedestal?"

Welldon threw back his head, with the peculiar motion usual with him when he was annoyed.

"Quietly, if you please," he said; "I don't object to your amusing yourself at my expense, but at any rate do it like a gentleman."

Walter's eyes flashed. "Say that again if you dare," he hissed between his teeth.

Welldon was vexed with himself the moment that the hasty words had passed his lips; he knew that they would do no good, and might cost him the little influence that he still had over his cousin.

He held out his hand with a smile.

"Forgive me, Walter," he said, "I ought not to have said it, but it slipped out unawares."

Walter looked only half mollified, but consented to accept the apology, adding in the same breath—

"What a queer fellow you are, Welldon, as fiery as a Turk, and as meek as a lamb, all in a minute."

"You don't look very flourishing," was Welldon's only reply.

"Oh, I'm all right," said the other; then in a softer tone, "Have you heard from my people lately?"

"I heard from Janet yesterday; but don't you ever write to them?"

"Not often. I have nothing to tell that they would care to hear, and the governor never sends me a cheque as he ought to do."

"But they write to you, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes; Georgie does at least. She's a good girl, and that's one reason why I don't write to her," he added with an uneasy laugh.

"That's not the right way of doing things. If she's the girl I fancy she is, from Janet's account of her, she would always stand by you and help you to do better."

"I'm doing well enough, thank you," said Walter sharply, "so keep your sermons to yourself."

He sauntered down the yard as he spoke but seeing Welldon about to get into the dog-cart, he came back, and drawing him aside muttered in a changed tone, "I suppose you can't lend me £50?"

"What do you want it for?"

"No affair of yours; if you don't want to lend it, you needn't, though you *are* rolling in money."

Welldon felt inclined to make an angry reply, but he restrained himself, saying quietly—

"Come up to my rooms and talk it over."

Walter merely shook his head, and his cousin yielded at last to Henley's expressions of impatience, and sprang into the dog-cart.

"Young Stamford looks in a poor plight," said Henley when they were off.

Welldon shrugged his shoulders. "What *can* I do for a fellow like that?"

"Wants to borrow, I suppose?"

Welldon nodded.

"Take my advice and keep clear of it. It's only throwing money overboard; and worse than that, it encourages them to go on."

Welldon sat silent for a time, looking worried and anxious.

"I feel as if it must be my fault somehow," he said; "if I had taken more heed of him, when he first came up, all this might not have happened."

"Nonsense! You did all you could, and no man can do more; it does no good to potter after a lad like a hen with one chick; it always seems an idiotic notion to me that one man should be able to keep another out of scrapes, because he is a year or so older. You can't counteract the early training."

Henley nodded his head sagaciously, as he finished; but though Welldon acknowledged that there was much sense in what he said, he could not forgive himself any the more. However, there was no use in spoiling his day's pleasure, so he dismissed the subject from his mind for the present, and turned the conversation.

"Who are these people we are going to see?" he asked.

"I don't know much of them. I was introduced to them the other day by a friend of mine who goes there a good deal. They have a nice place, and entertain well, I believe, but I have never been to the house before. There are several daughters, pleasant-looking girls."

"Any sons?"

"One, at Oxford."

"Which college?"

"Well, now I come to think of it, I believe he is at the same college as your hopeful cousin."

"In the same set?"

"I fancy so. I don't know Eastlake to speak to, but I often see him hanging about with Walter and his friends. He is about the same age, but even worse, begging your pardon."

Welldon smiled sadly, and they talked on until the park came in sight. The lake stretched down almost from the windows of the house, and a splendid line of trees flanked it on each side, their bare boughs showing like delicate tracery against the clear sky. The lake was covered with skaters, whose merry shouts rang through the frosty air, and chased all sad thoughts away from Welldon's mind. The two friends buckled on their skates and glided on to the ice. Welldon soon found a party of friends, and gave himself up to full enjoyment. Skating was one of his favourite amusements, and he knew that he excelled in it. He had been skating some time when he found that one of his screws was loose, and went back to the edge to have it set right. A newcomer was just putting on his skates, and as he raised his head Welldon recognised his cousin.

"Why, Walter," he said, "I did not expect to see you here!"

Walter made no reply, a look of fierce hate had overspread his features when he saw Welldon, his hand shook, and he struggled to his feet with some difficulty, almost overbalancing himself as he did so.

"Take care!" cried Welldon as he caught hold of him; "you seem rather unsteady."

Walter tore himself away without a word, and shot off in a wild career over the ice. Welldon saw him soon afterwards talking eagerly to Miss Eastlake and a young man whom he did not know. Henley skated up to him presently.

"Who are you looking at?" he asked; "that's young Eastlake."

"Is it? He's an uncomfortable-looking fellow."

"Your cousin does not seem to think so; look at them now."

Welldon turned his eyes to the spot indi-

cated and saw the two young men skating off to a refreshment tent which had been erected at the side of the lake.

"One knows what that means with them," he said. "Look here, Henley, if I can persuade Walter to come back with us may I offer him a seat in our cart?"

"Of course; but you won't succeed."

As soon as the skaters began to leave the lake, Welldon found his cousin and asked him to accompany them, but Walter only turned his back upon him and made no answer. Welldon saw it was no use to say any more, so he left him, without heeding a peal of laughter from young Eastlake, who had watched the little scene.

"Why don't you go with your nursemaid, Stamford?" he asked.

"I hate him," said Walter briefly.

"Why don't you pay him out, then?"

"I would if I knew how."

"Leave me to find a way. It's not the first time I've helped you through a scrape."

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" said Walter, turning pale.

"No one's listening," said Eastlake with a careless laugh. "Not that I should mind if they were though."

Walter caught his arm. "What do you mean?" he asked. "It would be as bad for you as for me."

"I don't know about that." Eastlake looked at Walter in a meaning way, and his eyes fell.

"What do you want now?" he asked uneasily.

"I have not said I want anything."

"You know well enough you never allude to *that* unless you have something in your head."

Eastlake laughed again. "Don't ask till I tell you," he said carelessly. "Meanwhile perhaps I'll pay your score off for you against your saintly cousin."

Some months before this Walter, who was always in difficulties, had asked his friend to lend him money. Eastlake, being deeply involved himself, had refused his request, but had offered to procure the money for him.

Walter consented and signed a note promising to repay the sum in three months' time. Of course, he was unable to pay when the time arrived, and as it was his first debt of any consequence he worked himself up into a fever of despair. Eastlake, who was well inured to such difficulties, only laughed at his distress; but when he threatened to blow his brains out his friend began to hint at a possible way of escape. After rousing Walter's hopes to the highest pitch he unfolded his scheme.

"Look here, my boy," he said, "my father is as rich as Crœsus, and never kept an account in his life; he knows no more what becomes of his money then you do. I am his only son, but, though he gives me a liberal allowance, I daren't ask him for any extra cheques. Now, as it will all be mine sooner or later, I have no scruple in helping myself to a little now and then. Don't look so horrified, there's no harm in it. Well, you are in want of £100, and I am in want of £200; now if you will just imitate my father's handwriting we can both have what we want without any trouble."

"What do you mean?" cried Walter aghast. "It would be found out as sure as possible."

"Not at all; no one will know anything about it."

"But he must hear of it sooner or later."

"I will manage all that, if you will do your part."

"But why should you not do it yourself?"

"Simply because I can't. I have not got your powers, you see. You can copy any writing you like, if you only take pains about it."

It was long before Walter consented, for he felt that by doing so he should put himself completely into Eastlake's power; but he could see no other way out of the difficulty, and at last he was overruled by his friend's stronger will. The money was raised, without apparent difficulty; and since that day Walter had been Eastlake's ready tool, fearing that the least objection on his part to anything that the other proposed would involve him in danger. He knew that he was liable for the forgery—Eastlake had taken good care of that—and he felt that, whatever new plot was made, he should be compelled to do his part. Just now he was in difficulties again; his debts, by this time, were both numerous and heavy, and he had been threatened with exposure by one of his creditors unless he paid £50 down before the week was out. He dared not write home for it, and his request to Welldon had been met by an offer of talking over all his affairs! He smiled in grim mockery, as he thought what such a conversation would involve; but still, if no better way offered, he must risk it, and invent as plausible a tale as possible, in order to get the needed help from his cousin.

He thought over his position, during the sleepless hours of the night, and at last decided that anything would be better than to

be drawn farther into Eastlake's toils. As soon as the morning came, therefore, he went to Welldon's room, but finding his cousin out left a card proposing to call the next day. He received a note from Welldon in return, saying that he was going to Eastlake Park again, but would see him at eleven o'clock on the day after. Walter felt a little uneasy as he read it. What could be taking Welldon there again so soon? Could his friend be playing him false in some way, or was this part of the plot?

He thought it over, on his way to Welldon's rooms, but gave it up at last in despair. He found his cousin sitting over a cheerful fire, and threw himself into the arm-chair on the opposite side of the hearth.

Welldon opened the conversation at once.

"Now, let us see what we can do in this matter. I wish you would begin by making a clean breast of all your difficulties."

"I don't see that it is necessary to do that. I ask for £50, and you can lend it or not, as you choose."

"But £50 cannot cover your debts."

Walter could not resist a sardonic smile.

"Not exactly!" he said.

"Then let us look at your affairs quietly together; if I can help you, I will, but there is no use in throwing away £50, if nothing is to come of it. Who is this money owing to?"

Walter got up and walked about the room impatiently. "I owe £50 in every direction," he said; "but there is no use asking a screw like you for anything."

Welldon flushed up angrily. "I cannot say you go the way to get what you want; let me write to your father, if you don't like to write yourself. If you will give an account of all your debts, I will try to find a way of arranging them."

Walter gave an involuntary gasp of relief, but he knew that it was impossible for him to accept the proposal; his affairs were so intermixed with Eastlake's, that he could not give an account of his own debts, without revealing more about his friend than he dared even think of.

"Is that the only condition on which you will help me?"

"The only one!"

Welldon's voice was firm, and his cousin turned to leave the room; but before he got to the door a thought struck him, and he paused.

"What made you go to Eastlake Park again?"

"Sir George is anxious to buy some old manuscripts which belong to me, and he asked me to go over and show them to him."

"But how on earth did he know you had them; you don't know his son, do you?"

"I never met him before yesterday, when he called to return my skates, which I somehow left at his house on Monday afternoon. He saw my manuscripts, and told me that his father was a great collector, and would be glad to buy some, and asked me to drive over with him in the afternoon. There, that is the whole story!" He held out his hand as he spoke, but Walter either did not or would not see it.

"Eastlake's up to something," he said to himself as he went down the street; "and I wish I were out of his clutches."

CHAPTER XI.—THE PLOT.

Walter walked back to his rooms in a thoroughly disconsolate state of mind; his bad treatment of his father weighed upon him heavily, in spite of his careless manner, and the thought of the implicit trust reposed in him by his mother and sisters was almost unbearable. What would they say if they knew but a faint shadow of the truth? Again and again he longed to throw off Eastlake's yoke, but each time the thought of the terrible hold the fellow had over him came back like a relentless fate. No, there was no escape; as he had made his bed so must he lie on it—there was no hope for him. He was too miserable to care to go out. He flung every book aside that he took up, and at last was reduced to pacing up and down his room, with the impatient restlessness of a caged animal, foiled at every turn. It was late in the afternoon before anything happened to disturb his miserable solitude. The early winter twilight was gathering fast when he heard a step outside, and Eastlake entered without any warning. The sight of his tormentor roused Walter's anger.

"Get out of my room, will you?" he shouted in a fierce tone; "and don't come back till you are invited."

Eastlake was astonished at his manner. He had acquired such a power over Walter that the wretched lad never dared to show resentment against him by word or deed; the least show of resistance was always silenced by an allusion to the secret which lay between them. But now Walter was too deep in despair to care what happened to him; nothing could be worse than his present misery, and for the time he was perfectly reckless.

"What do you mean by speaking in that way?" inquired Eastlake.

"Mean! why that it is you who have brought me into this position, and that I hate you for it." He was going on in his fury, perfectly regardless of what he was saying, but Eastlake stopped him authoritatively.

"Look here, my boy; there is no use in going on in that style. Your troubles are your own fault, as you know very well. I may have got the upper hand now, but where would you have been without me, I should like to know?"

"And now you have made me a forger."

"*I* have made you? Whatever you have done has been done by your own free will, as you very well know."

Walter was silent; he knew that if he had confessed everything to his father, when he was first in trouble, all this would not have come upon him. He had allowed himself to be over persuaded by Eastlake, and this was the result. Whom could he blame but himself, for the difficulties which surrounded him on every side?

Eastlake saw that he had nothing to reply, and began in a different tone, "You ought to be thanking me, instead of abusing me like this; here have I been working for you, night and day, and this is my return."

"What have you been doing?"

"Making a plan, by which I may help you out of the mess you are in, and pay out your cousin at the same time."

"And what for yourself?" asked Walter in a sarcastic tone.

If Eastlake had not had a great issue at stake, he would have left his companion to his own devices; but as this would have ruined the scheme he had formed he condescended to flatter him into good-humour.

"Come, Stamford," he said, "you and I have been friends too long to quarrel with each other now; our interests are too much bound up together for that. I'll do all I can to pull you through this scrape, if you will make up your mind to help me."

This offer, made with all appearance of candour, had the effect that the tempter had intended. Walter threw his last regrets to the winds, and prepared himself to acquiesce in all that Eastlake might propose.

"Now to the point. As you know, I am in difficulties, as well as yourself. What I have been trying to find is a plan which should combine all three ends, and I think I have hit upon it. If you have seen your cousin during the last two days, you may have heard that I called upon him on Tuesday."

"Yes, and I concluded then that you were up to something."

Eastlake laughed. "Well, you see, when you told me you wanted to punish his saintship, I saw at once that he might be very useful to us in our present troubles, so as I wanted an excuse to call upon him I managed to extract his skates from the dog-cart."

Eastlake paused for commendation, but Walter was silent, he was inwardly groaning in spirit at the degradation which had come upon him.

"Well, I called the next day, returned the skates with an elegant speech and used my eyes. I saw at once that he was a collector of curiosities. Now, as you know, my father is wild on such points, so here I saw a gleam of hope. I introduced the subject easily enough, and we had quite a pleasant chat, in the course of which he informed me that he was going to part with some of his things before he left Oxford, that many of them had been left to him by a distant cousin, and that, as he was going to travel after taking his degree, he did not care to be bothered with them any more. Here was my chance! 'My father is wild to get hold of such things,' said I; 'will you come over with me some time and let him see some of your manuscripts?' to which he assented readily enough. After a few more remarks I told him I was going over that afternoon and asked him to accompany me. This he was willing to do, so I drove him home and introduced him to my father, who took but little notice of the *man*—he was so delighted with his treasures.

"I must say your cousin behaved like a gentleman, for he told Sir George that he was getting rid of his things to oblige himself, and not to make money. He would have given the whole lot at about half their value, but in the end he parted with two for £150. My father never cares or knows even what he gives for these things, so I took good care to stay in the room and hear the transaction finished. 'I will send you the cheque,' said my father, and Stamford blushed up like a girl and said there was no hurry at all about that."

Eastlake laughed as he ended and turned triumphantly round on his companion—"So we have got our chance, you see."

"I don't see anything of the kind; I have no notion what you are driving at."

"Wait awhile and it will all be as clear as daylight. Now comes the plot." He lowered

his tone as he spoke, and looked over his shoulder to see that the door was carefully closed. "I have often told you that my father is as ignorant of money matters as a child; he never remembers what he spends or what he receives, consequently, if you asked him next week what he owed your cousin he could not tell you whether it was £750 or £150."

"Well, what then!" said Walter sharply; his suspense was becoming almost unendurable by this time and Eastlake's prolonged narrative tortured him at every word.

"We must write a cheque for £750."

"Write it?"

"Well, forge it, if you will have the word."

The thunder-cloud had broken and Walter hid his face in his hands.

"I will not do it," he said at last.

"You will do it, and this very night."

"But if you send the cheque to Welldon, how will you be profited?"

"My dear fellow, do you think I am a fool? You shall write this cheque for me and endorse it with your cousin's name, change it at the bank, and bring the cash to me, and I will send him £150 in notes."

"Why must we endorse it?"

"So that we may be able to bring a proof if necessary that this was your cousin's work. You shall have £100 for your pains."

"£100 for a double forgery!"

"Very good pay too; and look here, you can't refuse me this, because if you do I will charge you with that little affair we know of."

"And I can charge you with this!"

"How? I have written proofs against you, and you have no evidence at all."

Walter clenched his teeth hard. He knew that Eastlake was right; it was impossible to convict a man of a crime which had not yet been committed. Would it not be better to refuse Eastlake's demand and leave him to do his worst? And yet——

His friend saw the unspoken hesitation, and rose from his seat. "Well, you refuse then," and he laid his hand on the door.

Walter started to his feet. "Don't go yet," he cried. "Oh! give me a few minutes to decide."

"Not a moment. You must consent at once or leave it."

"I will do it," cried Walter, his pale face becoming even yet paler, and trembling all over in the agony of his despair.

Eastlake turned coolly back to the table, and taking a blank cheque from his pocket laid it down in front of him.

"My hand shakes; I can't do it."

"You have done it before, and you can do it again."

The cruel words passed over him like a chilling wind. He roused himself and took the pen in his fingers. "Where is the copy?" He took it and held it to the light for a moment. "I can't see; we must wait till morning."

Eastlake took his match-box from his pocket, and lit the reading lamp which stood on the sideboard.

"There is plenty of light," he said dryly.

Walter seized a sheet of paper and made two or three rapid copies, while his companion looked over his shoulder.

"Will that do?" he said at last, holding it up.

Eastlake nodded, and in a few minutes the cheque was filled in, dated, and signed.

"Now endorse it," said the inexorable voice at his elbow.

Walter paused with the pen between his fingers. "Is there no way but this?"

"None."

He lingered still for a moment, then pulling out a packet of letters from his breast pocket, he selected one in his cousin's handwriting and laid it in front of him.

"There!" said Eastlake triumphantly, when it was all over, "I'll defy any one to prove that that is not genuine. I congratulate you, Stamford."

He put his hand on Walter's shoulder, but the other sprang to his feet and flung it off as though it had been a serpent. "Leave me alone," he said in an angry voice; "you have got all you can out of me."

"I'm very willing to leave you alone, but what about the £100?"

Walter felt inclined to say that he would have nothing to do with it, but on second thoughts he told himself that taking the money could make things no worse, while it would give him a little respite. True, it was but a drop in the ocean of his debts, but he could pay the £50, which must be met the next day in some way or other, and the rest of the money would carry him on for some little time to come. The bait was too tempting to be refused, besides which no object would be served by letting Eastlake appropriate his share of the money.

"What do you want me to do now?" he asked sullenly.

"Take this to the bank and cash it."

"The banks are all closed."

"I know that, of course. You must take it to-morrow morning and bring it straight to me."

Walter chafed at his dictatorial tone, but it was no use to complain now. He put the cheque in his pocket-book without a word, while Eastlake watched him with a curious smile. He left the room without another word, and Walter listened to his retreating footsteps like one in a nightmare. When the last sounds had died away he flung himself into his chair in a burst of anguish.

The morning found him there still; he had passed the night in bitter thoughts and agonised dreams, and he was startled at his wild and haggard appearance when he went into his bedroom.

It would not do to be seen in the street in such a state, so he dressed himself with greater care than usual. He looked nervously at his watch from time to time, and as soon as he saw that the banks would be open he went out, after hastily eating a little breakfast. He was hardly able to swallow; but he felt weak and exhausted, and he knew that he should need all his strength of nerve for the business which lay before him. Once in the street, he hurried along as fast as his feet could carry him, until he reached the bank; it was about eleven o'clock, and as he looked cautiously around him he saw that the counter was already full. He waited until a young clerk approached him, and then, presenting the cheque, asked to have it changed in a careless tone. The clerk scrutinized it for a moment; but Sir George Eastlake's name was well known in Oxford, as he frequently paid large sums by cheque for his curiosities.

"What is your name?" inquired the clerk.

"Stamford."

"How will you take it?"

"In fifty pound notes, if you have them."

The clerk returned in a few moments, and Walter placed the notes in his pocket-book. Then, buttoning his coat carefully, he left the bank.

He went straight to Eastlake's room, without giving himself time to think, and found his friend dawdling over a late breakfast with an unconcerned air.

"Come and have some breakfast," he cried, as Walter appeared at the door.

Walter did not answer, but flung the notes on the table.

Eastlake took them up and counted them carefully; then, selecting two, he handed them over, saying, "Here is your share." Then, fetching an envelope, he enclosed three notes and directed it to Welldon. "There," he said, "I shall send that by a safe messenger to your cousin this morning."

"There is one point you have overlooked."

"What is that?"

"If any trouble should ever arise from this, Welldon will, of course, remember whether he was paid in notes or by cheque."

Eastlake gave a whistle. "Well," he said, after thinking a minute, "he may state what he likes, but we can prevent proofs."

"How?"

"If he pays away these notes at once, they will not go through his banking account."

"But how can we secure that?"

"You must do it somehow or other."

"I don't know how to do it."

"I've had enough of this, Stamford; you must find a way, as it is to save your own skin. I don't care."

Eastlake threw himself into an arm-chair as he spoke, and took up the newspaper.

Walter waited for a minute or two, but finding Eastlake did not speak, he left the room. He went back to his own rooms, and at last decided to go and see his cousin in the course of the afternoon. He waited till it was nearly dusk before he could make up his mind to go. Welldon was writing when he opened the door, but looked up cheerfully when he saw who it was.

"Oh, Walter, I wanted to see you to-day." His hearty voice made Walter's misery seem all the greater; but he tried not to show his feelings as he took his cousin's outstretched hand. Welldon did not wait for him to speak. "I wanted to tell you something. I daresay you know that I had £150 from your friend's father this morning? Well, old fellow, it seemed too selfish to spend it all on myself, so I went round and paid that £50 for you at the livery stables; nearly all the rest has gone for my Christmas bills; but there is £25 left, and if you have any other little thing that is pressing I hope you will take it. I spoke too hastily the other day when I refused your request; but I hope you will let me help you to keep a straight course now."

Walter was too much overcome to answer. Here in one moment were all his difficulties removed, and his distasteful mission accomplished. But now, in the height of his success, his conduct appeared more detestable than it had ever done before. He motioned away the note which his cousin

held out to him, and rushed out of the room without trusting himself to speak.

CHAPTER XII.—AT LANGLEYS ONCE MORE.

JANET'S mingled feelings became almost uncontrollable as the day approached for her journey to Langleys. She had arranged to meet Welldon in London that they might travel down together; the thought of seeing him once more sent a glow through her heart; he had never seemed so dear to her as during the past two months, when she had longed for him through every hour of the day. She had become more reconciled to her new home, but it was very trying to her, after being mistress of her father's house, to feel that she had no position of her own, and her cousin did not make it easier. She tried to occupy herself with outside interests, feeling that she had no place in the home, and she soon enlisted Georgie's help in her labours. She obtained Mrs. Stamford's leave to take her twice a week to a London hospital, and the girl expanded wonderfully under the new interest.

"I don't know what I shall do without you," she said while she was helping Janet to pack on the last evening. "The house will seem wretched while you are away."

"I shall not be away long," said Janet, "and you do not grudge me this pleasure, I know."

"Oh, no! You must long to see Welldon again. I am so looking forward to Walter's coming. I hope you will see him too; but I am afraid that, when you once get away, you will stay as long as you can."

Janet smiled, but she could not respond heartily to Georgie's wish that she should see her brother. From all she had heard of him, she thought him a very undesirable acquaintance. However, Welldon had said very little about him lately in his letters, and she hoped he might be turning over a new leaf.

The next morning dawned clear and frosty, and Janet felt her spirits rise as she thought that to-day she should see her brother once again. She could not help smiling at herself, as she sat at the station waiting for his appearance, but even as she did so the tears filled her eyes, and she almost reproached herself for her joy. She was beginning to get impatient, and to imagine a thousand different reasons for Welldon's delay, when she caught sight of a tall figure in the distance, and, forgetting all else, hurried to meet him and clasped her hands round his arm.

Welldon bent down and kissed her. "Dear old Janet," he said, "how jolly it is to see you again!"

There was no time for more, for the train was just starting, and they had to make haste to secure their tickets. Welldon found an empty carriage, and occupied himself with wrapping his sister up in numerous rugs and shawls.

"Now let us be comfortable," he said as he sat down opposite to her and pulled out his travelling-cap. "I have so much to say, I don't know where to begin."

Janet looked at him with pride; he had broadened out since she had seen him last, and looked altogether stronger and better. "He could not have grown handsomer if he had tried," she thought, as she scanned him with sisterly admiration.

"And how are you?" asked Welldon when he had settled himself to his mind.

"Oh, very well!"

"You don't look so; you are thinner than you used to be, and you look tired somehow. What have you been doing?"

"I have not been doing enough, I think," said Janet, trying to speak bravely, but it was no use, the tears would come, and her heart overflowed with mingled joy and sorrow.

Weldon was by her side in a moment, and put his arm round her fondly. "Cry away, dear," he said; "you will feel better afterwards."

He soothed her as tenderly as a woman could have done, and in a little while she raised her head and dried her eyes.

"I am better now. I did not think I should have been so foolish, but the sight of you seemed to bring it all back."

"Yes, yes, I understand; it has been hardest for you, I know. I have had lots of things to think about and plenty to do, while you have been thrown upon yourself. How have they behaved to you?"

"Very kindly, but it is all so different."

"Well, I hope it won't be for long. I want you to go abroad with me as soon as I have taken my degree. We shall both want a good long holiday."

Janet's face brightened. "That would be delightful," she said; "but, Welldon, may there not be an obstacle in the way?"

Welldon blushed vividly. "I don't build my hopes very strongly, Janet, because I know how uncertain it is; but even if it should come to pass, I shall take you abroad for a little while at any rate."

"Perhaps we might all go together."

"Ah! that would be splendid; but I fancy Mr. Talbot is hardly fit to travel now."

"No; from what Hester has written, he must have broken down terribly in the last two months."

"He was always a delicate man, I fancy, and certainly he has been very odd from time to time."

"Well, we shall see better when we get there."

They relapsed into silence for a while after this. Welldon looked at his watch every few minutes and strained his eyes to catch sight of the country in the gathering darkness, but at last he leant back in the corner and gave himself up to meditation, while Janet watched him with a smile on her face. The train came to a standstill almost before they were aware. Welldon hastily collected the things from the carriage, and, peering out upon the dimly lighted platform, discovered the well-known face of the Hall footman. Janet was too much overcome for words. Her brother helped her into the brougham which was waiting for them, and they drove off. After an almost silent drive, of half an hour, they turned in at the gates, and saw the lights from the house gleaming in the distance. A few minutes more and they had reached the door, and Janet felt Hester's arms thrown around her.

Welldon followed them up the steps in a moment and held out his hand. "Have you no welcome for me?" he asked.

Hester put her hand into his and smiled brightly in his face. "I am so glad to see you," she said. "You cannot think how I have looked forward to your coming."

Miss Talbot rose from her seat by the fire, when they came in, and gave them both a warm greeting. Janet dimly remembered her, but Welldon had never seen her before. She looked approvingly at them both, and Hester understood, from the tone of her voice, that she was not disappointed in her old friend's children.

"And where is Mr. Talbot?" asked Welldon when the first greetings were over.

"I hope you will excuse his not appearing," said Hester hastily; "but he never comes out of his room, except at meal-times."

Janet looked surprised that such a great change should have come over him, in the short time they had been away, but she said nothing; and Welldon asked if he might go into the study to speak to him.

Hester looked a little doubtful, but Miss Talbot interposed. "Do," she said; "I think it will do him good to see you."

So Welldon found his way across the hall, while the two girls went up-stairs together. He knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, opened it gently, and looked in. The Squire was lying back in his arm-chair, with his eyes half closed. Welldon was astonished at the change in his appearance. His hair was white, and he looked weak and old; in fact, he was hardly like the same man; and Welldon remembered, that his father had always prophesied, that when the break up did come it would be sudden and complete. He hardly knew whether to disturb the old man or not, but the opening of the door had roused him, and he looked round.

"Is that you?" he said in a feeble but eager tone.

"How are you, sir?" said Welldon, coming forward into the fire-light.

Mr. Talbot looked at him as though he scarcely recognised him. "I thought it was Poole," he said. "Who are you?"

A pang of disappointment shot through Welldon's heart, but he remembered that the Squire was scarcely awake as yet. He came a step or two nearer and took his hand in his own. "Don't you remember me?" he said.

"Stamford! I thought he was dead," muttered the Squire.

"I am Welldon! You remember your old friend's son."

A gleam of recognition came over his face. "Yes, yes; of course, I know you. I was asleep, I think. Where did you come from?"

"From Oxford. I have brought my sister."

"Ah! yes, I remember now. Hester told me. How are you?"

"Very well, thank you; and you?"

"I am very ill—very ill!" He moved restlessly in his chair as he spoke, and Welldon looked down on him compassionately. He seemed lapsing into a drowsy state, when the sound of a bell roused him. "There is the bell. I must go and dress."

Welldon helped him to his feet, and was surprised to find how weak and tottering he was. A man servant met them at the door, and Welldon went off to his own room, leaving the Squire in his charge. He felt terribly shocked at the change in his old friend, and he could think of nothing else while he dressed; but when he got down-stairs he had no thoughts for any one but Hester. She looked prettier than ever, and he could hardly take his eyes off her all the evening. Mr. Talbot said very little during dinner, but the young people had more than they knew how to say, and he listened with evident pleasure to their conversation. Welldon fetched down his violin, as of old, in the

course of the evening, and Hester listened with rapt attention to his music; the Squire had dropped asleep under its soothing influence, and as soon as the duet was over Miss Talbot called Janet to her side.

"I am so glad to see you again," she said; "I have heard so much about you lately from Hester that I seem to know you both quite well."

"How long is it since you were here before?"

"About twenty years, I should think; but I cannot be quite certain. I have found great changes."

Janet could not trust herself to reply; she had hardly known how to carry on a conversation ever since she had entered the house. The sight of the familiar rooms brought back so vividly to her mind the one who was gone for ever, that she almost expected to hear his voice at her side. Miss Talbot saw her emotion, and took her hand tenderly in her own. "My dear," she said, "I know just what you feel now; talk to me about him, for I knew him well, and loved and reverenced him."

Janet obeyed, and found her heart wonderfully lightened by the sympathy of her listener. The two became friends at once, and Janet was soon pouring out all her trials and anxieties as she had not done since her father's death.

Meanwhile Welldon and Hester were having an absorbing conversation by the piano; their tones were too low for any one to catch what they said, but it was evident from the expression of both their faces that they were thoroughly happy. The evening came to an end only too soon for Welldon, but he consoled himself with looking forward to the morrow, when Hester had promised to go with him for a long walk through all their old haunts.

Janet too was eager for the morrow. She longed to see some of her old friends, who she knew would be impatient for her coming; but as soon as breakfast was over Welldon drew her aside.

"Let us go together to the churchyard," he said, "before we do anything else."

Janet agreed instantly, and they set off together through the familiar lanes. It was still early, and they met no one on their way, for the children were all in school and the women busy in their cottages. The silence and loneliness struck Janet forcibly after the bustle of London; not a sound was to be heard but the distant voice of a carter calling to his team. The trees were hung with hoar frost, and the hedges glittered like silver in the beams of the morning sun. The road re-echoed the sound of their feet, as though it had been made of iron, and the stream that ran by the side was frozen into silence.

Scarcely a word passed between them as they walked along; but, when the church spire came in sight, Janet could not repress a rising sob. They turned in at the well-known gate, and, passing round the gravel path, stood by their father's grave.

Janet had almost longed to turn back, when they reached the gate; but, as she caught sight of the grave, a smile stole over her face. On the grass, which sparkled with the frost, lay a lovely wreath of hot-house flowers, which Miss Talbot, guessing where their first visit would be, had sent to the churchyard before breakfast.

They stood for some time in silence, but as they turned to go Welldon said in a musing tone, "I could almost wish that I were lying there at peace."

Janet looked up at him in surprise.

"No, Welldon," she said, "that is not like you; you have not fought your battle yet, your work is yet to do."

"I know, and I will do it with all my might; but sometimes a shadow seems to fall upon me, and I long for the peace which is to come."

"That is strange, for any one looking at you would say that you have all a man could wish for to make life happy."

"It *is* strange, and I am not sure that it is altogether right. I will try and shake off the feeling."

He looked at her with a smile as he spoke; and, drawing her arm through his, led her away.

"Let us go and look at the Rectory," whispered Janet, as they passed the little gate that led to the house.

"Not to-day; you have had enough to try you for once."

So they walked back together, saying nothing until they had nearly reached the Hall, when one of the lodge gates opened and Hester appeared in sight.

"She is coming to meet me," said Welldon.

"Are you going to ask your question to-day?"

"I do not know, I have formed no plan, it must come out when it will; but I think I shall wait a day or two before I speak. Perhaps I ought to wait till we are leaving."

Janet had no time to reply before Hester came up to them, and she soon made an excuse to go back to the house. Somehow

she felt a little disappointed in Hester; she would hardly acknowledge the feeling, even to herself, and certainly she could not explain it; but now that she had seen her friend again, she did not seem to be all that she had once thought her. She reproached herself for thinking so, for it seemed treason against Welldon; but, indefinable though the idea was, it clung to her and would not be shaken off. She watched them anxiously, when they came in to luncheon, but there seemed to be nothing more than ordinary in their manner, and she felt a sensation of relief which she could not account for. She hoped it would wear off, as the days passed by; but, though she fought against it, it rather increased.

"I believe I am growing foolish about Welldon," she said to herself at last, "for I begin to think that there is no one good enough for him. It must be only my fancy, for surely nothing can have changed Hester in this short time. I shall be afraid I am growing jealous, if I do not try to rejoice in the dear boy's happiness." So she put the idea out of her head, and busied herself as usual, in caring for those around her.

The Squire seemed to have grown used to their presence, but he rarely talked to them, and the first time he really brightened up was when Hester said on Friday evening, "Mr. Poole will be home to-morrow."

"That is a relief to my mind," he said with a sigh.

Miss Talbot looked displeased, but she said nothing. Welldon frowned involuntarily, thinking to himself as he did so, "Why couldn't he have kept away a little longer? he is sure to do something disagreeable to spoil our happiness."

THE SACRED ASH-TREE.

By HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

THE ash-tree among our native trees looks like a stranger from another land. It is almost the only representative we have of a class of trees distinguished by their feathered foliage, which are peculiar to warm climates. It behaves as if it had never got accustomed to our chill rains and cool, short summers. It waits shivering in its nakedness till every other tree is clothed, and all risk of frost is over, before its singular black buds, that have been in mourning all winter and spring, kindle at the breath of June into rejoicing green leaves. And should it be tempted by abnormally favourable weather to put forth its leaves earlier than usual and frost afterwards supervene, they wither and blacken at the least touch of the unexpected enemy. And whilst the leaves are thus the latest to appear, they are the earliest to wither and fall off. Long before the other trees assume their gorgeous autumnal hues its brief summer reign is over. Its feathery foliage, which filtered the sunbeams through them, and flecked the sward beneath with its chequered light and shade, instead of brightening into the splendid hues of the woodland sunset, simply darkens to a duller green, curls up as if scorched, and falls almost simultaneously as a whole from the tree, so that the branches become bare in a few days.

By its flowers the ash is united to the olive. This typical resemblance is shown even in the leaves; for the peculiarly grey-green foliage of the ash is not unlike the smoky hue of the olive-leaves when seen at a distance. The blossom of the ash, however, wants several of the features to be found in the rest of the members of the family. Both the calyx and the corolla are suppressed, and the blossom is reduced to the simplest elements. There is no other tree, and hardly any herb, whose blossoms are formed upon so primitive a type. To find a parallel we must go down to the little duckweed that floats on the surface of a stagnant pond, and is at the very bottom of the scale of flowering vegetation. Nothing but the organs that are absolutely essential are produced in the efflorescence of the ash. The suppression of the parts which in other plants are so beautifully coloured, and so gracefully shaped, is an illustration of that curious economy in which nature so often delights, as if to show how easily her purposes can be accomplished, even when the ordinary means are denied. Nature while lavish in her feast of beauty is also frugal, and never bestows superfluous ornament for the mere sake of adornment. In the case of the ash-tree gaily coloured petals would be unnecessary, for the design of these organs is to attract insects for the purpose of fertilisation. But the ash flowers are put forth long before the leaf-buds open and the insect world has awakened out of the sleep of winter, and are therefore fertilised by the wind. We see in this circum-

stance the reason why the flowers complete their all-important functions before the leaves expand; for were the foliage fully formed before the appearance of the flowers, the wind would in that case have been intercepted, and there would be more difficulty in conveying the pollen from one cluster of blossoms to another. By-and-by the well-known bunches of ash-keys hang high on the branches, and are most conspicuous when the tree is leafless. Nature thus produces the means for unlocking the doors of future summers; and in hastening to develop first the organs most essential in the propagation of the tree shows that she is more careful of the type than of the single life.

The ash is one of the most valuable of trees. Its timber is elastic, tough, and durable. It is called "the husbandman's tree" on account of the great variety of household and agricultural implements that are made of it. It used also to be called "the martial ash" because weapons of war were formed of its light yet tough wood. Whether on account of its manifold uses, its general diffusion in almost every variety of situation, or the striking appearance of its rough vigorous trunk and grey-green foliage, it has been regarded from the remotest period with the greatest veneration. It was a tree of good omen. Pliny says that if a serpent is so surrounded by a fence of ash-leaves that he cannot escape except by passing through fire—he will prefer the fire to the leaves. Mothers used to suspend the cradles of their sleeping children from its boughs while working in the fields, that the shadow of the tree might protect them from noxious creatures; while in Scotland, in olden times, a sprig of ash placed above the bed was supposed to guard the sleeper from evil. Like the rowan, it was planted around homesteads to protect them from wicked spirits; and the magnificent old ashes which still survive in such situations bear witness to the hereditary superstitions so long associated with the tree. It requires good land, and usually flourishes in the finest situations in villages and on farms, thus giving rise to the old proverb, "May your footfall be by the root of an ash-tree." Its roots do not strike deep into the ground, but, on the contrary, spread widely a little below the surface, so that more than any other tree it exhausts the soil and proves injurious to growing crops. For this reason, as well as for the disappearance of the superstitious ideas connected with it, and the general substitution of iron for wood in the manufacture of agricultural implements, the ash is not now planted so extensively as it used to be.

It is in Northern Europe, however, that the ash has been most appreciated. There it presents, by its deciduous foliage in summer and its naked, greyish, ghost-like look in winter, as striking a contrast to the monotonous evergreen pine-woods, which form the prevailing vegetation in high latitudes, as the fig-tree does to the olives and the palms of the South. In Norway and Sweden it is considered the most remarkable of all trees. It is emphatically Odin's tree; its wood is the most noble of all wood, for out of it was fashioned the shaft of the spear and the mast of the ship. From one of its twigs, whose extremities are peculiarly flattened and expanded like a bone of the human arm, the sons of Odin created the first man, who was called *Aska*, the word *ash* meaning man. In ancient Scandinavian literature it was associated with the most extraordinary of all forms of tree-symbolism. Under the name of Yggdrasil, or the "Tree of Existence," it occupies the most prominent place in northern mythology.

This legendary ash represented the universe on a large scale, and man from a more particular point of view. Unlike its natural prototype, the sacred ash was evergreen. Its three roots penetrated to the dark kingdom of death—to Hela's dominion, whence our word *hell*, as a name for the infernal world, was derived. In this place, before the beginning of things, in the night of ages, there was no sun or moon or stars, or sky, or earth, or sea, or herb, or life of any kind. Beside the three roots sprang up three wells; one, the oldest, the well of primitive force; another the well of remembrance, where the history of all past things lay hidden, and the recollection of the origin of the world, and of the gods themselves, was preserved; and the third was the well from which all life arose, and to which all life returned, the well of destruction and rejuvenescence. Around the trunk, half-way up, the earth spread as a circular plane supported by the boughs of the tree; and around the earth extended the ocean with its rivers and streams, where the great serpent was confined with its tail in its mouth, forming a ring. Under the shadow of the tree the gods dwelt, regulating the affairs of men while they daily rode over the *ase* bridge, or the rainbow, whose glorious arch glittered through the whole structure of the tree, and spanned heaven and earth. Idun, the goddess of life, had her abode among its branches, supporting all things,

gods and men, by her rejuvenating apples, which were the fruits of the Yggdrasil. The three weird sisters of fate, the past, the present, and the future, sprinkled the tree with pure water obtained from the melting of the northern snows, so that it could not wither. On its highest branches a far-seeing eagle sat with a hawk perched between its eyes. On its roots one huge serpent and countless smaller ones were continually gnawing and pouring their venom. Between the eagle and the serpents a squirrel continually ran up and down the trunk and the branches, conveying communications from one to the other. The leaves offered sustenance to a goat, whose udders gave milk to the heroes of Valhalla. Under the tree was hidden the Gialler horn, which, when the time is ripe, shall be sounded to proclaim the doom of the universe. The great ash-tree will then creak and bend; the sea will roar and overwhelm its shores; heaven will burst asunder, and Surtur, the fire-god, shall march forth with his forces for battle surrounded by flames and bearing a sword brighter than the sun; and the world in its present form shall be burnt up and come to an end. But there is a renewal in another form destined for universal nature; and from the dreadful catastrophe Yggdrasil shall rise up fairer and stronger than before, and the gods shall once more assemble beneath its shadow, and the fountains flow beneath its roots, and all manner of living things dwell among its branches.

Such, with the exception of a few subordinate details, is a description of this most remarkable myth, which is of unknown antiquity, and has come down to us in incidental allusions in the older Æsir songs, and in a fuller and more systematic form in the prose Edda. Once a year the grand doctrine of the Yggdrasil was expounded to the worshippers of Odin on the fourth day of the week, which was therefore called Ash Wednesday, and was as eagerly looked forward to by them as Easter is anticipated by their descendants. Of all the myths with which we are acquainted there is none that for grandeur and grasp of ideas equals this conception of the great World Tree. It was a national faith, a cosmogony of the universe contained in one vast vegetable form with its leaves, branches, and roots, and its natural surroundings. It was the poetical way among the Norsemen of saying that the universe was not a dead inorganic, but a living organic thing—a great unity pervaded by one life; a conception which Plato held in his grand myth of the cosmos, and which our Lord raised to the highest form when He represented in His parable of the mustard-seed the kingdom of heaven as a great tree covering the whole earth with its shadow, and sheltering all the fowls of the air in its boughs.

This conception of the great World Tree modern science has enabled us to realise in a manner unknown to our forefathers. Life is found to be everywhere. Nature lives; nay, death is only a new life—every grave a cradle. "The earth-dust of the universe," says Jean Paul, "is inspired by the breath of the great God. The world is brimming with life; every leaf on every tree is a land of spirits." When the old Norse poets said that the ash-tree of existence had its roots in the kingdom of death, they stated a scientific fact; and when they pictured by various symbols the ceaseless movements going on in it, they but indicated the incessant activity of life. There is everywhere a flux of being. Very early did men find out that by perpetual mutation of state or of function the freshness of life is maintained, and that when life is at an end the law of change merely alters its mode of operation; the inorganic substances being seized and conveyed away to feed other forms of life. Heraclitus of Ephesus saw everywhere proofs of his grand doctrine of mutability. "One can never cross the same river twice at the same place" was a characteristic saying of his that summed up his philosophy. The river that is always changing, and always being renewed; the clouds dissipated only that they may be gathered again; the seed growing to blade and fruit, ending in seed again to repeat the same mysterious evolutions; the mountain crumbling into the plain, and the plain upheaved into the mountain; sea alternating with shore and shore with sea: these obvious phenomena of physical nature seemed to him to countenance the idea that nothing ever *is*, but all things ever are *becoming*. And this perpetual change as nature's grand conservative principle was organized, as it were, by the simple and concrete imagination of a primitive people into a gigantic vegetable growth whose cells of life were universally filled up from death. And thus what a profound meaning can the eye practised in tracing the wonderful transmutations and transitions which modern chemistry, physiology, and meteorology reveal, see in the theory of the Ephesian philosopher, and in the myth of the rude Norsemen!

The conception of the Yggdrasil originated naturally among races who lived in the vast interminable forests which, in prehistoric

times, spread over Northern Europe. In cultivated ground trees are subjected to man's sway, and domesticated to human uses; but growing together in dense primeval forests they exclude his presence. Man's life is overpowered by vegetable life, and the whole world seems one vast forest, in whose endless mazes man loses himself. An awe as of the supernatural world broods over everything. In the dim perspectives leading to deeper solitudes, strange, weird mysteries and speechless terrors, that keep eye and ear intent in vague expectancy, seem to lurk. So deep was the impression made by the life in the great forests upon the primitive people that their early communities bore a name which meant forest; the oldest expression for a place of worship had the same significance; while to make a pilgrimage at first implied nothing more than to go into the forest. It is, therefore, quite in keeping with the forest-life and the worship of the ancient Teutons that they should have figured to themselves an ash-tree as the symbol—nay, as the real self of the universe.

But the myth of the Yggdrasil comes, perhaps, from a remoter source still. We may trace it far back to the primeval paradise. Of late the idea has been suggested that the locality of Eden was not in the east, as we have been accustomed to suppose, but in the far north. This idea is held not by foolish dreamers, who delight in wild paradoxes, but by many sober men of science; and it seems to be supported by a wonderful consensus of evidence derived from a great variety of fields. On the well-established theory that the earth was originally in a state of combustion, from which it has gradually cooled down, the polar region would be the first to cool sufficiently to afford the conditions for organic life. Plants and animals must, therefore, have originated within the polar circle, and gradually spread southward. Some of the most eminent biologists are agreed that the arctic regions formed the cradle of life, and the theory is confirmed by the revelations of geology, which clearly show that a tropical vegetation once flourished at the Pole; and also by the observations of zoology and botany, which point to a northern type of animal and plant-life prevailing everywhere at the present day. All the conditions of earth and sky indicated this arctic home as the most favoured region of the globe, and as realising the most exacting demands of the most poetic legends of Eden; and to this mother-land of all life—human as well as animal and vegetable—the oldest mythologies and birth-memories of mankind, when properly interpreted, conduct us as the centre from which the migrations of the human race took place. As Dr. Warren, in his most interesting book on this subject, says, this region was the first to arrive at maturity, and in consequence was the first to fade. As it was the first to cool down from the primitive fiery heat to the temperature suitable to support life, so it has continued to grow colder and colder, until now it lies still and lifeless, "covered with its snowy winding-sheet, in the frozen silence of an ice-bound and everlasting sepulchre."

If man's first home was in this luxuriant arctic Eden—and whatever may be said about this theory, we cannot in the face of such evidence dismiss it summarily as fanciful or impossible—we can easily understand how some tall, goodly tree growing in the centre of it should have acquired such cosmical significance. Its lofty stem and outspreading crown of branches and foliage, to one standing beneath its shade, would have seemed the living pillar of the heavens, pointing upwards to the central celestial pole, around which revolved the starry firmament. And when mankind, owing to some vast cataclysm which destroyed the antediluvian world, came down from the summit of the earth, and spread over the upper part of its great mountain-slopes, they carried away with them to lower latitudes the traditions of this lost Eden, and pictured to themselves the type of the great central tree of paradise in every stately giant of the forest which commanded their special admiration. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Persians, Aryans of India, Chinese, Greeks, Celts, had each their sacred tree in which the universe was symbolized. The northern nations preserved perhaps the most vivid memories of this great World Tree, and embodied them in the ash-tree, which, amid their evergreen forests of pine and fir, seemed a different kind of vegetable life, and brought ideas of other climes and other modes of existence into their monotonous landscapes. In no fitter form could this most primitive and universal conception of the universe be represented. The rock and the mountain, having no principle of renewal, are the helpless prey of the elements; but a tree, having the principle of life and self-growth, which all nature helps to maintain and increase, is the most enduring of all things. In the highest form of the "tree of life," it therefore graphically pictures to us the blessedness which sin has forfeited and righteousness will regain.

Page 668.

A TALK WITH ST. PETER.

O PETER, wherefore didst thou doubt?
Indeed, the scud flew fast about,
But he was there whose walking foot
Could make the wandering hills take root;
And he had said—Come down to me—
Else had thy foot not touched the sea.
Christ did not call thee to thy grave—
Was it the boat that made thee brave?

"Easy for thee who wast not there,
To think thou more than I couldst dare!
It hardly fits thee, though, to mock,
Scared as thou wast that railway shock!
Who saidst this morn, 'Wife, we must go;
The plague will soon be here, I know!'
Who, when thy child slept—not to death—
Saidst, 'Life is now not worth a breath!'"

Too true, great fisherman! I stand
Rebuked of waves seen from the land!
Even the lashing of the spray,
The buzzing fears of any day,
Rouse anxious doubt lest I should find
God neither in the spray nor wind;
But now and then, as once to thee,
The Master turns and looks at me.

And now to him I turn:—My Lord,
Help me to fear nor fire nor sword;
Let not the cross itself appal—
Know I not thee the Lord of all!
Let reeling brain nor fainting heart
Wipe out the sureness that thou art!
Oh, deeper thou than doubt can go,
Make my poor hope cry out "I know."

Then when it pleases thee to say,
"Come to my side"—some stormy way,
My feet, atoning to thy will,
Shall, heaved and tossed, walk toward thee still;
No leaden heart shall sink me where
Prudence is crowned with cold despair;
But I shall reach and clasp thy hand,
And on the sea forget the land.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER:

Or the Triumphs of the Moral Sense.

By ELLICE HOPKINS.

SECOND PAPER.

IT has been said that every righteous crusade has to pass through three stages. First, the pooh-pooh stage, when you are told that the evil is a necessity, and contemptuously knocked down with the butt-end of the blunderbuss. In this stage you figure as nothing worse than a harmless maniac.

Secondly, the abusive stage, when alarmed

at finding that the cause is making way, the movement is pronounced dangerous, the weapon is reversed, and you are met by a volley of abuse, contradiction, slander, and ridicule. In this second stage you are filled with a mild surprise at finding yourself a monster of folly and depravity.

Thirdly, the victorious stage, when your cause having triumphed, your opponents bustle up effusively to shake hands with you and congratulate you on "our" great victory in what every one knew from the first to be the cause of right. In this final stage you are still more surprised than before to find yourself a saint and a hero.

As to be able to foredate the last stage may a little soften the butt-end of the first, and blunt the bayonet of the second, to those of us who have to fight in a great cause, let us go over some more triumphs of the moral sense, and gain a deeper certainty that however strong the forces of evil against us, however great the weight of authority by which it is supported, however hopeless the outlook, the right will win in the end if we are faithful. If the moral conviction is one with fact, with the eternal order of things, with God, then win it must.

I have taken first the abolition of the slave trade, which proved the initial step to the abolition of slavery itself. Let us next take a singular triumph of the moral sense of one man, which again shows that the whole weight of authority may be in the wrong, when it conflicts with the voice of God within us. As the legal experts were proved to be in the wrong in the case of Granville Sharp, the medical experts were proved to be in the wrong in the case of William Tuke, the originator of a reform which amounted to a revolution in the treatment of the insane.

It would seem as if some madness of cruelty had possessed men towards these afflicted ones who have such an especial claim on our tenderest sympathy. "The mere enumeration," says Dr. Daniel Tuke, the grandson of William Tuke, and himself an eminent authority on the diseases of the mind, "of the means employed to tame the fury of the maniac, whether on the Continent or in England, would subject the historian to the charge of gross exaggeration from a stranger to the actual history of insanity up to about fifty years ago. The practice of flogging was in some establishments, at least, resorted to, about a dozen lashes being daily administered to the unfortunate patient The maniac was always chained, and frequently was in a state of entire nakedness; he was consequently filthy in the extreme. Often placed in an iron cage, each revolving year found him crouching like a wild beast within his iron-bound cell, his limbs moulded in one position, and whatever of mind or feeling remained crushed to the lowest pitch by changeless monotony, or maddened by intolerable despair." Elizabeth Fry describes one such poor soul in her account of her visit to Bethlehem Hospital, popularly called even then "Bedlam," a woman confined in an iron cage, almost entirely destitute of clothing in the heart of the winter, and cowering down in the straw for warmth. Touched by a divine compassion, the one woman stretched out her hand across the iron bars to the other. The poor creature instantly seized it and covered it with soft kisses and tears.

But even whips and iron cages and chains were not cruel enough. Whirling chairs were invented which whirled the poor patient round at a furious pace in order to produce extreme vertigo and sickness. German medical writers proposed drawing the patient up to the top of a tower and then suddenly letting him plunge down, adding naively that "if the patient could be made to alight among snakes and toads it would be better still."

One man, and one man only, stood out against all this madness of cruelty; stood out against the whole authority of the medical profession that stamped it as a necessity, and that man was William Tuke, a simple, quiet Quaker merchant, with a strong faith in the inner light. He had had no medical training whatever, but he firmly believed in two despised things, his Bible and his moral sense. His Bible taught him the divine compassion for all forms of misery and degradation which no true manhood is without, from the Christ down to the humblest follower of the Christ. His moral sense and his common sense together told him that the treatment which was calculated to make a wise man mad was not calculated to make a mad man sane. And that man who believed in his moral sense had moral backbone enough on the strength of its affirmations to give the lie to the medical practice of nearly three thousand years. On his own unaided responsibility he established the York Retreat, where all instruments of torture were banished, and the insane were treated with respectful sympathy and care, with the most marked good results. Yet at the very time the Quaker merchant was

working out successfully his great experiment of the mild treatment of the insane, the great medical authority, Dr. Cullen, was publishing a pamphlet stating that in all cases chains were a necessity, and that in many cases stripes would be found to be beneficial. Six months later the great and good Pinel got leave from the French government to try the same experiment in the Bicêtre, the French Bedlam. The first man he liberated was an English captain who had been chained naked in a dark cell for forty years. His very name and all about him was forgotten. It was hours before he could manage to balance himself in an upright position; but at last he succeeded in tottering to the window of the passage and for the first time for forty years he saw the blue sky. He burst into tears and exclaimed, "How beautiful!" This man was found to be perfectly sane, and became Pinel's right hand in keeping order among the liberated patients.

Since then, in the course of some sixty years, the whole medical profession has come round to the man WHO BELIEVED IN HIS MORAL SENSE; and the mild treatment of the insane is now the recognised practice of the whole civilised world.

Next in order let us take an abuse which even in our own day had been pronounced hopeless, bribery. Bribery is the dry rot of all political institutions. It seems to have been characteristic of Rome even in its best days. The very words we use, those fossils of history, bear traces of it. Ambition is derived from *ambitus*, the going about of the briber distributing money among voters. Severe laws were directed against the practice, as also against the seeker for office making himself conspicuous by being clothed in white, or *candidatus*. Even in these days it might be as well for the modern "candidate" to remember that by his very name he has "to walk in white."

Bribery in the form of official corruption is the especial feature of despotisms. But in its wider and more popular forms it seems to cling most to free peoples, and be the peculiar vice of democracies, so much so that Sir Henry Maine questions whether government by party can be carried on without this rancid oil to grease the wheels of the machine. It forms the great blot in the practical working of the magnificent constitution of the United States, and in the form of the spoils of office has done much to degrade political life in America. All the offices in the gift of the Government being looked upon as the lawful spoils of the party in power, not only is the Executive weakened by a constant change of hands, and the loss of experienced servants just as they have learnt their work, but a corrupt, self-seeking spirit is infused into public life, which has shown itself in the disgraceful fact that not even the members of the highest legislature are always above taking bribes and selling their votes. Indeed so incessant and shameless is the demand for the spoils of office by the victorious party, that it is said that when President Lincoln caught scarlet fever, on being told the nature of his illness, he leant back with a sigh of infinite relief and satisfaction, exclaiming, "At last I have got something that I can give everybody!"

In England the same discreditable vice began to show itself in the eighteenth century with the growth of popular forms of government. Under Walpole's administration there is no doubt that the leading men of the State were open to bribes. And as the franchise was extended political corruption in its coarsest and baldest form of the purchase of votes steadily increased. The public conscience seemed to be utterly dead. In a district in Ireland, where votes were regularly sold for two or three pounds apiece, and where the people were suffering from a bad harvest, an old Irishman, on being informed that there was going to be an election, exclaimed with a touch of pious thankfulness, "The Lard be praised! Sure it is much wanted."

But the tide of political corruption may be said to have reached its highest in 1854. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, speaking in the House of Commons, February 11th, said that he "agreed it was useless to add to the penalties by which the crime of bribery was now followed, either with respect to the voter or the candidate. They had tried severe imprisonment, unlimited except by the discretion or mercy of the judge, heavy pecuniary penalties, disfranchisement, disqualification to hold office, to sit or vote in Parliament, and even the punishment of transportation, where perjury had accompanied bribery; but all had proved inadequate to repress the offence. They had found that the bribery and every species of corruption that prevailed at the last general election equalled, if they did not exceed, that which had ever been known at any previous period of our history."

And yet what the penalties of the law alone could not do, the gradual education of public opinion is slowly accomplishing. At the very time when things seemed hopelessly

dark, the light, like the unseen sun after midnight, was drawing nearer that should bring a purer and a better day. It is certain that both public and Parliamentary morality is now setting very strongly against the practice as utterly base and dishonourable. How did it come about, do you ask? Simply by one man getting a conviction that to take a bribe is basely to betray one's country, and another man catching it from him and giving it to a third, and then the consciences of all three being reinforced by the public exposure of corrupt practices, and the legal penalties being duly enforced. For because legal penalties are of no use without an enlightened public opinion, let us not fall into the fallacy of concluding that therefore legal penalties are no good, and get bitten by that ugly mongrel of truth and falsehood, "You can't make men moral by Act of Parliament." The voice within and the law without act and react on one another. No fallacy is so common as that of taking a case of action and reaction to pieces, as it were, like a pair of scissors from which the rivet has been removed, and proving each limb useless in turn, till both are flung away as worthless. Because improved dwellings are no use without improved habits, therefore it is no use giving the people better house accommodation. Because improved habits are impossible in a pigstye, therefore it is hopeless to try and get a higher standard of decent living. Because legal penalties are evaded, or of no effect without a healthy public opinion, therefore they are a dead letter. Because whilst evil-doers escape unpunished there can be no healthy public opinion, therefore it is hopeless to strive for a better state of things. Unfortunately, all light and music, even the divinest voice, is made up of a vibration, two opposite and dependent motions that may be made thus to defeat and destroy each other; and much darkness and much quenching of divine voices have accordingly been produced by this method of reasoning. Against political corruption, the strengthened moral sense of the community and the strengthened action of the law have moved on together, acting and reacting, till at last we see this remarkable result, that bribery in high quarters has been got rid of, that our candidates are no longer washed to their seats on floods of bad beer, and that more and more it is getting to be looked upon as disgraceful to sell a vote, and barter the public good for private greed.

Once more let us take the great Temperance movement, which, unlike bribery and the cruel treatment of the insane, again presents to our view an organized evil, a sin within, which has set up a vast complex trade without, and which, therefore, must always be contemplated in its double aspect.

It is difficult for us to realise the state of things some sixty years ago when the Temperance movement first began, or the extent, therefore, of the progress that has been made. Here, again, as in the case of the legality of slavery and the treatment of the insane, the experts were all on the wrong side. The whole medical profession was in the practice of prescribing stimulants to an alarming extent. When the movement was in its infancy the great surgeon, Tod, was prescribing a bottle of wine a day to his hospital patients on whom he had to operate. Delicate children were invariably prescribed port wine and other stimulants. Brandy was looked upon as what the French call it, "the water of life." The last thing at night, in most well-regulated families, the spirit bottles were had up, and formed the family nightcap. The country gentleman who consumed his bottle of port a day was a common feature of the good old time; and on all festive occasions, especially towards the north of the country, it was a recognised thing that, after the ladies had retired, the gentlemen should drop like ripe fruit to the ground. In Scotland the ladies themselves sometimes took their share in the proceedings. Dean Ramsay tells us of one couple who had to return by the sea-shore after the carouse, the lady riding behind her husband on a pillion. Being the more helpless of the two she dropped off, without, however, the husband observing the little casualty till he reached home. As the tide was coming in the accident threatened to be a serious one, and the servants, riding back post-haste, found their mistress with the spray already wetting her lips, and exclaiming vociferously, "Not anither drap, I tell ye, het or cauld."

Indeed, how completely drunkenness had become our national characteristic was shown by a little Turkish boy, who, during the Crimean war, used to amuse the patients of the military hospital at Scutari by acting the various nationalities, the child being a born mimic. First he would wrap a towel round his head, and imitate the slow, majestic movements of the Turk. No one could fail to recognise the dignified Moslem. Suddenly flinging away the towel, the little fellow would burst into a flood of gibberish,

gesticulating with both his small hands. The patients clapped, recognising at once the voluble Frenchman. One great nationality remained to be depicted. Changing from airy gay to stolid grave, the child imitated the thick speech, the staggering gait, the quarrelsome ways of a drunken man. The whole ward burst into the enthusiastic applause of instant recognition. It was the Englishman.

Providentially for the greatness of England, men and women arose who BELIEVED IN THEIR MORAL SENSE. Whatever else was right, this state of things must be wrong, and would be the ruin of our national greatness, unless it could be remedied. In vain the medical profession assured them that alcohol was a necessity, and that the Englishman's constitution required more stimulant than his legs could bear up under. In vain the public organs ridiculed their efforts, and fiercely assailed them for interfering with the liberty of the subject, the proud liberty of the Englishman to fall into the gutter without the liberty to get up out of it again. In vain they were assured that drunken England was, and drunken England would be —that in fact Englishmen were under a Calvinistic decree to drink. Across all these dictates of men they believed in the dictates of their moral sense. Seeing that the drink traffic is an organized evil, they boldly met it with counter organization. They denied themselves; multitudes to whom alcohol was no temptation forbore its use for the sake of making a national protest, as well as helping the individual drunkard. Money, time, untiring effort, were all freely poured forth. For fifty years they fought, and yet saw no impression made on public opinion.

But now what do we see? That the drinking habits of the nation have been to a marked degree broken up. The long row of decanters has ceased to adorn the dining-table. The spirit bottle no longer comes upstairs in the evening, but blushes unseen in the darkness of the cellar. It is thought disgraceful for a gentleman to get drunk, and, despite the immense increase of our population, the excise shows a falling off of millions. Best of all, the medical profession have again come round to the men and women who, in the teeth of any number of facts, dared to believe in their moral sense. Doctors no longer say that alcohol is a necessary article of food. All the leading men of the profession are agreed that children are better without it, and most healthy adults. The advanced guard would go a great deal farther than this. Indeed, Dr. Richardson would be ready to agree with the Scotchman in recommending thin water-gruel as the best of all beverages. "It's a calm drink, and wunna excite your pawsions."

So steadily is the tide of public opinion rising, that before long it is bound to submerge even the huge rock of vested interests on which all legislative effort has hitherto split, and the ratepayers, as they are compelled to support the pauper drunkard and pay for the criminal procedures which his offences necessitate, will insist on their right to have some voice in the regulation of the drink traffic; and the voice within and the law without will be so adjusted as to act and react on one another.

I might go on to adduce the practice of duelling, once so common, in which the moral sense had to contend with the inverted shadow of itself, a false code of honour that the only honourable way of letting light into your opponent's mind was to run a hole in his body. Or I might take the abolition of the "peine forte et dure," that penalty by which man expressed his conviction of the melancholy necessity he was under, if the accused refused to plead, of crushing him under heavy weights till he did. Much legal fear was expressed lest, in its abolition, the whole criminal procedure of England might be reduced to a deadlock; but it was found peacefully to give way before the very simple expedient, that the man who refused to plead should be understood to plead guilty. But I have said enough to prove my contention, that wherever the moral sense has been brought persistently and determinedly to bear on any great abuse, there all the forces of hell have not been able to prevail against it. Wherever men and women have poured out their heart's blood in contending against a great evil, there that evil is a tree marked for the axe.

And now right upon us is another great world conflict. On all hands we see the signs that the struggle for social purity, the conflict with the enslavement and degradation of woman, is to be the greatest struggle of the age, nay, I may add of any age.

Is it possible, I ask, that any of us can be in a moment's doubt on which side the truth lies? After we have seen how in the abolition of slavery, in the treatment of the insane, in the great temperance question, the experts were in the wrong, and the moral sense, and not the lawyers, and not the doctors, was found to be true to fact, is it possible that we shall again miss the lesson,

and again believe, in the teeth of fact and warning, that a doctor must be in the right, even when his advice proves the voice of God within us to be in the wrong?

And if in this last great conflict with impurity you are still in any doubt which way the battle is going, whether these very men will not very soon turn with the turning tide of public opinion; if you doubt on which side the victory will be, with the men of faith or the men of flesh, with the men who believe in the moral sense or the men who believe in their animal nature, with the man or the beast, I ask you to look at the progress which has been already made.

For fifty years the total abstainers fought a brave battle, and could see but little impression made on public opinion. In the ten years I have been at work on this other question I see what is nothing short of a revolution of public opinion.

The victory is as certain as that God reigns. The only question for you young men to decide is whether you will fight in the van with the heroes or in the rear with the cowards; whether you will show yourself abreast of the leading spirits of your time, or whether you will be numbered with the dullards, and the drones, and the nobodies, with shrivelled arms and rabbit souls that run to earth at the first call of their country's danger, and only whisk out again when the battle has been fought and won by other people's blood and not their own.

And will not the men and women who have force enough in these days to believe in their moral sense, and on the strength of it to give the lie to all history, and maintain that the degradation of woman is not a necessity, that this accursed sacrifice of the weak by the strong shall and will cease, will they not lead the forlorn hope of the world? Shall we not in the course of this conflict work out altogether new and diviner relations with one another? Will not the man and the woman, through that baptism of life blood poured out on the noblest of all battlefields, grow—

> "Self reverent each, and reverencing each,
> Distinct in individualities,
> But like each other ever as those who love?
> Then comes the statelier Eden back to man,
> Then reign the world's great bridals chaste and calm,
> Then springs the crowning race of human kind."

SUNDAY AT SEA.

A quiet Paper for Christian Workers.

HERE, with no dial to mark the date as Sunday, with no outward variation to contrast the work of yesterday from to-day, and with no early morning bells to ring in the Sabbath, we are assured it is Sunday morning; for we are at sea. At five o'clock this morning we got through the Bay of Biscay, and now the Spanish coast looms in sight, somewhat hazily through the sun's glare. On deck all is still; the Lascars and their English companions in labour, from an early hour, have been performing the ship's ablutions, as usual, for the day specially devoted to godliness is to be no less marked than the others for that other virtue, cleanliness. But now these patient, subdued-looking sons of the East have moved with their brushes and cloths forward, leaving the after-decks, as bright as a new pin, to the passengers, of whom there are not many on board this well-appointed boat, the *Brindisi*, not one of the largest of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fleet, though it would be difficult to excel her in comfort and orderliness.

Very few of the passengers are astir on deck, and, looking seaward, with not a sail, nor even a bird, in view, we sit down and enter into Sabbath rest. Fortunately the sea lends itself to quiet meditation and devotion. Its deep blue bosom is ruffled only by just the most regular of foam-crests, and there is no angry wind to stir the waves. What breeze there is only serves to cool the air and to play around one, adding its zephyr influence to the soothing conditions of the scene. We are not of those who "go down to the sea in ships;" we are not even frequent voyagers thereon; we are land-bound, and for the most part land-confined; but we have come away from the city, and from the desk, and from the home, and from the school, leaving behind business and loved ones, and fellow-labourers and the poor, whom we always have with us; and we have come across the ocean to get brain-rest and nerve-rest and muscle-rest, and to return in a short time, in God's good providence, the better able to take up life's burdens for laying them down for awhile. The Master says to His disciples now, as He did when He was with them on earth, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile;" but we are not always disposed to

obey, and when we would, do not always find the desert place at hand.

But now we have not only heard the Master's voice, but we have followed also the leading of His hand, and we find ourselves under the most restful conditions. We wish now, this Sabbath morning, to realise that the Master is with us, for unless we take Him, or rather unless He accompany us at our desire, we may return mind refreshed and body renewed, but not soul replenished. And we need our retiring places, our desert places, in the sense of being without usual avocations, to help us to be alone with Him, whose company we too little keep, whose close communion we so seldom enjoy. At home the strife of business, the engagements of home-life, the bustling activities and duties of Christian work absorb so much time and thought as to leave us little room for leisure with Christ. Our morning and evening devotions are short and hurried, and sometimes formal; our Sundays are not days of rest; we hurry from one service to another; there is so much to be done, and there are so few to do it, that demands upon our time and anxieties are admitted as claims, because, if we refuse so to admit them, we know not who may do the work. We are in danger of doing in the Lord's service *non multum sed multa.* And yet how can we rest in the midst of work that needs to be done? How can we be deaf to the cries of the tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures who need help for this life, guidance for the next? We may be doing too much, we may be attempting more than we can adequately perform, and more than our frames can well stand. But if we verily believe that the Lord has called us thereunto, the remedy does not seem to lie in our throwing off our work, but in our so adjusting it as to make it easier to be accomplished, and in making the work itself to be more perfectly performed. Our danger lies in our being so continuously engaged in our work as to leave ourselves little or no time to be quiet with God.

This has been a danger in every age, but in none so much as in our own. Paul foresaw this tendency when he desired for the Church at Colosse, "That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God."* These, then, are the two poles of the Christian life—fruitfulness in good works and a corresponding increase in the knowledge of God;—doing and knowing—our active and our passive graces in coequal and harmonious relation. The more we are called upon to do, the more should we study to know Him, whose work we are doing. The more we do for Him, the more closely must we study His mind and will, and the mode in which He would have us serve Him.

Here it is that some of God's busiest workers fail: they are doing so much that they seem to have no time for knowing Him. Hence it is that He ofttimes calls them into a desert place awhile with Him. Sometimes it is the desert place of a sick-room, or the still more desert place of a great sorrow; but if He will go with us into either we shall return better fitted for His work. Oftener it is that God, in His mercy, calls us away into the pleasanter retreat of a summer holiday, which we too frequently rob of its richest recuperative power by failing to realise the highest end which the holiday might serve. For mind and body and soul, it often is that our "strength is to sit still;" and well will it be for us, if when, having broken away from the ordinary occupations of our life, we are able to commune with our own hearts and be still.

For such stillness, few things are so conducive as a sea-trip, where, cut off from all one's work, isolated from one's friends, dissevered by every association on board from our ordinary life, there are time and opportunity for the mind to be at leisure with itself, and to commune with God. And for such sweet, refreshing, invigorating exercise there is nothing like a Sunday at sea. There may be little on board ship to favour the outward observance of the Sunday, though the quiet service in the cabin, which may not be extended beyond the reading of the Church prayers by the Captain, is not without its helpfulness, as we realise that anywhere on the wide ocean may a few faithful hearts at any time raise a temple to the Lord of the earth and the sea. But the holy calm that may flood the waiting heart, the sense of stillness and peace that may fill one as he looks abroad on the vast ocean mirroring God's great sky in its bosom, the sense of restfulness as he sits still at perfect leisure, and a deep thankfulness that so much mercy and love are meted out, all conspire to bring one near in worship and communion. He may let his mind wander at large over God's word, which is sure to bring some message laden with rich and special import. He may let his memory

* Coloss. i. 10.

recall some treasured hymn hallowed by endeared associations; he may think of loved ones severed from him by an ocean and yet never nearer to him than then; he may connect his thoughts with work dearer to him than life, and in all these exercises there may come such a sense of the Father's nearness, such a humble uplifting of the heart to God, as he has seldom enjoyed.

The reason is not far to seek: the mind and body are at rest, there are few claims on their energies, the spirit goes forth to all that is dearest in life, and he thinks with gratitude of all that the Lord has blessed him with. The Lord has called him aside and He is saying to him, "Be still and know that I am God."

And if we are able to find God so near, we are no less able to connect ourselves with all that we hold dear. Love makes its own bonds, throws its own chains across sea and land, and knows of no isolation or severance; it lays down its electric cables fearing no insulation, and often is it when bodies are farthest severed kindred hearts are joined. And so to-day we have had sweet communion with the Father of our spirits, that will help us by what He has done for us, and which should bring us oftener in the future nearer to Him by the sense of what we gain by thus approaching Him, by what we lose when we do not give ourselves time to draw near to Him. And with hearts thus hallowed by His presence we have had our loved ones very near us, and to them our hearts have gone out in desires to do more for them and to lavish upon them richer love. And those with whom and for whom we labour have been near us too; we have read the lesson which will be taught in the classes in our schools to-day; we have thought over some words which we should most likely have spoken had we been in our usual place; and as we have thought of the work committed to our care, we have had, perhaps, a deeper sense of its responsibilities; and we may not have served the cause we so much cherish the less that we have done nothing for it to-day, but take it with us to our Father, who is more interested in it than we are, and whose counsel and help we, perhaps, too little seek because we are assured that we are where He would have us be.

BENJAMIN CLARKE.

A PORTION FOR THE SINGERS.

O MERRY, merry harvesters
In the golden harvest field,
A portion for the singers
Our waving corn shall yield!

Ye wait not for the sickle,
Nor till the gleaners come,
But ye praise the God of harvests
Before the harvest home!

When the manna yet was hidden
In the garner of the earth,
When the germ in darkness shrouded
Gave no token of its birth,—

Ye praised Him in the sunshine,
And ye praised Him in the cloud,
While the early rains were blessing
The seed within the shroud.

Ye served in swift obedience,
When a thousand unseen foes
Besieged the fragile promise
Of the harvest as it rose.

O legions at His bidding,
O merry, merry throng,
Receive the singer's portion
For service and for song!

CLARA THWAITES.

HOW WE CROSSED THE MÖRKADAL FJELD.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

"INTERESTING mountain routes, about eight hours each, lead hence to Stalheim and Vinje (guide necessary in each case)."

"That sounds well!" we exclaim. "Let us take the route from Vinje and then we can have a quiet Sunday at Vik on the Sogne fjord."

The above quotation was read from "Bædeker," as we sat in Hansen's Hotel at Gudvangen. We rose the next day to enjoy an exquisite morning, with that crisp brightness and elasticity in the air to be felt only in perfection in the land of the fjord and fjeld.

"A portion for the singers."

"Cannot we go in carrioles?"

"No; it is impossible," asserts Johan. "All must ride. The baggage will take two horses—it is a *far way* to Vik."

Nearly an hour's bargaining follows and then we are off.

The Captain leads the way in a carriole in solemnly happy isolation; then follows one stolkjarre with Linnaeus and the Old Lady, and then a second, containing two happy girls well-named the Sparrow and the Dumpling. Johan hitched on behind their stolkjarre a bony brown pony, and away the party rattled from Vinje, past its pretty interlacing lakes and then up the steep ascent leading to Mortallen. A number of purple geraniums sent our modern Linnaeus into raptures. The Dumpling screamed, in her shrill little voice, her delight at the saw-mills, with their tumble-down brown walls and conduits of foaming waters, while the Captain, who had at last prevailed on himself to use his own long legs in the ascent, pointed out to the Old Lady "that large masses of red and white granite, strangely intermingled, forcibly struck the naked eye."

The village was reached. It stands at a considerable height and commands an extensive view of the surrounding highlands. The whole of the inhabitants turned out to inspect the strangers and to assist at their departure. Old women in vadmal dresses, "pigges" in bright handkerchiefs, men in leather — and very greasy — trousers, and round fur caps, small boys with their hands in their pockets, and dressed like their elders, with serious faces, broad and Laplike, stood around.

The Old Lady and the Sparrow hopped about amongst them, presenting tracts which were received with the greatest delight, and so popular did the donors become that one Bonde invited them into his house, where the whole party were regaled with a bowl twice filled with new milk.

The steeds were now ready, but as the Captain explained it, "a tremor filled the female heart," for side-saddles had never been dreamed of at this elevation. The Old Lady, bravely owning that she had met a like difficulty in Italy in former days, mounted her steed *à la Turque;* the Sparrow and the Dumpling were hoisted with some difficulty into their saddles; the Captain instinctively chose the best animal in the group and mounted it as though on parade; but the soul of Linnaeus bound him too near the earth to permit him to take advantage of any exterior aid to progression; in spite of every remonstrance, in spite of the "far way" in prospect, he smilingly took off his boots and stockings, and commenced and continued his journey on his own stout legs and bare feet.

A rough pathway led through a long reach of woodland where the silver birches and hazel-trees crowded each other. Our botanist was filled with delight, and every little while emerged from the depths of the wood bearing some prize for our inspection. Very beautiful plants he found, chickweed winter-green, tiny brown orchids not more than an inch and a half high, growing on a sunny bank, in the marsh beneath which others of the same family, but slightly larger, abounded. The beech and oak ferns grew in profusion, and amidst the bilberry wires he found a plant, whose Latin name I dare not write, with flat, white, star-like flowers, whose centre was a plumy bunch of purple-black stamens gleaming amidst vivid leaves; and then again he showed us the bright yellow blossoms of the bog asphodel. The sun was hot, and several butterflies and some dark moths went quivering by.

For miles the sweet woodland extended; through it rushed a broad stream on whose banks the path often lay. And then our party came out into a long grassy stretch, and the hills which swept down on either side were patched with snow. So delightful was the sight that the Captain condescended to dismount and make snow-balls. But the baggage ponies were no more affected by the sight than were their masters Johan, Conrad, and Ole, who rapidly plodded onwards and bore the Old Lady, who led the way, with them, and the rest of the party were compelled to follow and fared but badly. The Dumpling's saddle loosened as her horse scrambled up the mountain path, and the Sparrow got her reins somehow twisted over her animal's ears; the forlorn damosels were in a fix, for the noble Captain had left them, fortunately the botanist was behind and came to their rescue. Presently, at a great height, a long valley opened before them. The mountain slopes at either side were covered with snow, a rushing river sped through the wide vale, a herd of light coloured Alderney-like cows grazed on the vivid verdure of the pastures, and the clang of their musical bells rang on the thin air. In the distance were seen the sæter huts, and behind them towered a lofty peak, down whose storm-torn sides thundered two great cataracts, falling in masses of spray and a wild tumult of foam shrouding the surround-

ing masses of rock in a many-tinted cloud of vapour.

The Old Lady was the first to arrive on the scene in company of the baggage ponies; and while standing at the base of the nearest waterfall was joined by the bare-footed Linnaeus. The scenery was, as that scientific gentleman expressed it, "proper;" but the prospect of fladbrod and cream still more enticing. The sæter cottage was outwardly as rough a building as the cattle huts. It was internally divided into two rooms. In the first one the cream was warmed on a stove, and by a simple process turned into butter. A girl, or "sæter pigge," knitting a stocking, was watching the process, another rosy-cheeked maiden was gazing at the visitors, and cheerfully bade them welcome. The inner room was very clean, and its boards white; at one side stood a bedstead covered by a thick, homespun counterpane, and around the walls were ranged shelves on which were placed shallow wooden tubs filled with milk, one placed crosswise over the other; on all the thick cream stood richly. In the corner shelves brown cheeses were drying. The one window and the skylight were glazed with parchment. No habitation could be more rude or cleanly. A strangely isolated life these girls lead. They come up with the cattle early in June, and are cut off from all human companionship till late in September, when the snow, which never disappears entirely from these high elevations, falls again thick and fast, and hides the sæter lands with a death-shroud which the warm touch of a new summer can alone unbind. A bowl of milk and a sheaf of fladbrod ("wall paper," the Captain not inaptly called it), a great tub of thick cream, out of which, by the aid of horn spoons, the guests helped themselves, were supplied to the visitors, who in the next quarter of an hour consumed more cream than they had ever done in the same length of time in their lives before. The guides came in and seated themselves, perfectly at home, and there remained when the "Englandsmen," having paid their Kroner, departed, gossiping and telling the news of their desolate little village to these dwellers in a still more utter isolation.

Mounting up the precipitous sides of the peak by slow degrees and gazing down on the boiling torrent beneath them, the travellers saw the spray thrown up against the glistening background of rocks in flashing rainbow hues, and the imperative reminders of Canute of the "far vay til Vik" could with difficulty induce them to tear themselves away. Up comes Linnaeus with the lovely purple erica so common in this district, and an exquisite pink campion. The ponies scramble like cats up the twisting pathway, picking their way carefully amongst the rolling stones and over the surface of ice-worn rocks pitched at an abrupt angle.

Suddenly down goes the Old Lady. The saddle girth, a mere half-dozen worn-out threads, has burst through and deposited her ladyship under the creature's legs. "Burr" stops the forward step which would have come upon her ankle, and Canute, with a frightened face, mends the damaged girth with some string, and ever afterwards keeps a close watch over his "hest," whoever the rider may be, for his "hest" is probably his only property, and, indeed, a brave little horse it proved to be. Canute was a kind and careful guide, but the two other men utterly indifferent, and seemingly rather pleased when the ladies got into difficulties, though they had been careful not to explain beforehand that the expedition, for which they were only too willing to provide horses, was an unheard of one for ladies, and at this early season of the year somewhat dangerous; so much so that a Norwegian gentleman, with whom the party made a pleasant acquaintance subsequently at Vik, would hardly believe in the possibility of their having accomplished it. "You should have been dead," he assured them, and in looking back their hearts were filled with thankfulness at the loving care of God which had brought them safely through.

In innocent ignorance of what was to follow, the first sight of a snow fjeld, stretching for some distance before them, filled the party with delight.

Here Linnaeus gathered two kinds of reindeer moss, and the little yellow-edged flower which grew on the peat-bogs—into which he sank knee-deep, and out of which his bare legs reappeared in semblance of Hessian boots. With his bright face, his ever-ready helpfulness, and his whoop of joy whenever he lighted on some hill treasure, he was a prevailing element of cheerfulness, even when matters got to the worst.

Out of the snow valley, ever gradually rising, the group came. The baggage ponies, followed by Johan and Ole, who did as little to help the poor frightened little Sparrow and the ill-mounted and wretchedly ill-saddled Dumpling as they possibly could, Canute, by his dear "hest," on which, fortunately for her, the Old Lady was mounted; the Captain straggling somewhere in the dis-

tance, and the Botanist nowhere to be seen—such was their order of march, when, to their horror, the travellers found themselves, not at the end, as they had supposed, but at the very beginning of the Mörkadal Fjelds (*i.e.* the mountains of the dark valley), and an Arctic scene stretched before them. The mountain peaks, extending north, south, and east; between them a vale—if such it could be called—wound in dreary perspective. One long winding-sheet of snow covered the dead landscape, upon which the sun in vain cast a hot, rejuvenating smile.

On the edge of half-frozen lakes the snow stood high, hollowed and caverned by the dark waters; patches of gloomy land, stone and rock strewn, on which grew no vegetation but a few bilberry plants, and the varied white and brown mosses on which the reindeer exist, appeared here and there. One Alpine butterfly languidly fluttered near the edge of the snow. It was a weird scene: but one eye only could be spared to contemplate it, the other being reserved for self-protection. The horses plunged through the snow, which in many places was hollowed out beneath the surface in long, far-stretching caverns by the gradual melting of the under snow and drawing off of the waters beneath. One false step might have precipitated both horse and rider into a drift or chasm, or tumbled them over.

Snow streams, sometimes both broad and strong, intersected the way; heavy clouds massed themselves against the wind and slowly trailed up; the sunshine disappeared, and one grey monotonous expanse took the place of the hitherto blue sky.

Presently the shores of a black, half-frozen lake were neared. Here the snow was particularly dangerous, and the horses required holding carefully up. Hour after hour passed, and everywhere the snow prevailed; the tracks of reindeer, the sharp-pointed marks of their hoofs, crossing the fjeld, were the only visible traces of a path, though one is marked on the map.

At last another lake was seen in the distance. Canute, in an elaborate Norsk explanation, informed the Old Lady that Vik was "down there;" she shouted the joyful news back; the sunlight again streamed out over the distant hills, etherealising their beauty. Our Botanist, who had rushed through snow until warned by the guides of the consequences of doing so and tramped patiently in the wake of the floundering steeds, cheered up at the prospect of more Alpine plants. The Dumpling, whose steed had a singularly long body and a most awkward saddle, was now riding, or rather scrambling along a steep, snowy hillside, when down the animal went rolling over. Fortunately, it quickly picked itself up again, and stood quite still; and mercifully she was not hurt, but she preferred joining Linnaeus to mounting again. Already the party, after dismounting and scrambling down the slippery rocks of a short precipice, had forded one swift stream, riding double with the guides. Another and larger river appeared in the far distance—the poor Dumpling was labouring along in the snow, by the help of a stick, making but slow progress, wherefore the Old Lady insisted, so soon as she had crossed the dreary waste, on exchanging her steed for the other's staff, much to the young lady's mingled feelings of bodily relief and of regret at being compelled to lower her ideal to less heroic heights, and much also of added bother to the patient Botanist, whose kindliness never failed, though he had to hoist his aged comrade along over the snow stretches by seizing her elbows and jerking her forward, or by partly dragging her up slippery mountain reaches and guiding her sliding footsteps over wet rocks, steep as the roof of a house. He finally got rid of her by inducing her to remain on the Dumpling's rejected steed, after fording a wide and rapid torrent, with her clinging to his coat with the grasp of a vice, as she wobbled about behind him. After a long toil over a rocky district a still higher elevation was reached. Suddenly the rain-clouds broke away to the south; a magnificent view of mountain behind mountain, bathed in sunshine and golden mist, burst upon the sight—a glad refreshment in all the weary monotony—alas! to be quickly reabsorbed in mists, and the party found themselves on the most dangerous snow-field they had yet encountered. Hollowed and sodden, the crust was very treacherous—"Gemmel Snee," that is the old snow of former years, orange in colour, lay about, stained at the edges of its patches by the brown exudations of the peat morass.

The Captain on his horse, which still made good progress, accompanied the Dumpling and Sparrow far ahead. The baggage ponies, one of which now completely rolled over and rose with a shiver and a reflective shake of the head, stumbled onwards "all cockeye," as Linnaeus observed. The Old Lady, at one moment clutching with both hands the mane of her horse as he scrambled up, or hanging on by the tail band as he slid down the

declivities of the way, had a bad time of it. This horse owned two straggling legs on which it placed not (nor did its rider) the least confidence. The consequence being it had to be dragged up by the bits of rope yclept "reins" at every step. Her perplexities were increased by the guides, the only assistance they gave being an occasional slap, a jerk at the rope which nearly threw both horse and rider into a drift, or a cry of "yoik." Had it not been for Linnaeus, who seized its head and waded on in the snow, keeping it on its feet, it would have been impossible for the creature to have struggled over these last weary miles of the Mörkadal Fjeld. The travellers had left Vinje at eight in the morning, it was now the same hour in the evening. At last the snow ended, Johan drew out a silver turnip of a watch and pointed to ten as the hour "til Vik."

A long stretch of bare but now undulating moorland, where grew many pretty sedge flowers and some uncommon grasses, rolled onwards; a biting rainstorm, which turned to lashing sleet and wet the party through, cleared off. Miles ahead the clouds opened and far far below gleamed turquoise blue an arm of the Sogne fjord, the encompassing mountains all circling round in soft tones of blue, silver grey, and willow green, the red specks of the roofs of Vik, and the tiny white church nestling on the shore. No need for Canute to cry triumphantly "Vik"—never to their dying day will one of the party forget that most exquisite vision. It was a sight to be dreamed of afterwards but to be beheld only once in a lifetime.

The tramp of the next hour and a half was cheerfully performed, for one by one the party discarded their weary ponies, and being as wet and cold as they could possibly be, set streams and bogs at defiance, and strong in the conviction that "he who is down need fear no fall," in a double sense rejoiced.

The inhabitants of the old village turned out to stare at the party, with an astonishment the "Englishmens" did not at the moment comprehend. The militia being there on drill, looking odd in their ill-made blue clothes, and with horse tails in their round hats, added to the gaiety of the scene. They were there "to play war," so even music was not wanting, for though ten o'clock at night, the band of the "militarie" was marching up to the guardroom — a small wooden hut with a stand and six muskets, outside which a sentinel walked solemnly. The band consisted of six performers, each of whom had a drum about the largest size English boys buy at fairs, slung in front, and they all rattled on these instruments with a right good-will. They were headed by a man with a gold-headed rattan, who implied in every movement that all the fjelds within sight were his family possessions. Most hospitably were the friends received and entertained at Herr Hopstock's. A very happy thankful Sunday was passed there, though none of the adventurers could distinctly define where they ached most; but then, as their Norwegian friend assured them, "They ought to have been dead up there," for "men sometimes, but ladies never, came over the Mörkadal Fjeld—it was not good to come across till summer." Summer we suppose does not begin till after July—which it then was. Yet in spite of all our aches we rejoice we have participated in the experiences of a truly "fit" time, as our young men call it, and thank God for His preserving mercy during another red-letter day.

REPENTANCE.

Some Thoughts on David.

By the Rev. E. G. CHARLESWORTH, M.A.

IT was far less to David to be king over Israel than to be the friend of God. The loss of his kingdom was nothing to him compared to the loss of the sense of God's presence with him. A great sin had taken this divine presence from his heart, and we see by many mournful expressions how great was the deprivation. "Thou hast broken all my bones; every night wash I my bed with my tears; my sins have taken such hold upon me that I am not able to look up."

Much of our penitence and grief for sin is not so genuine as this. We mourn for it when it has brought us material loss or bodily suffering. The uppermost thought in David's grief was that he had sinned against God; "Against Thee only have I sinned." Against one who had loved him and one whom he

loved. Though unseen in the ordinary sense of "sight," yet God had always been at his right hand. He had walked by his side as it were, and now this gracious divine presence went not with him as before. A sin against one we love seems to be a doubly weighted sin. When our heart was young, do we not remember what a sin against one we loved cost us? That feeling was something like David's after his sin against God. Oh! that we had more of the feeling which looks up to God as a personal friend, and which speaks to Him in prayer, not as to one distant as the stars, but to one who is our companion, who hears us, who loves us, who, though invisible, is surely with us.

In the outburst of grief and shame from the memory of his great sin, he says it was one against God only, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned;" yet in truth it was a grievous sin against man as well as God. We cannot sin against man without at the same time sinning against God, and after the words quoted, others come which seem to touch the borders of this truth, though, perhaps, not written with any intention of changing or modifying the tone of former ones. "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord," *i.e.* from the sins which make others guilty also, or desolate.

We wonder that one so noble and beautiful in heart could have fallen so, that one filled with high and tender thoughts could have descended to a level so low. It tells us that, once on the slopes of sin, we are in danger of sliding into any pit. It tells us to beware lest we, with less endowment of intellect and grace, fall into depths that seem almost below hell.

Great gifts of heart and mind are specially liable to a sudden deep fall. It is a glow of imagination which they throw upon an object, turning, as it did in the garden of Eden, a tree of death into the appearance of a tree of life. David's heart was sound at the root. There are plants which a flash of lightning or a northern blast robs of their foliage, but which remain sound and healthy still, and send forth from their branch new life in a future spring. David's heart was broken, but it still held hope, as we see from the words: "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." The ivy grows greener upon the tottered wall; the spirit of a man becomes more Christ-like when it is humbled and broken. This was a good heart that was broken, capable of high friendships and love. Look at its funeral hymn over Jonathan, and its mourning for Absalom.

Our humanity, broken by contact with a rough world, with the unkindness of men and women, seems to have its laid-waste places partly healed whilst we bring it in front of these fountains of pure human love. It is refreshing to feel that there have been such hearts, if nothing like them can be met with now. Yet note, David did not plead before God what beauty and goodness had been in him. If we fell, we should perhaps, to retain some of the sympathy of friends, plead, Remember the time when I was good, and true, and faithful. But this fallen one only offers to his Divine Friend a broken and a contrite heart.

For a time his conscience had been torpid, and it seems wonderful to us that one of such a high nature, heart, and mind could remain imperceptive so long. Our wonder will be lessened when we remember how heat and feeling have hidden the voice of conscience and truth from us in times past. As soon as he did see it he fell down broken and maimed for life, broken and maimed even after his Divine Friend had forgiven him.

It may be said that his repentance went to an extreme, for it is not needful and good for us to be always dwelling on the past. We should now and then look at the scars which our forgiven sins have left behind them, but not so often as to invite despondency into us. The nobility of David's nature led him into this extreme; his height made his deep more visible. The exceeding sinfulness of sin appears to us more plainly as we become holier. The danger to most hearts is a forgetfulness of past sins and errors. We should not let them go out of sight, because the sight of them is a warning and a help against another fall. Sins forsaken, though we see them in our memory at times like pictures in twilight, bring an inward assurance of God's pardon. But if we return to them after forsaking them, we had almost better never have forsaken them. An old burn gives us a sevenfold agony if fire touches its scar a second time and a third.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By Mrs. G. S. REANEY.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "We are but little children weak."
Lesson: Matthew vii. 15—21.
Text: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."—Proverbs xx. 11.

ARE you not glad that children have their work to do? They need not wait until they are grown up. They are known *to-day*, just in the very midst of their fun and frolic, their lesson-times and play-times, by their *doings*—not sayings, but *doings;* and this knowledge is helping or hindering every life which possesses it. "Of course we *all* want to help other people by our lives: we would be very sorry to hinder them; but we do find it *so* difficult to be good!" I think some of you *in your hearts* are saying this. I used to say the same to myself when I was a very little girl, and I often grew puzzled and miserable, until one day God whispered a little secret in my heart, and then I began to understand that which I had been so long wanting to know, "How could I do *my* work as a little child and help others to be good and happy?"

You would like to know what the secret was.

Let me tell you of something which happened a few years ago in New York, as this will help you to understand my secret. One very warm day in July a solemn procession passed through the cemetery gates; it was the funeral of a good man who had been much beloved in a certain Sunday-school of which he was the superintendent. Numbers and numbers of little children were in that procession, and all were weeping bitterly, for they had loved "teacher" very, very tenderly. Many of these children carried flowers in their hands, and when the service had been read and the coffin lowered into the grave, they gently dropped the flowers upon the coffin's lid and took a last fond look at the resting-place of teacher's body. They knew his *spirit* had gone home to God, so instinctively they looked upwards to the skies as they turned from the grave, and in their hearts thanked God for all the beautiful promises in the Bible, which tell us of "the Home over there," the other side of the "blue curtain."

But while many went sadly away, talking in hushed whispers of the good man thus taken from their midst, some of the children still lingered. Presently one little girl said thoughtfully—

"He was so fond of flowers. I wish we could bring him some fresh ones every day."

"Well, why shouldn't we?" said little girl No. 2, catching the inspiration of her little companion's thought.

But how to manage it? This at first puzzled them—the dozen or so who were grouped together in earnest discussion—until No. 2 thought of a plan.

"On Sunday we'll choose seven of us for the week, and one of us will come each day with some fresh flowers and take the old ones away. We can gather them from our own gardens, or the fields and lanes; and in winter time——"

She paused here, being again a little puzzled.

"We'll go," chimed in the first little girl who had spoken—"we'll go to the big houses and tell them what we want, and they'll give us flowers from their greenhouses. I'm sure they will not say 'No' when we tell them it's for teacher's grave."

And thus it came to pass that every day, warm or cold, sunshiny or rainy, for the next twelve months a fresh bunch of flowers was placed, towards evening, by a loving little girl's hand on the grave of teacher.

One morning in July—a year after teacher's death—when the gravedigger went very early to his work, he noticed something upon the grave not unlike, in the distance, somebody's coat thrown carelessly down. He went to see what it was, and, just imagine his surprise! He found it was a little girl lying across the grave fast asleep, her little hand tightly clasping some faded flowers. Very tenderly he awoke her. She was sleeping heavily, but the dear little woman aroused herself. She looked round wonderingly and rubbed her eyes.

"Where am I?" she asked, and then, before the kind gravedigger could answer her question, she laughed a little laugh to herself and said aloud:

"Oh, I know! It was my turn last night to bring the flowers, and I could not find any good enough; the sun has been so scorching, and we've had no rain—that made them look so faded and dead—and I was *so sorry*. And then I remembered how teacher used to call *me* his little flower, and so I thought I'd give myself—that's how I came to be upon his grave. I laid myself down instead of my faded flowers, only just to show him how I loved him."

She gave herself to show her love. Now, can you guess the secret God whispered to my heart when I was a child?

"Give yourself to Him who lived on earth to make others good and happy, and His Good Spirit shall teach you to do as He did."

Dear children, this is the beginning of all true life. We want to help others—and so we shall when in our very heart of hearts *we know* that we love the Lord Jesus so fully, so tenderly, so all day long, that our greatest ambition is to do *always*, and at all times, that which will make Him glad. Here is a beautiful little hymn for you to learn, and a little prayer for you to say, not once only, but many times in the day:—

PRAYER.

O God of Love, give me Thy Holy Spirit that I may learn to love the Lord Jesus more and more, and may do always the things that shall please Him; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

HYMN.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek:
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
For I never, never find
That He, though persecuted,
Was to any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer:
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said:
She hath done what she could.

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As anyone may see!
Oh! gentle Jesus, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Joy-bells." (Sankey 87.)
Lesson: John xx. 1—10.
Text: "Then went in also that other disciple."

We are still wanting to think of the work which children may do in the world, and it will help us to remember that more will depend upon what we *are* than upon what we say. Suppose that some one gave a very beautiful lecture to a crowded audience—every one spoke in praise of it, saying afterwards that what the lecturer had said would help them to be better, braver, truer men and women. Suppose the lecturer's little children were there; do you think that all his beautiful talk would have been very helpful to them if at home, in his everyday life, their father was neither kind nor good? Would not these children have been more influenced by what their father *was* than by what he had spoken? Now, dear children, we work for God when our hearts are so full of His love that in our life *at home*, at school, or wherever we may be, we live like the Lord Jesus Christ, "who pleased not Himself." By and by we will think of *saying* and *doing* things which we hope may be helpful to others; but, first of all, let us think of much which happens to help others of which we take so little notice. This is called silent influence. Some people forget all about this—forget that every day of their lives they are helping or hindering others in being good and happy. A great thing they would note, but they take no account of the silent, everyday influence of their lives. We all notice a thunderstorm or an earthquake; but how few of us think every day about the light which comes into our world so gently at morning dawn, and leaves us when night comes on. And yet is not the rising and setting of the sun really more important than either a thunderstorm or an earthquake? Dear children, never forget the importance of silent influences. Let us look to our lesson for a moment. Mary Magdalene had come with haste to tell the disciples on that Easter morn that the sepulchre where Jesus had been buried was empty. Peter and John at once started off to see for themselves. At first Peter was ahead, but John caught him up, and, breathless and panting, "came first to the sepulchre." He stooped down and looked in, but did not enter. But when Peter got there *he* was not satisfied with just looking in; he went in himself, and we read "Then went in also that other disciple." Peter's *silent* influence had led to this, although he would not think anything about it. Just so all through our lives we are influencing others, and so long as this influence is good it is work done for God.

A gentleman came home from abroad sad at heart, because while there he had grown careless about reading his Bible, and about many things which every life, to be unselfish

and beautiful, must think about and love. He was staying at the seaside, and went with his wife to a little church which stood in the midst of God's beautiful fields, the blackbirds and nightingales—quite unconscious of their influence—having tempted him to take the long but lovely walk which led to the church. Immediately in front of them sat a young nobleman whom this gentleman had known intimately years ago abroad. Then he—the nobleman—was careless and irreligious, but to-day how earnest he was throughout that service! Very reverently he bowed his head during the prayers, repeating in solemn tones the "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord" of the Litany, and the "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep Thy law" of the Communion service.

Then, when the clergyman gave out his text, how tenderly he turned the pages of his well-read Bible! how eagerly he listened to the sermon! how his face beamed with pleasure at the preacher's words!

Silently the gentleman watched the nobleman. How changed he was since they last met! How evidently full of joy his heart and life! After all, might not this joy be *his!* Unconsciously influenced to think of the things he had once despised, the gentleman not long afterwards became an earnest Christian man, and to-day he tells the story of the *silent influence* the young nobleman so powerfully exercised over him in that pretty village church.

A light-hearted, bright-faced schoolboy, not long ago, took his place on a training ship, his great desire being to keep true, as the naval cadet, to the beautiful influence and teaching of his home life. He feared the laugh of scorn; but, praying earnestly to be kept, comforted himself with the assurance that the God of Joseph and of Daniel was his God, and his God was a *great deliverer.*

The noble boy was a teetotaler. He knew that sailors had their temptations to love drink as well as other people, and he had early learnt how great a privilege it was to "bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." He had expected to find some like-minded with himself, but he was the only teetotaler on board the day he joined that ship. Unconsciously his influence told. One and another came over to his side, and before twelve months had passed seventy-five of the cadets and sailors had signed the temperance pledge; and with many of them it was as the stone rolled away from the grave of Lazarus—the dead heard the voice of Christ and came forth to life.

Do you not think it made Harry very glad to have been used like that to help others?

We should all like to do the same. Then let us remember we must begin by loving Him whose whole life on earth was a protest *against wrong*, whether in thought, word, or deed, and a pleading for right. When we love the Lord Jesus, we love what He loves, and loving thus, how natural for the love to shine itself out of our hearts into our lives, blessing and gladdening the lives of others.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Come to the Saviour, make no delay."
Lesson: Psalm xxxiv. 8—22.
Text: "Depart from evil and do good."

"*Please* do not quarrel, little boys; you know it grieves the Lord Jesus so."

This was said by a very little girl, one day years ago, as she was tripping along to her Sunday-school. The two boys spoken to must have felt ashamed of themselves, for they were very silent as little Mary, with a beating heart (for it had cost her a great deal to speak to those angry-looking boys), pleaded, as she moved on, "Come to *my* Sunday-school. I am sure our superintendent will be glad to see you." When Mary reached the school door the boys were just behind, so she ran in and told her teacher all about it, and soon the two lads found themselves quietly sitting amongst several others in a class.

A great many years after this a missionary was speaking to a number of children at Exeter Hall, and he told them this story, and said, "Would you like to see one of those boys? Well, he sits to my right—that tall man with the long beard, one of my brother missionaries! Would you like to see the other boy? Here he is, *speaking to you.* Would you like to see little Mary—brave, good little Mary, who helped those naughty boys to be good, and having stopped them in their quarrelling, led them where they could learn about Him who had made her heart so kind and loving—would you like to see little Mary? There she sits at the far end of the platform, the smiling face under the black velvet bonnet. She is my wife and is helping me in my work as a missionary. Think, you children, how much little Mary did that Sunday afternoon."

The cheer of the children interrupted the speaker, and perhaps it was kinder to the lady in the black velvet bonnet not to say any more just then. But I am sure she will

forgive my telling you children the story, as I want so much to get you to *feel* how important your own life is *now*, to-day, while you are very young.

You know when men build houses there are little bricks as well as big bricks used; but to do their part well and to the best, even the little bricks must be perfect. Supposing one of these small bricks said, "Oh! it cannot matter what I am like, because I am *only* a small brick," and supposing wherever a small brick was put, it was in itself defective—broken, chipped, spoilt—do you not think it would spoil the building?

Now, *children* are the small bricks in the great building which Time is raising—a building which is the home of human hearts and lives. It is just *what* our children and grown-up people think, and *how* they live, which makes our nation good and great and strong, or unrighteous, selfish, and unsafe. Perhaps you thought a child's influence could not go beyond the home or school? Now this is what I want to help you to learn at once—no time must be lost: the work of a child for God is as sure and as important in the world as the work of those who are older. The child's work has its place; the man's work has its place. Both are needed; both are important. When you have quite understood this, I think you will naturally ask yourself every day, each one of you, "What good work have I done to-day? What have *I* learnt which will help me to be braver, truer, better, more able to control myself, more ready to do the work God gives me?"

A minister was speaking to the children during the Sunday morning service on Accession Day. He had spoken very beautifully and tenderly of our good Queen Victoria, telling much about her which would help every one to feel how very near her life was to their own lives, winning them to love her more reverently and pray for her more earnestly. All the time a whispered conversation was going on in a corner of one of the galleries, the little children quite unmindful of the fact that they were disturbing others.

Suddenly the minister paused. Then he said—

"Shall I tell you how you may be like the Queen? The youngest child may follow her example. *She never talks in church.*"

Instantly all the little voices were hushed; the lesson had gone home. Now supposing we often reminded ourselves of that which the Lord Jesus Christ did when on earth, and of that which He did not do, would it not help us to be like Him? *He pleased not Himself.* Oh, what a victory gained if in daily life we pleased not ourselves, but in *all things* lived for others! How much more eagerly would little feet run with messages for mother! How much more ready we should be to lay the favourite book on one side and play with the younger children! How much more in earnest we should be to give up *all* our thought, all our energy, to the lesson we had to learn, leaving the after recreation unthought of, setting aside our own wishes and inclinations.

"Christ went about doing good." Our text tells us to "do good," and we *do* want to, but it seems so difficult sometimes. Ah! that is because we have left Christ out of it. He who did good himself, can teach us how to do it. Let us "learn of Him."

"Lord, help me by Thy grace to be
Lowly and kind of heart like Thee;
Gentle and peaceful, meek and mild,
Thy servant, though a little child."

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "The Light of the world was Jesus."
Lesson: Matt. v. 1—16.
Text: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

In a poor and very sad home in East London there lived a little boy named Benny. Once he was strong and healthy, and could run about like other boys. In those days he was very fond of going to his Sunday-school, and when, by-and-by, he grew ill, one of his chief regrets was that he could no longer attend his class. But "teacher" came to see him, and his pastor came; and, better perhaps than all to Benny's young heart, the boys of the Guild to which he belonged came, with tender voices and thoughtful gifts, and just that touch of boyhood's life which helped to keep Benny bright and young in the midst of pain and suffering. Ah, it was a beautiful ministry—the ministry of those young hearts and lives. Are there no sick boys and girls you, my dear children, could seek out and visit? It was a long, lingering illness. One day Benny told his pastor how glad he should be to go home to heaven in God's good time, but he feared it could not be yet awhile, as all true Christian children must have some work to do, and he feared his illness had prevented him doing *his* part. But the good pastor made answer—

"Oh, Benny! you have been working all through your illness for your Lord and Saviour. You have been teaching us all one beautiful, helpful lesson which we can never forget."

"I? I?" said Benny astonished. "Why, what lesson could I teach you all?"

And the pastor tearfully answered, "Patience; the lesson of patience, Benny."

At this little Benny smiled all over his face. What a surprise! What a joy! Then, after all, he *had* been doing some work for Christ.

I think his tired, sad heart was comforted. I think he saw everything in a new light, and the sick-room had more of Christ in it, and heaven came nearer. A few days afterwards little Benny's tired spirit went home to God.

Dear children, there are many ways of working, and perhaps we are doing most when most unconscious. Hence it would not be wise or right for us to say for ourselves what is work and what is not work for God. What we want to learn rather is, that because children have their own work to do in the world, they must daily prepare for it, and value the hours as they pass. Do you not think it would help us to rise in the morning when we feel "*so* tired," and "as if we really *must* turn over and have another sleep," if we remembered that our hours belong to God? Think! the difference between rising at six and at eight in forty years, supposing the one who does it goes to bed about the same time each night, means nearly *ten years* added to your life.

Once there was a little errand-boy in a gentleman's house who was so dull and stupid that the servants asked for his dismissal. He was "slow" and "tiresome," "quite unequal to his work." The lady of the house looked at the old, smileless face of the little boy and felt tenderly sorry for him. Perhaps he had a sad home; perhaps life dragged wearily with him. She pleaded with her servants to be patient with poor Jimmie, doubtless he would do better in time; and she thought and planned for Jimmie's better care. She gave him clothes, and arranged that he should carry away his dinner from her house to school; for as he was her servant, though but an errand-boy, was it not her privilege to take thought for him in all things wherein he lacked? Jimmie was not unthankful, but still his face was sunless, and he lived as if a long way off from everyone, and his work was badly done, or even sometimes silently neglected. But there came a day when that lady's little son—a sunny-hearted boy of ten—bounded to his mother with a beaming face.

"What *do* you think, mamma?" he said with glowing cheeks. "I saw our little Jimmie in the hall just now, and he looked so sad, so strangely sorrowful, that I just wondered if it were because he had none to love him. So I went up to him and put my arm around him, and I—I gave him a kiss; and, do you know, he started, and he smiled, and I asked him to give me one back again, and he did—such a gentle one, and I whispered, 'Little Jimmie, *I love you*, and I'm going, if mamma will let me, to give you some of my very own toys to play with,' and Jimmie cried and looked so glad."

That lady's little boy had never thought when he followed the noble impulse of his heart that he was doing work for God, but so it was. His kiss and kindly words awoke the slumbering soul in Jimmie's breast. From that time he was a different boy; he lived to please his little master. Oh, how he would scrub his hands and face, because his little master "would like to see him clean." How earnestly he persevered with his work, because Master Harry would be glad! It came quite naturally for the servants in that house from that time to speak little Jimmie's praises, where once they had proclaimed his shortcomings. Little Jimmie is a round-faced, sunny-hearted lad to-day, and as he himself has been made happy, he longs to do his part to bless others.

Light and love belong to each other. God is love, and to know Him and walk in His light, bringing that light to dark lives and sunless faces, we must *love* Him. Children's lives, when they are in the right, are like candles burning in the little corners of the world to give light to others.

"Jesus bids us shine
With a calm pure light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night;
In this world of darkness
So let us shine,
You—in your small corner,
I—in mine."

FIFTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Our blest Redeemer."
Lesson: Proverbs xvi. 1—9.
Text: "Commit thy works unto the Lord."

Many great and beautiful things are being done every day, all the world over, which too often pass out of mind and are forgotten, although their helpful teaching can never be lost upon those who at the time were in any sense touched by them. One such bright deed belongs to many years ago in North America. Let me try and tell it, as it was told to me by a poor woman who at that time lived in the village of which my story speaks. This village lay in a valley; high

above it, the wonderful work of man's hands, was a large reservoir, which supplied water to a more distant neighbourhood. It was the duty of one in charge of this reservoir to watch it carefully, to see its banks continued well closed in and strong. A crack here, or yielding there, would be speedily attended to, and all danger of a broken bank would be quickly averted. But one morning early the man in charge was terrified to find that, owing probably to late heavy rains, a portion of the reservoir was giving way: a few hours, perhaps minutes, and the waters would break loose from their fetters. Dismayed at the discovery, he ran with haste to one in authority (who lived within easy reach) to ask advice, and, while knocking eagerly at his door, the milkman, busy on his early rounds, came up to ask the cause of his excitement.

"Excitement, man!" he gasped, "another hour, or may be few minutes only, and the reservoir waters will be loose; the bank is breaking!"

"Eh! eh!" said the milkman thoughtfully, "flowing waters carry death to the valley; the village yonder must be warned."

Without another moment's thought, forgetful of his milkcans and his morning work, the good milkman took his little pony out of the shafts of the milk cart, mounted his back, and putting him into a quick gallop, sped down the high road towards the village in the valley. Many little hamlets were scattered by the way; hence as he rode by he shouted as loudly as his voice could cry, "Run for your lives, the reservoir is breaking! Run for your lives, the reservoir is breaking!" And the startled people came to their doors to listen. Only one moment thus, and with a terrified cry they fled with their children to the distant hills, for even as the milkman spoke there came, as the echo to his words, a strange roar, a gurgling sound, which once heard—and these villagers *had* heard it once before, long years back—can never be forgotten. It spoke so plainly, did this sound, of trouble and of death, that even strong men quailed with fear. On went the brave milkman. The waters were so near all could not be saved, but even if his own life were to be lost in the effort, all must be *warned*. . . . .

The poor woman, when telling me this story, wept bitterly when she reached this point.

"Many were warned in time," she said, "and thanked God for the brave milkman's efforts, but—but it came too late to some homes, the water followed so quickly, or came before the warning could be given. My bonnie three, my *all*—two little boys and one little sister—were drowned before either their father or I could get at them. He was at his work in the field, and I was nursing a sick neighbour a mile down the road. They were buried with some thirty other little children the Sunday after. Ah, but it was a touching sight. In the little Sunday-school that day they placed the coffins side by side. The children sang the hymn—

"'Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A joyful, happy band,
Singing glory! glory! glory!'

They sang it as well as they could for their tears, bless them; for the death-sleeping children in those little coffins had sung themselves the same hymn only the Sunday before. . . . Whenever I think of it I think how many more homes might have been robbed of the children by those cruel waters but for the milkman."

Then the mother told me how her great sorrow turned to her great joy, for, thinking of her little children as at home with the good Father above, she had dwelt within the warm sunshine of God's heart of love, until her own heart was warm with His love, and her life full of its shining.

Now do you not think this is a story worth remembering? Think how much that brave milkman did by *doing his best*. He *might* have said, "I am only a milkman; other people could do the work better. I have only a pony, a horse would run much more quickly. . . ." People anxious to make excuses are always sure to find plenty. Sometimes boys and girls are too ready to find an excuse for leaving to other people that which they might very readily do themselves. Perhaps if they could only once really believe that what I am saying is true, namely, that children have their work to do in the world, perhaps *then* they would be more anxious to *do their best* in every possible way to help other people.

Commit thy works unto the Lord. Ask the Lord Jesus every day to take care of what you *do*, that your life may be lived not selfishly, but for others; and you shall know the great joy, however young you may be, of being a "worker together with God" in winning the sad and the selfish "out of darkness into His marvellous light."

"Be good—and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
Making life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song!"

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE PRESSURE OF HIGHER EDUCATION UPON WOMEN.

DR. WITHERS-MOORE, in his presidential address to the British Medical Society, was fortunate in selecting a subject in which all fathers and mothers must feel a deep and practical interest; and, indeed, not only those who are parents, but all of us are vitally concerned in any question which has to do with the future health and well-being of our race. So far as his protest was directed against excessive educational pressure, and against the nervous exhaustion which is the outcome of prolonged competitive examinations, it secures the sympathy of all sensible people; and it is undoubtedly true that nothing can more seriously unfit the girls of to-day to be the wives and mothers of to-morrow than wear and tear of this kind. But Dr. Withers-Moore seems to set down to examinations evils due to very different causes—the results of early and excessive dissipation, of the attempt to combine school and society. Late hours, dances, and social excitement have quite as much to answer for as examinations, as every doctor and teacher knows, to say nothing of the follies of fashionable dress, which often go far to make health impossible. And in the rear lies the great and formidable question which must be faced. Thousands of the girls who are growing up cannot, and will not, marry. Are they to be left to meet the world without the training and preparation necessary to secure them against miserable privation and want? Of course not. They must be made ready to fight the battle of life for themselves, and it need involve no sacrifice of health or strength if they will live simply, dress sensibly, and work thoroughly and regularly. In almost all cases we have known in which girls have broken down under their work, their collapse has been due either to an attempt to live two lives at the same time, or to the morbid vanity of their parents, who thought too much and talked too much about the results of examinations, thus giving them an undue importance and fostering the nervousness which is the sure forerunner of failure.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND POLITICAL OFFICE.

The appointment of Mr. Henry Matthews to the office of Home Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Government produced an outbreak of resentment, even among many of the members of his own political party, which conclusively proved that the religious intolerance of past days is not yet extinct; it has grown perceptibly weaker, but it still survives. Such a chorus of rhetoric and rodomontade has not been heard for a long time. Metaphor and menace were mixed in the most marvellous way. "Setting suns" were "tolling knells for England's departing glory;" Rome had "fettered freedom," and "put out the light of truth." We were warned to prepare for the dungeon and the stake, and all the horrors of the Inquisition. It is all very ludicrous and very sad. A Catholic like Mr. Matthews may vote as an elector, canvass as a candidate, sit in the House of Commons as a representative; he may even by right of birth enter the House of Lords as a Peer. But the moment that visible and acknowledged authority is put into his hands he becomes dangerous. He will serve the Pope, we are told, and betray his country; that is, of course, in case the claims of Church and patriotism should come into conflict. But in that event, which, at any rate at present, does not seem very probable, a man of high character—and an Englishman does not lose his ordinary moral virtues through being or becoming a Catholic—would resign office and save his conscience. Catholicism does not involve the immoral casuistry with which it has at times become associated. The only question now at issue in which Mr. Matthews's religious views are likely to affect his conclusions is the question of religious education; and on that most of his bitterest opponents are in sympathy with him to a certain extent: where they differ from him is that they are unwilling to concede to Catholic Ireland what they claim for Churchmen in England—the power to teach children in their own schools at the expense of the State.

EPISCOPAL INCOMES.

The discussion about the incomes of bishops which has filled a good deal of space in several newspapers during the last few weeks has been singularly senseless—on one side. A long array of figures giving the amount of personal property left by forty bishops who died between 1856 and 1885, tabulated and averaged, does not supply an ounce of proof to establish the theory that in our days bishops are paid too much and their subordinates too little. For, to start with, no attempt is made, or could be made with any success, to distinguish the amounts derived respectively from private fortune and from the income of the see in any particular case. And till recently, at any rate, men who became bishops were often headmasters of great public schools, or professors in the universities, so acquiring a fortune before their appointment to the episcopate. Above all, it is important to remember that by far the larger number of the bishops included in the table were men who belonged to an older generation, and did their work and filled their place in the world before new standards of generosity and new claims on their munificence were known and recognised. To-day it is not too much to say that a bishop must be comparatively a poor man, that the demands upon his income will more than exceed its capacity, and that if he is to leave his family in decent comfort he will have to be rigidly careful in his personal expenditure. Increase the stipends of

curates and the income of poorer livings if we can, but without reducing incomes which have been reduced more than enough already.

MEDICAL STUDENTS AND THEIR PERILS.

We are beginning to recognise the perils of great cities and the countless dangers and temptations which beset the young and inexperienced who are taken away from quiet homes and set down in the midst of vast crowds of strangers without help or control. The letters upon the condition of medical students in London recently published in the *Times* show the anxiety which wise parents feel. They know too well that their boys, if "left to themselves," as the phrase goes, are really left to what is not themselves at all, to vice, and folly, and unwholesome influence. And even when they do not drift into positive evil, very many finding themselves free from any pressure to work except for an examination which always seems far away until it is close at hand, fritter away their time and talent, and never succeed in winning the position and the skill that ought to have been theirs. The real need is that every great medical school should have houses of residence in connection with it; those who need such protection would find it there, while others of riper years or more solid character would still be free to choose their own quarters; compulsion and rigid uniformity of system would do almost as much harm as good. The great thing is to give protection to those who need it. The value which parents attach to supervision of this kind is shown by the remarkable rise of the medical school at Cambridge; for though much of its success is due to the eminence and the power of the teachers trained and imported by the university, no less is to be attributed to the fact that the college system insures to each student a tutor who will advise and aid in case of need, and exercise a judicious oversight without vexatious interference.

SAFETY IN MINES.

In spite of all the precautions suggested by science and experience, the condition of our coal mines can hardly be considered as satisfactory; and as considerably more than half a million men were employed in them during 1885, to increase safety and lessen danger is a matter of momentous importance. Some perils, no doubt, it is almost impossible to obviate; and of 1,807 accidents which occurred in the course of the year, by far the larger proportion was due to sudden falls of coal from the top or sides of the workings. Of such disasters we hear comparatively little. They carry off their victims one by one; and it is only when death occurs on a large scale by flood or explosion that public interest is stirred and excited. But even if we could prevent the losses due to explosions, we should do much, for in 1885 twenty-five explosions of fire-damp caused 314 deaths out of a total of 1,150. To remove a single source of danger is a positive gain. The miners' lamp is, of course, the critical point; and the accident at the West Leigh Colliery has proved beyond all doubt that some explosions, at any rate, are to be attributed to the incomplete protection given by the "Davy" lamp commonly used in coal mines: the lamp is a safeguard under most conditions, but not in all. John Wooley, who, in spite of terrible injuries, survived the explosion at West Leigh, has confirmed what has for long been suspected: he is the first man who has seen the origin and cause of an explosion and has lived to tell the story. His escape may secure the safety of others who face the same danger, for now that the weak point is known a more perfect defence can be secured.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

OUR TROUBLES IN BURMAH.

Before we have heard the last of Burmah and our troubles there, we shall probably come to hate the very name of the country as intensely as we now do the name of Egypt. It has proved a complete pitfall. We have been lured on and on imperceptibly, till now we have gone too far to extricate ourselves either with safety or honour. So far from restoring order we have made confusion worse confounded. When we entered the country it had a bad ruler and a bad law; now it for all practical purposes is lawless and unruled. We have more than 35,000 troops in the country, but as yet they have done nothing, and in the very district which they occupy, one incident after another proves that the people hate us and suspect us. Theebaw was a bloodthirsty tyrant, but he was one of themselves; we are strangers and foreigners. And worst of all, there seems to be some reason for this hostility and suspicion. We have not been fortunate in our representatives. Gross inhumanity has been proved in one case: one officer has been accused of extorting evidence by terrorism, and another appears to have defied justice and law equally in his official capacity. Everything which we hear at home tends to heighten the impression that we have undertaken a task beyond the strength of capable men, and have set incapable men to attempt it. If we are to win our way in such a country, it can only be by slow degrees, and by teaching the people to recognise that our justice is as inflexible as our law.

THE VATICAN AND CHINA.

The resentment produced in France by the announcement that the Pope is sending a Nuncio to represent the Vatican at Pekin is certainly remarkable, and nothing could be more strange than the contrast between the policy of the Republic towards Catholicism at home and Catholicism abroad. *Le cléricalisme c'est l'ennemi*, said one of her foremost politicians some years ago, and in France the most practical application has been given to this view. Municipality and government have vied in hostility, not only to clericalism but to the church, and in the heat and confusion of controversy, religion itself has

been identified with the religious orders. But the moment that we cross the seas, everything is changed. There the priests are the pioneers of colonisation; the French flag can follow where they lead; they succeed where governments and expeditions fail. So abroad Catholicism is not only tolerated but actually encouraged, as a force that extends the territory and the power of the nation. And since in China the Catholic Church numbers more than a million converts, with forty bishops and six hundred priests, it can be easily understood that the French Government cannot lose the prerogative and the prestige of protecting this large and important community without regret. But the Pope is resolute, and he has already learned by experience how dangerous to the progress of the Catholic faith it is that it should be associated and identified with a European power that has come into conflict with China, and may do so again.

AN ITALIAN IMPOSTOR.

A few weeks ago the Italian newspapers were full of the doings of a wonderful Franciscan monk, whose enthusiasm and eloquence were so fervid as to win for him the title of "The New Savonarola." For the moment his influence was wonderful. He swayed vast multitudes with his words. When he entered a city, business was suspended; in the colleges, classes and lectures were adjourned. Father Augustine was the one interest that dominated men's minds. So sudden a rise has been followed by as sudden a fall. The "new Savonarola" was found to be an impostor; his antecedents were scandalous; he had been translating Père Giraud's famous discourses and delivering them as his own. He was hissed out of the church which his admirers had crowded the day before, and has closed his career in obloquy and shame. Such an event is most unfortunate for the cause of religion. One false teacher can do infinite harm, especially when the breach between the Church and the people is already wide.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES IN UGANDA.

The letter from Père Lourdel, republished from *Missions Catholiques*, in the Church Missionary Society's *Intelligencer*, has a special interest just now, since it enables us to see a side of the work at Uganda with which we are less acquainted than with our own. There can be no doubt that the presence of Catholic and Protestant Evangelists side by side in a heathen country like Uganda enormously increases the danger and difficulty of mission work; but at the same time it is clear that in the recent period of peril Père Lourdel and those with him proved themselves loyal and true. For some time, even after Bishop Hannington's murder, they were not involved in the suspicion with which the king regarded the English missionaries, and they did all they could to protect all those working for Christ in the place. But, unfortunately, a slight failure in a medical prescription brought them into danger also, and their influence was lost, one of their converts being actually burned to death at the stake. Like the English missionaries, they were resolute in the presence of peril, and they baptized one hundred and thirty-four of the converts whom they had been keeping under instruction; and had not the crisis passed by they would have baptized many more. Now, however, for the moment they do not anticipate evil. From a conversation with the king, reported by Père Lourdel, it is easy to see where the danger lies, and how easily the Arab slave-dealers might work on his fears. "I am the last king of the Buganda," said he; "the white men will lay hands on my country after my death, though while I live I shall know how to stop them. But after me the line of negro kings of Buganda will come to an end." Very much of Mwanga's cruelty and treachery is due to fears like these.

MISSIONARIES FOR MADAGASCAR.

The war in Madagascar did not stop mission work in the island, though it threw an additional burden upon those who were labouring there. For men threatened at any moment with the peril of invasion are not free to go about their ordinary work as they would in time of peace, and a struggle of the kind must naturally absorb the thoughts and interests even of those who cannot take an active part in it. Now, however, the war is over, and a fresh force is going out, not before it is needed, to relieve and to sustain those who have served so well. Mr. Richardson, a veteran missionary and scholar, who has done more than any one else to reduce the Malagasy language to system, and to make it easy for Europeans to learn, returns with them, and among the party is a grand-daughter of Dr. Moffatt, giving herself to the work which has made other generations of her family famous.

A STORY OF WORK.

Mr. McFarlane, who has recently returned to England from New Guinea on furlough, is a living answer to the charges of idleness and incompetence which unscrupulous ignorance sometimes flings against missionaries. He has been the pioneer, not of one, but of two successful missions. In 1859 he went out to Lifu, laboured there till 1871, and from then till now has been one of the foremost workers in civilising and evangelising New Guinea. He has "reduced four languages to writing, has translated the whole of the New Testament into one of them, and two of the Gospels into another. He has baptized five thousand converts, organized fifteen native churches, established two training institutions, and sent out nearly one hundred young men as native teachers." Add to this that he has acted as explorer, naturalist, and diplomatic agent, and we have even then an incomplete summary of the work which has been crowded into less than thirty years.

AFFAIRS IN ZULULAND.

The Rev. Owen Watkins, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, has made an expedition into Zululand, and he gives a pathetic picture of the condition of a nation once great and powerful but now reduced to weakness and poverty, having lost both their land and their power. "The condition of Zululand," he says, "is simply deplorable, and the only thing which can save even a remnant of the nation is the Gospel of Christ." Mr. Watkins suffered unusual hardships and straits by the way, being reduced to the utmost extremities from lack of food. He was not entirely successful in his quest, for while he did not meet with a direct refusal to allow him to establish missionaries in the country, he was not able to get a clear and satisfactory permission. Authority in the nation is divided. The king, Dinizulu, is young and weak, "mild and gentle in disposition, and hardly likely to be able to rule the fierce Zulus and make them again a great people." The real power is in the hands of Dabuka and 'Nyaman, his uncles, and they could be induced neither to meet in council nor to come to an independent decision. The general impression, however, which the account bears is that a mission may ultimately be established in Zululand. The one fear is that it may come too late to save the people from utter ruin.

THE INDIANS OF METLAKATLA.

The detailed and clear account of the troubles at Metlakatla given in the *Intelligencer* of last month, shows how difficult it must often be to preserve a complete harmony of aim and method between those who direct the policy of our great missionary societies at home and those who carry it out abroad; and yet for all that, cases of complete rupture are very rare, patience and tact clearing away many causes of discord that at first sight might have appeared fatal. In the case of Metlakatla the Church Missionary Society have shown wonderful patience and good sense. The case was clear, but no action was taken precipitately or without due consideration. The fact was that Mr. Duncan, their representative, who had done splendid work there in the early days of the mission, was determined to be the autocrat of the settlement and to ignore all other authority. He stood out against the rules of the Society. He would not administer the Lord's Supper to his converts; he insisted upon substituting a service of "blessing" for baptism; he would not make a written translation of the Bible, alleging the poverty of the native language in ideas and expression, though that obstacle did not prevent him from translating passages and texts on the spur of the moment. The "material and secular" elements of the mission seem to have superseded the spiritual side. So far did opposition go, that those who did not join him in his antagonism to the Society were exposed to most wanton and shameful persecution, against which at the moment there was no defence. Now, however, the Indians belonging to his party, in their eagerness to get possession of the land, have so far denied and infringed upon the rights of the government that an official resident has been appointed who will supersede Mr. Duncan in the administration of law and deal justly and fairly by both sides. It is a melancholy cloud upon the history of a once-flourishing mission.

IV.—A MEMORIAL RECORD.

THE REV. W. J. E. BENNETT.

Another of the foremost actors in what is generally known as the Oxford Movement has passed away; for, as the *Church Times* points out, "Mr. Bennett was as much the leader of the Revival in the country as Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey were its leaders in the Universities." Of course he did not lead thought in the same way that they did; his chief work was to translate their views into the life of an active parish priest, and to embody theories of ritual and architecture in a parish church; and he had to bear the brunt of popular antagonism. By this time, except among older men, or those who have an interest in the religious history of their country, the conflict which began with the foundation of St. Barnabas Church, in London, is as forgotten as Lord Russell's once-famous Durham Letter and the notorious Papal Bull promulgated by Cardinal Wiseman, which intensified excitement and infuriated passion. So fiercely did the current of Anti-Catholic feeling run at that time, that once identified with the unpopular cause, the strongest man could not hold his ground. Mr. Bennett found himself compelled to resign his living and withdrew to a position of comparative seclusion at Frome; even this appointment arousing a new storm. There he laboured for years, and had it not been for the famous case which lasted from 1868 to 1872, in which Mr. Bennett appeared as defendant, the world might almost have forgotten him. But once arraigned on a charge of teaching heretical doctrine, he was soon as famous as ever; his views upon the "Real Presence" in the Eucharist were canvassed as eagerly as if they had been political utterances of some great statesman, and the final verdict of the Privy Council was awaited with eager interest. Both sides claimed the victory. Mr. Bennett's friends could plead that their champion had been acquitted, and allege a triumph on that score, while his opponents were not slow in pointing out that the issue had not declared the doctrines attributed to Mr. Bennett to be legal, but merely that he had not professed the Romanist doctrines attributed to him. But no impartial observer can fail to see that the net result of the struggle was a substantial gain for the High Church party. Mr. Bennett had fixed a mark in the doctrine of the Eucharist to which it was now safe for others to advance in their public teaching, and such a mark once fixed could not easily be removed. For this reason he will ever hold a prominent place in all future histories of the English Church.

"One by one they approached the sofa."

Page 719.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER LXII.—A NEW MEMBER OF THE GOOD-WILL.

ONE glance Fergus O'Donnell had got into his daughter's heart, but after that one swift insight—when through the wide-opened and agonised blue eyes he had read the fact that the warmest and most devoted nature in the world had found its chosen mate—neither he nor anybody else saw token or symbol that Ellen suffered especially from Arundel's absence. The proud girl gave no sign that she was wounded, and day after day went to her work, doing a little more than usual, throwing herself into every breach, and allowing her gentle tact and sympathy to bridge over every difficulty. She would listen gravely to the most minute and harrowing details with regard to Arundel's probable fate; she would discuss him by the hour with Miss Ellerslee, and even that acute young woman could detect no faltering in the voice nor undue emotion in the sweet eyes. Even her father began to think he was mistaken in the *acolleen*, and to believe that her heart was still his own; not one guessed that that heart was silently bleeding to death, for this wild mountain girl had something of the attributes of the racehorse, and would work until she dropped.

It was therefore to the unbounded astonishment of the people of the Good-will Society when Ellen O'Donnell, who was never known to have a day's illness in her life, suddenly turned deathly white in the midst of her scholars, and, calling Oscar's name in a piteous fashion, fell down in a heap on the floor with her head against the great stag-hound's neck.

She had fainted. Of course the bustle and confusion and excitement were immense; but Miss Ellerslee, to whom the sight was an instant revelation, took the reins of authority without a moment's delay. She administered the proper restoratives, and when Ellen at last opened her dazed eyes, she looked at her in a calm, matter-of-fact manner as though nothing at all remarkable had occurred.

"I suddenly felt very weak, as if my heart would stop," said Ellen; "and—and—I don't think I can do any more work to-day. I should like to go home and go to bed, please, and may Oscar stay in my room?"

"Yes, dear; you shall be driven home directly; and may I come as well as Oscar? may I sit with you, too, for a little?"

"Thank you very much — not to-day, please; I just want Oscar alone to-day. And you won't let my father think there is anything wrong, will you? for there isn't really. I am only tired; I shall be all right to-morrow."

But many morrows passed, and Ellen O'Donnell was not all right. Her untiring energy had given place to the utmost languor, such unnatural languor that even her interest in the Good-will Society was satisfied with a feebly-asked question or two.

Neither doctors nor friends could find out what was wrong, for the patient complained of neither pain nor ache, and expressed no special wish on any subject whatever.

But for Miss Ellerslee, the Good-will Society would now have suffered complete collapse. This young lady had, as she truly expressed it, at last found her mission. Her unbounded resources, her brilliancy, and her absolute genius for management, came now to her aid and helped to overcome the serious difficulties which her want of knowledge of the people must otherwise have led her into.

Miss Biddy and she were by this time firm allies, Miss Biddy pronouncing her a fine, bouncing, warm-hearted creature, and she privately informing Selina Marsh that she intended to enter Miss Biddy's name in her visitor's list under the heading, "A dear original."

Poor Miss Selina had got over her first terrible frights, and tried in her small way to help her dear Margaret. But the most substantial and valuable assistance came from an unlooked-for quarter. One day Geoffrey rode up to the Cave of Good-will, and, showing his handsome face, to the unbounded delight and astonishment of every man, woman, and child on the premises, demanded boldly to see Miss Ellerslee. She came out to the door of the cave at once.

"I want to become a member of the Good-will."

"I don't think you can, Mr. O'Donnell; if I remember aright, the rules of our immaculate society prohibit the foot of a Red Glen man finding entrance here."

"But I am not a Red Glen man."

"What do you mean?"

"No, seriously; my father and I have given up the Society; we have our suspicions, though, alas! no clue, and I for one could not look any of them in the face again and believe that they had anything to say to the injuring of a hair of Philip Arundel's head. I trust and hope I am mistaken in the fellows, for I have known most of them from my infancy, but I confess I have a nasty feel about the whole thing. My father shares that feeling, and we have thought it best to drop the whole concern."

"But your vow, Mr. O'Donnell?"

Geoffrey smiled, and looked his questioner full in the face. "There are times when a vow is better broken than kept; this is one of them. Now may I become a Good-will man and at your beck and service, fair lady?"

Something very like tears came into Margaret's eyes. "How can I say yes or nay?" she answered; "the society belongs to Philip and Ellen, and, alas! they are both absent."

"That is so, but I told Eileen last night that I had left the Red Glen, and she brightened up for a minute or two, poor darling, and said at once, 'Then you will join Margaret Ellerslee in her work.'"

"In that case come with a right royal welcome," said Miss Ellerslee, extending her hand. "I need not say how your own people will welcome you."

This fact was indeed true, and the cheers and demonstrations and ecstasies of the men and women as they crowded round "young Inchfawn himself," as they would dub the handsome youth, exceeded Miss Ellerslee's wildest ideas of Irish enthusiasm.

CHAPTER LXIII.—ST. KATHERINE'S WELL.

THERE were many legends of old Inchfawn which were poured, during these days, into the highly receptive ears of Miss Ellerslee.

As this young lady meant to take up the Irish cause, and make it in short her mission, all things pertaining to Ireland were of more or less interest to her; and though she did not pretend to believe half of what the loquacious people told her, yet a few of their stories did cling tenaciously to her memory. There was one tale in particular, which filled her with a sense of revulsion and indeed horror, for she was assured that the cruel practice was still carried on, and the legend appertaining to it firmly believed in.

Driving one day over a very neglected and grass-grown road, her jarvey, Red Joe, pointed out to her a rudely constructed cross, cut out of solid stone, and erected at the entrance to a well.

Round the cross were some chains, which went down right into the well.

"Ay," said Red Joe, pointing it out, "and there's the blessed well of the holy St. Katherine. Oh sure, and 'tis the wonderful cures that has been performed here by the blessed saint herself."

"What kind of cures, Joe?" asked Margaret in her easy, pleasant voice.

"Oh! wisha then, me lady—'tis I'm proud to tell yez. Do you mark, miss, how the well lies; 'tis so near to the beautiful Lough Swilly lake, that at high tide the water runs in from underneath, and almost fills it, but by the same token, m'lady, when the tide's run out, there is scarcely a drop at all in the blessed well, only what little is left is swate and pure and fresh, as the owld potheen used to be, or as yourself for the mather of that. At low water the well's not a bit salt, m'lady."

"But what cures does it effect?" asked Margaret.

"Cures!" echoed the man, "why it's as thrue as I'm sitting on this side-car with ye, that when the water's run out of the well—that's at the low tide ye minds—St. Katherine herself comes down, and if there's a tile off a poor body's head, she puts it on again as nate as you please."

"A tile?" echoed Margaret.

"Oh! well, miss—begging your honour's pardon, 'tis a way we has o' spaking o' the poor lunatics—there's many a poor demented man and woman has got their sinses back by a visit to St. Katherine's well. I have seen three with my own eyes, and niver a crack could you find in them from that day out."

"But how is it managed?" asked Margaret.

"Well, miss, there's but one way of managing the job—the poor demented craythur is brought to the well, and the chain's fastened round its waist, and it is dropped down into the well when the tide's low, and every minute as the tide rises and rises, it gets better, and if so be as it lives till the next tide, why it's cured; but the quare thing about it is this, miss, that thim as drop it in must go away and lave it, and say nothing to nobody, and the demented poor sowl must trust to the chance of a stranger going by to rescue it."

"But suppose no stranger does pass by," said Margaret, her eyes dilating with horror; "you tell me that the well is deep, and that it nearly fills with the high tide."

"Then, me lady, 'tis the will of the Almighty as the craythur should be drowned."

This story impressed itself deeply on Margaret Ellerslee's mind, more particularly as she was assured by more than one of the Inchfawn folks that the well was often still used in the case of lunatics. So horribly did the story impress her, and so helpless did she find herself in her efforts to show the country-folks the sin of this barbarous proceeding, that she made up her mind to pass the well every day on her road home.

Something far stronger than instinct must have guided Margaret Ellerslee in this desire.

One wet and drizzling day, as Red Joe was letting his tired beast walk slowly along within a yard or two of the devoted well, Margaret heard something which caused her heart to beat violently and made her clutch her driver's coat-sleeve with frantic energy.

"Stop, Red Joe, stop, for Heaven's sake! there is some one in the well."

Low and faint like a spirit voice on their ears came a few broken words—

"Safe on his gentle breast,
On his gentle breast."

Margaret flew from the car, and the next moment the emaciated form of a girl was lying on the bank.

"Sure then is it glory at last?" said a voice; "and mother dear, have you forgiven Nora now?"

"Why then I never," exclaimed Red Joe, "if it isn't that little witch Nora Mahoney herself—why I wonder who has been doing this? I never knew there was a tile loose on her purty head—but never mind me, dear; now, never mind. The blessed St. Katherine herself has put you right now, honey."

Nora's dark eyes, which had opened wide for a moment, were closed and she lay like one dead on the bank.

"Wrap this fur cloak around her," said Miss Ellerslee, her voice trembling with agitation and scarcely concealed anger—"oh! the cruelty, the barbarous cruelty of this; but the girl, whoever she is, is my charge now. Insane—what nonsense! she is as sane as I am, poor innocent lamb—here Joe, lay her full length on the car, and put all my furs over her—you must walk your horse—she could not bear the slightest jolting."

"And what will you do yourself, me lady, if Nora takes up the whole of the kyar in that fashion."

"Walk by her side, of course, and hold her hand. Poor child! poor child! but she is my charge from this day forth."

Miss Ellerslee when she reached the hotel instantly sent for her dear companion Miss Marsh.

"Selina," she exclaimed, "your mission has now arrived—you have got to take care of this young girl. Ah! look at her, she is just opening her eyes; thank God, she lives. Is it not a sweet and lovely face? Put her into my bed, Selina; she shall have my room which is aired and warmed, and I can have another prepared and made ready for to-night."

Miss Ellerslee did more than give a few directions to her companion. She had an interview with the capable English landlady which resulted in every attention being paid to the half-drowned and exhausted girl. Soon Nora was lying in a snug bed, and the daintiest and most nourishing food was given to her in tiny morsels at short intervals.

She slept and awoke, and once towards evening—letting her wonderful and pathetic eyes rest upon pretty little Miss Marsh—she said in a broken voice which could scarcely rise above a whisper,

"Sure then and is this Paradise, and are you the blessed St. Katherine?"

The next day, however, Nora was so far restored as to be able to tell a little of her story to Miss Ellerslee.

"After I had given Miss Eileen the warning, they found me—they took me out of Shela's stable and dragged me away and locked me up in a cave underground. Oh!" added the terrified girl, taking Miss Ellerslee's hand and clasping it convulsively, "don't let them take me away again—don't let them take me away again."

"No, no, dear," said Margaret, "you are absolutely safe with me."

"Oh! it was so dreadful—I cannot think of it at all—they wanted me to give up Miss Eileen, and they wanted to drag out of me what I had told her, but I wouldn't—no I wouldn't—hunger wouldn't make me, nor threats—nor—nor—love. They tried all, dear lady. They starved me till I near fainted, and they said all kinds of dreadful words, and at last they sent Patrick O'Flynn to me. Him as I used to think I would go to chapel with one day, lady. 'Twas harder to say no to him than to the hunger and to the threats—but I did manage, yes—I did. Then they said I must be mad, and they would try what St. Katherine's well would do—I thought maybe I was, and I

didn't much care. And when they dropped me into the well, I didn't seem to mind—and I thought it would be a good thing if poor Nora died—I weren't no use to nobody—and I had suffered such a deal, and when the water began to flow in, and came up and up and up—and came as high as my knees and then on to my waist, I felt more glad than sorry—and I kept saying to myself, maybe the blessed St. Katherine will come for poor Nora, for she will know that I did try to be faithful, and maybe she'll carry me up, and lay me right into the arms of the blessed Lord hisself. Miss Eileen taught me some words of a hymn once, and I kept saying them over and over—

'Safe in His arms,
Safe on His gentle breast.'

And then, lady dear, I don't remember nothing more until I found myself lying here, in this white, still room, and thought it was Paradise, and that St. Katherine had come and that Nora's troubles were over."

It was impossible, while listening to this broken tale, to interrupt it with any comments, and when Nora ceased speaking she seemed so exhausted, Miss Ellerslee felt that, even for Arundel's sake, she dared not question her any further. The energetic girl felt, however, a certain sense of relief, for she believed that this poor hunted-down child might give her the clue she wanted and enable her yet to rescue her kinsman.

Miss Ellerslee had made up her mind to obtain such a confession from the Irish girl as would help her to bring the men, whom she believed were implicated in Arundel's disappearance, within the power of the law. The whole matter, however, was yet to be taken out of Margaret's hands.

CHAPTER LXIV.—YOUR FAULT AND MINE.

When Geoffrey returned to his home he found his father, practically, a changed man. Geoffrey had brought good news with regard to the legacy left to Fergus O'Donnell; about two thousand pounds would be lodged to his account at the bank—and two thousand pounds, a short time ago, would have meant, to the old man, salvation. Now, O'Donnell received the news with indifference which amounted almost to apathy. The next day he spoke to his son.

"Look you here, my boy; in the old days the O'Donnells were a proud race and a strong. Never a man of them but was brave, never a woman but was the soul of purity and honour. I grant you, my lad, we were wild enough, and reckless enough, and lawless enough; and we'd scorn to save, and we'd scorn to pinch. I don't say but that we were wrong, for thrift has its virtues. Never an O'Donnell yet that would see the truth of that, but nevertheless it is beginning to dawn upon me now—me an old man with grey hairs. Look you here, Geoffrey, if your father, and his father before him, and his father again, back, and back, and back, had but given prudence the smallest chance for exercising herself, you'd be heir to Inchfawn now, my fine lad."

"We have agreed not to think about that, sir, you know," interrupted Geoffrey.

"Yes, yes, my boy, that's very fine to say, but are we doing it? For you and me, we have been thinking about it, and thinking about it, and we've had a hope in our hearts that we wouldn't let out, but that we fostered and fostered; and now, what I say to you is this, Geoffrey, let's drop it. For Heaven's sake, man, don't let you and me go back to the old place in dishonour!"

"What can you mean, father?" exclaimed Geoffrey in astonishment.

"Ay, lad, that's just it. What can I mean? *Acolleen's* eyes told me what I meant. No, no! I'll tell nothing more about my jewel, but I saw into her soul and it revealed to me what an old scoundrel her father was becoming. And if Ellen had not told me, Geoffrey," proceeded the Squire, rising and pacing the floor in great agitation, "the Red Glen men let in plenty of light. Boy, I went to see those fellows the other night. I knew 'em all. Why, bless you, Geoffrey, I had stood godfather to half of them; and I asked them a plain question. I asked them where that English lad was hidden; a brave lad and a true, who had done good not harm to me and mine, who had thrown his soul into the work of saving these wretches, and who had helped my sweet girleen to rescue the perishing and the dying? I asked them plain out, what they had done, my boy; and they—they *lied* to me."

"Surely—surely," said Geoffrey, his face turning white, "you don't believe that they—they, the men of the Red Glen, had anything to say to Philip's disappearance?"

"They lied to me that night, Geoffrey, me lad; I saw it in their craven faces, I heard it in their slippery tongues. Why they did it and how they did it, I know not; but I only do know that Fergus O'Donnell will never have one easy night until he finds out the fate of the Englishman."

"But this—this is more than horrible,"

said Geoffrey. "Why Arundel has just given up his life to these people."

"Look you here, Geoffrey, 'tis your fault and mine; yes it is, boy, yes it is. The Almighty thought it right to take away the old place from me: He punished me for my sins of thriftlessness, and I didn't like to be punished; that's about it. It seemed like breaking my spirit, and we O'Donnells could never stand that sort of thing, so I fretted about a bit, and I didn't urge you on to take up a profession; and so the fact was, Geoffrey, when the temptation came, and I saw a way of laying such a sin at that Englishman Brownlow's door as would force him to give up the old place, why I could not resist it, and that's plain. But now, look here, boy, the O'Donnells have had heaps of faults but they have never yet lost their sense of truth, and rectitude, and honour; and I tell you what, I will not hound down another man to get back a bit of property, and I won't tempt these poor wretches to sell their very souls to get me back what was once my own. If Brownlow is a smuggler, let him answer for it to his God and to the Revenue officers when they catch him, but I'll have neither part nor lot in the matter, and you've just got to go to-night, Geoffrey, to the Red Glen men and tell 'em what I have told you. Tell it in any way you please, only make it plain to them that Fergus O'Donnell prefers his honour to old Inchfawn. I am a Red Glen man no more; and if you are my true son, Geoffrey, boy, and worthy of the old race from which you've sprung, you will do as I am doing now."

God takes many ways of opening the eyes of His children to their danger. Geoffrey, no more than his father, had ever dreamt that he was on the verge of a moral precipice. One look into the eyes he loved best in the world had revealed this fact to the Squire: Geoffrey had still all a young man's loyalty for his earliest friend. In a moment the ugliness of the motives, which had influenced him during the last few months, was made plain. The colour rushed in a vivid tide to his face, then receded, leaving it deathly pale.

"If I could only believe," said Geoffrey, "that they were really capable of a tithe of this wickedness, do you suppose I would stay with them for an hour?"

CHAPTER LXV.—THE DARLING OF THEIR HEARTS.

The news of Ellen's illness spread gradually over the many miles of those lonely mountains where her footsteps had brought so much life and light and joy. One after another took it up, as they heard it, and carried the tidings a little farther and a little farther. Peasant women would stop at each other's doors and whisper the name they all loved, and shake their heads sorrowfully. With an Irish peasant to be ill at all means to their excited imagination—to die.

The people of Inchfawn said that Ellen O'Donnell would die. When they gave vent to this fear it became a sort of panic. Hollow and thin faces grew full of despair, little children turned away and wept, and mothers brushed their hands across their eyes. Even the wild men of the mountains spoke the beloved name in subdued whispers. No longer to see Ellen in their midst, no longer to catch a sympathizing glance from her face, no longer to feel that one heart at least beat for them and with them, gave these people a most absolute sense of desolation. Geoffrey they loved, old Inchfawn himself was very dear to them; but no one, no one was like Ellen herself.

Then it began to be whispered about that she was dying because of some cruelty inflicted by them. Some of themselves, some of their wild and lawless and desperate selves, had done something — something which broke the heart they loved.

It began to be dimly whispered around that the Red Glen men were at the bottom of Ellen's illness. The Red Glen Society, numbering about a hundred members, was supposed to have kept its counsels to itself, its deeds to itself, its secrets to itself; but little reports began to ooze out, and dim, fearful ideas began to get abroad that the Red Glen men were guilty of that which no Inchfawn person could ever forgive—the dangerous illness of Ellen O'Donnell.

The Red Glen men were, however, more feared than loved, and the unhappy and half-starved people dared not let out to them the suspicions which grew stronger every day.

These suspicions became certainties to their minds when Geoffrey and his father both left the Red Glen, and Geoffrey's admission to the Good-will Society caused such a wild reaction in its favour that the numbers who begged for admission became almost greater than Miss Ellerslee and he could manage. Only that young lady's unbounded wealth and Geoffrey's ready and popular wit could have kept the place, with its narrow capabilities, in any order under the present crisis. But money joined to wit can do any-

thing, and soon a second iron house was flourishing gaily, and the constant flow of busy and animated and contented life made the scene of the Good-will labourers' work a pleasant sight in these early April days. From far and near the people came, and the hands of the young labourers in the cause were truly full.

Meanwhile the Red Glen men held their meetings in their cave, and endured their privations and their misery as best they could. The land of plenty, the land which flowed with milk and honey, was truly at their very doors; but they would have nothing to say to it. They looked proudly forward to another paradise, and still hoped against hope that the old vanished days would return. When O'Donnell and Geoffrey deserted their ranks they bore the defection with outward stoicism, but with an inward resolve not to surrender their forlorn hope, and to force the Englishman, whom they hated, to leave the patrimony which they could never consider to be his. Oh, yes! O'Donnell would come back to the place, when it was free for him to come back to. No, it was utterly impossible for them to believe that O'Donnell would refuse to live at Inchfawn, if Inchfawn was ready for him to inhabit.

So the Red Glen men still watched the coast anxiously, and looked out for Brownlow's ships, and hoped to obtain a clue which would put the Revenue officers on the right scent. They believed their want of success in the past to be all due to Arundel, who was a spy, and who had put Brownlow on his guard; but now that Arundel was put safely out of the way, surely long patience and perseverance would meet their reward.

To the Red Glen men, too, however, came the gloomy news of Ellen's illness; it was whispered at their meetings, and an ominous dread began to fill them. They remembered some words Nora had let drop; they remembered how Nora had gone through sorrow and starvation and pain for the lady she loved. These wild men, these fierce women, knew that although Ellen had never joined them, although she had always kept herself aloof from even the shadow of their reckless ways, yet she dwelt in their hearts. They all of them, one and all, had memories of her—a broken toy given to Red Dan's child; a ride through torrents of rain to visit Mary Cronan when she was down with the rheumatism; her own pocket money, hoarded up and brought secretly to Molly Magee when she was unable to pay her rent.

These little memories came back to the Red Glen folks, joined to the thousand, thousand pleasant words, the sunny smiles for their joy, the tearful eyes over their distress, which made the girl, who was born in their midst, and had grown up amongst them, so dear to them all. It had been one of their happiest thoughts to picture Ellen back again at Inchfawn, to see her riding on Shela through the old gates, to meet her, accompanied by Oscar, on the well-known paths. But now, if reports spoke true, Shela and Oscar might return, but not Ellen O'Donnell. This would, indeed, be but half a triumph; this would be a victory scarcely worth troubling themselves to obtain.

One evening, as the gloomy and unhappy men were congregating in their cave, and Tom Doherty, who was the only one amongst them who could always secure a good meal, produced out of his pocket on this occasion nothing more substantial than a bottle of potheen, there came a knock, accompanied by the Red Glen signal, to the entrance of the cave. Tom let in the member, who, throwing aside her cloak, revealed the still gaunt features of Nora's mother.

"Ay, frinds and neighbours!" she exclaimed, "I has come back from the land of the dead and the place o' graves. Not a Red Glen man, not a Red Glen woman, brought me so much as a dhrop of wather. As the dogs die, I was dying; ay, I'm but wake yet, let me sit down."

The people hastily made way for her, for Mrs. Mahoney was more or less feared and dreaded by all.

"Who saved me?" she said, looking up at them, and fixing her eyes, burning like two coals, on the men and women who clustered around her—"who saved me, I say? Miss Ellen O'Donnell. Who bent over me in my dirt, in my desolation, and smiled on me like an angel from heaven? Miss Ellen. Who put food to my dying lips, and took the dress from her back to cover my shivering body? Miss Ellen. She gave no thought to her own troubles; but she toiled and spent herself over me, and my life came back to me, under the good food and the tender care. Miss Ellen did it—our own Miss Ellen, and I say this," continued Mrs. Mahoney, suddenly rising to her feet and speaking in her old voice of thrilling power, "that our Miss Ellen shall not die. You thought to give her back the bit of a place and the old rooms and the old times; but I tell you, men of the Red Glen, you know nothing, nothing at all of a woman, if you think some

land, however old, and a home, however dear, will satisfy her, when she is starving for a heart. There's the heart of one as we needn't name among us this night as is knit to the heart of our young lady, and I tell you, men of the Red Glen, that Mrs. Mahoney, who you know has a will of her own, won't leave a stone unturned until the Englishman is brought back."

CHAPTER LXVI.—THE FLOW OF THE TIDE.

On a certain mild day early in that same month of April, Ellen crept very slowly down-stairs, and seated herself on a straw couch which lay under the little verandah, that ran round the front of the small cottage. Here was a sheltered and sunny nook, and the sick girl, wrapping her scarlet cloak about her, sat very quiet, now and then touching Oscar's head with her thin fingers.

There was a lovely view of mountain and lake from the little verandah, and Ellen's soft sweet eyes rested on them with a tranquil and peaceful gaze. The mountains and lake of her childhood had always power to soothe her, and the slight oppression which never seemed to leave her heart, and the nameless dread which she scarcely dared whisper to herself, faded and gave place to a feeling of rest and security. Presently, leaning her head against the back of the couch, the tired girl went to sleep. She had scarcely closed her eyes, and her regular breathing had but just proclaimed that she had entered the land of dreams, when the faintest possible sound might have been heard at the back of her sofa, and a man stepped forward. Oscar was beginning to growl; but the man laid his hand with authority on the dog's head, looked into his eyes, and by some magic power which he possessed made the great stag-hound his partner and abettor in the scene about to be enacted. The man gave a quick glance at the sleeping girl, then softly and quite noiselessly slipped away, the dog following. He went down a little path which led by the side of the cottage, and entered a field, where about fifty or sixty waiting people were anxiously congregated.

"Now's your time," said Tom Doherty. "Miss Eileen is fast asleep, and there's not a sowl about the place, and the dog knows 'tis love as does it, and he'll be faithful. You can steal up now, one by one, Red Glen folks, and take a look at the swate face of our young lady. None of you dare to wake her; just one look, and come away. Oscar and me will wait in this field, and you go softly one by one."

The people did not need to be told to go softly; they pulled off their shoes, and one by one stole up the narrow path in single file, one by one they approached the sofa under the verandah, and one by one made silent room for the next neighbour, and returned as they had come.

It was the most solemn and pathetic sight in the world: the absolute devotion on the thin and haggard faces; the suppression of pent-up feeling on the part of the women; the men's hard, fierce eyes growing soft, and even one or two little children putting their fingers to their lips, and glancing with incredulous sorrow from the deathly pale face of their young lady to their mothers'. The little pageant lasted for about half an hour, and then Tom Doherty, desiring the people to retire to their homes and make no fuss, came back himself, accompanied by Oscar, to the verandah where the sick girl slept. Tom could be a careful nurse, and he intended to be one to-day. The stag-hound, with an unutterable sigh of love and content, stretched himself at Ellen's feet, and Tom sat on the edge of a chair, and, with his hands resting on his knees, gazed anxiously at his young lady.

In about half an hour Ellen opened her eyes, and, seeing Tom, she raised herself and smiled brightly.

"Oh, Tom! is that you indeed? and have you been here long? I have had a wonderful and happy dream, and I think—yes, I know that I am better."

"What was the drame about, Miss Eileen?" asked Doherty, bending forward and peering at her out of his short-sighted but bright eyes—"what was the drame about, mavourneen?"

"I thought the old love had come back, Tom, and my empty heart was filled, and I was satisfied."

"Sure, then, there is no one in all the counthry side is loved like our Miss Eileen," said the man.

"Ay," said Ellen, "I used to think so, until—until—but never mind. I used to think that those I loved so well loved me; but there came a fearful time, and a doubt and a terror, and those for whom I could have died seemed untrue. But don't talk of it, Tom; I cannot bear to talk about it. I have prayed that the pain and the terror might be taken away, and that the great wrong, the great wrong done to a good friend of ours may be forgiven."

"Ay," said Tom, speaking with fervour, "there is one way, and one only, by which a wrong done may be blotted out."

"Yes," said Ellen, her heart beating faster and her parted lips waiting for the reply.

"To undo it, Miss Eileen aroon, to put the wrong right. Yes," continued the man, rising to his feet, "you know what the ebb and the flow of the tide means; it may have seemed like the ebb of the tide of our love to you for a little bit, lady; but not now. I'm thinking, by some signs and tokens, as the flow is coming back, and you won't die, then, Miss Eileen."

CHAPTER LXVII.—WORDS TO MADDEN.

If there was any one who seriously and constantly missed young Brownlow it was Aunt Biddy. Not all the pleasures of having her jewel of a boy, Geoffrey, now constantly within reach: not all the interest she took in copying as far as possible Miss Selina Marsh's clothes; and not all the undoubted admiration she felt for that fine bouncing girl, Margaret Ellerslee, quite made up to her for the practical help John Henry had afforded. The soup was not so good as of old, and as the days went on poor Miss Biddy got rather tired of making it; the April weather was mild, and the atmosphere of the soup kitchen was really overpowering, so at last it came into that good lady's head that the time had really arrived for her to make a stand.

"It's just this, Biddy O'Donnell," she said to herself, "will you die in your pride, or will you sacrifice that which the holy Scripture calls sinful and obtain the help without which flesh and blood can hold together no longer?"

Miss Biddy came to the wise resolve that pride, as she expressed it, should have its fall, and that she herself—yes, she herself would go up to Inchfawn and find out what was the matter with that nice, agreeable young man, John Henry.

It is not to be supposed that Miss Bridget did not feel that she was sacrificing a great deal when she made this resolve; she fully expected that when she came in sight of the dear old place she should go off into violent hysterics, and she prepared herself for this emergency by putting in her pocket some sal volatile mixed with water and some strong smelling-salts; then, slipping on her new grey silk bonnet—which, alas! was only a caricature of Miss Marsh's and did not suit her full-blown face in the least—she set off. No one had noticed her when she slipped away from the soup kitchen, and she trusted that, unobserved, she might bring John Henry back with her, and that they might get through a vast amount of cooking that night.

"There's no doubt whatever that the poor boy has been neglected shameful," commented Miss Biddy; "nobody misses him, nobody asks for him, and of course his feelings are hurt, and why not?—but he always did take in a most becoming and gratifying manner to me; and I've but to say the word and he'll be back again as clean as a whistle."

Miss Biddy had now reached the imposing white gates which stood at the entrance to the beautifully kept carriage drive. Inside the gates was a porter's lodge, built of stone and in Gothic fashion. Miss Biddy stood stock still, clasping her hands, and her heart beating violently.

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed, "if that isn't enough to turn any woman's brain. In my day it was the tumble-down thatched cottage and the wooden gate with most of the bars knocked out, and the avenue a bit sloppy and weedy. Well, well, well! I don't like it. I call it a disgusting, shameful waste of money. What right have people of that class to live in stone houses built for all the world like a pattern of a church? A stone lodge, forsooth. Well, 'tis topsy-turvy we'll soon all be turned; and just to think of me—me, descended direct from the old kings, brought down to what I am! I have a good mind to go off in hysterics on the spot."

It is a known fact, however, that women will not indulge in these delightful vagaries of nature when no one is there to see, and, as there was not even a cowherd within sight, Miss Biddy choked back the lump in her throat, kept her sal volatile in her pocket, and walked steadily up the avenue.

"Well, well, well!" she exclaimed; "and where, in the name of fortune, is the old house gone itself? *That* Inchfawn? that the dear old tumble-down, rambling, pleasant place where I opened me young eyes and took my first young tottering steps; that? Why, that's a palace. Oh, Biddy! me woman, me woman, you have need of patience this blessed day."

Miss Biddy walked up the imposing flight of stone steps and looked in vain for the old knocker with which she could have sounded a rattling rat-tat; knocker, there was none; nor could she perceive any sign of a bell, for the white button in the wall, with the word "press" upon it, conveyed no meaning whatever to her intelligence.

"Well, here's a nice state of things," ex-

claimed the good woman. "Biddy O'Donnell comes to visit her old home, and she can't get in. Oh, I say! this is more than my temper will stand."

She looked round her vaguely and, seeing a small boy dressed in smart livery crossing the avenue, began to shout to him—

"I say, you little urchin, come along here this minute and show a lady how she is to get into this house."

The boy gazed saucily up at the grotesque figure, and did not pay much heed; and at this moment the oak doors themselves were opened wide, and a bevy of fashionably-dressed young ladies came out.

"Now, young misses," said Miss Biddy, "I suppose you are some of the new owner's daughters. Just have the goodness to tell me how I am to get attended to, at this hall door? Knocker, there is none; bell, there is none; and I must say it is mighty uncivil to keep a body standing on the steps with no means of getting in. 'Tis little you English know of Irish hospitality when you permit such a circumstance for a moment."

"Oh!" said Katie Brownlow, smothering an inclination to laugh and coming forward, "you should have pressed this bell, you know, and it would have been all right."

"Me press that bit of a button! sakes alive! what for? I wanted to get into the house, I tell you, child."

Here the other girls giggled audibly, and Katie, strangling her own mirth, made an innocent but unfortunate remark:—

"I expect you have come to see the servants; and if you will kindly go round by that side walk you will find another entrance. Shall I show you the way?"

Miss Biddy's face became fairly purple; she made a spasmodic effort to speak, but for a moment or two her rage was so great that no words would come. At last, stalking in front of the astonished girls, she dropped a profound curtsey, and the suppressed words came forth in a torrent.

"Look at me, young females of the fashionable world; look me well and full in the face, and say, if you dare, that I—I, Miss Bridget O'Donnell, of the ancient race of O'Donnell, late of the property of Inchfawn, in the county of Donegal, have come to visit one of your menials. Well, after that; after that, Biddy me woman, you'll never hold up your head again. Where's my sal volatile—where's my smelling-salts? Loose my bonnet strings, keep them well back out of the way because they are of a delicate colour, and there's a deluge of tears coming up. Now then, ease that front handkerchief a little; there, there, hold me tight, all four of you, or I'll fall. Me visit a menial!—me—me! Oh! Biddy, Biddy, 'tis your heart is broke to-day!"

The girls, who were now really terrified, dragged the injured lady into the hall, where her cries and screams speedily brought Mrs. Brownlow and John Henry on the scene.

"Ah! me broth of a boy," said Miss Biddy rising, and flinging herself into John Henry's arms, "and 'tis you that wouldn't see one who has royal blood in her veins abused. They wanted to send me to your menials. They—they don't know a real lady when they see her."

"Why, this is Miss O'Donnell," said young Brownlow, turning very red and looking confused. "Is anything—anything wrong, Miss Biddy?"

"Are you really one of the old O'Donnells?" said Mrs. Brownlow, coming forward and helping Miss Biddy to stand upright. "Oh, come now, girls, you acted quite shameful to the poor dear lady, and I am sure it's a name we all respect. Get you gone for your walk, you saucy hussies, get you gone. Now then, ma'am, if you'll allow me to conduct you to the dining-room, there is a sweet little bit of lunch I can have served up in a minute, and you'll want it, Miss O'Donnell, after the way your poor feelings were outraged."

Miss O'Donnell did not refuse this offer; she followed her hostess silently, now and then gasping back a last sob and looking over her shoulder to see if John Henry was following.

"Try if you can fancy the liver wing of this spring chicken, Miss O'Donnell. John Henry, help the peas, and we'll have a fresh bottle of champagne up in a minute."

"Good gracious! ma'am," exclaimed Miss Biddy, suddenly finding her voice, "you don't mean to tell me you have young fowl fit reared for the table at this time of year! and peas! well, 'tis past all belief. Won't Honora Macnaughten be in a rage when I tell her about the spring chickens? And this wing eats very tender and juicy, and does credit to your cook, whoever she may be. Yes, thank you, I'll have some peas. Oh my, no! none of them nasty pitatas; I can't bear pitatas out of their coats. What I like is a side-plate by the side of my own and to peel 'em nicely with my knife and fork. A nice, laughing pitata is not to be despised that way, I can tell you. No champagne, I thank

you, Mr. Brownlow; but if I might have a glass of good brown sherry."

After Miss Biddy had partaken of a really comfortable lunch, had forgotten her late fit of indignation, and had become, in short, quite jocose and merry, Mrs. Brownlow left her and John Henry to themselves, the good woman having informed the present mistress of Inchfawn that she had come over for the express purpose of having some private talk with her son.

"Now," she said, the moment they were alone, "tell me, what about the onions?"

"Onions? ah!" said John Henry in his most languid drawl, "did you find the flavour too strong in the curry just now?"

"Bother the curry!" said Miss Biddy, rising to her feet and coming over to the young man and giving him a sounding thwack on his shoulder. "What I want to know is this, young man—are you coming back to your work, or are you not? Is the soup to be made without your aid, and is Biddy O'Donnell to die in the din of battle for want of one whom she counted as her rightful companion?"

"You want me to peel some more onions," said Brownlow, who was looking dreadfully ill; "ah, yes, and very suitable work too, too good in fact. Well, I'll see about it."

"Oh, yes; that's very fine, sir. You'll see about it, forsooth; and the soup is boiling, and the onions waiting, and Biddy O'Donnell's eyes smarting—you'll see about it. I want yes or no, young man."

Brownlow was silent.

"And may I ask, me boy," continued Miss Biddy, looking at him with tender regard, "why you never come nigh the place since the day that poor English fellow—ah! poor fellow, 'tis easy to know what became of him—but I'll not go into that. But why did you not come near us, Mr. Brownlow? there were some as missed you, there were some as missed you sore."

The faintest little gleam of interest came into Brownlow's dull eyes, he pulled forward a chair and asked Miss Biddy to reseat herself.

"And there have been fine doings at the cave, me boy; a grand and wealthy young English lady has come over. A fine, strapping girl, with no nonsense about her, and she has as neat a little bit of a companion as ever you clapped your eyes on; and 'tis a bonnet after her pattern I have on my head this minute. Then Geoffrey, me handsome jewel of a gossoon, why he's left the Red Glen men and come over, out and out to the Goodwill. 'Tis right it should be so, for now Ellen is ill——"

"Miss O'Donnell ill?" exclaimed Brownlow.

"I am Miss O'Donnell, let me tell you, sir—I repeat that Ellen is ill. Why, sakes alive! how white you have got, young man! 'Tisn't me that's ill; I'm hearty enough if you'll only help me with the onions; and 'tis me you always took to, you remember."

"But is—is Miss—Miss Ellen very ill?" asked Brownlow.

"That's more than I can tell you, me fine boy. *Acolleen's* ill; she does not eat, she does not sleep, she looks like a shadow; it was the way her mother was taken."

"And how—how long has this been going on?"

"Oh! three weeks or a month may be; it began with a sort of swoon. I call it a waste. If ever there was a girl in rapid consumption, it is Ellen O'Donnell."

"How wicked of you to speak like that!" said Brownlow, his indolence leaving him, his figure erect, and his pale eyes flashing fire.

"Wicked? Hoity toity! What next, young man?"

"Yes," said Brownlow; "wicked and cruel. If such words are untrue, you have no right to torture me with repeating them, and if—if they are the case, you should breathe them low and under your breath, and with tears, for they are words, I tell you, old woman, to madden a fellow."

With this last sentence, which came out with indescribable fire and a look of untold agony, young Brownlow vaulted over the low window ledge and disappeared.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—"GOD BLESS YOU."

BROWNLOW went straight, without a moment's delay, to the back of the house. He entered the stable-yard, and soon found himself in the low, old-fashioned stable, where Shela, quite recovered now, and sleek and beautiful, greeted him with a neigh of pleasure.

Of all his children, Brownlow senior loved this indolent young man, who he hoped would be his heir, best; and when, some years ago, John Henry had requested that this special small, untidy stable might be allowed to remain, he had assented with some passing wonder at the lad's eccentricity.

Now the young man, shutting the door behind him, went up to the horse, and taking her rug off, looked into her bright and healthy eyes and stroked down her glossy coat.

He then fitted on a riding-saddle, and a few moments later had mounted Shela, and was galloping away in the direction of Rose Bank Cottage.

No trace of indolence was now discernible in Brownlow's frame. His eyes were bright, and his lips had an expression about them which would dare to do or die.

The resolve glowing within his breast gave him instantly a new-born dignity, and that which he meant to do gave him a strength which might be fictitious and passing, but which had at least the semblance of reality.

"Oh, yes," he said once or twice to himself; "I've been the lowest of cads, the meanest creature on God's earth; but even at the eleventh hour a fellow can repent—even at the eleventh hour."

Shela, feeling very well and fresh, soon galloped over the space which divided Inchfawn from Rose Bank Cottage.

The day was a balmy and delicious one, it was indeed the afternoon of the very same day on which the Red Glen people had come to see Ellen.

The young girl was still lying in the shelter of the sunny verandah. There came a sound of horse's feet along the road. Nothing in that, only somehow Oscar pricked his ears, and Ellen roused herself and bent slightly forward.

Only just a horseman galloping away. But, no, the steps were familiar. They paused, they stopped—they turned in at the little avenue. Oscar, with a wild and joyful bark, bounded forward; Shela neighed, whinnied, and pawed the ground; and Ellen sat up on her couch, the old colour in her cheeks, the old light in her eyes.

"Oh! bring her up to me, Mr. Brownlow; bring her close, as close as you can. And you are quite well, my darling? and you have come back to me?"

There was no special word directed to Brownlow; but he noticed how quickly the brilliant colour left the sick girl's cheek, and how, after a moment's exertion, she lay back on her sofa with a slightly hurried breath.

"Shela is quite well now, Miss O'Donnell, you need have no anxiety about her. I will take her round to her stable; and then may I come back and speak to you?"

"Indeed you may. How kind of you to bring Shela home!"

In less than five minutes Brownlow returned. He mounted the two or three steps which led to the little balcony on which Ellen lay, and stood beside her.

"Won't you sit down?" she said, pointing to a chair.

"No, I cannot sit. No, no, what is physical comfort to me now? You are dying, you are dying!"

Ellen looked up at him with a little start. Her eyes, always clear and serene, were troubled for a moment; her lips trembled slightly.

"You are not afraid?" said Brownlow, looking down at her.

"Oh! not for myself, not at all, if it is true. I did not know I was so ill as that; but my heart aches to hear you speak in that tone."

"Why! in what other tone should I speak? How would a man feel who saw the sun setting, going down lower each moment, and who knew that it would never rise again?"

"But I may not die," said Ellen, recovering from the momentary feeling of consternation which his voice had given her. "I have been very weak, and am still very ill, but perhaps God will let me recover. I think on the whole I should like that best, for there are many who want me in this world, and I never did wish to be selfish."

"Then you don't mind dying for yourself?"

"Of course I don't. I should go to the best of all; I always did hunger for a great deal of love; my heart never seemed quite full enough. And there I should be satisfied, I should be with God Himself."

"Ah! well," said young Brownlow, his face turning very white, "I don't understand that about God, you know; but I should have supposed that if any one might ever have been satisfied with the amount of love they had won, you might. However, no matter; it seems to me a great pity that the world should lose a girl like you. And so I have come here to-day to tell you that you need not die."

"What do you mean, Mr. Brownlow?"

"I mean that I know what would cure you. You shall have it; you shall have it back again, and your empty heart will be filled. Remember," speaking with sudden fire and concentrated bitterness, "I do it for your sake, not for his."

"Mr. Brownlow, you trouble me very much by these words; what do you mean?"

"I mean this," said Brownlow—"lie quiet, you must not agitate yourself—I believe that Arundel is well, and that you will see him again. There, don't ask me any questions, I can't, I won't, I daren't answer them, only

let your heart rest, you will soon see him again."

Brownlow turned his back with these last words, and leaning his face against one of the rose-covered pillars, remained quite still. There was no sound whatever for a moment or two on the couch behind; then he heard a faint half-sob, and a sigh of infinite thankfulness, and then Ellen's voice, quite clear and sweet and gentle, came to his ears.

"Mr. Brownlow, turn round, come here and let me thank you. Why do you stand like that, when you have brought blessing and relief? You have removed a horror of darkness so great that I dare not tell you of it. No; I shan't ask you any questions, but I shall believe you. Come here and let me thank you."

"You need not thank me," said Brownlow, turning round; "thanks are not my right. If you knew all, you would far from thank me. I could have given you this relief long ago, but I was a coward and a cad—a coward and a cad! and even now I only do it for your sake, for I hate the man himself."

"You have no right to hate Philip; he never did you any harm."

"Ah! no," said Brownlow, laughing bitterly, "he never did me any harm, as you say; he only took what I coveted. There was a ladder going straight up from the earth to the sky for me, and he took it away; he took it all for himself. Miss O'Donnell, Philip Arundel loves you, and he will love you well in the days to come; but he never, never loved you better than that poor worthless cad Brownlow has done."

"You love me?" said Ellen. Her face grew crimson, her eyes opened wide with a startled gaze of astonishment and pain, and then she covered them with her trembling hands.

"I am *so* sorry for you," she said.

"You need not be. I always knew it was utterly and completely hopeless. I did not mean to tell you or to hurt you, but somehow the words burst from me. Don't cry, Miss O'Donnell. No one could expect you to care for a cad and a worthless fellow like me. And though you could never love me, yet it must have done me a sort of good to love you. As your husband I could have become great; even as your servant I could have been devoted and faithful, but, God help me! it was never to be."

Ellen now held out one of her hands, and let the young man take it.

"All unselfish love is beautiful," she said; "all unselfish love must raise our souls. No, I could never have married you, because him whom I marry I must look up to and lean upon. He must be much stronger than me; he must be my king and I his subject; he must be my master whom I delight to obey; nor could you be my servant, for that would be to you a degradation. But, Mr. Brownlow, what did you mean by the ladder between earth and heaven."

"You could have been that to me."

"Can I not be that to you? if loving a weak girl like me has taught you anything—anything, can it not go on teaching you? Is it not possible that even through me you may yet see God?"

Brownlow laid his head down on the couch; a faint groan passed his lips, then he raised himself with sudden energy.

"Good-bye, God bless you! I have my work to do," he said; and he left Ellen never to see her again.

CHAPTER LXIX.—UNDER INSPIRATION.

When Brownlow left Ellen he did not dream of going home. The inspiration of her words was still ringing in his ears, and he felt no pain but rather a sense of exultation.

For the time being the weak man was capable of any duty, or any sacrifice. He went straight to the Lough Swilly Hotel, and asked to see Nora Mahoney. Brownlow guessed that Nora would be alone. She was much better, and able to be in Miss Ellerslee's private sitting-room. Into this apartment Brownlow was shown, not without looks of wonder on the part of the hotel attendants, who knew him well as the son of one of the richest men in the county.

Brownlow went straight up to Nora, who was standing in a childish and desponding attitude at one of the windows.

"See here, Nora. I—yes, I am glad you are better. I want you to tell me all you know about Arundel."

"Oh, Mr. Brownlow, sir!" said Nora, clasping her hands in a pathetic and supplicating manner. "I believe—yes, I do believe that the jentlman is well; but, oh, don't ask me where he is, for I dare—yes, I dare not tell you!"

"Look here, Nora," said Brownlow; "it's no question of you or me daring; it's just simply a matter of life or death. I suppose you fear danger to your life when you say you won't tell. Now, the question is simply this, whose life is most valuable, yours, mine, or Miss Ellen O'Donnell's?"

"Oh, Miss Eileen's, far and away!"

"Your Miss Eileen is very ill, and only Arundel can save her life, so he must be brought back. Tell me where he is."

"But I did not know that Miss Eileen was ill," said Nora. "Oh, why did they kape it from me!"

"Well, you know it now—you know the only way to save her. Tell me at once where Arundel is."

"Are you going to fetch him, then, sir?"

"Yes, of course. I can at least do that."

"But, oh, sir! you must do it very sacrate, or you'll be caught and brought back, or may be put away as he was put away. Oh, sir, pray be careful!"

"Good gracious, girl! do you suppose I mind a little bit of danger? I'll manage it, and I'll do it secretly; only for Heaven's sake do speak!"

"Well, sir, you has put it to me so that I must speak, and if you can be brave so can Nora; but remember I only guesses, and I don't quite know. They spoke all quite freely before me until they found out that I had warned Miss Eileen. I can tell you what I heard then, sir; but the Red Glen men, they're that cute they may change their minds all in a minute. Well, sir, it's just possible that you may find the good man whom you seek in this way. You must cross over to the other side of Lough Swilly, and you must get as best you can to a place called Dunfanaghy. When you get there go right out to Horn Head, and then you'll be under, perhaps, the biggest cliffs in Ireland. Far out in the distance, about a mile away from there, there's what you might call a little speck in the middle of the water. That speck is a tiny island, and to land on it they say is awful. There's but one creek safe, and only a few, a very few, know it. Him whom you seek may be there. I can tell you nothing more."

"That is enough," said Brownlow. "If Arundel is on this island I will find him, and bring him back; but surely he has been found and rescued by some ship long before now."

"No, sir, it isn't likely—it isn't at all likely. No ships dare come near the wild coast off Horn Head, and a body might live and die there without anyone being the wiser."

Brownlow did not ask another question; he left the room, scarcely thanking the Irish girl for the information.

CONSEQUENCES: A PARABLE.

THE baby held it in his hand,
An acorn green and small,
He toyed with it, he tossed it high,
And then he let it fall!

He sought for it, and sorely wept,
Nor did his mother know
(Though sweet she kissed & clasped her boy)
What loss had grieved him so.

Then he was borne to other lands,
And there he grew to man,
And wrought his best, and did his most,
And lived as heroes can.

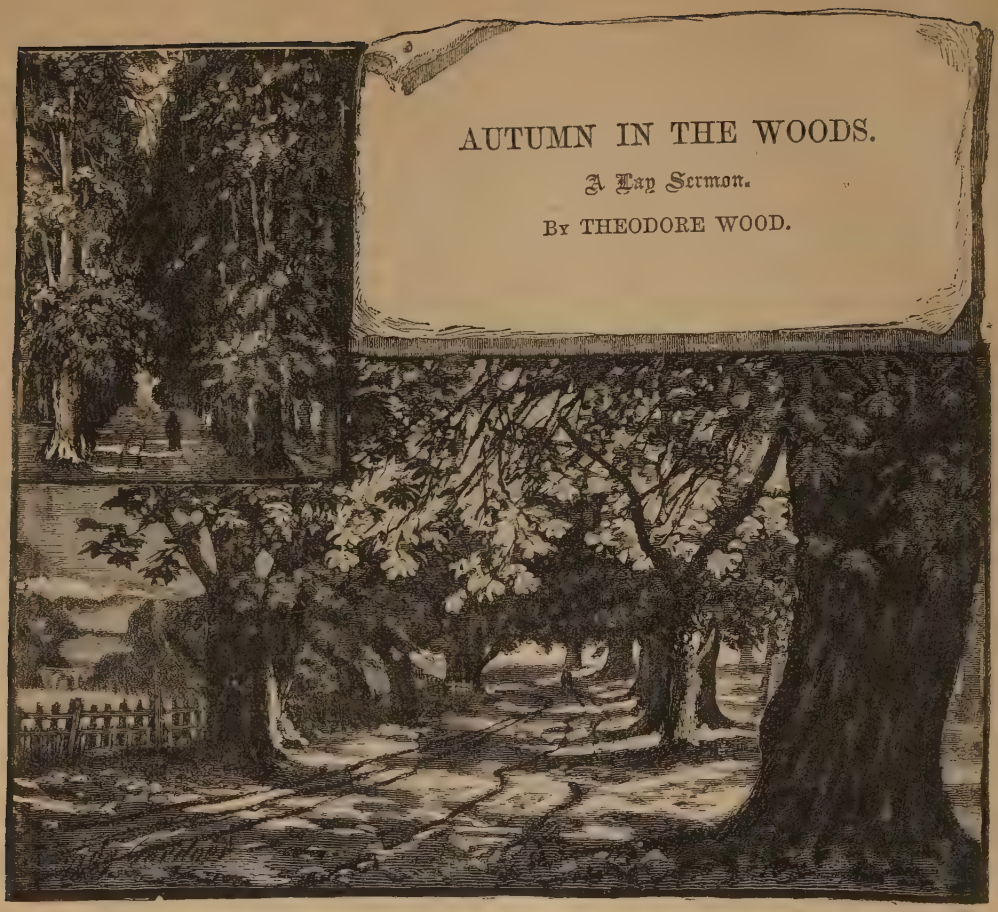
But in old age it came to pass
He trod his native shore,
Yet did not know the pleasant fields
Where he had played before.

Beneath a spreading oak he sat,
A wearied man and old,
And said, "I feel a strange content
My inmost heart enfold.

"As if some sweet old secret wish
Was secretly fulfilled,
As if I traced the plan of life
Which God Himself has willed!

"O bonnie tree, which shelters me,
Where summer sunbeams glow,
I've surely seen thee in my dreams!—
Why do I love thee so?"

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.



AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

A Lay Sermon.

By THEODORE WOOD.

OF all the outdoor pleasures of a naturalist, there is none to rival the charm of a walk through an English wood. Be the season what it may, the weather what it will, there is always something to notice and to wonder at; something of interest; something *new*. We passed over the same ground only yesterday, perhaps; and yet it is not quite as it was yesterday. A bud here and there has become a blossom; a blossom has expanded into a flower. On yonder bough sits a bird which hitherto has been a stranger to us; it is something to have seen it at last. A butterfly flits gaily past on painted wing; there were no butterflies yesterday. And to-morrow it will all be different again.

Greatest pleasure of all is the sense of solitude. One lives for the time in a world peopled only by a single inhabitant; not the ordinary working-day world at all, but a new and beautiful world, full of pleasures and delights and strange possibilities. The wood, the air, even the sunshine, seem personal possessions, shared, it is true, by beings many and various, but by none whose presence can for a moment destroy the sense of perfect and pleasant loneliness. We are surrounded with active and busy life, with myriads of moving, breathing creatures; the air is filled with the buzz of many wings; scarcely a square inch of the ground beneath our feet but has its tenant. Yet, among all this hurrying, labouring life, in the midst of this eager, restless throng of beasts and birds and insects, we are alone. Alone with nature; and to the true naturalist, to be alone with nature is to be alone with nature's God.

Truly the scene is one to be remembered as it lies before us this glorious autumn morning, when merely to live and to breathe

is a pleasure in itself. The air is almost intoxicating in its sparkling freshness, the sunshine is sunshine in its highest perfection, neither too hot nor too dazzling, but warm, cheering, and invigorating in the utmost degree. The sky is a field of azure, the ground a sheet of green; the former unbroken by spot of cloud, the latter relieved only by the many-hued trunks of the grand old forest trees, which stand before us like so many historians of the past, so many prophets of the future. And midway between earth and heaven comes that marvellous mass of mingled tints which only the autumn leaves can ever afford us. Tints too numerous to mention, or even to reckon up. Tints which no painter can hope to transfer to canvas, tints of which no poet can justly sing. Greens and yellows and reds and browns in infinite variety and wonderful comminglement, contrasting and yet harmonizing, visible music of strange and yet pleasing discords, altering and affording new effects with every step that we take. A lavish display of nature's choicest art. The contents of her colour-box lie before us, applied with no sparing hand; and the result is a panorama of unspeakable beauty, which may perhaps be equalled, but which cannot be surpassed.

And equalled only with a difference, for, whether in great things or in small, nature never deigns to repeat herself. Stand we upon the brink of Niagara, mount we to the summit of Mont Blanc, in either case we gaze upon a prospect unique in the pageantry of the world. But this homely English scene, a mere combination of trees and sunshine and sky, is also without a fellow. Travel whither we will, we cannot find its exact counterpart—scenes equal in beauty, scenes similar in many respects, but no scene the same.

In it is a certain sadness, it is true; perhaps that adds to its charm. One can scarcely feel unmingled pleasure when gazing upon the sunset of the year. Even the most thoughtless of us all cannot but be reminded of the annual sleep which is already throwing its mysterious influence over the world before us, and the signs of whose near approach are so unmistakably evident upon every side. Strange it is that nature's most beautiful period is that, not of youth, but of age, when decay lays its ruthless hand upon the fruits of a twelvemonth's labour, destroying by the self-same agencies which brought into being, and returning to earth that which from earth had first proceeded. Heat and moisture drew from the soil each leaf upon the trees around us. Heat and moisture have brought them to perfection. Heat and moisture are bringing them to decay.

To decay, to dissolution, and yet not to complete and absolute death. These withered leaves which we call dead, and which rustle beneath our feet as we walk along, are dead only in a limited and imperfect sense; there is something in them still besides the mere particles of which they are composed. Their own individual life has gone for ever, but they yet possess that inherent essence which renders them fit nutriment for future life, which can only be dissociated from them by instantaneous transference to other forms of matter, and which is set free by the decomposition of its temporary abode merely to seek and find another home elsewhere. Thus it is that life on the earth, life actual and potential, is ever an increasing

Butterflies.

quantity; vegetable life first, drawn from the mineral world, animal life afterwards, drawn from the vegetable. And whether there be in the mineral kingdom itself a lower form of life still, hidden from our perceptions, but yet very real and operative, is a question which the boldest of us may well hesitate to answer.

Intermingled with the signs and warnings of approaching winter are those which tell us that spring will surely follow; in the old age of one year are evident the first few germs of the youth of another. In very truth is the new year born while the old is yet alive; the bier of one is not the cradle of its successor. Are not seeds at every breath being carried to their resting places, to germinate before the plants which produced them have passed away? Are not the trees, while throwing off their worn and effete garniture, already arranging the spots from which new foliage shall presently spring? Are not the insects around us occupied with the all-important duties of providing for a future generation? The summer is spent, and nature is gradually settling herself to sleep, preparing for that period of inactivity which is as the darkness of night interposed between two days of labour. Yet is she working busily withal, working as only nature can work, steadily, ceaselessly everywhere; toiling to the last.

But tokens of what is almost upon us are only too numerous and evident. The berries are black upon the brambles, the ferns are drooping and withered. The cuckoo is gone; the nightingale is gone; the wryneck is gone. The note of the chiff-chaff is still to be heard, but even the chiff-chaff is going. The very butterflies which throng in such numbers to yonder ivy-covered stump, although creatures of summer, are nevertheless harbingers of winter, for there is not one of them which, if it survive, will not shortly pass into that strange torpor, a little more than sleep, a little less than death, to which we give the inefficient title of "hibernation." Now is the pleasure-time of their maturity. Like a young man before settling down to a life of steady labour, they spend these last few weeks of warmth and sunshine as votaries of pleasure, flitting

Chrysalids.

Cocoon.

to and fro from one honey-laden blossom to another, and deferring all thought of their last great duty until their coming winter-sleep is at an end. Then will pleasure for them be past and over. Every thought, every energy, will be concentred on the one great task of providing for their future offspring—nature's life-insurance—and, that task accomplished, they will pass away and be no more seen.

What glorious creatures they are! See that Scarlet Admiral resting on the cluster of blossoms before us; can we imagine a more magnificent contrast than that bar of brightest red dividing the glossy black? And look at the lower surface as it lays its wings together over its back; does not that wonderful *potpourri* of hues remind one of the tints of the autumn leaves? How many shades are represented in that one square inch of surface? or, rather, where does one tint end and another begin? In truth these wings of the Scarlet Admiral afford us one of the finest examples of nature's unapproachable art.

Our admiral is not alone; the fragrance of those scented blossoms has attracted visitors in myriads. There are Tortoise-shells, and Peacocks, and Painted Ladies, all bedight with brilliant hues, as their very names imply. There are bees, and flies, and earwigs, and spiders; ichneumons, with long scorpion-like bodies; beetles two or three; many wasps; and there a mighty hornet. One and all busily engaged in sucking out the sweet juices, jostling and fighting with one another for place, careless of danger in their eager desire for nectar at all costs and risks. Moralists speak as though jealousy and greed and covetousness were purely human vices; let them look on such a scene as this and learn their mistake.

And after dark it will be the same, except that the character of the revellers will have changed. There will be moths instead of butterflies, different ichneumons, different beetles, different flies. Perchance a belated bee or so, first unwilling and now unable to leave the all too-attractive banquet; woodlice; spiders in greater abundance than before; and here and there a centipede.

I know no scene which in variety and interest can compare with that afforded by a mass of ivy-blossom after the shades of night have fallen. One passes along, bearing a lighted lantern, and there sees such a congregation of varied life as cannot be found elsewhere. Moths here, there, and everywhere, resting with extended trunks upon the flowers, flying around the lantern, buzzing in one's ears; their eyes glowing like fiery jewels in the darkness, red, green, orange, blue, all the colours of the rainbow. Not a blossom but has its tenant; perhaps two; perhaps three. And every now and again the eye lights upon one of those glorious Xanthias, which, be they ever so familiar, almost take away one's breath with their wondrous beauty as they rest among their soberly-coloured relations.

Squirrel.

But here in the sunlight the ivy has its rivals; that tract of blossoming heather can boast of nearly as many visitors. There are butterflies in twos or threes, moths in tens (daylight though it be), beetles in scores, and flies in hundreds. Long-legged spiders intent upon the chase, bees in any number one likes to name, evil-smelling bugs, and a dragon-fly flashing to and fro on tireless and unequalled wing.

The very tyrant of the insect world is this dragon-fly. Never to be avoided, never to be overcome; merciless and insatiable, ever on the watch for prey. In its early life the tiger of the water; in its maturity the tiger of the air. Swifter than the swallow, fiercer than the eagle, more ravenous than the vulture; never resting and yet never fatigued;

Dragon-fly.

a kind of incarnation of speed and activity and remorseless tyranny.

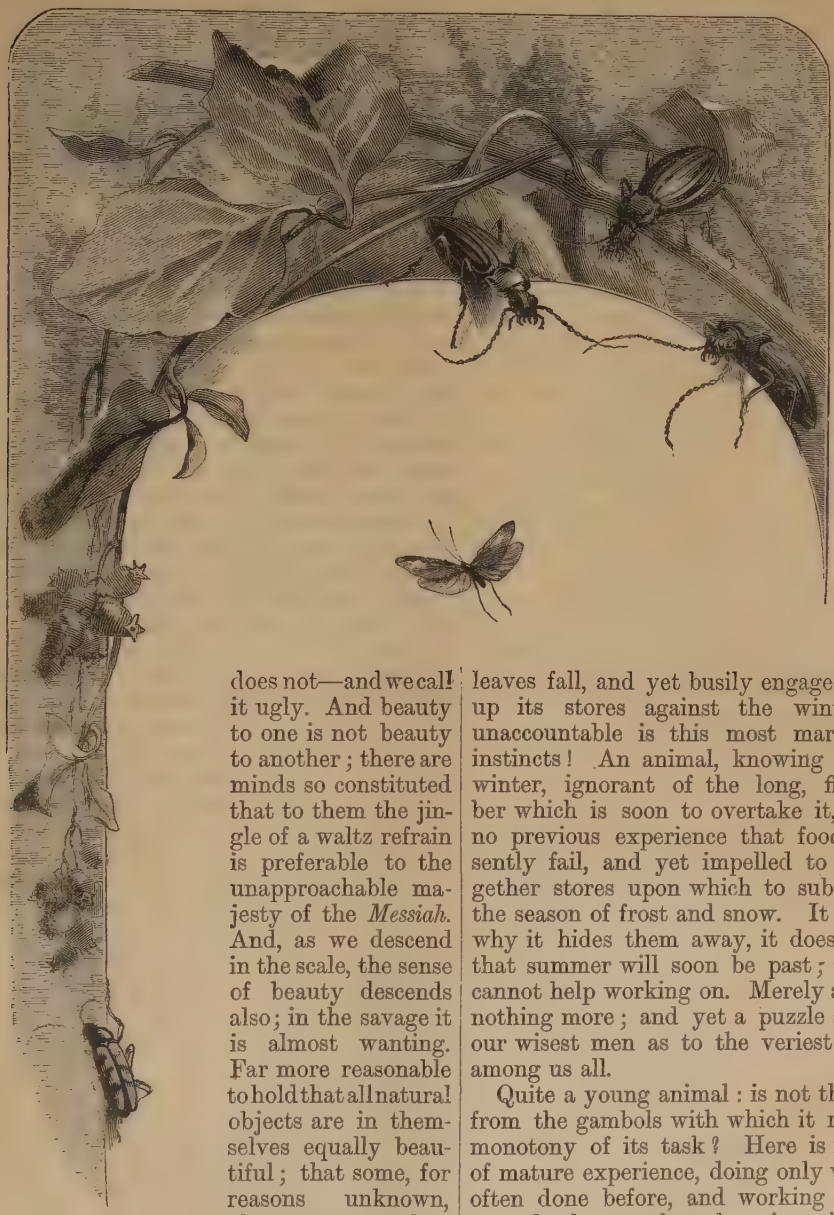
Such physical qualities as insects possess they possess in a far greater degree than other animals. We talk of the might of the elephant; it is nothing to the strength of the dor-beetle. We marvel at the swiftness of the martin; it is nothing to the speed of a hawk-moth. We are amazed at the bound of the antelope; but it is nothing to the leap of the flea. Magnify insects to the dimensions of the higher animals, increase their bodily powers in a like degree, and we should have a race of monsters with which even man himself would be unable to cope.

Lizard.

See, our dragon-fly has captured a luckless moth, and is draining its body of its juices. A few seconds more and he is in search of another victim, his appetite whetted, not appeased, by his recent meal. A quick dash, and a fly shares the fate of the moth; and a second follows; and a third succeeds the second. A type of that which is ever proceeding around us. The weak falls to the powerful, the small to the great, and nature, loving and tender in so much, is yet merciless in this, that might with her is right, and the battle is ever to the strong. Throughout the animal kingdom life perishes that life may be maintained; and such an existence as that of the dragon-fly can continue only at the expense of deaths in hundreds and thousands.

Strange contrast is that little red and green caterpillar which is resting upon a twig of heather, its vivid colouring so exactly similar to that of its food-plant that, but for a slight movement, we should never have detected it. Weak, feeble, and slow, it can neither fight with its enemies nor fly from them. It wars upon none, it is warred upon by numbers. And yet it has neither weapons, nor strength, nor speed of foot; only its variegated skin of red and green and brown.

As pretty a little creature as we can wish to find; glorious in gay caparison, yet harmonizing so exactly with its surroundings that the keenest eye would pass it by unnoticed. For whose delight are its exquisite tints provided? Not for ours, for we do not see one caterpillar in ten thousand. For its own? Impossible! by its very structure must it be unconscious of its own exceeding beauty. For whose then? We cannot tell. More likely than not that no eye is charmed by the delicacy of its marking, no admiration excited by its perfection of hue. Has any creature but ourselves a sense of beauty? Can a dog appreciate the glories of a sunset? Can a fox admire the tracery of leaves against the unclouded sky? Beauty is not in the thing gazed upon, but in the eyes of the beholder; or, rather, in the mystery of mind which causes those eyes to see. To look upon one object gives us pleasure—we know not why—and we call it beautiful. To look upon another



Beetles.

does not—and we call it ugly. And beauty to one is not beauty to another; there are minds so constituted that to them the jingle of a waltz refrain is preferable to the unapproachable majesty of the *Messiah*. And, as we descend in the scale, the sense of beauty descends also; in the savage it is almost wanting. Far more reasonable to hold that all natural objects are in themselves equally beautiful; that some, for reasons unknown, please us more than others, and that the little caterpillar before us is one of these.

There is a scramble and a scamper, and a squirrel passes us by within half-a-dozen yards, alarmed by no movement of ours, and so failing to detect our presence. Quite a young animal, but just entering upon the responsibilities of independent existence, seeing for the first time the fruits ripen and the leaves fall, and yet busily engaged in laying up its stores against the winter. How unaccountable is this most marvellous of instincts! An animal, knowing nothing of winter, ignorant of the long, fitful slumber which is soon to overtake it, taught by no previous experience that food will presently fail, and yet impelled to gather together stores upon which to subsist during the season of frost and snow. It cannot tell why it hides them away, it does not know that summer will soon be past; and yet it cannot help working on. Merely an instinct, nothing more; and yet a puzzle as much to our wisest men as to the veriest ignoramus among us all.

Quite a young animal: is not that evident from the gambols with which it relieves the monotony of its task? Here is no squirrel of mature experience, doing only what it has often done before, and working steadily as one who knows that there is a given end to be achieved within a given time; but a frisking, frolicsome creature, acquainted as yet only with the brighter side of life, and making a pastime of the very labour which, it knows not why, it is compelled to undertake. A whisk of the tail, and the pretty little thing is away on a mad race, down one tree, up another, along an out-spreading branch. A fearless leap, and it has passed to an adjoining bough, over which it scurries in the same

wild, helter-skelter fashion. Suddenly it stops, demure and sedate; looks around it, rather from instinct than from any sense of possible danger; picks up a nut, perhaps, and gravely examines it. Then off and away again like a sportive kitten, its bushy tail raised high in air, its black eyes gleaming amid its ruddy fur; and so it passes the merry hours away.

The wood is literally teeming with life. Walking, we see much; standing still, we see more. It is as though, armed with the magic fern-seed, we had rendered ourselves invisible, so closely do the different animals approach without detecting our presence. We feel like actors in a fairy-tale, one of those in which the hero, himself unobserved, is initiated into the secrets of the inmates of the forest. A lizard is resting within a yard of our feet; a bird is chirping merrily away almost within reach of our hand. We do not move, and they do not see us. A motionless enemy is to them no enemy at all; all that they watch for, all that they dread, is unfamiliar and unexpected movement. And so long as we remain silent, so long as we betray ourselves by no change of attitude or position, we may watch them freely, ourselves unseen, and drink in the deep delight afforded by such a view of nature and nature's creatures, untrammelled by the known presence of feared and detested man.

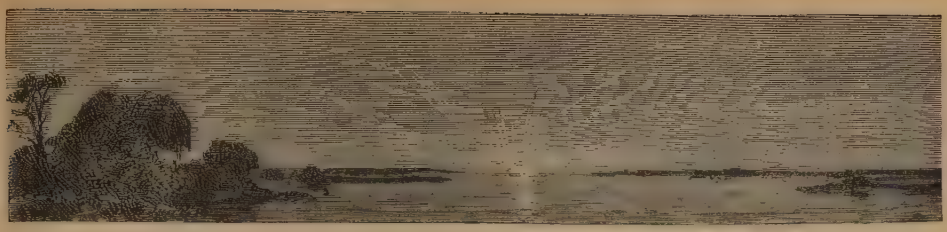
This is the lesson which the naturalist must learn; to keep perfect and absolute silence, perfect and absolute stillness. Sitting upon that tree-trunk before us is a woodpecker, most wary and timid of birds; were we to lift but a finger, he would vanish and be seen no more. A rabbit is sitting composedly at the foot of a small hillock scarcely twenty feet away; to move but a hand would send him in terrified haste to his burrow. But so long as we remain still and silent they will fail to notice us, and we may watch—that which so few ever see—the true habits and doings of the creatures of the wood.

Here also might the botanist find occupation for hours. The ground is carpeted with curious plants. Strange mosses, like tracts of forest-trees seen through a diminishing-glass. Grasses; ferns (now, alas! exchanging their vivid green for that ominous yellow-brown); the towering stems of the golden-rod; the creeping sprays of the germander speedwell. Masses of the delicate wood-sorrel, now, alas! bereft of its lilac blossoms; clusters of the pretty little spurge, with its odd, flower-like leaves, and odder, leaf-like flowers; and hundreds of others whose names we are not scientific enough to know. For plants—dare we confess it?—possess for us an interest secondary and far inferior to that which we feel in animals. We can admire, and admire deeply, the sheets of azure or flaming red with which nature sometimes favours us in the vegetable world. We can appreciate the beauty of a daisy-studded meadow, or the gold of the buttercup pastures; but the true botanical spirit is wanting.

And we often wonder, in our moments of scepticism, whether the botanist ever does or ever can experience pleasures equal to those which fall to the lot of the zoologist. He may admire his plants, may take delight in searching them out, in examining their structure, in learning their analogies; but there his task must end. They have no ways and habits to interest him; there is nothing in them which he can lie and watch; they lack the *life*, the active, eager spirit which is the all-pervading essence of the higher kingdom; and they *cannot* be to him what animals are to one who takes them as his study.

The bird feeding its young: can the vegetable world offer us a spectacle to equal that? The squirrel gambolling among the branches: has the plant-lover anything to show us which can for a moment endure the ordeal of comparison? To search for plants is to us—prejudiced, perhaps—something like working one's way through a natural-history museum, where the stuffed skins of beasts, and birds, and fishes surround one upon every side—motionless, unintelligent objects. Around us as we write are the plants—motionless, unintelligent too. In a state of nature, perhaps, whereas the skins are not; I grant it. But at best an inferior nature, bearing with it an inferior interest.

Systematists may see little to choose between a plant and an animal; each has its place in the natural scale, each its affinities with allied species. But systematists are naturalists only in a limited degree. They look to results rather than to causes, to structure rather than to habits; their science is the science of labels and measurements. And they do not, they cannot know the true delights which the study of natural history has to offer, the deep and nameless pleasure which must forever remain a mystery to all who do not follow nature into her remotest haunts, and there wring from her the many secrets which, unasked and uncompelled, she will never deign to reveal.



A CENTURY OF BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

By G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IT is a remarkable fact, that the nineteenth century, the era in which science and art have progressed to a degree never before known in the history of mankind, has also been in a most striking sense the century of Bible distribution. Of course, in all periods which have been in any way characterized by more than the average manifestations of spiritual life, a desire to diffuse the Scriptures has shown itself; and it would be easy to show, that even in the darkest times such circulation of the Word has always been followed by the most grateful results. Mediæval monks who perseveringly toiled at the arduous but congenial task of copying and illuminating the inspired pages certainly did not toil in vain; and we cannot but think that many of their number were more spiritually enlightened than has been commonly supposed. Then, when at length the invention of printing brought with it a promise of a more general diffusion of knowledge, the first book sent forth by Gutenberg's press was the Latin Bible, a copy of which would now be one of the most priceless treasures that a keen-scented bibliophile could secure. When, a century later, the awakening of the Reformation was visible in the European nations, the Bible still led the way, and the assumptions of priestcraft were challenged by the sacred pages being read as they had never been read before. Properly speaking, the succeeding times, the seventeenth century, was the golden age of Puritanism, and Puritans were, more than anything else, readers of the Bible. John Eliot, "the Apostle to the Indians," who translated the Scriptures into the language of the American natives, well represented the philanthropic side of the Puritan character; and when his presses produced the first Bible ever printed on American soil, the keen interest excited in England still seems almost to show that the era of missions might have been ante-dated by at least a century if it had not been rolled back by a tide of profligacy at the Restoration. We regard the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, incorporated by an ordinance of the Long Parliament, not only as having been originally an essentially Puritan association, but as the first Bible Society founded in England.

Certain societies which had for their object the circulation of the Bible, as well as other books, were established at successive dates; but what they were able to accomplish represented only an insignificant total in comparison with the requirements of the world. The only association which a century ago was competent to supply Bibles on a large scale was the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and the tardiness of that body to supply the urgent demand appears to have led indirectly to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was founded at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, March 7th, 1804. The catholic basis on which this institution is founded renders it one of the grandest of missionary agencies; and we read with wonder those manifestoes of exclusive bigotry in which, at the outset, certain persons explained why they were unable to join fraternal hands with those whose one aim was the spiritual enlightenment of the world. Thus, to give only a single example, one zealous Churchman, in answer to Lord Teignmouth's invitation to join the new and truly Scriptural evangelical alliance, asked, "Do you not, my lord, at least lead the clergy into temptation, a thing against which they daily pray? And is it not presumptuous to trust themselves in the company of so many agreeable gentlemen, who, if they be honest, must infallibly endeavour to seduce them from their first faith?" (*Gent. Mag.* lxxv., p. 838). It was perfectly useless to endeavour to answer such casuistry as this; the only thing to be done was to live it down, and this has been most effectively accomplished

If merely as observers of political and social phenomena, it is interesting to look back on that older England in which our predecessors lived when the new era of missions and of Bible distribution set in. We say older England, because the shades of old-time manners and customs and the influence of long-established ideas had not yet passed away, to give place to the dawn of that day of progress in which our own happier lot has been cast. The illness of the king, the threatened invasion by Napoleon, were things which may have chiefly engrossed public attention; but when thoughts of war and of conquest occupied the first place in the people's mind, things pertaining to religion and education receded to the background. In the main, things were as they had been for generations preceding, and many of our more commonplace conveniences were then regarded as experiments. Little was known about the power of steam, or of the transformation in the lighting of great cities which would be effected by gas. The most serious characteristic of the times, however, was seen in the prolonged and disastrous wars which checked commerce, kept back the progress of the people, and entailed wide-spread suffering on all classes. The outlook was one to inspire the darkest forebodings; but the distributors of the Bible commenced their work in unwavering confidence, because they knew that they were giving that which would be for the healing of the nations.

It is well known that it was the extreme scarcity of the Scriptures in Wales that led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society; but, in point of fact, the dearth in the Principality was not greater than it was in other parts of the United Kingdom. A century ago it was difficult to obtain Welsh Bibles even for money, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge being then the only depôt in London where they were to be obtained, and even at 5s. 6d. a copy it was not always possible to get a full supply. As this was the case, and as the committee did not betray any anxiety to be sufficiently enterprising to provide a more ample supply, that society was founded which from that day to this has devoted its energies exclusively to the universal diffusion of the Word of Life, not in Wales alone but throughout the entire world.

The wonderful influence which the Bible has had in Wales is freely admitted by all competent Christian people who have given the subject any attention. The general progress which has been made, in spite of many anomalies and hindrances, is directly, as well as indirectly, traced to this cause; so also is the patience of the people, while seeking the redress of abuses, as contrasted with the more turbulent temperament of the Irish. This is the more remarkable, because there were times preceding those of the Reformation, when, as authorities such as Mr. Richard and Dr. Rees show, Wales was even more Romish than England herself. For each hundred martyrs burned in England in the days of Queen Mary, there was only one in Wales, and even these—three in all—are thought to have been English natives. Then, as Mr. Richard tells us, "In the preamble of an Act of Parliament passed in 1563, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, ordering the translation of the Bible into the Welsh language, it is stated that 'Her Majesty's most loving and obedient subjects inhabiting within her Majesty's dominion and country of Wales, being no small part of this realm, are utterly destitute of God's Holy Word, and do remain in the like, or rather more, darkness and ignorance than they were in time of papistry.'" For generations after this the country was greatly neglected; but the Scriptures were naturally the principal concomitant of the eighteenth century revival, and one of the most grateful revolutions ever recorded in history followed their general circulation in the Principality. The Bible brought a host of blessings in its train, the characteristics of which will be familiar to all who know what the Principality is to-day. On the shelf of the cottager we may notice, as a rule, the Bible and a favourite magazine. The works of many of our best-known commentators have also been translated into the native language. The revival of the Eisteddfodau is alone evidence of the intellectual progress of the people. Then as Mr. Richard remarks, "By far the greater part of the issues of the Welsh press are taken by the working classes." The number of commentaries and other books of a religious kind, issued by enterprising firms in Welsh, appears to be very great. It must be remembered, however, that in great measure these results come of an unstinted supply of Bibles. A century ago the consignments were so limited that the copies were counted by tens or by hundreds; but in the course of about eighty years the British and Foreign Bible Society alone sent into the country between two and three million copies either of the complete Scriptures or of portions.

Things similar to what happened in Wales also happened in Scotland and in parts of England. Until the opening years of this century the scarcity of Bibles in the Highlands and islands of Scotland represented something like an actual famine as regarded the Gaelic-speaking people, who were then seventy-five per cent. of the entire population. It has even been said that there is no part of the empire which has been so recently supplied with Bibles as the far north; but nowhere has the Book been more heartily welcomed, to produce the inevitable grateful results. Eighty years ago Ireland was in a similar plight; for while the Protestants were so ill supplied that not more than one family in three could claim to possess a Bible, the Romish section were practically without any copies at all; and this ignorance, which in large measure still prevails, is a fruitful cause of crime and disaffection. In England itself, moreover, until a comparatively recent date, the common people were found purchasing from the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society copies of the Book which was virtually to them a new revelation.

Soon after the accession of the present queen, or in 1839, some particular inquiries were instituted by some philanthropic persons respecting Bible destitution in London; and the facts which were brought to light were certainly calculated to disturb the equanimity of those who were disposed to plume themselves on the advanced condition of England as a Christian country. The population of the great city was then about two millions, and over 121,000 houses, containing more than a third of the people, were visited, the result being that between thirty and forty thousand families, or 175,000 individuals, possessed no part of the Word of God. Thousands of families were discovered who had never known what it was to have a Bible in their possession; but others retained traditions of having once inherited such a boon, which went back forty, fifty, or even seventy years. Under such circumstances, it was not surprising to find that the ignorance which prevailed in regard to the nature of the Scriptures was very great. Persons bordering on old age did not know what was meant by the New Testament, never having seen a copy in their lives. The ignorance of others prevented their distinguishing between a Bible and a tract. Probably the indifference with which the supply was received was not so great as might have been supposed; the most incredible phenomena were associated with the dread manifested by Romanists when the book was offered them—their fear having been lest, in receiving the book, they should commit an unpardonable sin against their religion and the priests. A grateful set-off against this deadly superstition was seen in the extreme fervour with which others accepted what was offered them. Aged people, with tears in their eyes, heaped blessings on the heads of those who had visited in their need. Accustomed as we are to the widest possible diffusion of the Scriptures now that the New Testament may be had for a penny, and the entire Bible for sixpence, we may find it hard to realise that such scarcity as this ever existed in the Victorian era, or only forty-seven years ago. What vast progress has been made since that day is known to all; and what must never be forgotten is the grand fact that the most wonderful fifty years of growth the world has ever seen has also been the period in which the Scriptures have been distributed to an extent altogether unparalleled in any other age.

An extension of Bible knowledge and our national progress have thus kept pace together; and although want of space may preclude any attempt to show what connection there is between the two things, we cannot fail to be struck with the depressed condition of those countries where Romanism or Mahometanism is still dominant and the Bible is kept in the background.

The case of Italy at the present time will illustrate our meaning. Since the country has been united under one crown, through the temporal power having been taken from the Papacy, the general outlook, it is generally supposed, has greatly improved; but while the Government is more bent on building war-ships, and on having an army and "a policy" than in promoting the social well-being of the people, the Italian peasantry are in the most extreme state of wretchedness. A resident in the country lately described the lower classes of Lombardy as having "no proper food, no fuel, insufficient covering, and houses which, in many cases, are more like the lair of some wild animal than a proper habitation for human beings." *Pellagra*, the disease engendered by bad and insufficient food, is claiming its tens of thousands of victims in some districts, and is really more to be dreaded than an epidemic of cholera, because it is more permanent. Naturally the Italian peasant is a sober and tolerably contented subject, and in this

respect presents a contrast to many others. "Nothing but hunger will rouse him to rebellion," says M. Emile de Laveleye. "The local agrarian tumults, so common in Italy, have never any other cause." It is also said: "An English lord who disembarked in Italy went through the country about Rome, and suddenly re-embarked. He was asked, 'Why do you leave this beautiful country?' He answered, 'I can no longer bear to see the unhappiness of the Roman peasants; their misery breaks my heart; they have lost even the human face.'"

While all this misery prevails, the priests are not exactly apathetic, for they preach as energetically as of old their crusade against the Bible, and invite such of their flocks as may happen to have copies to bring them forward to be burned. The inevitable consequences are everywhere seen, and extend to all classes. If the Bible is proscribed as a dangerous book, unbelief will become rampant and the fruits of infidelity will become a growing perplexity to the authorities. Rationalists and materialists of the most extreme type are appointed to the professorships in the seventeen universities of the country; and the people are thus no better and no worse than their rulers. The popular literature is infidel, and in town and country alike the corrupt press is spreading its poison, until those who do not altogether reject religion take refuge in superstition. The new saints who are being proclaimed, the revived trade in relics, the encouragement given in high places to various kinds of impostures, are all in their way characteristic of a country from which the Bible has been withheld.

The case of France is hardly more reassuring than that of Italy, with the exception that the peasantry are not in such a doleful plight. In spite of the indefatigable efforts of our British and Foreign Bible Society the tendency is towards a decline in sales of the Scriptures, and of course, as is the case elsewhere, the void is being filled up by infidelity and superstition. But while he confesses that the nation is void of any Christian aspirations, M. Monod, the chief Bible agent in the country, thinks that the atheistical contempt for religion which seems to prevail comes rather from the political coteries of the towns than from the masses of the people. Be that as it may, France, like Italy, is suffering from long-continued Bible famine, and the people, who are too enlightened to accept the version of Christianity as presented by Romanism, have not yet learned to place anything better in its place.

If possible, the lot of the Bible distributor in Belgium is even more disheartening, for he is exposed to the bitter hatred of the opposite camps—the priests and the populace—"the one party hating the work because it was not founded upon Church authority, the other party hating it because it believes in God." As readers of the daily journals who have followed the course of the recent strikes are aware, the Belgian workmen have idiosyncrasies of their own, such as are not calculated to raise them in the estimation of intelligent observers. Referring to the manager of a machinery manufactory near Turin, M. Laveleye says in one place, "the Belgian workmen whom he sent for killed themselves with drink;" and perhaps this represents their master failing next to their almost savage infidelity. In the main the people are iron-bound in the chains of fanaticism of opposite kinds—that which is engendered by the extreme sacerdotalism of the priests, and that which comes of atheistical Liberalism.

We have not space to go through the countries of Europe; but what we desire chiefly to draw attention to is the remarkable fact, that the work of Bible circulation has its encouraging features in all those nations which are not associated with Mahometanism in the East, or Romanism in the West. In Protestant Germany, in the smaller northern countries, and in the great empire of Russia, the work goes bravely forward, and promises to confer the greatest possible benefit on the people generally. Russia is, of course, the hereditary opponent of Islam; and in connection with this fact it is remarkable that Alexander I., in the early days of the century, was one of the most enthusiastic friends of those who founded the British and Foreign Bible Society. Probably some students of prophecy would tell us that there was something that was not quite fortuitous in this warm-hearted alliance of "the King of the North."

When we turn our faces towards heathen lands, and the islands of the sea, we also find plenty of reason for encouragement and gratitude. The old pagan systems are crumbling away before the light of God's truth; and in some instances savage tribes have been so thoroughly tamed by the Gospel that they have become prosperous commercial communities. On the whole, then, the results arising from eighty years of Bible distribution are not only wonderful in themselves, but they augur yet better times to come.

SCOTLAND'S PEASANT POETESS.

By ALEXANDER LAMONT.

THE land dowered with such scenery as that which encompasses the green holms of Yarrow, the Braes of Doon, or the shining shallows of the "clear, winding Devon"—hallowed as these spots are by the glow of history or the glamour of romance—cannot fail to produce, at intervals, souls of the deepest poetic vision, who—

> "Will murmur to the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own."

Every student of literature knows of those deathless ballads in Border Minstrelsy, of which the Yarrow alone furnishes many a theme; that Yarrow whose pensive murmuring has mingled for ages with the bleating on the hills and the curlew's call from the lonely moorland, and whose braes have so often witnessed scenes of love and death in the days of foray and family feud. "Habbie's Howe," close by Roslyn and the classic Hawthornden, is all worthy of Allan Ramsay's charming pastoral, "The Gentle Shepherd," and no one doubts but the pensive Yarrow and the ineffable repose around St. Mary's Loch had much to do in the way of inspiring the Ettrick Shepherd in the creation of his exquisite elfin-ballad, "Kilmeny."

Nor has Scotland been wanting in women who have been highly dowered with the gift of song. Joanna Baillie, born in Bothwell Manse, Jean Elliot, and Lady Nairne can all claim an honourable position amongst our poets; but there is one woman, a humble peasant, and yet one of Nature's truest ladies, who occupies a unique position amongst our country's bards, and that woman is Janet Hamilton, the peasant poetess of Langloan.

This remarkable woman was born in the parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, in October, 1795. This most pensive and sober of all

the months of the year, when the woods have put on their russet hues, and when Nature is falling into her winter sleep, was ever Janet's favourite month. To its ruddy sunsets, its pensive calm, and its quiet gloamings she devoted many of her finest poems, and in that month, a few years ago, she was laid with her fathers, in Old Monkland churchyard, in a spot compassed by many a martyr's grave. She herself, through her maternal ancestors, was connected with the children of the Covenant, being the fifth in descent from John Whitelaw of Monkland, who was executed at the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, 1683, four years after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, in which he had taken part.

Janet was the daughter of a poor shoemaker, and had the luckless hap of being ushered into an atmosphere of "chill penury." Albeit hers was an heroic spirit, and from her earliest years she learned to realise the stern duties devolving on human existence. We cannot do better than give an account of her early years in her own words. They are taken from one of her prose sketches—"A Scottish Village Sixty Years ago." And here it might be said that, for a self-educated peasant woman, utterly ignorant of the rules of grammar, her prose shows even more marvellous power than her verse. The sketch in question could be placed honourably on the same shelf with Christopher North's "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

"I do not remember," writes Janet, "when I became mistress of the alphabet, but I read Bible stories and children's halfpenny books with eager delight when I was five years of age. When about eight I found, to my great joy, on the loom of an intellectual weaver, a copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' and a volume of Allan Ramsay's poems. I carried them off in triumph to the kitchen, returning to them day after day to devour their contents. I soon became familiar with and could appreciate the gorgeous sublimity of Milton's imagery and the grandeur of his ideal conceptions. With Allan Ramsay I was at home at once, for I was beginning to get rich in the ballad treasures of my country at that time. About the same time my father became a subscriber to the village library, and I had access to much good and solid reading — history, biography, travels, and voyages; but there was no poetry, novels or light reading of any sort, and I was obliged to slake my thirst for reading with Rollin, Plutarch's Lives, 'Ancient Universal History,' and Pitscottie's Scotland; but the *Spectator* and Johnson's *Rambler* were the tit-bits of my literary banquet. I was quite familiar with Ferguson, Burns, and Macneill; and, as time wore on, by dint of begging and borrowing from libraries and individuals, I managed to obtain and read the works of many of our best poets and essayists. Some may think I must have done little else than read. Not so. In justice to myself I must say I had a daily task assigned me—first at the spinning wheel, and afterwards at the tambouring frame—which was never omitted.

"My mother was a pious woman, and, like Timothy, I was taught by her from a child to know the Holy Scriptures; for, as soon as I could read them, she made me read a chapter every morning, and this practice was never omitted for a single day till I married and left the house; and during all the years of childhood, every night when I laid my head on the pillow, my mother's voice was close to my ear, praying for me and teaching me to pray for myself."

When about twelve years of age she began to shape her thoughts in rhyme, and when she had reached her eighteenth year she was the author of some twenty pieces in verse, mostly of a religious nature. The cares incidental to rearing a family, however, soon precluded all chances of having much spare time to devote to the Muses, and she informed the writer, on one of the many visits to her which it was his privilege to make, that after the birth of her third child she did not indite a line till she had reached her fifty-fourth year, when she commenced writing for Cassell's *Working Man's Friend.* All her life long she had never received a lesson in penmanship. Through indomitable perseverance, however, she invented a species of caligraphy of her own, a struggling imitation of printing types. An idea of its character will be seen from the subjoined, a fac-simile of a verse of a poem on "Wild Flowers," given by her to the writer many years ago. When it is said that Janet Hamilton wrote the MS. of two large volumes of poems and essays in this hieroglyphic style with her own hand, it will be seen that she was a woman of no ordinary kind as to energy of will and strength of character. For many years before her death she was stricken with total blindness. When this affliction was fully developed, her memory, always good, became strengthened to a marvellous degree; and many a time, when we entered her humble home, we found her, like Hannah, with her lips moving yet uttering no word. When this action was playfully referred to she would answer, with a smile of unspeakable peace on her sweet

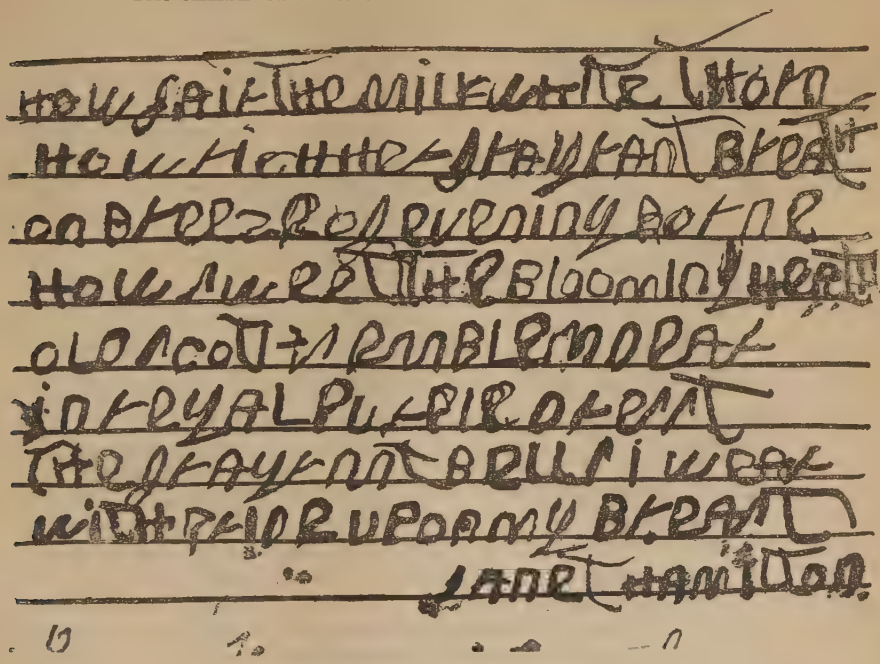
face, that she was only "stringing some verses thegither." If asked, she would repeat the verses as she sat in her arm-chair by the kitchen fireside, all the while absorbed in the creations of her fancy, and gently swaying in that motion which we associate with mental abstraction either of joy or grief.

Her third and last volume was entirely written by her son to her dictation; for complete darkness had now closed around her, and henceforth she was never more to see those flashing streams, purple moorlands, and sweet wild flowers which she loved so fondly. There was a touching pathos in the quiet atmosphere of content and love in that humble home. It consisted of only two apartments, a "but and ben," as it is termed by the lowland Scottish peasants. A single glance would show that there was love there, and peace, and the fear of God. James, her son, was unwearied in his attention to his mother; Marian, or "Mirren," as she was called in the broad vernacular, was doing the household work with a spontaneous cheerfulness, and old John, her gudeman, now over eighty years—"His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare"—looked at her with the quenchless beam of love in his eyes—a love that had been undimmed through fifty-nine years of married life—and yet with a strange reverence, as if he were all unworthy of such a blessed gift. Supposing she had been a duchess, an empress, or the Queen of Sheba, she could not have got more honour than was given her by that affectionate household.

This old blind peasant and lady was not devoid of humour. Her quaint remarks on passing events were always original and worth noting. Nor was she deficient in satire. That terrible sin and curse of our nation, intemperance, was lashed by her with scorpion scourge. In some of her poems her strongest "winged words" were used in condemnation of this national curse.

We never heard a voice so rich in tone and so perfect in modulation as was that of Janet Hamilton. Her ear was perfect, and she could detect the slightest flaw or want of taste in composition. On one occasion she repeated the whole of Gray's "Elegy," as if

FAC-SIMILE OF MRS. JANET HAMILTON'S HANDWRITING.



COPY OF THE ABOVE LINES.

How fair the milk-white thorn,
  How rich her fragrant breath
On breeze of evening borne!
  How sweet the blooming heath—
Old Scotia's emblem dear—
  In regal purple dressed;
The fragrant bells I wear
  With pride upon my breast.

to herself. The cadences were faultless and rose and fell like music. When she had finished she said, as it were in a reverie, "Yes, that's poetry!" We asked her, on the occasion of one of our last visits to her, if she would do us the favour of repeating to us any of her latest poems. She at once repeated a poem—"A Lay of the Loch an' the Muirlan"—three verses of which we subjoin, and which the reader will admit to be an exquisite bit of word-painting.

"A lanely loch, a muirlan' broon,
A warl' o' whins and heather,
Whaur aft, when life was young, I strayed
The berries blae to gather.
Sae bonnie bloomed the gowden broom,
Sae green the feathery bracken,
And rosy brier dear to my een,
Ere licht had them forsaken.

"How saftly, calmly, sweetly fell
That dewy simmer gloaming
When I alang the lanely loch
To muse and dream gaed roaming.
The star o' love her lamp had lit,
The sun's last rays were glancin'
Oot owre the wee, wee curlin' waves,
Like water-spunkies dancin.'

"The wild duck stayed her paidlin' feet
To nestle mang the rashes,
The loupin' braise and perch fell back
Wi' mony plouts and plashes.
And there, deep anchored in the loch,
The water lilies floatin',
Like pearly skiffs to bear the crews
When fairies tak' to boatin'."

When the blind singer of seventy-five years had finished the repetition of the poem, she paused for a few moments, and then added in a soft undertone—

"I see it a'! I see it a'!"

Here again is an extract from a poem of a different order—

OUR OLD CHURCHYARD.

"Lone field of graves! our churchyard old and hoar!
Trenched deep, and sown by death with mortal grain;
Decayed, and dead it lies—not evermore!
All, all shall live, shall rise to life again!
* * * * *
"With lingering step, in solemn, musing mood,
I pass within the time-worn lichen'd walls;
A softened awe steals o'er me as I brood
On scenes and forms that memory still recalls.
* * * * *
"Now on a broad and lettered stone I sit,
The gloaming shadows have begun to fall;
Old forms and faces round me seem to flit—
They come and go at brooding fancy's call.
* * * * *
"Lone field of graves, farewell! old churchyard hoar!
I go, but must and will return again!
I come, but may not go as heretofore;
Till Time and Death shall die, with thee remain!"

Janet's pen was ever ready to plead the cause of civil and religious liberty, and it was pleasing to note the quenchless interest she manifested in that series of events which brought to Italy a well-won freedom. To Garibaldi and his noble cause she, from time to time, dedicated some of her most spirited and heroic verses; and, amongst the scores of letters which she had received from many of the leading personages in the land both as to literature and social position, including one from her beloved queen—letters which she was wont to show with a pardonable pride—one which she received from Garibaldi himself was treasured by her with a rare reverence. She was wont to recount, too, with a glow of pleasure, how that when Menotti Garibaldi visited her with some friends from London and Glasgow, he lifted her bodily from her old arm-chair by the kitchen ingle-side, kissed her brow and carried her into her little *sanctum*, and set her down with a smile amidst her earthly store of papers and books.

As her gloaming of life began to darken a memorial in her favour was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli. It was signed by such men of influence and worth as the late Lord Belhaven, Major Hamilton of Dalzell, who was raised to the peerage in August last, Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier, Sir James Campbell of Stracathro, the late Sheriff Henry Glassford Bell, himself a poet of no mean order; and many others. The late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell presented the memorial. The result was the reception of a most dainty letter of sympathy and appreciation—one of those letters which Lord Beaconsfield could write so well—together with an annual grant of £50, for Janet, out of the Royal Bounty Fund.

But the blind singer of Langloan was not to enjoy long the gift of her sovereign lady. Already the windows had been long darkened, and the almond-tree was now in full flourish, and the grasshopper had become a burden. Her flesh and her heart were beginning to faint and to fail; but her faith burned all the brighter every step she took nearer the Borderland, and she could say with quench less trust that God was the strength of her heart and her portion for ever.

There is an unspeakable pathos in one of the last poems she ever wrote:—

"The star o' memory lichts the past;
But there's a licht abune,
To cheer the darkness o' a life
That maun be endit soon;
And aft I think the gowden morn,
The purple gloamin' fa',
Will shine as bricht, and fa' as saft
When I hae gane awa'."

The dear old peasant-singer, a peasant born, but refined in feeling and heart as any lady who ever trod royal palace or ducal hall, had not long to wait. She did not enjoy the royal bounty more than one short year. Amidst the sweet calm of a pensive October day—the month she loved so well—she passed away

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

THE LIVING OF LANGLEYS.

A Story of Country Life.

By MARY B. WHITING.

CHAPTER XIII.—A SAD PARTING.

SUNDAY was a trying day to Janet. She did not like to refuse to go to church, and yet the sight of Richard Poole in her father's place was almost more than she could bear. She braced herself up to go through it, but it was a great relief when the day was over. She was glad to find that Mr. Poole refused all invitations to the Hall for Sunday; he just shook hands with them after morning service, but did not stay longer than to ask after Mr. Talbot.

"I shall come up to see him to-morrow," he said to Hester as he left them.

As soon as they were out of sight, he began to pace up and down the Rectory garden. His mind was quite made up by this time as to the plan he meant to pursue, but he could not keep himself from thinking over the subject again and again. Yet there was one side of the question that never entered his mind in all his meditations; and that was the possibility that the statement he was about to make would cause Hester any pain. He never doubted for a moment that she would rejoice with him that the truth had come to light; and as he had never believed in her love for Welldon, he could not now believe that she would feel any real sorrow. It had been a long time before he could decide what to do; he had a latent feeling that he ought to make further inquiries before he accused Welldon, but he believed so thoroughly in Wells's accuracy that he could not doubt his word, and as he had never heard of Walter Stamford, the idea of a mistaken identity never entered his head. He had thought it all over many times, and he could not see a shadow of doubt in the case, but he had resolved to give Welldon one chance. He would mention Eastlake's name to him and judge from his answer whether any intimacy existed between them or not.

He could scarcely wait for the morrow to come, he was so impatient to put his suspicions to the test, and as soon as he had breakfasted the next morning he hurried up to the Hall hoping to find Welldon alone. In this he was disappointed, however, for the man-servant said that he believed Mr. Stamford had gone out, but that if Mr. Poole would wait a moment he would go and see. He showed him into a small room opening on to the hall and disappeared. Before Mr. Poole had been in the room a minute he perceived by the smell of smoke that it had been appropriated to Welldon's use, and he shook his head gravely as though here was a fresh confirmation of his suspicions. Some time elapsed and still Welldon did not appear. He walked to the window to relieve his impatience, and as he did so a heap of papers, flung carelessly on the writing-table, caught his eye. Richard Poole was an upright man and no idea of any underhand means of arriving at the wished-for information had ever entered his head; but as he stood before the table the name of Henry Eastlake on the topmost letter stared him in the face, and standing out from the page, in large and carefully formed figures, he saw "£150!" The blood rushed to his brain with bewildering force, but almost before he had time to recover himself the door opened and the footman reappeared.

"Mr. Stamford is out in the grounds, sir," he said, "but my master has heard you are here and wishes to see you."

Mr. Poole followed like one in a dream, but before he had reached the Squire's room his resolution was made. There was nothing further to wait for, the deed must be done at once, for there could no longer be any doubt of Welldon's guilt.

Mr. Talbot held out his hand eagerly as he advanced.

"I wanted to see you very much," he said. "When did you come back?"

"On Saturday evening," said Richard, controlling his agitation with a violent effort.

"And why did you not come to see me yesterday?"

"I am always busy on Sunday, and besides you had visitors here."

"Visitors!" said the Squire vaguely. "Oh! yes, I remember."

He seemed more drowsy than ever this morning, and Richard felt that a task of great difficulty lay before him. He did not know how to open the subject that had so long lain dormant, but he knew that he must not put it off. He had great experience in illness, and he had no doubt that the Squire's sudden break-up was due to serious mischief which might end fatally at any moment. If he

hoped to carry this business through at all, it must be done at once. A chance circumstance favoured him, for at this moment steps were heard outside, and Hester and Welldon passed the library windows. Mr. Talbot looked out and saw them, and Richard seized the opportunity.

"Mr. Stamford seems very fond of Miss Talbot's society," he began.

"Yes; they have been children together."

"But they are children no longer."

The Squire looked curiously at his companion, as though trying to discover the drift of this remark.

"Is there any reason why they should not be together?" he asked, with more animation than he had yet shown.

Richard saw that his attention was roused, and hastened to say,

"I am not sure that he is a good companion for your daughter."

"Why?"

The Squire's eyes glistened, and his old hasty excitement seemed coming back to him.

"I do not think he is leading a very creditable life at Oxford; I have heard that he gambles, and that he is intimate with a very bad set of men."

"I have heard nothing of this."

"Do you think he would be likely to tell you himself?"

"It is abominable deception," burst out Mr. Talbot, rising from his chair as though to find the offender and accuse him on the spot.

"What are you going to do?" said Mr. Poole as he replaced him with a strong hand.

"Turn him out of the house."

"You must not be hasty; wait a moment and let us talk it over."

His quiet but determined voice had its effect, and Mr. Talbot sank back in his chair and looked at his friend for advice.

"You must remember that if you send him away it will put an end to that idea of which you told me some months ago."

"What idea?"

Mr. Poole could hardly believe that the compact which had once seemed the one wish of the Squire's heart should be so totally forgotten! It was the strongest proof of all that his brain was seriously affected.

"The idea of his marrying your daughter."

"I will not allow it! he is a villain and a deceiver!"

He was becoming much excited, and Mr. Poole scarcely knew what to do: he was afraid to trust him to see Welldon alone, and yet he did not feel justified in remaining in the room.

"Will you write and tell him what you think?" he said at last; "you do not want to see him."

"Yes, yes; I will write. Give me a pen and paper."

His hand trembled so much that he had great difficulty in holding the pen, and it was little wonder that the note was entirely written at Richard's dictation. It was as follows:—

"Dear Stamford,—As I have heard today, on unquestionable authority, that you have been concealing from me your bad courses at Oxford, I must request that all intercourse between you and my family should cease at once and *for ever*."

The last words were underlined. In the Squire's present state of excitement the idea of a future explanation never entered his head, and Mr. Poole was convinced that such an event was out of the range of possibility.

"But what shall I do if he insists upon seeing me?" he asked in a feeble tone when he had finished.

"If he insists upon seeing you, of course you cannot refuse, as he is a guest in your own house, but I do not think you need fear anything of the kind; his guilty conscience will take him out of the way quickly enough."

"Can't you stay and help me through with it?"

"I should do you no good, in fact my presence would only do harm; if you are in any actual difficulty, of course you can send for me, but otherwise I am better out of the way."

In saying this Richard was not actuated by any cowardice; he was quite ready to face it out, but as he felt assured that Welldon would be only too glad to take himself off quietly, he did not wish to appear to be triumphing in his downfall. He hurried home therefore and remained in his study all the rest of the day in case he should receive a summons from the Squire.

Meanwhile Welldon and Hester had come in from their walk and were looking for Janet, who had promised to drive with them before luncheon.

"I will go up to her room and fetch her," said Hester, as they stood together in the hall.

"Very well, you will find me in the smoking-room."

Hester ran lightly up-stairs. Welldon stood watching her until she was out of sight. His heart was very joyful, for he felt that he had only to speak the word and the prize would be his. He whistled a lively air as he turned into the smoking-room and began to look for his hat and gloves. A knock came at the door as he stood in front of the fire, waiting for Hester to re-appear, and the footman brought in a note. Welldon took it and opened it carelessly. At first he scarcely took in the meaning of the words which met his bewildered eyes, but when he *had* taken them in he turned deadly pale and leant against the mantel-piece for support. "Some enemy hath done this," he said below his breath, and his thoughts flew involuntarily to Richard Poole.

He was still standing helpless under the crushing blow when Janet came in.

"Hester told me I should find you here," she said; then, changing her tone, "Oh! Welldon, what is the matter?"

He put the note into her hand without a word, and her eyes flashed indignantly as she read it. "A word from you will set all this right; why should you be so distressed?"

"Because I feel sure that a word will *not* set all this right; in the Squire's present state, no amount of reasoning or persuasion will drive an idea out of his mind that has once firmly taken root there."

Janet was silent. Like her brother, she was almost stunned for the moment. "Shall you tell *her?*" she asked, as Hester's step was heard outside.

"Yes," said Welldon briefly.

Janet saw that his manhood was beginning to re-assert itself, and she said no more.

"Read this, Hester," said Welldon, as she came in. She looked up, half terrified at the strange tone in which he spoke, but did as he bade her.

The tears rushed to her eyes. "Oh! Welldon," she cried, "what have you done to deserve this?"

Welldon drew himself up. "I have done nothing," he answered sternly. "Where is your father?"

"Do you think you had better see him? He must have been in a terrible passion when he wrote that."

Welldon looked at her quietly. "Do you think I can calmly submit to this imputation?" he said. "Unless we can come to some understanding, I must leave the house at once."

"Why? He will soon forget it, and you will be as good friends as ever."

"You do not remember on what terms I am here, Hester. Could I bring a stained honour——"

He broke off abruptly, but Hester understood his meaning. "I will go and see," she said, and left the room.

Welldon remained perfectly silent until she returned. "He is in the library," she said; "do not excite him more than you can help."

Welldon made no reply, but went out, leaving the two girls together. Hester went up to Janet's side and put her arm round her neck. "Do not look so unhappy," she said; "this must all come right very soon. I am sure Welldon has done nothing to be ashamed of."

"Of course he has not," answered Janet proudly. "How could you think it for a moment? I am wondering who has dared to set these reports afloat."

"I do not think my father had any letters this morning, and as far as I know no one has been to see him."

"Yes," said Janet, in a tone of sudden conviction, "Mr. Poole has been here; I see it all."

"That is foolish," said Hester; "Mr. Poole is far too upright and honest to have done such a thing without good reason, and that we know does not exist. You never would do him justice, Janet."

Janet was not inclined to enter into a discussion of Mr. Poole's merits just then, and it was a relief to hear her brother's voice calling her from the hall, even though its stern tones told her that he bore no good news. She hurried out to meet him and was shocked at the anguish expressed in his face.

"You must pack your boxes directly, Janet," he said, "we must leave this house at once."

"What has happened?"

He made no answer, but went slowly up-stairs to his own room, whither Janet followed him with an aching heart. As soon as the door was closed he turned to her, saying, with a painful effort, "It is no use, I cannot make him listen to any reason; he would not even tell me the name of my accuser. It is my belief that he hardly knows what he is about; but that does not alter the case. He forbids me to hold any communication with any one belonging to his family."

"But are you bound by a command from one who is clearly not in his right mind?"

"I must obey it for the present; if Hester has any confidence in me she will wait for the time when this cloud shall have passed away. It cannot be long."

"And what are we to do in the meantime?"

Welldon gave a bitter smile. "Spend the rest of our Christmas holiday in a London lodging, I suppose."

"There is no need for us to do that; we must go to town to-day, of course, but I hope that you will soon be able to set this matter right. I believe that it has come from some report about Walter."

"No doubt; but I fear that we shall not be able to convince Mr. Talbot."

"Well, let us hope for the best. I will go and pack, but let me help you a little first, for I should like you to have a few parting words with Hester."

Welldon hurried down-stairs as soon as possible, and found Hester where he had left her.

"Oh! Welldon," she exclaimed, "is there *no* way out of it?"

"None; your father will not believe my word, so it is best that I should go away and do what I can to clear up this unhappy mistake. You do not doubt me, Hester?"

"Certainly not: this is only a rumour which will be explained. I am sure that you have done nothing of which you need be ashamed."

"You will not forget me?"

"I could not do that if I tried. You will soon come back, and all this will pass away."

He held her hand in his, and tender words were hovering on his lips, when Miss Talbot came in, with her eyes filled with tears.

"My dear boy," she said, "what dreadful news this is! I always feared that my cousin would get some delusion into his head one day; I cannot tell you how unhappy I feel."

Her warm sympathy touched a chord in Welldon's heart, and for the first time since the blow had fallen upon him the tears rushed to his eyes. At this moment wheels were heard.

"There comes the carriage to take you to the station," cried Miss Talbot, hurrying away to find Janet, whom she met in the hall. "This will all come right, my dear," she said; "I have a strong suspicion who it is that has set this report afloat. You may rely upon me to do all I can to help you."

She saw that Janet understood her, and no more passed between them.

Hester did not appear at the door, for she dreaded that the servants should see her red eyes and guess that something was amiss; but Miss Talbot went out with them and flung her arms round Janet's neck, then she drew Welldon down and kissed him.

"I am old enough to be your grandmother," she said apologetically, but Welldon's pride and courage were gone by this time, and she went back into the house with his tears upon her cheek.

CHAPTER XIV.—ARRESTED FOR FORGERY!

Two or three weeks passed by, and Janet and Welldon were still in London; they did not feel it possible to go to their uncle's house, but Welldon had seen him at his office and told him of his trouble. He had felt very doubtful about going, for it was an awkward thing to tell a father that his son was the real offender; but Janet told him that it was a duty to clear himself, and that as Walter's father must know of his son's wrong-doing sooner or later, it was better that Welldon should explain matters at once. But this was not so easy a task. Mr. Stamford utterly refused to believe Welldon's tale, and hinted to him pretty strongly that trying to throw the blame upon another only confirmed his guilt.

Janet then advised him to write a plain statement of the case and send it to Mr. Talbot, but this produced no effect, for after several days he received his own letter back again.

"Whose handwriting is that?" said Janet, as she scanned the envelope.

"Mr. Poole's," answered Welldon.

No more was said, but the same thought passed through both their minds.

"I feel like a caged lion," said Welldon one day as they sat together over the fire. "I don't know which way to turn to get out of this wretched position. It will be quite a relief to get back to Oxford, and have something else to think about."

Janet said nothing; she had not yet discussed her future plans with her brother, but she knew that she could not go back to her uncle's house. Much as she pitied Welldon's present misery, she could not help dreading the time when she should be left alone.

"What shall you do when I go back?" asked Welldon, as if in answer to her thoughts.

"I think I shall go into a hospital as a nurse for a time."

"My dear Janet, what do you mean?"

AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

Page 732.

"What else have I to do? I cannot go to Uncle Henry's, and I should be too unhappy in lodgings. I had much better be working at something or other."

"That is true, no doubt, but I am sure you are not strong enough for such hard work."

"I shall not bind myself to go on with it, of course, but I think for three months or so it will be the happiest way out of my difficulty."

Welldon did not much like the idea at first, but he became more accustomed to it as the days went by, and it was settled that as soon as the time came for him to go up to Oxford, Janet should enter upon her new duties. She wished very much that she could see Georgie and talk over this unhappy state of things with her; but when she wrote proposing a meeting she received a brief note in reply, saying that her father had desired that there should be no communication between them. It was evident that Mr. Stamford had infected the rest of the family with his suspicions, and Janet felt that under such circumstances a meeting was impossible. Cut off from all their friends, the brother and sister seemed, if possible, to become dearer to one another, and it was a bitter pang to both when the time of parting came.

Janet had arranged to begin work at once, and as soon as she had seen Welldon off, she started for the hospital, resolved to waste no time in regrets. She had learnt to know the matron well during her weekly visits, and she was sure of receiving a kind and hearty welcome: she had always loved nursing, and knew that she should be very happy in her work, and had it not been for the heavy cloud that hung over her she would have rejoiced at the opportunity which lay before her. As time passed on, she began to feel more hopeful about the future; it was not possible but that all would come right before long, and she smiled to think of the rapture that Welldon would feel if the Squire were brought to acknowledge his innocence. Welldon had proposed that as her three months at the hospital would be over by the Easter vacation, they should go together to some place on the south coast; it was a pleasant prospect to look forward to, and though she knew that she should be sorry to leave her work she felt that caring for Welldon was her first duty.

It was a lovely morning at the beginning of April, the air began to blow soft and warm, and the streets were full of children selling primroses and violets; the scent of the flowers brought back old days to Janet, and seemed like a breath of promise from a far-off land. A friend had sent in a huge basket of flowers for the wards, and Janet was helping to arrange them when a nurse came up and put a letter into her hand. She knew the writing and the Oxford post-mark, and turned aside to open it. The contents nearly took away her breath; Welldon had been arrested for forgery!

She turned sick and faint, and the room seemed to go round. One of the nurses saw her state and ran to support her.

"Have you had bad news?" the nurse asked sympathetically, but Janet had hidden the letter in her pocket, and said that she only wanted to be quiet for a little while. She went to her own room and sat down to try and take in the terrible words that were ringing through her brain.

"Arrested for forgery, arrested for forgery." She said it over and over again to herself, but the words seemed to convey no meaning. It was some time before she remembered that she had not read the rest of the letter, but at last she took it up again to see if she could find any explanation of this dreadful misery.

"DEAREST JANET,—I hardly know how to tell you what has happened, but yet it must be done at once. I am arrested for forgery. What has given rise to this accusation I cannot guess. I shall be taken before the magistrates to-morrow. I do not like to ask you to come, and yet I would give anything to see you."

As soon as Janet had recovered her presence of mind, she sent for the matron and told her what had happened.

"It will be known soon enough," she said, "and I cannot do any harm by telling you now. Of course I must go to him at once."

The matron was very kind and very practical, and in a short time Janet had her things packed, and was speeding on her way to Oxford. She knew exactly where to go, for she and her father had stayed at Oxford soon after Welldon went up; she had the address of the lodgings with her and went straight to them on her arrival. Happily they were disengaged, and saying nothing of what errand had brought her there, she deposited her things and went out to seek some news of her brother. She felt a little undecided at first what course would be best

there," he had said. "It would be far too much for you. Willoughby will bring you constant news of what is going on."

"But you will let me come in at the end, to hear your acquittal?"

"But what if I am not acquitted?"

"That cannot be. I will not think it for a moment; and you do not say it as though you thought there was much fear."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I think I have a pretty strong case, so come if your heart is set upon it."

Walter's feelings, all this time, may be better imagined than described. When he first heard the news of Welldon's arrest he went straight to Eastlake, and declared that he would confess everything; but he was answered by such terrible threats that his cowardly nature was unable to resist them, and he said no more.

Eastlake did not think that there was much fear of Walter's being called as a witness. He certainly would not be called upon for the defence, and there was plenty of evidence against Welldon without his aid. He himself was quite prepared to bear witness that he had sent Welldon a cheque for £150 on the date in question. He was well practised in deceit, and had no doubts about his ability to play his part. He had always kept on good terms with his father, and was now helping him with apparent energy and goodwill. He would have given anything for this affair not to have come to light, but as it was he put the best face he could upon the matter, and resolved to carry it through with a high hand. The lawyer whom Sir George had engaged was staying at Eastlake Park, and, though he was as astute as most of his kind, he was fairly taken in by the young man's self-possession. They talked over the affair together, and by his open manner and hearty co-operation young Eastlake contrived to blind the lawyer completely as to his true character. Sir George began to think better of his son than he had ever done before, when he heard his friend's repeated expressions of admiration at his cleverness.

The fateful day came at last. Janet had hardly slept all the previous night, and her head ached violently as she came down-stairs. She could not even make a pretence of breakfast, but stood by the window, watching for Mr. Willoughby, who had promised to come in on his way to the trial. He soon appeared, and cheered her with a few hopeful words.

"It is only a very little way," he said as he took his departure, "and I shall soon be back to report progress."

He was as good as his word, and Janet soon saw him hastening down the street.

"Well, what news?" she cried.

"They have hardly made a beginning as yet. Your brother has pleaded 'Not guilty,' and the counsel for the prosecution are stating their case."

"How long will that take?"

"I don't know exactly."

"And what will come next?"

"They will begin to examine the witnesses."

"Will it be over to-day?"

"I cannot tell. It depends a good deal upon the number of witnesses called. I shall be able to tell you more when I come again."

It was nearly three hours before he returned, and Janet had worked herself up into a fever of impatience.

"They are examining the witnesses now," he said.

"And how is the trial going?"

"Well, of course things look very black just now, but we shall get our innings presently."

"How does Welldon look?"

"Very calm; he looks tired but rather cheerful than otherwise."

"Who has been giving evidence?"

"Sir George Eastlake first. He deposed to asking his son to bring Welldon to see him, to offering £150 for his manuscripts, and to receiving a receipt for that amount, which was produced in court. His pass-book was also shown with an entry of £750 paid to Mr. W. Stamford. After Sir George had given evidence his son was put into the box. Our counsel did their best to make him show a contradiction in his statement, but I must say he is very clever. His tale was perfect everywhere, literally without a flaw, and his air of regret at having to bear evidence at all was so well assumed that I could see it made a great impression."

"Are there any more witnesses to be called?"

"Several; the Bank clerk who changed the cheque was in the box when I came out."

"But surely he would be a witness on our side?"

"Strange to say, he swears that to the best of his belief it was Welldon who asked for the cash. He says the Bank was full when he came in, but that he remembers his height and general look well enough to be sure of his man."

Janet sighed heavily. "I believe that it was Walter," she said.

"So do many of us, but, as you know, there is not the slightest scrap of evidence to prove it. One of the worst pieces of evidence against Welldon is that two tradesmen are ready to swear that their bills were settled with £50 Bank of England notes the next day, and worst of all, there is no entry in Welldon's account-book of any sum received from Sir George. He was about as bad a man of business as his accuser."

Janet fixed her eyes steadily on Mr. Willoughby's face.

"You think there is no hope then?" she said in a low tone.

"Indeed I do; I have not given up heart in the least; things will look very different to-morrow. I only tell you all this because I know that you would rather hear the whole truth."

"Are you going back now?"

"Yes; I expect by the time I come in again it will all be over for the day."

It was as he said. The examination of the witnesses was such a lengthy proceeding that the counsel for the defence put off his speech until the next day, and Janet had to make up her mind to undergo another day of suspense. She passed it much as she had done the previous one, but Mr. Willoughby could not conceal from her that his hopes were growing less. Plenty of witnesses were called who bore testimony to Welldon's irreproachable conduct, but it could not be denied that there was some very heavy evidence against him. Why was there no entry in his private account-book, and why had he paid his tradesmen the next day with £50 notes? These were inquiries that had been made great use of by the opposite side, and which his own counsel could not gloss over. When Mr. Willoughby came in towards evening, Janet could not but notice how unhappy he looked.

"What have you come to tell me?" she cried in alarm.

"The jury are considering their verdict; there is hope yet!"

"Let me go; you promised that I should go to hear Welldon acquitted."

He tried to detain her by various pretexts, and when at last she would be put off no longer, he managed to take her by the longest possible route. Janet was too much agitated to notice what was passing around her, but when they turned into the street at last she exclaimed—

"What are all these people coming away for?"

"The verdict must have been given."

She made no answer, but hurried on so fast that he could scarcely keep pace with her. At the door they met Welldon's lawyer, who looked anxious and disappointed. Janet stopped at sight of him, and, unable to speak, looked at him with questioning eyes.

"Come and speak to your brother," he said; then added, in a lower tone, "the verdict is 'Guilty.'"

Before Janet had time to make any reply she was ushered into a small and dingy room, where the first sight that caught her eye was Welldon's tall figure stretched upon the floor. The long strain over, he had given way in mind and body, unable to rally from the blow which was all the more terrible because so utterly unexpected.

Janet's strength came back to her at the sight; she pushed away the men who were kneeling at his side, and, raising his head, laid it on her knee.

"Welldon!" she cried in piteous tones; "speak to me."

In a few minutes Welldon opened his eyes languidly, and looked up in his sister's face.

"Janet," he said slowly, "I am innocent."

She bent down, and their lips met in a fervent kiss.

The man who had been trying to restore him now put some brandy to his lips, and in a short time he was able to get up and walk.

"You must go now," said one of the officials to Janet, "but I have no doubt you can get leave to see him to-morrow."

How Janet spent that night she never knew: the anguish that filled her heart was too indescribable for words. She knew now that she had never before understood what sorrow meant.

Mr. Willoughby brought a cab the next morning and took her to the prison. Welldon still looked pale and worn, but he had recovered much of his usual manner.

"My hopes in life are all blighted," he said quietly, "but this makes no difference to my peace of mind; the truth will come out in the end."

"What is the sentence?" asked Janet. She had never thought to ask until this moment. The fact of the verdict had been enough on the previous night.

"Five years' penal servitude!"

She shuddered; the thought was too terrible. For Welldon's sake she tried to repress her feelings during the few moments that remained to them, but as soon as it was all over she broke down utterly, and knew no more for many hours.

Hester was anxiously looking for news from Oxford; Mr. Wells had taken charge of a school just outside the town, and Richard had asked him to telegraph as soon as the verdict was known. He received the message the same evening, and tore it open with eager haste.

"Guilty!"

His first thought was one of thankful relief, but he reproached himself in a moment for his utter selfishness. And yet, why should he not rejoice that evil was punished at last? He argued the question with himself as he sat with the open telegram in his hand; but at last he roused himself and, enclosing it in an envelope, sent it to the Hall by a servant. He could not resist going to see Hester the next morning, but the news which he heard on reaching the Hall changed the current of his thoughts. The Squire had had an apoplectic fit during the night, and was not expected to live more than a few hours. Richard found Hester at his bedside, and all reference to the news of the previous evening was of course impossible. The heir arrived during the afternoon, a first cousin of Hester's, whom, however, she knew but slightly. He tried to gain Mr. Talbot's recognition, but it was too late; the Squire never recovered consciousness after his first seizure, and in a short time all was over. It was Richard who led Hester away from her father's room, and tried to comfort her bitter grief. He forgot all else in his efforts to console her and to make her take some refreshment, of which she stood sorely in need. He was more than rewarded by the scarcely audible words—

"You are my only friend now."

He treasured them up in his heart, and said them over and over again to himself as he wended his way home. At last his object was attained. The prize, for which he had striven so long, lay almost within his grasp. He was necessary to Hester's happiness, and he could not doubt but that her love would soon follow. He made himself very helpful during the next few weeks. Miss Talbot had asked Hester to share her home, and though Hester was not fond of her cousin, she had consented to the arrangement, not knowing what else to propose. She had much to do, therefore, as the move must be made at once, and in all her arrangements she found a ready coadjutor in Richard. Miss Talbot could not conceal her dislike of him. She still firmly believed Welldon to be innocent, and traced all his misfortunes to Mr. Poole. Hester very seldom answered her when she broached the subject; to her mind the fact that Welldon had been pronounced guilty in a court of law was sufficient to stifle all ideas of his innocence. The thought of marrying a convict, as she now called Welldon, in her own mind, was intolerable to her. Miss Talbot decided that her affection for him had never been more than a passing fancy, and though she still felt bound to take care of her and give her a home, she regarded her as very selfish and cold-hearted.

Meanwhile there was another question which occupied Richard's thoughts by day and night. What was to become of the living? He had signed an agreement with Mr. Talbot, when he accepted the charge, by virtue of which he could only be regarded as a temporary incumbent; but yet he heard nothing of any changes from the new Squire, who invariably treated him with great consideration. Could it be that Mr. Talbot had destroyed the agreement? He decided that if nothing was said, he need say nothing; for there was no doubt in his own mind that of late Mr. Talbot had intended to secure the living to him. He waited in some anxiety, but as time passed on and the business of the estate was finally settled he made up his mind that all was right, and that he should not be disturbed in his possession. Only one thing therefore remained to be done: he must wait for a suitable opportunity, and then ask Hester to be his wife.

A few months only had passed when he heard that she was coming to stay with her cousin at the Hall, having had a downright quarrel with Miss Talbot. His heart leapt as he heard the news, for it seemed a providential arrangement insuring his success, and he could hardly wait till her arrival to put his fate to the test. Yet when she came he resolved not to speak to her at once, for now that his hopes seemed so near their fulfilment a sort of nervous presentiment took possession of him that at the last moment he would be disappointed. But as he passed through the churchyard on his way to the Hall, the day after her arrival, he caught sight of a kneeling figure by the old Squire's grave. All his doubts and fears vanished in a moment, and, hurrying to her side, he laid his hand on her shoulder. She looked up with a start. "Hester," he said, "I want you. Come to me." He held out his arms with a gesture that had more of command in it than of love, but Hester did not pause to consider; in another moment she was clasped to his breast, and Richard Poole's triumph was complete.

SUNDAY IN THE SCANDINAVIAN CAPITAL.

By the Rev. FRED. HASTINGS, Author of "Sundays about the World," etc.

IN a quiet room of a large hotel facing the great square in Copenhagen, I am seated enjoying the calm of this exquisite Sunday morning. The skies of Italy surely cannot exceed in blueness that above me. Here and there are fleecy clouds which, by their whiteness, heighten the intensity of the cerulean. The large opera-house, gardens with parterres of flowers, noble trees, statues of sagey bronze, and a creek with barges in stripes of startling green and vermilion, all appear most brilliant in this clear atmosphere. This is a veritable "God's day." Alas! the rattle of the wheels over the rough paving-stones and the shrill cries of the fish-vendors spoil, in a measure, our peace, even as discordant notes shock the nerves when breaking in on some tender melody.

Whither shall we bend our steps? We inquired of the hotel-keeper as to where we should find an English service, but he either misunderstood us or was ignorant of its whereabouts. We started out and made our way to a Lutheran church, that of "The Holy Ghost." It was so full that no seat was to be had, and hardly standing-room. We go on to another, the "Church of Our Saviour." This is almost as full. At last, after standing half an hour, we managed to find a seat behind a column at the very back of the building. It is a large, plain Grecian place with massive columns and two tiers of galleries. It is built on the site of a church through which Nelson once dropped a shell. So ugly was it that Thorwaldsen was asked to decorate it. Certain niches had been left in which to place statues. Not wishing to have his statues hidden, the sculptor wrote from Rome to a friend for the measurement of the niches, and when he received it he made his statues *a foot larger!* Fortunately, therefore, they were placed on pedestals. The niches had to be bricked up and plastered over, but the statues stand out boldly, the only ornaments to a bald and dreary edifice. In the centre of the chancel is, in marble, a grand figure of Christ. On either side, ranged down the church, are His twelve apostles. They are gigantic works, and have a most imposing effect. The white marble statue of Christ is much larger than any of the rest, and with hands outstretched, is made far more striking by a background of deep red-brick tint. Above, in high relief, is a frieze of "the way to the cross." The words, "This is my beloved Son," and "Come unto Me all ye weary," are appropriately written below the figure of the Christ.

The pew lined with pink silk, and in front of which is draped purple velvet with deep yellow fringe, is that set apart for the king, who at times attends this church.

How hearty is the singing here! It does the soul good to listen to these stately Lutheran tunes. All the people sing, led by a choir in which we notice many women as well as men. The custom of placing on large boards, in different parts of the church, the number of the hymns and tunes, facilitates the finding of the place. The pulpit is placed in the side of the church, and half-way between the entrance and altar. It has a large sounding-board, so that the preacher's voice can be easily carried to the distant parts of the building. Fortunately, no reverberating écho spoils the effect of the sermon. The black-robed, befrilled preacher wore a decoration of some order on his breast; it glistened on the black serge. His face was most expressive, and his style of speech effective. He possessed great oratorical power. Several times he paused in his address, and then the noise of coughing was heard all over the church. We saw one gentleman also seize the opportunity of offering a seat to a lady; but the gentlemen generally allowed weak and delicate ladies, as well as wearied and aged women, to stand. The subject on which the preacher discoursed was the "request of the young man to Christ to command his brother to divide the inheritance with him." It was a subject very appropriate, for there is just now great socialistic agitation. He denounced in a most forcible manner those "who would destroy society, banish the Bible, bury Christ, overthrow God's throne, abolish law, and substitute only their own dreams and fancies."

After the preaching came the communion, to which a number of men and women remained. On the organ a low-toned voluntary was played during the ceremony, but it seemed rather to hinder the voice of the officiating minister from being heard, and lessened instead of heightened the solemnity of the observance.

At the close of the communion service a large number of children had to be baptized.

Hester was anxiously looking for news from Oxford; Mr. Wells had taken charge of a school just outside the town, and Richard had asked him to telegraph as soon as the verdict was known. He received the message the same evening, and tore it open with eager haste.

"Guilty!"

His first thought was one of thankful relief, but he reproached himself in a moment for his utter selfishness. And yet, why should he not rejoice that evil was punished at last? He argued the question with himself as he sat with the open telegram in his hand; but at last he roused himself and, enclosing it in an envelope, sent it to the Hall by a servant. He could not resist going to see Hester the next morning, but the news which he heard on reaching the Hall changed the current of his thoughts. The Squire had had an apoplectic fit during the night, and was not expected to live more than a few hours. Richard found Hester at his bedside, and all reference to the news of the previous evening was of course impossible. The heir arrived during the afternoon, a first cousin of Hester's, whom, however, she knew but slightly. He tried to gain Mr. Talbot's recognition, but it was too late; the Squire never recovered consciousness after his first seizure, and in a short time all was over. It was Richard who led Hester away from her father's room, and tried to comfort her bitter grief. He forgot all else in his efforts to console her and to make her take some refreshment, of which she stood sorely in need. He was more than rewarded by the scarcely audible words—

"You are my only friend now."

He treasured them up in his heart, and said them over and over again to himself as he wended his way home. At last his object was attained. The prize, for which he had striven so long, lay almost within his grasp. He was necessary to Hester's happiness, and he could not doubt but that her love would soon follow. He made himself very helpful during the next few weeks. Miss Talbot had asked Hester to share her home, and though Hester was not fond of her cousin, she had consented to the arrangement, not knowing what else to propose. She had much to do, therefore, as the move must be made at once, and in all her arrangements she found a ready coadjutor in Richard. Miss Talbot could not conceal her dislike of him. She still firmly believed Welldon to be innocent, and traced all his misfortunes to Mr. Poole. Hester very seldom answered her when she broached the subject; to her mind the fact that Welldon had been pronounced guilty in a court of law was sufficient to stifle all ideas of his innocence. The thought of marrying a convict, as she now called Welldon, in her own mind, was intolerable to her. Miss Talbot decided that her affection for him had never been more than a passing fancy, and though she still felt bound to take care of her and give her a home, she regarded her as very selfish and cold-hearted.

Meanwhile there was another question which occupied Richard's thoughts by day and night. What was to become of the living? He had signed an agreement with Mr. Talbot, when he accepted the charge, by virtue of which he could only be regarded as a temporary incumbent; but yet he heard nothing of any changes from the new Squire, who invariably treated him with great consideration. Could it be that Mr. Talbot had destroyed the agreement? He decided that if nothing was said, he need say nothing; for there was no doubt in his own mind that of late Mr. Talbot had intended to secure the living to him. He waited in some anxiety, but as time passed on and the business of the estate was finally settled he made up his mind that all was right, and that he should not be disturbed in his possession. Only one thing therefore remained to be done: he must wait for a suitable opportunity, and then ask Hester to be his wife.

A few months only had passed when he heard that she was coming to stay with her cousin at the Hall, having had a downright quarrel with Miss Talbot. His heart leapt as he heard the news, for it seemed a providential arrangement insuring his success, and he could hardly wait till her arrival to put his fate to the test. Yet when she came he resolved not to speak to her at once, for now that his hopes seemed so near their fulfilment a sort of nervous presentiment took possession of him that at the last moment he would be disappointed. But as he passed through the churchyard on his way to the Hall, the day after her arrival, he caught sight of a kneeling figure by the old Squire's grave. All his doubts and fears vanished in a moment, and, hurrying to her side, he laid his hand on her shoulder. She looked up with a start. "Hester," he said, "I want you. Come to me." He held out his arms with a gesture that had more of command in it than of love, but Hester did not pause to consider; in another moment she was clasped to his breast, and Richard Poole's triumph was complete.

SUNDAY IN THE SCANDINAVIAN CAPITAL.

By the Rev. FRED. HASTINGS, Author of "Sundays about the World," etc.

IN a quiet room of a large hotel facing the great square in Copenhagen, I am seated enjoying the calm of this exquisite Sunday morning. The skies of Italy surely cannot exceed in blueness that above me. Here and there are fleecy clouds which, by their whiteness, heighten the intensity of the cerulean. The large opera-house, gardens with parterres of flowers, noble trees, statues of sagey bronze, and a creek with barges in stripes of startling green and vermilion, all appear most brilliant in this clear atmosphere. This is a veritable "God's day." Alas! the rattle of the wheels over the rough paving-stones and the shrill cries of the fish-vendors spoil, in a measure, our peace, even as discordant notes shock the nerves when breaking in on some tender melody.

Whither shall we bend our steps? We inquired of the hotel-keeper as to where we should find an English service, but he either misunderstood us or was ignorant of its whereabouts. We started out and made our way to a Lutheran church, that of "The Holy Ghost." It was so full that no seat was to be had, and hardly standing-room. We go on to another, the "Church of Our Saviour." This is almost as full. At last, after standing half an hour, we managed to find a seat behind a column at the very back of the building. It is a large, plain Grecian place with massive columns and two tiers of galleries. It is built on the site of a church through which Nelson once dropped a shell. So ugly was it that Thorwaldsen was asked to decorate it. Certain niches had been left in which to place statues. Not wishing to have his statues hidden, the sculptor wrote from Rome to a friend for the measurement of the niches, and when he received it he made his statues *a foot larger!* Fortunately, therefore, they were placed on pedestals. The niches had to be bricked up and plastered over, but the statues stand out boldly, the only ornaments to a bald and dreary edifice. In the centre of the chancel is, in marble, a grand figure of Christ. On either side, ranged down the church, are His twelve apostles. They are gigantic works, and have a most imposing effect. The white marble statue of Christ is much larger than any of the rest, and with hands outstretched, is made far more striking by a background of deep red-brick tint. Above, in high relief, is a frieze of "the way to the cross." The words, "This is my beloved Son," and "Come unto Me all ye weary," are appropriately written below the figure of the Christ.

The pew lined with pink silk, and in front of which is draped purple velvet with deep yellow fringe, is that set apart for the king, who at times attends this church.

How hearty is the singing here! It does the soul good to listen to these stately Lutheran tunes. All the people sing, led by a choir in which we notice many women as well as men. The custom of placing on large boards, in different parts of the church, the number of the hymns and tunes, facilitates the finding of the place. The pulpit is placed in the side of the church, and half-way between the entrance and altar. It has a large sounding-board, so that the preacher's voice can be easily carried to the distant parts of the building. Fortunately, no reverberating écho spoils the effect of the sermon. The black-robed, befrilled preacher wore a decoration of some order on his breast; it glistened on the black serge. His face was most expressive, and his style of speech effective. He possessed great oratorical power. Several times he paused in his address, and then the noise of coughing was heard all over the church. We saw one gentleman also seize the opportunity of offering a seat to a lady; but the gentlemen generally allowed weak and delicate ladies, as well as wearied and aged women, to stand. The subject on which the preacher discoursed was the "request of the young man to Christ to command his brother to divide the inheritance with him." It was a subject very appropriate, for there is just now great socialistic agitation. He denounced in a most forcible manner those "who would destroy society, banish the Bible, bury Christ, overthrow God's throne, abolish law, and substitute only their own dreams and fancies."

After the preaching came the communion, to which a number of men and women remained. On the organ a low-toned voluntary was played during the ceremony, but it seemed rather to hinder the voice of the officiating minister from being heard, and lessened instead of heightened the solemnity of the observance.

At the close of the communion service a large number of children had to be baptized.

The preacher for the day also performed this ceremony. He must have been very weary with the endless repetitions. The old verger wisely brought warm water and poured it into the font. We saw the steam evaporate, and thought that the children would not have so rude a shock when the water touched their faces. Most of them were quiet, but one irascible infant at last led off, and such a chorus of crying and wailing was raised as I have never before heard. When a great number had been dedicated four more arrived, and when these had also been attended to another came. The mother of this solitary infant was evidently the widow of a private soldier, who, being dead, was represented at the baptism of his posthumous child by his superior officer. In all the dignity of a bright blue uniform and hat with yellow and red plume, the officer stood by the side of the poor woman. His brilliant attire contrasted strangely with her widow's weeds and tearful face. At the close of the ceremony the officer took up the little white robe and hat of his soldier's child, and gracefully handed them to the poor mother, then he looked at his watch and hurried away. With admiration we gazed after the manly form of one who had been so attentive to a poor sorrowing woman.

The streets of Copenhagen are quiet on Sunday until evening comes. I was assured that the observance of the Sabbath has greatly improved of late.

"Bethesda," or the centre of the "Inner Mission," called for a visit. It is under the control of the State Church, and is held by trustees for the purpose of Sunday-school teaching and for evening preaching. About four hundred children are taught here, and various classes for the elder scholars are held. Students from the University and deaconesses earnestly superintend the work. Here, the Evangelical Alliance held its meetings, and here its representatives gathered from all parts. Here they were cordially and royally welcomed by the monarch.

Passing a dark court, singing is heard. Penetrating it and climbing to the third story I find a large room full of people, and an earnest layman is leading them to Christ. The melodies sung were those made so familiar by American evangelists.

In the afternoon I attended another Lutheran church, near the Exchange, and heard from another pastor the same subject, but not the same sermon to which I had listened in the morning. The carving of the elaborate pulpit and reredos was, in this church, a great charm, and I am afraid it drew off my attention somewhat from the sermon.

The chaplain of the English church holds a service every Sunday afternoon on board a Scotch steamer. He invited me to accompany him and to give the address to the crew. In the saloon he read prayers, and then a sort of sermonette was delivered by the writer, who was thankful to be able thus, in a distant land, to cast "bread on the water." Last year, the Princess of Wales laid the foundation of a new church for the English residents, and the chaplain is working hard to free it from all debt. His congregation is small, but, as he said, he had to look after the few sheep in that foreign land. "I am here," he exclaimed, "to hold the fort." One of the ways in which he has managed this, is by training a choir of Danish boys to sing English hymns, chants and responses. They are glad to learn English, and he is thankful to have their help. Their enunciation was so perfect in the evening service that I could hardly believe they were not English boys.

At night the beer-gardens were full. Very much lager-beer is consumed, and I was told that the quantity drunk in Denmark is double per head that tippled in England. The liquor, however, is said to be "lighter" and of less intoxicating power than that retailed in the glaring and numerous public-houses of our own land.

Of course, ere leaving this interesting city we wandered into the unique museum of the works of Thorwaldsen; peeped at the royal castle so recently destroyed by fire; saw the Ethnological Museum, the Rosenberg Palace, the park, and the statue of Hans Andersen, the enchanting writer for children. We strolled past the quaint Exchange, and gazed with admiration on the eccentric spire of four bronze dragons, with heads on the brickwork and tails all twisted and pointing to the skies. There is another queer, slender, corkscrew-shaped spire of bronze with stairs outside. King Christian IV. brought over Inigo Jones to decorate his capital, and if the King picked the brains of the architect, the latter has certainly left upon the city distinguishing marks which compel attention. From the summit of one tower—a fac-simile of that at Pisa—we had a splendid view of the city and its surroundings—of the narrow streets, glittering canals, massive buildings, broad boulevards, capacious harbour, fruitful champaign, and distant sea. Yes, we would be content to linger much longer in this capital of Scandinavia.

AT THE CRUSADER'S TOMB.

O WARRIOR, brave and daring for creed long years since gone!
Where now the golden splendour of thoughts that on thee shone?
This arch that spans above, the very same it seems,
Yet have thy prophet-visions all vanished like as dreams!
No marble image tells where sleeping Jesus lay;
No past entombs His visions, nor distance dims His day!
No time makes old His conquests, His soldiers never die:
Processions—He is leading—with centuries go by.
Man's love was Jesu's Salem; hearts were His Palestine;
His kingdom was not acres, but man made more divine.
Thy sword, and swords once meeting, have perished with their day;
Thy heart, so madly beating to kill, has passed away.
His heart, by hearts oft wounded, could never wound again;
By wounds, and not by wounding, He conquered rebel-men.

At first, His foe, I met Him, and now I am His own.
The wounds I made, have made Him a Lamb within a throne.
I saw the wounds I gave Him; I saw His bleeding soul—
Till, by that sight all wounded, He stooped and made me whole.
So all the teeming million of rebels, when they see
The gentle heart they fight and wound, His captives too shall be.

DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.

By the Rev. J. W. HORSLEY, Late and Last Chaplain of H.M. Prison, Clerkenwell.

HOW far intemperance is a cause of crime is obviously a question of great moment to all who desire the honour and prosperity of a nation, inasmuch as crime, besides being a shame to a people, is inevitably expensive in its prevention, repression, punishment, or cure. It is a point that needs minute investigation and calm consideration, in view of the "personal equation" arising from prejudice or habit, which notoriously induces some to exaggerate from zeal against intemperance and its causes; and others to minimise in defence of personal habits or their pecuniary interest in a trade without which intemperance would be well-nigh impossible. Theorists should be allowed in this matter no *locus standi*, and the testimony of those who are obliged by their official relation to the intemperate and the criminal to be experts in the matter is not to be dismissed, however it may be checked and weighed, because they may have been morally forced by their daily observation of excess into what may be called by some the opposite extreme of total abstinence. Exaggeration is unnecessary on the one side and absurd on the other. True, that none would put themselves out of court by denying that intemperance was one of the causes of crime.

The question, then, is this: What proportion of crime is directly or indirectly due to intemperate habits in the matter of drink, the national drinking customs, and the facilities afforded for the continuance and spreading of the evil?

My answer, drawn from the experience of ten years, during which over a hundred thousand men and women, remanded or awaiting trial, have come under my notice, is, that half of the crime of England and Wales is directly, and an additional one-fourth indirectly, caused by intemperance.

From Sir Matthew Hale to Mr. Justice Hawkins, judges have repeatedly said that their impression, derived from constant experience in every county, was that more than half of the crimes brought before them were so caused, sometimes by the influence of drink upon the offender, and sometimes by its influence upon his or her victim. This is not quite my 75 per cent.; but it must be remembered that the majority of crimes arising out of intemperance do not come before the judges at assize, being summarily dealt with by justices and stipendiary magistrates. Thirty thousand annual cases of drunken and disorderly conduct in London alone, to say nothing of common assaults and so forth, which drink has indisputably caused, come not at all under the cognisance of superior courts—a fact which much strengthens the argument to be drawn from judicial utterances.

The Lords' Committee on Intemperance gives us the opinion of another class of experts in the returns from chief constables of counties, who say that of the criminals who come under their charge 75 per cent., 80, 85 per cent., two-thirds, three-fifths, four-fifths, nearly all, have been the victims of drinking habits and associates. The mean more than justifies my 75 per cent.

A third class of experts, the governors and chaplains of gaols, before the same committee, ascribes crimes to drink in the proportion of from 50 to 90 per cent., the average of twenty-two returns giving 76 per cent.; while the proportion of recommittals due to drinking is said to be "75 per cent.," "four-fifths," nearly all. Again my estimate appears but too moderate.

A fourth source of evidence is afforded by our police magistrates, a class given neither to exaggeration nor to teetotal advocacy. One writes to me, "It will be found, I believe, that drunkenness is at the bottom of nearly all crime. Yesterday, for example, there were 69 day charges before me, all arising, more or less, out of drunkenness, with the exception of some against boys for playing tip-cat. There were a number of cases of brutal assaults, all committed by persons under the influence of drink, and only one case of felony, and that was committed by a woman who was drunk at the time." Again, I noted one day, that of 22 cases at the Marlborough Police Court, 21 were charges of drunkenness. As it would

not be fair to generalise from a day that might be exceptional, I obtained a return of all charges heard at that court for a week, and found that of 154 no less than 124 were for drunkenness. Frequently I used to determine on receiving my daily lists of fresh admissions, on which the names and ages, but not the offences, were given, that I would see what proportion obtained in the first nine or twelve. Almost invariably nine out of twelve were drink-caused cases, sometimes ten, sometimes even eleven. To check my own observations I write to the chaplain of another London prison (not a teetotaller, by-the-bye), and find from his careful inquiry (made before my letter reached him) that of 216 convicted prisoners brought in that week 187 were convicted for drunkenness, or offences arising therefrom. Vary this line of inquiry by extending it to other towns and we find Mr. Fowler, the Swansea magistrate, telling the Lords that in his parts nineteen out of twenty offences are connected with drink; Mr. R. O. Jones that three-fourths of crime, or a great deal more, is the result of drinking; Mr. J. Jervis that three-fourths of the crime in Portsmouth is attributable to drink; and the Crown Solicitor for Ireland that three-fourths of all the crimes prosecuted by indictment in Dublin are so caused, directly or indirectly—a proportion which would largely be increased, as has already been pointed out, if offences summarily dealt with were included. Take, therefore, whatever class of experts we may, they either confirm or go beyond my estimate.

At the outset I mentioned the error of a few maximisers. It is more needful to expose a common mistake of the many minimisers. They desire to ascertain the relation of intemperance to crime, one item of its consequent cost to the nation, and the proportion of drunkards to the population. For this purpose the Judicial Statistics are procured; the total number of apprehensions or convictions is noted; in the classification of offences two headings are found of drunk, or drunk and disorderly; the numbers under these are taken to represent the total amount of crime attributable to intemperance. These are not seventy-five per cent. of the whole, therefore teetotallers exaggerate, *Q.E.D.*, and the minimiser lives happily ever afterwards. Thus a paper lately fell into this trap for the unwary, and attacked some figures and deductions of mine in this wise. "After all, only one person in forty thousand in London who might have misconducted himself daily did so" (not that misconduct is always followed by apprehension, as they assume). And again, "The number described as habitual drunkards is only 38,929." Only! Those who know from sad observation, or sadder experience, the misery and burden "only" one person who is a drunkard can cause will hardly rejoice over a fact of this sort. But let me point out the fallacy of such reasoning from the basis simply of the Metropolitan Police returns for a year. The total apprehensions are 81,385, and of these 33,822 are charged solely and explicitly with drunkenness. A long way from 75 per cent., exclaims an objector. True, but let us examine the other charges. The list begins with various crimes against the person with violence, and of these there are 10,202. Now turning to the evidence of the Lords' Committee, we find Captain Congreve affirming that fluctuations in crime are unaccountable; but one thing is constant, the connection between drunkenness and crimes of violence. In one district, of 191 persons apprehended for offences against the person, 102 were in a state of intoxication. The lowest average claimed is two-thirds, and if this were taken we must add 6,800 to the figures claimed by our minimiser as representing all the results of intemperance. A glance at the separate headings of this class of offences will enable the most inexperienced to judge if the estimate be exaggerated. Murder, for example, is often no doubt caused by jealousy, anger, or greed as the proximate cause; but yet the scaffold has not infrequently nor undecidedly spoken about intemperance and its fruit. On one day in Clerkenwell there were five women in custody on this charge; only one was sober when the crime was committed. Shooting, stabbing, wounding are separate headings, and the most cursory perusal of any paper will teach us their usual cause. Common assaults, again, are not usually the result of sobriety. I take the first twelve cases that come to hand in prison and find that the drunkenness of the prisoner caused three, the drunkenness of others six, the hereditary effects of intemperance one, and only two were not apparently caused by drink. Mr. Neilson deposes that fights and crimes of violence, at any rate among men, are generally attributable to drink. Next comes assaulting the police. I take twelve men charged with this offence, and find that in ten cases intemperance was the cause. Sir J. Mantell says that aggravated assaults on the police are in nine cases out of ten thus caused. Under the same head comes the crime of

attempting suicide. I examine and tabulate carefully 300 consecutive cases, and find that 172 are caused by drink. I take 33 cases in a month, and find that 18 are directly, 2 indirectly, and 4 probably, caused by intemperance. I take another month, and of 28 cases 21 are directly and 1 indirectly caused by the drunkenness of the prisoners, 3 by the drunkenness of husbands, and only 3 not apparently due to drink. We next come to various headings dealing with offences against property. Here our objector exclaims (I quote an article in a weekly paper), "Alcohol is at any rate no aid to the perpetration of offences against honesty." But is that so? Would the objector like an introduction to some hundreds of my friends who have stolen to get the money for drink, or have become dishonest only after having drunk themselves out of place and character? Or would he notice that the Judicial Statistics say that of 896 houses, the resort of thieves, 448 are public-houses and 348 beer-shops? Again, of 3,076 prostitutes sent to Westminster Prison, 552 were convicted of robbery from the person, which would in almost every case be from the persons of drunken men. Mr. J. Jervis tells the Lords that three-fourths of the crime in Portsmouth is attributable to drink, though there are scarcely any crimes of violence there. We may, therefore, claim that the dictum that drunkenness is no cause of dishonesty may be withdrawn, and in its place record the words of Mr. Justice Hawkins to the Grand Jury at Durham: "It is drink which for the most part is the incentive to crimes of dishonesty." And other headings in which the word drunk does not appear are yet most clearly thus caused in large measure. Take wilful damage, 1,381 cases; this is almost invariably the act of a drunken person, and usually means smashing the windows of a public-house from which the offender has been ejected when no longer profitable. Desertion again—I take the first twelve cases, and find five directly due to drink, which is under the usual proportion. Furious driving—the complaint against the cabby that is sober is usually of the opposite character. Even vagrancy, which heading accounts for 4,188 cases, is in very many instances simply the result of intemperance, whether it mean begging or simple homelessness.

It may therefore be seen what a terribly sound basis exists for the assertion that 75 per cent. of crime is directly or indirectly attributed to intemperance. True, these figures represent cases, not individuals, and some may be reckoned thus several times in a year; but yet, on the other hand, the drunkards apprehended are but a tithe of those to whom that name must be given. In Birmingham there are some 1,850 publics. On a certain night 35 of them were watched, and 883 persons were seen to leave their portals drunk, but yet the police records showed that on that night only 29 persons in the whole city were arrested for drunkenness. But we are getting better, say some. Education is the panacea for drunkenness; education is better and more universal, therefore drunkenness must be diminishing. But the word panacea marks the quack. And let but these two facts be considered:—

1. The number of persons summarily proceeded against for drunken and disorderly conduct for the last five years in England and Wales—

1880 . . .	172,859
1881 . . .	174,481
1882 . . .	189,697
1883 . . .	192,905
1884 . . .	198,274

A steady increase for five years, and that of 26,000, and that in years of exceptional activity in all forms of temperance effort, save the legislative.

2. The class of incurables in prison, *i.e.* those who have been over ten times convicted, is almost entirely made up of the drunkards. The progress of female intemperance recently has been such that the women in this category more than double the men, and the figures for the last seven years are as follows: 5,673, 5,800, 6,773, 7,496, 8,946, 9,316, 9,451.

Terrible to the patriot, heartrending to the Christian must these figures be; to him who only cares for his pocket we yet can say, Do you think the expense thus caused is inevitable? Have you ever calculated its amount? The daily average of our prisons by the last return was very low, but yet reached 16,619, at an average cost of £22 8s. 2d. per head, to say nothing of the preliminary expenses of apprehension and prosecution. The daily average of the convict prisons was 9,247 at £35 2s. 4d., and there were 983 criminal lunatics. Adding the 5,884 juvenile offenders in reformatories and 12,339 in industrial schools (children largely cursed by the intemperance of their parents), we have a daily average of 45,072 in confinement, at a cost to the Treasury alone of £1,027,094. It may be added that the cost of the police, half of whom would not be needed but for intemperance, is £3,476,000, an increase of more than a hundred thousand pounds as compared with the previous year.

THE SILENT VOICE.

By the Rev. W. GARRETT HORDER.

"Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world."
Psalm xix. 2—4 (revised version).

THE first part of this psalm furnishes a key to the spiritual significance of nature. The psalm unlocks no scientific secret. That is not its object; it is indeed unscientific, for it grows out of the imperfect physical knowledge of that far-off age in which men thought of the earth as *stationary*, and of the sun as *moving* from east to west. But scientifically inaccurate, it is spiritually accurate; physically misleading, it is morally revealing. Though we have outgrown its conception of the facts, we have not, and never shall, outgrow its conception of their spiritual significance. We know now that the sun does not move, like a giant, from one end of the heavens to the other, but in relative immobility stands as the centre of its system; but none the less the heavens declare the glory of God, day uttering speech and night revealing knowledge. The heavens are looked at in a new light, but they still quicken the old faith. But the words before us are suggestive of the divine method of teaching, and the suggestion is conveyed, as so often in Scripture, by an apparent contradiction. The apparent contradiction is here; in the second and fourth verses we are told that "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge—their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." But in the third verse, "There is no speech nor language; their voice cannot be heard."

The heavens utter speech, and yet they are silent; they reveal knowledge, and yet their voices are not heard! An utter contradiction, you say. Yes; but it could not have been a contradiction to the Psalmist, for both conceptions are at the same moment in his mind, and find expression from his lips in the same breath. It is true men often contradict themselves. The thought of one period is opposed to that of another. One statement may be set against another from the same speaker; the thoughts of one mood may be opposed to those of another. But men do not, unless they are very foolish, contradict themselves in the same breath. What seems like a contradiction to the hearer is from the standpoint of the speaker only harmony. A great orchestra may to the hearer at one point seem to give forth only discord, but from another point its music be perfectly harmonious. There is a way of regarding this passage so that it seems a gross contradiction, but regard it from the Psalmist's point and the seeming contradiction sets forth in the clearest way the noblest truth. The heavens *are* silent—neither sun nor moon nor stars *speak*. The music of the spheres, of which in the early times Pythagoras spoke, is but a poetic figure. And yet in another sense the heavens are eloquent beyond all speech. There *is* an eloquence of the eye as well as of the voice. The greatest teachers of the world are often silent ones. The portrait may be dumb and yet the canvas be eloquent. You stand before it and exclaim, "What a speaking likeness!" The sculptor's calm, cold marble is the very image of silence, and yet it sometimes speaks more powerfully than the orator's lip. Before the child can speak its tiny face is full of eloquence to its mother's eye. No word may have passed between youth and maiden, and yet more than words could say has shone out of their love-filled eyes, or thrilled through the grasp of each other's hands. In this sense speech is but silvern, whilst silence is golden. The two mightiest voices Emmanuel Kant ever heard were both silent ones—"the starry heavens above, the moral law within." In our wordy age this eloquence of silence is often overlooked, but none the less is it true that where neither speech nor language is heard the revelation is often the clearest.

"There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling
In their silent and eddying rings:
We tremble, they touch us so lightly,
Like the feathers from angel's wings.

"There are pauses of marvellous silence
That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
Under water or under ground."

Now here is to be found the clue to the divine method. We will consider it a little more in detail.

I. *This is God's method in nature.* Nature has neither speech nor language, her voices are not heard. Sun, moon, and stars, mountain and valley, flower and tree, alike are silent. The ocean may roar, the wind may sigh, the birds may sing, but they have

no articulate voice—no key has ever been found to their language; it has never been translated into any human equivalent. Nature never puts her meaning into words of any language, and yet her sound has gone forth through all lands, and her words to the end of the world.

"There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

Everywhere men have heard, and in greater or less degree have felt, her meaning. The old rendering of the third verse of this psalm, though it does not represent the original, is yet true in fact,—"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard"—heard so clearly that in almost every land men have been drawn to the worship of nature. To the Persian, the sun spoke so clearly that he made it the object of his worship; to the Greek, earth and ocean, sun and moon seemed alive with a divine presence; to the ancient Druids, the heavenly bodies spoke so clearly that in their rude stone temples at Avebury and Stonehenge, open as they were to the sky, they worshipped the orbs of heaven. To many a savage, earth has been so eloquent that he invested it with a divine significance, and offered it, in his rude way, divine honours. To Wordsworth the voices of nature were as clear as if angels sang above his head. In "A Voluntary, composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty," he says—

"Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable for both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme."

Whilst in his wonderful "Lines on Tintern Abbey" he speaks of—

"That blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While, with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

Mrs. Barrett Browning says—

"God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold,
But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
Through sighs and sound of every place.
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
'Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?'"

And Aubrey de Vere speaks of—

"Some presence veiled, in fields and groves,
That mingles rapture with remorse,
Some buried joy beside us moves
And thrills the soul with sweet discourse.

As they, perchance, that wondering pair
Who to Emmaus bent their way,
Hearing, heard not; like them our prayer
We make—'The night is near us. . . Stay!'"

Victor Hugo nobly says—

"We are but night,
God is the only light the world can need:
Atoms and space are in this text agreed.
God only great, the humble flowerets name,
And only true the mighty floods proclaim,
And only good winds tell from spot to spot.
O man, let idle vaunts deceive you not!
Whence did you spring, to think that you can be
Better than God, who made the stars and sea?
And who awakes you, when your rest is done,
With His prodigious smile of love—the sun?"

And a recent poet only gives voice to the feeling of many hearts when she says—

"Sometimes, as in the summer fields
I walk abroad, there comes to me
So wild a sense of mystery;
My senses reel, my reason fails,
I am in such strange company.

Yet somewhere, dimly, I can feel
The wild confusion dwells in me,
And I, in no strange company,
Am the lost link, twixt Him and these,
And touch Him through the mystery."

Some friends of mine on one occasion came suddenly on a scene of surpassing glory, high among the mountains in Switzerland, and stood holding each other's hands, awed into worship, feeling "Surely the Lord is in this place!" Thus nature, silent though she be, yet speaks; though no words are heard her meaning is clearly discerned. It is not enough to say, *I* do not hear her voice, or discern her meaning. You are musical, it may be, and whilst listening to a noble orchestra, one in your company says, "This to me is meaningless, only a confused Babel of sound." Does that convince you that the music which holds you captive is but a delusion? You are artistic, it may be, and, standing before a great picture, you hear a beholder exclaim, "What a lovely frame!" (as once the writer did). Does that convince you that the frame is more than the picture? You are mechanical, it may be, and, looking on a wondrous piece of mechanism, you notice one who, with no such aptitude, turns listlessly away. Are you convinced that the mechanist has toiled in vain? And will you dare to say of nature, "She has no voice that *I* can hear, no meaning that *I* can discern; to me she is only a dwelling-place for man; what seems a voice and meaning is only an illusion; those who say they hear a voice or discern a meaning are surely deceived!" Would it not be wiser, humbler, truer, to say the fault is mine; my ears are

not tuned to hear the voice, my eyes not clear enough to discern the meaning?

> "God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;
> If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
> And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
> There towers the mountain of the voice no less,
> Which whoso seeks shall find; but he who bends
> Intent on manna still, and mortal ends,
> Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore."

If nature has drawn men in every land to worship, if she has thrilled the hearts of some of the noblest of the race, then, silent though she be, she yet surely speaks, and though she utter no word yet her meaning is real.

It is a vain conceit of a literary age to fancy that meanings can be conveyed only by *words*, or that truth can be revealed only by *books*. The deepest things are *felt*, not heard; the noblest truths reach us by a voice that is both *still* and *small*. And if nature is ever to be to us what it was to the Psalmist, and the noblest of every land, we must not try to understand her by mere manuals of geology, or botany, or physics, but by opening our *hearts* to her revelations, regarding in deepest adoration the heavens, the work of God's fingers.

> "Heart, heart, awake! the love that loveth all
> Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave,
> Where in her temple, earth o'erarched with sky,
> God's heart to mine may speak, my heart reply."

II. *This is God's method in man.* I have already reminded you that the greatest philosopher of modern times was most deeply impressed by the starry heavens above and the moral law within. And of the moral law, as of the starry heavens, it may be said, "It has neither speech nor language, its voice is not heard." Conscience is as silent as the eternal heavens; it never reaches to *articulate* expression. Sometimes, it is true, it is so aroused that it clothes its commands in words, and, as we lean to evil, cries with majestic voice, "Thou shalt not!" or, as we shrink back from the good, with tones of entreaty declares, "This do and thou shalt live!" But the words are only a human clothing of a divine reality; just as Luther, in the castle of the Wartburg, tempted of evil, in imagination gave it bodily form, and threw at it the ink-horn with which he was writing. No bodily form was there which his ink-horn could mark or wound; intercepted by no Satanic body, it only reached and left its stain on the castle wall. And conscience is too *spiritual* to speak in words; it is a *spirit* bearing witness within our *spirit*, moving across the troubled waters of the soul so as to direct its course aright. Its realm is *feeling* and awakened *thought*; it is a *force*, not a *voice*; it is a *constraint*, not a *revelation*.

> "Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
> And folded far within the inmost heart,
> And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
> Thy splendour shineth; there, O God, thou art."

And therefore our wisdom is not so much to listen or consider as to yield; to be passive under this divine influence. We may not be able to formulate the influence to others; to set it out in words, or reduce it to writing; thus translated it might look foolish, as the feeling of love often does when treated thus. Love is too sacred, too subtle, to bear such expression, but none the less it is the mightiest force in the universe, and the deepest in the heart of the Most High. The more readily we yield the mightier will be this spiritual influence, the more we shall be possessed thereby, until all opposition shall at length cease, and there shall be no discord between the host and the guest. And at last the apostle's grand condition will be reached: "I live, yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me."

III. *This is God's method in revelation.* Of the divine revelation it may be said, here God has neither speech nor language; His voice is not heard. God's voice, as that of nature, is a silent one; it is not heard with the ear, but felt in the heart, an altogether higher and nobler realm for the divine. Indeed, the Prophet Jeremiah expressly says, "But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord. I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their hearts will I write it." But you say, "Does not Scripture often come to us with the declaration, 'Thus saith the Lord?'" Assuredly it does; but it does not follow that the saying was to the *ears* of men. Elijah was most deeply moved, not by the fire, or the earthquake, or the wind, but by "the *still* small voice," which is surely only another way of describing a silence which might be felt, felt all the more keenly after the mighty sounds which preceded. When Judas asked, "How is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?" this was the answer of our Lord: "If a man *love* me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will *come* unto him and *make our abode* with him." No assurance is here of any audible voice. It is by presence not by speech He will be revealed. A distinguished Rabbinical scholar once told me that it was his conviction that all communications from Jehovah to Israel were to

the heart rather than to the ear; whilst the Jews say that His will was revealed to their elders, after the times of the prophets, not by any articulate words, but by some secret inward inspiration, which they call Bath-kol, *i.e.* the daughter of the voice—the voice of a voice, an echo within the soul. An impression on the heart is a finer mode of communication than a sound falling on the outward ear. If the preacher could carry the impression of truth into the heart, he would gladly be silent with his voice. The ear is but the porch of the temple, the heart is the temple itself. Which is the nobler, the messenger who delivers his message at the door, or the friend who enters, and holds fellowship within the house? Count Zindendorf once stood before a picture of Christ on the cross, underneath which was written, "I did all this for thee, what hast thou done for me?" No voice fell on his ear, but a great emotion passed over his heart, and led him to yield himself to one crucified for him. It is a poor conception of Scripture to think of its messages as conveyed to the outer ear of the writers. It is a far nobler one to regard them as impressions made within the heart. The writers were not mere reporters, but exponents of thoughts quickened within their hearts. And this is evident from two considerations: *first, from the declaration of Scripture.* We are expressly told, "Holy men of old spake as they were *moved* by the Holy Ghost;" *moved*, not spoken to, moved by the Holy Ghost, who never speaks by audible voice, a "Spirit that beareth witness with our spirits" that we are the children of God, "the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." "When He, the spirit of truth, is come, He shall *lead* you unto all truth." Scripture gains a new glory when we regard it as an impression made within the heart rather than of a voice speaking in Hebrew or Greek from the sky. *Whilst the second consideration is this, that every book of Scripture bears on its face the idiosyncrasy of the writer.* If to the outer ear, and in human speech, God had spoken, the book would have been all alike; it would have been marked by uniformity rather than variety. But springing as it does from impressions within the nature, it is distinguished by the characteristics of the men who put those impressions into language. Isaiah and Ezekiel, Paul and John, Luke and James, all alike are moved by a divine Spirit, but it finds voice in the special style and language of each. And the great task in relation to Scripture is to separate between the human personality of the speaker and the divine impression made upon his mind, to pass through the earthly court, so as to behold the divine glory in the Holy of Holies.

IV. *This method to some extent prevails in relation to Jesus Christ.* He is the clearest voice of God which men could bear; His words the fullest embodiment of the divine thought possible in human language. His words are spirit and life; but all of Christ is not to be found in His words. There were many things He could not say, because men could not bear them. He is greater than His words, great as those words are; nay, He lifts Himself above His words, and cries, "I am the light of the world, he that *followeth* me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." When Christ is silent He speaks, when His words do not reach the ear He yet teaches. Well did Victor Hugo write at the foot of a crucifix,—

> "Come to this God, ye weepers, for He weeps;
> Come to Him, ye who suffer, for He cures;
> Come to Him, ye who fear, He pity keeps;
> Come to Him ye who pass, for He endures."

Look where we will the divine method is neither by speech nor language, and yet it is a method which carries the sound into all lands, and the words unto the end of the world. God has not given to men a code of divine instructions, or a philosophy of life to be mastered as a lesson. He has rather reflected Himself in nature, in the human conscience, in Scripture, in His Son Jesus Christ. And therefore our part is not just to master the record as we should a lesson in school, but to yield our natures to these gracious influences, to be receptive, to be plastic under them. The divinest lessons cannot be learnt by mere intellectual effort, but only by quiet pondering. Nature will never bear her witness save to hearts that love her. The Spirit will not fashion us anew save as we yield to His influence; Scripture will not minister save to those whose hearts are yearning for God; Christ will not deliver us from darkness save as we follow His light-giving footsteps. But alas! alas! in these days we are in too much haste for all this;

> "The world is too much with us,
> Early and late, getting and spending,
> We lay waste our powers.
> Little we see in nature that is ours,
> We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon."

In quietness and confidence alone we can find our strength. It is only as we come apart and rest awhile that Christ's deepest lessons will reach our hearts.

AGATE WINDOWS.

BE comforted, be comforted,
Ye tempest-tost and worn,
Who wait amid the shadows
For hope's celestial morn!
The valley hath its burden,
Its vision and its song,
And strains of joy are wafted
From heaven's immortal throng.

There is a place of sapphires
Within the school of Christ,
And faith hath her foundations
In sheen of amethyst.
Time's borderland is jewelled
With many a radiant gem,
And love divine must fashion,
And touch and chasten them.

He makes my windows agates,
That I may dimly see
The glories that await me,
The joys prepared for me.
Oh, were the full effulgence
To break upon my sight,
My spirit were too eager
To take its upward flight!

Through mists of tears the bulwarks
Of Zion's city rise;
I greet its pearly portals,
Its jasper meets mine eyes;
A mystic glory lightens it,
It shines upon my road,
And through my agate windows
My heart exults in God!

CLARA THWAITES.

LIFE'S SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

A Farmer's Daughter's Story.

By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

YES, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow." Bible words are words of verity, and these are Bible words; yet the labour and the sorrows are passed for me, and life at fourscore is just an autumn sun-setting, with its gorgeous tints shifting and commingling, all in the calm and the hush of the evening. My life-story: coming and going—pains and pleasures, loves and rapturous yearnings never fulfilled, but which, I trust, have left their impression for good upon my soul—like the lines and colourings in the western sky I love so well.

It seems but as yesterday, and yet it is hard upon eighty years ago, for I was a wee, fluffy-haired, winsome-faced lassie of four, or thereabout, with eyes like the speedwells on the banks in spring-time, I mind me, father was wont to say. Well, it seems but as yesterday that I, standing in the great gloomy hall, where we children sometimes awoke the echoes with our pastime, and where the yule log blazed at Christmas, that I heard my grandfather say to my father,

"Thy brother is come, and I'd e'en kill the fatted calf, because he has returned safe and sound."

And by what I could see of my father's face it was dark and angry, and grandfather's was full of tender pain. Mayhap I did not realise this so fully then as in after days, for little lassies of four are not supposed to define all that their wondering eyes take and store away in the treasure-house of memory, but my quick ears detected that these were not strictly Bible words; and away I sped to find my wise elder sister of six, to set my mind at rest on the subject. These two men, whom I loved best in all the world, still stood in the shadowy hall as I whisked away through the croft and the home meadows, where the tender daisies caressed my feet as I ran to the plantation, as we called the thicket at the back of the house. Here I was sure to find her nursing our baby sister Elizabeth, or Beth, as our mother decided to call her, not caring for the prim, stiff Scripture names our father delighted to bestow upon us. I was Dorcas, or Dorrie, as my mother generally designated me, rather to my disgust be it known, since my brothers waggishly affixed Mouse to the abbreviation, and often favoured me with that alone.

Ah, me! all this was nigh upon eighty years ago, yet my heart thrills and throbs like a very child's, as it did on that fair April morning, when my fat legs went flying across the daisy-covered meadows to find Phebe and little Beth. How sweetly the wood-pigeons were cooing as I drew near to the shimmering tangle of sunshine and shade, the pale-green leaves, bursting in the warmth, intermingling and shaking as with happy laughter. I found them picking primroses at the foot of a beech-tree; at least, Phebe picking and Ebenezer, my two-year-old brother, teaching Beth to walk. Beth was fair, like me, but Ebenezer and Phebe were dark, like father; and so were James and John, whom the farm lads called the sons of Zebedee right wantonly, as my mother averred with a half smile on her pretty, tender lips. My mother was just like April sunshine, like to that which was glinting about us on this morning in question, and her eyes were blue, like the sky over our heads. Oh! mother, mother! though an old woman of eighty, my heart cries out for you in your fair, young beauty, never destined to grow old.

"Phebe," I cried, going straight to my subject, as I caught sight of her, "I want you to come home and read to me all about the Prodigal Son, for I don't think grandfather knows it so well as I do;" speaking

like the precocious child I was. But those were the days when Bible lore was treasured and garnered up by well-taught children, by reason of the scarcity of other literature.

Phebe's dark face wore a puzzled expression, as I related my little all of what I had seen and heard; but, constrained by my eagerness and importunity, without more ado she gathered up Beth into her arms, gave Ebenezer the basket with the primroses to carry, while I sped hither and thither like the happy child I was. We made our way to the best parlour, a gloomy, high-windowed state apartment, not half so cheery and comfortable as the kitchen—or the living place, with its clean stone floor, long, well-scrubbed table and wide fire-place, well-nigh as large as some modern rooms. There, on a stand of its own, stood the family Bible; but even Phebe, my big sister, had to mount up into a chair to consult it; and so kneeling, she turned the much-revered pages, with its wonderful pictures, till the story we sought was found. Ah! there he was, the poor tattered wanderer, and also the father, who seemed to my childish eyes to scowl, rather than to melt into tenderness as I gazed; for I had scrambled up into the chair beside my sister, so that my eyes as well as my ears should be gratified. Ebenezer and baby sat on the floor in wistful patience, as the wonderful tale rang out word by word from Phebe's glib tongue.

"How now, what is this?" It was our grandfather who surprised us in the midst thereof.

"I don't think you said something right out of the Bible, and I want to make sure, grandfather," said I, with a child's ingenuousness, while Phebe's dark cheeks flushed at our temerity in coming into the best parlour to consult the Bible on a work-a-day.

"Well, and did I keep to the letter of the book?" asked the old man kindly.

"No, grandfather, not just," returned I from my high perch beside Phebe.

"Ah! when was that?" and then I told him of what I had overheard.

He smiled down upon us, and stroked our heads without another word; then he went out and away on the farm, and we were conscious of a strange voice and footfall in the house. Baby Beth was asleep ere our Bible tale came to an end, so I and Ebenezer wandered out to pick daisies in the meadows while Phebe laid the little sleeper to rest up-stairs, and made a posy for the dresser in the kitchen with the primroses.

"This is your Uncle Mark, children," said grandfather at dinner-time as we all mustered at table, that same tender pain on his fine dark face; and there surely was a dark-browed stranger, like, yet unlike, our father, sitting at grandfather's right-hand. We had no fatted calf on the table, 'tis true; but as my childish eager eyes scanned the repast, I noted it was not our ordinary homely fare. Grandfather always sat at the head of the table, our mother at the foot, father at grandfather's right-hand, where this new Uncle Mark was now sitting, father opposite him, with a strangely ruffled countenance. Whether of pain or pleasure I could not decide, for our grandfather was asking the accustomed blessing on our meal, and after that we applied ourselves to the eating of dinner, listening, it is true, to the conversation of our elders, which somehow lagged; but keeping to the often-quoted maxim of our mother, that children must be seen and not heard.

Whence came this Uncle Mark we could not tell, for, until now, we never knew we were thus blessed. Our minds were in a maze of mystery, as we stole orderly out to our play, as to what this new arrival meant.

"Our Uncle Mark is come, Sam," said my brother James to the stable lad, meeting him in the croft as we strayed away to the sheep-folds down in the meadow; they, the two boys, on their way to afternoon school in the village, we girls and Ebenezer to while away our time there with baby, till our mother sent to call us in to read and sew.

"Oh, ay! master James, ye have the batch of the four apostles in the house now —Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John," averred that worthy with an uproarious laugh; then he went his way, we ours. Grandfather's name was Matthew, and our father's Luke.

"I say, John, I suppose this Uncle Mark of ours is older than father, as Mark comes before Luke," I heard my brother James say, as the two walked apart from us in the pride of their superior age and sex.

"Yes," spoke John in response; "I wonder if he's going to stay here always."

"I don't know. I wonder where he's been staying so long; I never knew before that we had an Uncle Mark," returned James, and lo! there was the person who was occupying our thoughts hard by the sheep-folds, in conversation with the shepherd, Philip Mould.

"Yes," remarked the man, as we came within hearing, "'tis a flourishing concern;

all that the young master puts his hand to prospers."

"Young master! There's no young master here but me, or won't be, from this day! I'm the eldest son, you know," averred our uncle unpleasantly enough.

"Well, o' course you must settle it atween yourselves, you two and the old master; but I know the farm can't go into better hands than our Master Luke's!"

"Well, 'twill have to go into other hands better or worse: 'twill go into mine," returned the other as if sure of his ground.

"Hark to him!" said James to John, then they two went scurrying off to school, and we little maidens wandered away all along by the river, where the young lambs were romping.

Nobody called us into the house, so, when we were tired of our pastime, and Beth well-nigh asleep in our arms, we returned by way of the croft again, and found our father and mother standing at the back door in the sunshine.

"No, wife; 'twill have to come to my standing aside and letting him take all," our father was saying as we came up.

"But is it right?" pleaded our pretty, blue-eyed mother—her fond gaze resting on us little ones whom she loved so well.

"The right of the eldest son is his, and my father craves for it—to reinstate him in his place—though his fond, old heart is nigh rent in twain between love and justice," replied my father.

"The justice is with us!" spoke mother almost harshly for one so gentle and yielding.

"Softly, Jenny; softly, wife; justice stands between us, and bids me step aside and give place to Mark."

"Our right to go or stay rests with your father," remarked mother, not a vestige of a smile about her pretty lips.

"Just so, and I'd fain spare the old man the pain of deciding; Mark and his must come in, we and ours go out."

My father sighed as he scanned the premises over, the sheep, the daisied meadows, where he had been master, or as the master, from the time our James was born, when this Mark, as I afterwards heard, went out from his own in disgrace, and lost himself far in the wilds of America, to those who still loved him. His going killed his fond, doting mother, who, however, when dying craved for a promise from our grandfather to reinstate him, give him his own as the elder son, should he ever return. Now here was he come back when least expected, blessed with a wife and children as was our father, and talking of ousting us from our home on this first day.

"Then the will of the Lord be done, if so be it is His will," murmured my mother, her eyes as she spoke like the skies, when the April storms have drifted over, and the sun begins to burst forth and shine.

"It is His will, Jenny, 'the Lord hath said, Curse David,'" were my father's words, as he cleared his throat and walked away.

CHAPTER II.

"I AM master here, friend shepherd," said Uncle Mark, a few days later, when Philip came to the house one evening, to consult my father about doctoring one of the ewes.

"Yes; Mr. Mark is master now, Philip; that is under my father, who has the right to say yea or nay, in that which is his own," was father's response, all three men standing in the shadowy old hall, and we children playing about.

"All right, Mr. Luke, least said soonest mended, so long as I know what to do with the ewe," said the man, pulling his forelock.

"How now, fellow? There's naught for you to do or say, little or much, save to do your duty to them you serve. Go on to the folds, and I'll be there," so Uncle Mark was wont to speak to the farm men, and he was not over civil to us. "Now, children, keep a wide berth," he would say in a tone foreign to our ears when, in our carelessness, we crossed his path within doors or without. But his voice softened when he addressed our mother, and she was sweetly gracious to him. Grandfather, too, met with some reverence from him, at which I do not wonder, going about as he did with that tender, pained look of undying love ever on his face.

"Have patience, Luke, have patience," I heard him say to father, ever and anon, during those first trying months after uncle's return, for father was by nature a high-spirited man, and so also was grandfather, only the grace of God was mellowing and softening him, like as the sunshine did the pears on the old garden wall. "Nay, lad, nay, don't kick against the pricks, they are sharp but necessary," said he one day, when Uncle Mark had been over-masterful and father came into the house hot and angry. This was nigh upon Michaelmas, when the apple-gathering was making us glad; then too, we were on the tip-toe of expectation, for Uncle Mark's wife and family were looked for to arrive any day with their maid-servant,

and the children, six in number, as were we. The best bedrooms in the house were allotted them; we young ones were to be shoved away into the attic chambers with Sarah, our maid-servant; father and mother taking possession of a small disused room, and only grandfather keeping to his own.

"I trust Henrietta will be nice and homely like," I heard mother remark to father, as they still tarried and lingered.

"Ay, wife, 'tis to be hoped so; you know the old saying about two cats and a mouse, two wives in one home, don't you? So we poor men must look out for storms any way. What say you, father?" called he to grandfather, who was crossing the hall.

"Eh, lad! what are you talking of?" asked he, approaching the two.

"That stormy days are in store, with two women in command in the house."

"Nay, Jenny isn't the daughter to cloud the last days of her old father with storms." He fondly stroked the yellow rings of hair on her forehead, which had escaped from beneath her cap.

"No, father, the peace shall not be broken by me," replied mother; and, on the morrow, Uncle Mark set out to bring the travellers home.

They were all light-haired, pale-faced children. Henrietta and Julia, the two eldest, twins; the four younger ones, boys, Ralph, William, Edward, and Cuthbert.

"Not one old family name among them," remarked grandfather, half in reproach, after he had kissed them all, and heard their names, turning to Uncle Mark, who stood talking to his wife.

"No, Henrietta has no liking for such old-world names," said he carelessly, and a half-amused smile of approval shot from my mother's eyes toward my new aunt. But a cold stare was all the answer thereto; then they all had tea in the best parlour, and we, in a state of semi-exile, took ours in the kitchen with Sarah.

"I wonder who's to be missis here after to-day, our own old one or this new-fangled one? 'cause, if 'tis she, very little more salt shall I eat here," observed Sarah during the meal.

"Why, what difference will that make about eating salt?" questioned Phebe.

"Oh! you'll know," was the oracular response, while my two brothers winked the one at the other, and munched their bread and butter.

Ah, me! this became the rule now, this banishment of us to the kitchen during meals; not here, but to the other kitchen. The board was spread, as heretofore, in the "loving place," my aunt Henrietta's children filling our places, my father and mother as guests where they had once presided as it were. Grandfather held to the head of the table, though my uncle's wife fought hard for the seat of honour.

"No, 'twas my own wife's place, and I can never see another woman fill it. When I'm gone—" said he, one day, a distressed look on my mother's face cutting short his words; so he said no more, but sat down in his accustomed place, the tender pain on his face making it to shine.

'Twas Sarah told us this, who was attending to this and that at the table, their maid Alice being too fine a lady for aught so menial. She and Sarah were always bickering; we children sided with Sarah, and played many a prank on the other, like the ill-mannered young folk we were. Our elders did not bicker or quarrel, but many were the times I saw my mother's face flush rosy red, as my aunt Henrietta set her down.

"I should be glad if you'd make your maid know herself, Jane," said she to her in my hearing—she never called her by the old familiar name of Jenny.

"Ah! that is a knowledge we all fall short in," was the calm reply. "But in what has she angered you?"

My aunt came from the way of the milk-house, her cheeks flushed, her manner excited.

"Quoted you and your maxims, and as much as told me she didn't hire herself to serve under me."

"Ah! that was impertinent, but it verged on the truth."

"Truth! Truth is everything here. I'm sick of the word, and its meaning."

"Henrietta! sick of the truth!" My mother in her sweet womanliness struck me, child though I was, as very lovely, contrasted with my aunt so stormy and annoyed.

"I'm sick of being a cipher in my own house," was her retort; and up came grandfather. He laid his hand on mother's shoulder.

"Children, are ye fulfilling Scripture so readily? Not in truth, daughter-in-law against mother-in-law, but daughter-in-law against daughter-in-law. Are my foes to be those of my own household?" His words were low and full of sorrow.

"No, father, no; I'll never be your foe," spoke mother. Aunt Henrietta flaunted away without a word.

"Bear up, my child; and if so be there

must be a sundering, the will of the Lord be done."

"Go and play, dearie," said my mother to me; so, as I did her bidding, I heard no more.

This was in November, and in the following March, when the daisies were dotting the fields and meadows, there was a rupture and a sundering of the two families. Now it was within doors a divided household, our maid against Aunt Henrietta's maid; we children crossing and counter-crossing our cousins' ways and paths; they domineering, we resenting; my mother trying hard to possess her soul in patience; father set down by his brother in a thousand ways, and yielding by reason of his duty to his father, and that higher duty to Him who has said, "Live in peace." Ah, my father was not naturally a yielding, submissive man; I know now that his face waxed haggard and worn through that long winter after our uncle's home-coming. As for grandfather, it was the final refining for him. His face comes back to me through all the lapse of years which lie between, so sweetly pitiful in its saintly nobleness, his fine, old undimmed eyes, liquid with the charity that never faileth. But about the final wrench and sundering—as it was division in the house, so was it on the farm.

It came like that pastoral separation of old, recorded in the Bible, through the wrangling of the farm folk, part rallying round my father and his interests, part round my uncle and his. It was the old story of trying to serve two masters; there was the hating and the loving, then the two clashed and ended in an open quarrel. Nay, I believe blows were struck, and my father and Uncle Mark well-nigh came to high words in sifting the matter. It was in the rick-yard they discussed it; and, when they were waxing stormy, up came grandfather. We children were playing "hide-and-seek" hard by, true to our general character of being where we were not needed.

"My sons, this thing must not be," said he, with sorrowful gravity, laying a hand on a shoulder of each, for the men had apprised him of their disagreement. "This strife among our servants is unseemly, holding to this and that, serving two masters and dishonouring both; and above all, the Master whom we serve as well. For the very reason ye are brethren, my sons, this bickering must cease, ye must divide. Look about you, lads; if Mark holds on to his birthright, well and good; then, Luke, you must go out and make a home for yourself and yours. There is East Farm, what say you to that? It isn't quite what I should wish."

My father's face grew dark with a great pain, but at this moment my mother called us, and I heard no more. Mayhap the words I use are not the exact ones which fell upon my childish ears, but in the main part they are correct; mine was ever a retentive memory. I mind me, I, Phebe, Ebenezer, and little Beth went into the home meadow soon after, where my aunt's boys pelted us with tufts of grass and made us cry, so we resolved to leave the daisies to dance in the breeze alone, and sauntered up and down by the river's side, very like patient martyrs in our own minds, and discussed what we had heard and of the prospect of living at East Farm.

CHAPTER III.

East Farm lay somewhat on the hill-side, over which the sun peeped at us of a morning and which the moon climbed nightly, flooding it with her silvery light. We could see the nest of a homestead from our windows; its land joined ours, so I heard the men say as I was down by the sheep cotes.

"He'll be grabbin' that afore long; I know 'twere in his mind to take it if the old master hadn't pushed Master Luke forward, and so say settled the matter," observed Philip; and his subordinate made answer—

"Ay, Master Luke knocks under too much."

"Well, if he do, he does it like a man; not an inch will he budge where he can hold his own by right, as a man and a Christian."

"Ay, you're right there, he's a man and a Christian, though as gentle as a lamb," quoth the under-shepherd.

"Ay, lad, and there were Another who lived that way, only more downright than we poor fellows can ever live it out. Maybe he thinks of Him," said Philip.

"Well, there's some'at as keeps 'un goin', and old master too," was the reply; "and 'tis no clover bed indoors, so Sarah says, so mayhap missis have took a leaf out o' master's book."

"Ay, she be a right good little woman be the missis, but East Farm house is damp, and them east winds tear through the place like mad; I'm told 'twill cut into her and the youngsters."

"Oh! as to that, folks chances such like things, and besides, the bargain is made and they're nigh upon movin'."

"Ay, this be old Lady Day."

So the two men talked, we hearkening and drinking in every word to digest and

ponder over, after the manner of thoughtful children left much to themselves.

Well, the time came for our outgoing. We took away few articles of furniture from the old home; they went with the birthright, Sarah said, crying over one thing and another, as if they had life and feeling. As for us, we were glad, and romped hither and thither like the lambs down in the home meadows among the daisies.

"'Twill be but a stone's throw between us, child," said grandfather, as our mother clung to him, weeping, her head on his breast. "You and the young ones must find your way here often, and I shall come mounting up to your place. And should I need my daughter, I'll—I'll"—the old man's voice grew husky—"I'll signify as much if possible, and, if not, what matters it who closes the eyes, if they open upon Him whom the redeemed soul loves?"

I knew in my childish way that he was taking a peep into the Great Beyond, so vague and undefined to a mite of five, but a step or two from its verge in life's outsetting.

"Should you need me, I will come," said my mother, mastering her tears, "but Henrietta will not be lacking in housewifely attendance to your general comfort." And grandfather kissed, blessed her, and let her go.

It was delightful to us children to run about our new home, peeping into nooks and corners, and mounting high up over the heathery hills among the spring breezes and the sunshine, and, I believe, after the wrench was made and the turmoil of settling down over, our parents had a pleasant breathing time of rest and tranquillity as May smiled itself away into June, and the crops began to ripen, and haying time set in. The upland hay crop was but scanty, I heard it said, and only a meadow or two appertained to my father. I know Sarah went about the house singing, and that we decked the place with wild flowers till all was sweetness and fragrance within and without the house. And then there was the going to and from the pasture grounds milking, while my mother toiled at home; for East Farm was not what our grandfather's had been, and father could not afford so many hands to help, so that milking, and driving home the kine, if need were, fell to Sarah and us children. Ah! a pleasant time we made of it, that first summer at East Farm. Our grandfather came mounting up to us now and again. I fancy myself, a sunny-haired child, running to meet him adown the sloping which led up to our house, when we espied him coming. Aunt Henrietta never came near us, but Uncle Mark sauntered in and over the place occasionally when out with his gun. I know the crops were fine at the Home Farm, as we called grandfather's place, and that ours were scanty; still we had a right hearty harvest-home feast, and my young cousins came up, with grandfather and Uncle Mark, to help us keep it; and we young ones decked the barn, where the supper was eaten, with flowers and evergreens till it looked, to our far-stretching imagination, like fairyland. And grandfather blessed the feast.

Dear grandfather, that was the last feast he blessed. I heard one and another remark that night how he was ageing and failing, but I saw nothing amiss, only a dear, kindly man, with a face all aglow with love for us all. But the frost and snow had scarce set in when his death-blow came; it was apoplexy, so said the doctor, yet those who loved him best knew that it was the heart-ache had mastered him, the heart-ache caused by the thought that his dutiful younger child should have to give place to the elder, and that elder grasping and caring for naught but self; yet all that he touched prospered.

"The yard is glutted with ricks," said Philip on the harvest-home night, for he had come up to feast with us, although standing by the old place and old master, as he was wont to say. Yes, poor grandfather was taken in the dead of night. I knew nothing of the sad event and that our parents had gone down over the moonlit snow, in haste and sorrow, while we slept, until we came downstairs the next morning, and Sarah, with tearful eyes, told us of what had happened. There was no return of consciousness, nor recognition of aught or anybody with the dear old man. They fancied he called Jenny as he was nearing the end, and muttered what they supposed to be, "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad." At nightfall our parents returned—grandfather was dead!

After the funeral all went on with us as before, save that my mother drooped, nursed herself, and toiled on, only to droop and nurse herself again with a cold, which would not be cured. 'Twas a chill, Sarah said, taken through rising from her bed and going out into the frosty night to minister to grandfather. Whatever it was, she was well-nigh torn in two with a cough; and when the spring days began to break upon us and the daisies to peep forth, one and another said to her that she was a doomed woman.

"Nay, don't use so gloomy a word," said she, one day, when a neighbour uttered the oracular verdict; "if it is to end as my own heart tells me it will, may God give strength for our day of need."

"How does your heart tell you your cough will end, mother?" I asked the same evening, stealing up to her, like the very mouse the boys called me, as she sat in the west window, looking out upon the calm primrose sky, where the afterglow had faded.

"How would *your* heart wish it to end Dorrie?" she answered, with another question, drawing me to her with her arm about me.

"I want you to get well, mother," said I without hesitation.

"And suppose I couldn't get well without going away, how would that be?"

"I don't know," I replied, as something made my heart yearn; "but I should long for you to come back."

"And suppose I never came back till you were an old woman, and not even then—how then, Dorrie?"

"I couldn't do without you so long, nor could Beth and Ebenezer and all of us," I managed to say, a lump in my throat the while.

"Many children do get on without their mothers, dearie," said she gently.

"Mother, do you mean you're going to die? oh! mother, mother!" Of course I wept and sobbed—what child would not have done so? as it was borne in upon me what she meant, and mother wept with me.

Well, all in the house knew that night that mother must die, and the warning came not too early, for, not a week after, she passed from us in a fit of coughing. I knew not the manner of her death; but when I saw her arrayed for her burial, she was pure and white, and fair to look upon, like the white lilies which came out in the beds ere her grave was green. A home without a mother is at best but a shiftless place. Sarah was a brave good girl and did her best with us; but, somehow, sorrow and misfortune settled down on us with the death of grandfather, and, mayhap, our father lost courage and dealt with a slack hand; yet he toiled early and late, poor man! But the land was sterile and niggard of yielding increase, and the pasturage was not over nourishing to the kine and sheep; then, too, grandfather intended to do this and that to enrich the land had he lived, seeing he had the right to do what he would for one child as for the other, but death came and put that out of the question. Naught fell to my father by his death; I believe there was some injustice on my Uncle Mark's part; but I never knew what. Of this I am sure, we grew poorer and poorer, and when I was twelve years old, the lease had run out, and our landlord would not renew it to my father. He came up to our place and talked it over with him; he, Mr. Golding, was frank and without reserve in what he did.

"You see, Dearing," he said, sitting in father's little sanctum of a room, where he paid the men, with the door open, "you haven't the strength nor the wherewithal to do justice to the land. 'Twas in no wonderful state of cultivation when you entered upon it, now it is worse, far worse. I don't say this to reproach you, you have done your best; there is such a thing as fortune fighting against a man, and truly it is something like it with you."

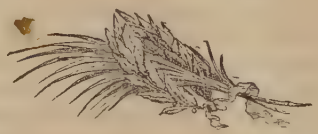
My father said something about a lease of two years longer.

"Nay, Dearing, it would be useless," was the reply; "and besides, I've all but promised it to your brother. Yes, he's offered one hundred a year more than you are paying, and did so six years ago, when you leased anew. I set it aside then, now I've well-nigh closed with him; I cannot throw away a good one hundred and my land into the bargain, even for an unfortunate man."

"Nay, squire, I ask for no such favour, nor would I accept of such—'twould be like beggary," returned my father. "When must I make my move?"

"Well, after this year's ingathering," and so it was settled.

(*To be concluded next month.*)



SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By Mrs. L. HINTON-DOTHIE.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Around the throne of God in Heaven."

Lesson: Prov. xx. 3—12.

"Even a child is known by his doings."—Proverbs xx. 11.

THE Bible has not only a good deal to say *to* children, but also many things *about* them, and this is one of them: "Even a child is known by his doings." We often hear loud words, sometimes very loud ones, but still the old saying is very true, that "actions speak louder than words,"—yes, louder than the loudest words *can* speak. If you see a little hungry child, you know the best way of being sorry for it is to give the poor child something to eat, and doing that says you are sorry louder than any words could do. I knew a little boy whose mother often said to him, "If you are naughty I will give you to the black man" (meaning the chimney-sweep) "when he comes," and at first the little fellow used to cry and be very frightened, but soon he came to know it was only words, and then he would say, "Yes, my mother says so, but I know she won't do it." Her action, you see, spoke louder than her words, and that was what her child trusted to. You are happy, dear children, if you can always feel, "My father and mother always do what they say." Looking at the actions more than the words of any one is the real way to know them, and this way of knowing people does not belong to grown-up persons only, for see what our text says, "Even a child is known by"—what?—"his doings." Sometimes perhaps you think, "Oh, it doesn't matter what I do, I am only a child," but this is a mistake, it does matter very much, and I will tell you why. For one thing, what a child *does* shows what the child *is* a great deal more plainly than how it is dressed or what it says. When a child is kind to little brothers and sisters, patient when disagreeable things happen, ready to forgive unkindness, yielding its own wishes pleasantly, it does not need any words to tell us what sort of a child that is—it is "known by its doings." Children's "doings" are important also, because they are likely to act when they grow up in the same sort of way as when they were children. The habits you little people form now will go with you into your manhood and womanhood, and this is one great reason why we are so anxious that you should form habits of well-doing. A fretful, selfish, ill-tempered child *may* grow into a pleasant, sunshiny man or woman, but it is less *likely* to do so than if it had been a pleasant sunshiny child, and it is always much harder work to begin to be unselfish, and gentle, and forgiving later on in life. Now is by far the easiest time for you to begin to be the pleasant people you wish to be when you are grown up. Then it matters very much indeed to your parents what sort of "doings" yours are, not only because your being good makes them happy, but your doings make other people think well or ill of your father and mother. You are either a credit or a discredit to them, and which it is depends on your doings, which speak more plainly than you think as to what your parents are. What children say may be not at all what they have learned from father or mother, but the way they act is sure to show what their parents are in the home. So remember, dear children, "a well-behaved child is always a credit to its parents."

And now, never forget the most important thing of all, that the doings of "even a child" are of consequence to your Father in heaven, because He loves you and cares to have you love Him, and He cares to have His little children "known" by their following the example set them by His "Holy Child Jesus," and doing those things that please Him. Our words should be such as please Him too. Not angry, harsh, or resentful words; these He bids us put away from our lips; but He is not satisfied with right words unless the doings agree with them, and keeping our words right is a much easier task than having our *hearts* right, and *this* is what we need. The apostle John says, "He that doeth good is of God," and this just means that when the heart is right with God the doings are likely to be right too. Let us ask Jesus our Saviour to cleanse our hearts by His precious blood, and to take our hand in His, that our actions may show that His love rules in our hearts. Thus even you, dear children, will be "known by your doings," and words too, as the "children of God."

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, meek and gentle."

Lesson: 1 Peter i. 13—21.

"Elect . . . unto obedience."—1 Peter i. 2.
"As obedient children."—1 Peter i. 14.

These words are in the first chapter of the apostle Peter's letter to Christian people,

and he speaks of them as "elect unto obedience." What is obedience? You children ought to know. I think most of you would answer to this question, "Doing what you are told." Well, certainly this is part of obedience, but it is only a part, and you might do what you are told and yet not be really obedient. "An obedient child" means a great deal more than this, for what you are told may be very slowly and unwillingly done, as if you would not do it if you could help it, and I don't call that "obedience" at all. But if you make haste to do what you are bidden pleasantly, feeling in your heart a desire to do what is wanted of you, that is true obedience, which is a thing of the spirit as well as the action. To desire to do what you are told is a necessary part of being obedient; and this not in great matters only, but in little ones. Never neglect obedience in *little* things, and then you are pretty sure to be obedient in large ones.

Look at the first of our two little sentences. "Elect" means *chosen*—"chosen to be obedient," not chosen because you are obedient, but *to be* so. That looks as if God cares about children being obedient, does it not? And He does care very much about the true obedience that is given from love. Some children are cripples, some are blind, others suffer from constant pain or weakness. You wonder, perhaps, how they can be so patient and gentle under all they have to bear; I expect the Spirit of God has been teaching them that the patient and willing bearing of these burdens is the very obedience of love to their Heavenly Father's will that is here spoken of, and that they by this patience prove that they are "Elect unto obedience." Our God rejoices over such fruit of His teaching as this. But you children, who are well and strong, are "chosen to be obedient," as well as those who suffer. When you have to be disappointed, and things cannot be as you wish, what sort of a temper do you bear it in? Do you make the least you can of the trouble by giving up cheerfully, or the most of it by being so ill-tempered that every one about you is made uncomfortable? Disappointments are some of God's lessons, and call for loving obedience when His will crosses ours. A fretful grumble, "It's always wet when I want to go out," is not the spirit of an obedient child. What an honour to be "chosen to be obedient!" We may all be thus honoured, and can prove that we are so by being lovingly, promptly, willingly obedient, not only when we have to do pleasant things, but when called to do hard ones, or to give up our own wishes.

Remember that your parents' wishes and commands are God's voice to you children, and obedience to them is obedience to Him. God speaks to you through them, and you will be glad to feel that His voice is there, and that in all your obedience to them you are giving one deeper still "as an obedient child" to God.

Some children are disobedient, and what miserable homes they make! I am sure no disobedient child is so happy as an obedient one—unless the obedience comes only from *fear*; and that, you know, I do not call real obedience. And what sunshine and happiness children who obey with the heart make in the home! Little folks do not know, or do not think, how much of the home-sunshine depends upon them, and how much their ready obedience lightens the heaviest burden of care that ever presses upon father or mother. It has often been said, and with much truth, "No one is fit to command until he has learned to obey." Many children think it is very hard to obey, and would be much easier to command; but to command *well* is not at all easy, and it needs very much the training of having learned to obey. I have known many people who have said, "I wish I had only to do what I was told, instead of directing others, now!" Do you remember the wonderful words that were said of our Lord Jesus Christ about this? If any one could have done without having to obey, surely He could; but we are told of Him, "Yet learned He obedience." I think this may well make all of you content also to "learn obedience," and so to follow Him in this, and be also chosen to be obedient children, on whom the Heavenly Father can look with smiles of approval and satisfaction.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "We are but little children weak."

Lesson: 3 John.

"Children walking in truth."—2 John 4.
"Obeying the truth."—1 Peter i. 22.

The apostle John had very much to say about love, but in his thoughts love included a great deal; it must prove itself by deeds, and even kind deeds would not do unless there were the true spirit of love deep down in the heart. It is the apostle John who here speaks about "children walking in truth," and our other text is from the same chapter of Peter's letter as our two texts last week, and you see belongs both to our sub-

ject then, and to our present one, "Obeying the truth." There can be no love without truth. The way we speak of "true love," shows how the two belong to each other in our thoughts. But though there can be no love without truth, yet it is possible to keep to the truth and be very far from love. You may say what is quite *true*, but say it very harshly and disagreeably. We are told, in this book that tells us so much, to "speak the truth *in love*," and that means in a loving spirit, not in a spiteful or angry one. In Ephesians we are also told to "walk in love," so you see if we are to walk in both love and truth, the two must be very close together.

"Walking" means going on—if you are walking you do not keep in the same place; and it means also keeping on—if you are going anywhere, you neither stand still nor turn back in order to get there. You *go* on and you *keep* on. Now both these thoughts are in this little sentence, "walking in truth." Children need to go on in truth, not one day truthful and another untruthful; sometimes, when it suits them, truthful, and sometimes, when truth would go against them, otherwise. "Walking in truth" does not mean taking a few steps in that road and then slipping into another. Going on in truth is what the apostle is approving, and this is needed the more carefully when the truth seems to our disadvantage, and even to lead us into trouble; then "walking," going on, is hard, and we need to be very watchful lest we slip out of the straight path of truth because it is hard. There is also the thought of "keeping" on; not only going on for some time in the truth and then thinking, "That is near enough, I need not be so exactly correct, I will only exaggerate a little, and say a little more than is true, it won't make much difference." Oh, take care of the very first tiny beginnings of untruth, for if you begin to be untrue in little things, you are sure to wander farther and farther from the way of truth. Remember the apostle bids you *keep on in truth*. To do this you must be true in *deeds* as well as in words; if you have been in fault, and then run away leaving some one else to bear the blame or the punishment, that is not *acting the truth;* if some one gives you too much money in change or payment, and you see it but quickly take it as if it were right, that is not *doing the truth*. Your silence must also be true; never yield if you are asked "not to tell mother" about anything. That advice never leads to good; trust mother with everything, and you will find she can often make sunshine for you when you could find only darkness for yourself, and can often set you right when you are puzzled. Especially be sure to tell her all about it, if you have taken part in something you feel is not right; she can help you, and show you the right way, ever so much better if you tell her the whole truth.

In the Bible "walking" and "walk" are very often used to mean "living" or "the life." You will perhaps see more fully what John means if you read our text this way, "Children living in truth." Living the *whole* life in truth, not some parts in truth and other parts in falsehood, no mixture of that sort at all, but as it were dipped in truth. Now what is the "truth" in which we are to walk or live? It is more than speaking truly and acting truly, it is *being true* in ourselves. You know a thing may be very pretty to look at, but not at all pretty inside; well, "walking in truth is being true all through inside and out, and the only way to secure this is to be true *inside* first; things grow from the inside, and that is the thing we have to look to. Being true includes being fair and just to others, thinking truly; feeling truly, acting truly, speaking truly, all that is "living in truth." That is the high and noble task set before us. And the apostle says afterwards, "I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in the truth." Our Saviour Himself is called "The Truth," so that to "walk in truth" is the same thing as to "abide in Him." To spend all your lives in and with Jesus, this is what God wants of you, dear children, and this will make you truly happy both now and when you grow up into men and women. There is room for us all to walk with Jesus, the Truth.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "O Love Divine, how sweet thou art."

Lesson: 1 John i.

"God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."—1 John i. 5.
"Children of light."—Ephesians v. 8.

What makes the light so pleasant to us? and why do we all like bright, sunshiny days better than dull, dark ones? The light is cheerful, the light gives colour to things; it enables us to go about our business or our play. It surrounds us on every side, and makes life pleasant to us. Light is spoken of a great deal in the Bible, and in a great many different ways. You can easily think of some of them. Jesus says, "I am the Light of the world;" we are told to "let our light shine;" there is the "light of life;"

and here, in our text, "Walk as children of light." There is one very striking thing about light—you *cannot make it dirty.* The things the light falls upon may be dirty, and very often are so, and the brighter the light the more clearly you can see what dirt there is; but the light never *makes* anything dirty, and *nothing* can make it dirty. Now this is one of the special ways in which you are called to be "children of light." There is plenty of evil round about you in the world, plenty of dirt that will soil and stain your spirit if it can; and the apostle says, "Walk as children of light." Do not take the stain of evil from things round you that are evil, any more than the light takes a stain. And also, like the light, do not you stain or make dirty marks upon any one else, from any evil that is in yourself. You do this whenever you use bad words, and whenever you give a slap to another child, and whenever you tempt another to do what is wrong. That is *not* being a child of light.

In many places in the Bible "light" is used for "holiness," or downright thorough rightness of the spirit, from the very core to the outside. Our text, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all," means this: you might read it, "in Him is no evil at all." Oh, how different this is from us! we are not like that—are we? But yet it is possible for us to become "children of light," and to grow into likeness to God. This is, indeed, just what God means us to do, and this is why He takes so much pains to teach us and to lead us away from evil into the good paths. And He wants to have our wills the same as His will about this. He wants us to *desire* to become "children of light," so that we may be willing to learn the lessons He gives us, and not set up our pride and self-will against His teaching. Dear children, do not you, every one, want to become "children of light"—something that takes no stain upon it, and leaves no unclean mark on anything else? There are plenty of unclean words, plenty of unclean deeds, both large and small, plenty of unclean thoughts, feelings, and desires; but "children of light," instead of spreading these where they go, will spread purity and brightness, hope and love. There are many ways in which you can do this, and a very important one is to cultivate a kindly, gentle manner. There is a rough, hard way, and a smooth, kindly way of doing everything, and it makes a great deal of difference *which* way we choose for our habit. A courteous manner makes a great deal of "light" in our homes, and all around us. Especially I would urge upon you a gentle kindliness towards the old, all old people, and not those only who are related to you. I know scarcely a lovelier sight than the young behaving with respectful tenderness to the old. And you can take sunshine to many a sad and lonely heart, by little kindly thoughtful acts, while a few minutes or half an hour taken from play to do a kindness will be very sure to bring a bright ray of it into your own heart.

We have here also the link with our last Sunday's lesson. "Walk as children of light" is the apostle Paul's teaching—you see how the lessons we have had from Peter, Paul, and John all agree—and if you walk in the light you cannot fail to walk in both truth and love. We shall never try to follow Christ in one way without trying to follow Him in all, and seeking to "walk as He walked" who is the "Light of the world," and will shine till He has banished all the darkness of ignorance and evil. Let us ask Him to shine into our hearts, so that our lives may be filled with His light. He has light in Himself, but we are dark except as He shines upon us, and that He waits and wants to do for us. We will gladly let Him in to shine all our darkness away, and then we too may be little lights to help others to see and rejoice in His light.

Here is a new hymn that I hope you will like.

We thank thee, Lord, that thou didst come
To be a child on earth,
Didst live within a humble home,
And wast of lowly birth.
The angels sing thy praise,
Our words a song shall raise.

We thank thee that thy childhood's life
Was our example given,
To keep us from all angry strife,
And guide our steps to heaven.
The angels sing thy praise,
Our deeds a song shall raise.

We thank thee that the load of sin,
Thou on the cross didst bear,
That we might be made pure within,
And in thy glory share.
The angels sing thy praise,
Our hearts a song shall raise.

We thank thee thou hast told us how
To serve thee day by day,
That by our service we may show
We truly love thy way.
The angels sing thy praise,
Our lives a song shall raise.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

WORKING MEN AND CHRISTIANITY.

AN incident during the Trades' Union Congress recently held at Hull should not be overlooked or forgotten by those who are anxious about the religious condition of the working classes. In former years the members of the Congress have attended some ordinary place of worship and have been preached to, or at, with more or less effect. This year they determined to hold a service of their own and to have their own leaders to address them. Their President for the year was in the chair, and Mr. John Wilson, who sat in the last Parliament for one of the divisions of Durham, delivered the most important address. His words were perhaps not such as one would ordinarily hear in a sermon, but they were full of power, and showed that the speaker had a strong and living faith in Christ as the Lord and Saviour not of the past but of the present, and the vast gathering to which he appealed evidently shared his convictions. If the working classes have deserted the churches, they have not deserted Christ, and deep down in the hearts of the people the old faith still lives. If we had a Christian democracy resolute to rid the world of wrong and error, we might see wonderful progress even in our days.

FIFTY YEARS OF THRIFT.

Just half a century ago began our first great experiment for promoting thrift among the people. Of course even then thrift was not an unknown virtue. People—wise people—among all classes had always been in the habit of putting by their savings against the coming of that "rainy day," only too well known in all countries and in all times. But those who earned little and saved less could not trouble a banker with the care of their few shillings or hard-won pounds; most of them indeed had a rooted distrust of banks altogether, and the old stocking or the hole in the wall seemed far safer to trust; but then, though there was no danger that money so entrusted would be risked in rash speculations, there was always the danger of loss, of theft, or of the sudden closing of the account. At last there was a general demand that Government should take some steps to organize poor men's banks, and after a due amount of pressure Government stepped in and organized a system of "Trustee Savings Banks," not assuming the responsibility of management, but appointing unpaid managers or trustees in various parts of the kingdom. For five-and-twenty years this arrangement fairly satisfied popular needs, but, in 1861, a new demand arose that the State should itself act as banker in connection with the Post Office, so extending the scope of operations and bringing new facilities for setting aside small sums within reach of all. So now we have had a considerable amount of experience and can see the results of the system on a large scale. Those results are certainly very wonderful. In the Trustee Savings Banks, which still exist side by side with their younger rivals, the deposits at this moment amount to rather less than £46,000,000. In the Post Office Banks the deposits are now more than £44,500,000. The total value of the deposits is therefore upwards of £90,000,000. But this does not really represent the services rendered by the system; we should ask how much has passed through the banks from their foundation till now. We find then that in fifty years the Trustee Savings Banks have received nearly £220,000,000, while in twenty-five years the Post Office shows a return of £187,000,000. So in fifty years £407,000,000 have been laid aside in this way, to be drawn on in case of need. The figures show how much good has been done by the system, and also prove that thrift is increasing. This is a great blessing, for a saving people should be a strong people, and national thrift ought to increase national happiness.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN'S CLUBS.

The winter will soon be upon us, and young men's clubs all over the land are now busily engaged in forming plans and devising experiments for the session. Just one word of warning to all those responsible for the management. In the first place don't forget that the club is for young men and not for their seniors. It will not do, therefore, to take the prejudices, or even the principles, of men whose hairs are grey as the sole guide in working the club. Have older heads to sober and advise by all means, but let the government be democratic in spirit—of the young, by the young, and for the young. The place must be attractive if it is to win those whom it is meant to serve; there must be recreation and amusement as well as edification and instruction. If you wish the institution to fail, this is the policy to follow: Denounce innocent games, like bagatelle, as dangerous; tell young men that those who play are "standing on the edge of a precipice." Fill the library with third-rate books half a century old. Keep the whole place dull, dreary, and respectable. Make it look like a tomb, and fill it with an air of subdued melancholy; do this, and you will earn the undying gratitude of the publican, the billiard-room keeper, and the card-sharper, and the bitter curse of the young men whose souls and bodies you will have handed over to the devil.

FREE LIBRARIES.

After all the effort that has been put forth to educate the people during the last few years, it is distinctly disappointing to find how slight a hold the system of Public Free Libraries has secured in the country. In the whole of the United Kingdom, we are told, their number is only 114, and this includes

the branches of the central library, which exist in some, at any rate, of our great towns. This gives us one library for every 300,000 of our population; and nobody supposes that this supply of literature is adequate. The indifference that prevails, even among the working-classes themselves, is marvellous. In fact, we are only at the very beginning of our work yet; our belief in the value of education is still but half-hearted, and we shall have to pass through the bitter experience of seeing ourselves outstripped in moral and material prosperity by nations we have been accustomed to despise before we sacrifice a little to secure the blessings within our reach.

GENERAL BOOTH AND HIS NEW RULES.

General Booth is a bold man. He has ventured to do many things which must have turned out utter failures in feebler hands. He knows his men, and has often been justified by success, but if he succeeds in enforcing the new rules as to marriage which have just been published, it will require the exercise of all his influence and authority. Human nature is human nature all the world over—even in the Salvation Army. Love-making and evangelising go on side by side. Lieutenants will fall in love, go a-courting, and expect to get married. "Their thoughts and attentions are directed to their sweethearts," as the General expresses it in very bad English, "instead of trying to qualify themselves for captains." This in the view of authority is fatal. The tendency is to be sternly repressed. In future a lieutenant must rise to captain's rank before courting or engagement, or "anything of the kind" (falling in love, we suppose) can be recognised. Captains must not only have served for two years, at least, before they may even expect permission to marry, but must also have proved themselves able and efficient officers, and must be backed by their divisional commander. Here is a perfect hedge of restrictions, and he must be an exceptional man who succeeds in satisfying all these various conditions. It is a bad system. Prudence and caution in marriage are admirable virtues, especially in those who have devoted themselves to religious work, but an iron tyranny like this treats men and women as if they were machines, and not living hearts and free minds.

AN ENGLISH CONVENT.

Very few people can have read the accounts published a few weeks ago of the "enclosure" of a community at Arundel, belonging to the order known as the Poor Clares, without a feeling of profound sadness. In these days of ours, when the Church of Christ should be in the world, in its very heart and centre, though not of it, to redress countless wrongs, to reform untold evils, to minister to appalling needs, and to bear light and hope and strength, we see these women, with hearts full of love to their divine Lord, cutting themselves off absolutely and for ever from all human society. From the moment when the Bishop of Southwark gave them his blessing and "closed the door" upon them, they will never look upon other faces than their own till this life is done, and in their inner chapel they will worship, rigidly isolated from their kind. There is a strange contrast between the two parts of the inscription carved on their outer wall. "This convent is built to the glory of God"—so it begins—"and to ensure perpetual prayer for those who, whether known or unknown, have by their charitable prayers, helped the foundress in times of trial and sorrow." The true religious life, as a great woman thinker has told us, is a struggle, not a hymn; we might add that it lies in action as well as in prayer. And those who thus flee from the world that needs them find that seclusion is not always peace. The heart carries its own unrest with it; it must work as well as pray to be at peace. Torn like a shell from the great heaving sea of life, it still carries the melancholy music of infinite want and infinite sorrow with it, "And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

COLONIAL CLERGY IN ENGLAND.

Some of the Australian newspapers have been complaining lately of the restrictions and disabilities to which a clergyman who has been ordained in the colonies is subjected when he comes and settles down in England. This is not the day of restrictions, and now that we are drawing closer to our colonies religiously than we ever have done before, sending our best men to them and receiving their best in exchange, every unnecessary barrier is sure to be swept away. Of course it would not be wise for the bishops of England to recognise colonial orders indiscriminately and without question. A certain standard of attainments and character must be maintained, and nothing would be easier than for an unprincipled person to make the colonies serve him as a kind of back-door to holy orders; if he could not come up to the standard required here, he might go to Australia or New Zealand, or any place where men are readily accepted for religious work, and then after a few months return home and settle down as a regularly ordained priest. That would never do, and such a peril must of course be rigorously avoided. More than this, however, it would be foolish and unjust to ask. If a man comes over here, after years of honest and loyal service in a country still young and with the roughness of youth upon it, it would be absurd to disqualify him for Christian work in England because he has forgotten how to construe his Greek Testament or is a little hazy about the precise doctrines of ancient heretics.

II.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Mr. Wigram, well known to all as the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, is going to spend a year's furlough in visiting the missions of the Society which he serves so admirably. It will be a long expedition and will occupy a considerable time,

but so vast and wide-spread are the operations of the Society that he will by no means be able to pass through the entire field of its work. Africa he leaves altogether, and Palestine, Persia, and New Zealand. Such a journey will be a wonderful blessing both to the visitor and to his hosts. He will be able to see the work at each station actually in progress; and on the spot, in a new country, and among a strange people, he will learn far more about its character and conditions than would be possible by any number of letters or even of interviews. And on the other side, those whom he visits will feel that those at home whom their friend represents are really in sympathy with them; he will embody the living interest of thousands who stay, and must stay, at home, and will serve as a link to bind those who support and those who serve more closely together. May God be with him in all his journeying, preserve him from all danger, and bring him back freshly inspired for the great work which he undertakes.

THE BIBLE IN CHINA.

It is hopeless to fight against the Bible; every year proves that. One generation may drive it out, but the next is sure to see it return, and return with increased power. In 1869 a Mr. Johnson of the British and Foreign Bible Society set out to travel through the province of Ngangwhui. He never returned, and his fate was wrapped in mystery. This year, however, Mr. Burnet, an agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland, has been making a long expedition through the same district. At one place, he and his party met with an unusually hostile reception. They were pelted from the river-bank with wet clay, he tells us, "till some of them looked like brick-makers." The disturbance gave rise to a good deal of talk, and one of the older men said that he remembered a similar, but more fatal occurrence, when he was a young man. "Twenty years ago," he said, "there was another foreigner here selling books. During the day a fire broke out and burned a large part of the place. The foreigner was blamed for this, and at dead of night a number of men boarded his boat and killed him and all on board, afterwards burning the boat." Such was poor Johnson's fate; Mr. Burnet escaped; the next visit will mark further progress; for elsewhere, in a district once hostile, portions of the Wenli New Testament, recently published at Hankow, are selling at the rate of a thousand a day.

A NEW CALAMITY ON THE CONGO.

Never had a mission such troubles as the Baptist mission on the Congo. They have suffered one disaster after another. Disease has swept away the workers again and again, and at times the very existence of the mission has seemed to be doomed to total extinction. Now another blow has fallen, serious, indeed, but of a different kind. A sudden bush-fire fastened upon the station at Stanley Pool, and in a short time the buildings and their contents were entirely consumed. It is a terrible loss. Stores for fitting out three other stations, all the extra gear and fittings of the mission steamer, the entire stock of goods for trade and barter with the natives, and, besides this, the whole of the private property belonging to several members of the party: all was devoured by the flames. The total loss is estimated at £3,000, to say nothing of the difficulty and trouble of conveyance. But for this calamity, the prospects of the mission were never brighter. The people are beginning to show a real interest in the teaching; they listen, we are told, to the story of the Cross as they never listened before. So all is not loss. Only the material part of the work has suffered. Money will replace this; a worker fallen at his post it could not have restored, nor could it command the sympathy which the sight of men working on and holding their ground in the face of all trials and difficulties is sure to produce in the hearts of those for whom they are labouring.

THE GROWTH OF THE HEATHEN WORLD.

In a very remarkable pamphlet, "A Century of Protestant Missions," published by Messrs. Nisbet, the Rev. James Johnson reminds us of some facts vitally important yet too seldom remembered. With all its efforts Protestantism has only about three millions of converts from heathenism at the present time, and even adding the converts made by Roman Catholic teaching, the total will not be more than doubled. But since mission work first began, the population of the heathen world has increased by 200,000,000; and it is still growing at the same rate. Every year, therefore, increases the volume of work which Christian enterprise has to undertake. Vast as the task is, we must not and cannot withdraw; the fact ought to increase our energy and our ardour, not to diminish them.

THE OFFERINGS OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

The Church Missionary *Intelligencer* for October contains some interesting returns, showing the offerings contributed by some of its Missions abroad for Mission or Native Church purposes. It reckons that about £10,000 was raised during last year by the native Christians themselves, the churches in India (practically Southern India) giving £3,840, as against £3,700 received from Europeans in India, though the Editor adds that this amount must be surely understated; at any rate we will hope that it is so. West Africa, that is Sierra Leone, Yoruba, and the Niger Delta, contributed no less than £5,000; truly a magnificent gift when we remember the conditions and circumstances of those who gave, while the return as a whole speaks in a very emphatic way of the generosity of those who are now returning what they once received.

III.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

SAMUEL MORLEY.

All parties, classes, and creeds have united in a common sorrow over the death of Samuel Morley

Even those who had least sympathy with his principles and aspirations have joined in the universal tribute of respect and gratitude; they feel that the world is the better for him and for men like him. He embodied the elements and the foundations of our national greatness, as the honest merchant, the patriotic citizen, the devoted philanthropist, the earnest Christian. His life had one supreme purpose —to do good. The very men who suggest that he was "narrow-minded," in the same breath complain that his generosity was too diffuse; that his sympathies were too widely scattered; that he lavished his wealth on too many schemes of religious and social reform. If definite convictions tenaciously held make a man "narrow-minded," narrow-minded he was; narrow-hearted no one will venture to call him. As the *Times* said, he was "the Shaftesbury of the middle classes," and though it may perhaps be true that while we had but one Shaftesbury we have many Morleys, that does not make our loss less real. We want every man with true heart and open hand that we have; we cannot spare one; we want more of them every year, if the enormous work which lies round us on every side is ever to be done—the work of making England a civilised and a Christian country in reality as it is in name.

DR. JOHN KER.

A few months ago the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland lost one of its brightest ornaments in the Rev. W. B. Robertson; and now it has received another, and not less severe blow, by the sudden death of Dr. John Ker. The loss is general, for Dr. Ker's reputation extended far beyond the bounds of his church and his country, and for many years the readers of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE were accustomed to welcome with gratitude and pleasure his noble and devout thought. His great and varied faculties are not to be summed up in a few sentences: his nature was as broad and deep as humanity itself. He was a prince of preachers. He had the speculative penetration of the philosopher, the grace and knowledge of the scholar, the pathos and passion of the poet; and all these faculties he compelled to serve him in his work. While in charge of his church at Glasgow, and afterwards as Professor of Practical Training at the United Presbyterian College in Edinburgh, he exerted an influence upon those who gathered round him of the best and highest kind. Protracted weakness crippled him in the free use of his power, and at one period of his life he was so utterly prostrated that his mind became an absolute blank; he could not even remember the Lord's Prayer. And though he by slow degrees regained comparative health and strength, one cannot but feel that with powers unfettered he would have produced still greater and more lasting memorials of his genius.

THE REV. PHILIP O'FLAHERTY.

For many years Mr. O'Flaherty's name has been sure to occur in all news from the mission at Uganda, and though he was not one of those who were first established there, he will be inseparably associated with its history. Through all the vicissitudes of cloud and sunshine, of friendship and enmity, which the Christian teachers at Uganda have experienced, Mr. O'Flaherty has shown himself ever staunch and undaunted. He has inspired the native converts there with his own fearless spirit, and in the recent persecution they have shown of what stuff they are made. Mr. O'Flaherty's life has been an eventful one. Religious differences separated him from his family when a young man. He enlisted in the ranks, served in the Crimean war, and distinguished himself for his coolness under fire and his wonderful influence among his fellow-soldiers. It was found that he had great linguistic skill, and he was taken to serve as one of the interpreters to the staff. When the war was over he remained in Turkey as a missionary of the Free Church, but was afterwards transferred by them to the Church Missionary Society. He worked abroad for some years, and then came back to England to serve at home; but when the Committee of the Church Missionary Society invited him to go out to Uganda, he gave up everything and went, leaving wife and children behind. After years of devoted service he was on his way home; the crisis seemed past, and the mission for the time secure. But stress and strain had told upon his strength; he brought away with him the seeds of the fever which proved fatal. He did not live to see the faces of those whom he loved in England, and from the home which he left dark rumours of persecution and massacre have reached us, which, if true, imply that the native Church which he built up has been swept away.

DR. J. G. WAKLEY.

Dr. Wakley's life-work was by its very nature quiet and unobtrusive, but for that very fact deserves the greater share of recognition and honour. The medical profession, to which he belonged, has been a very pioneer of progress in our times. It has been an immense force on the side of civilisation and enlightenment, and if the heroic and devoted deeds of our doctors could be gathered together and recorded, the volume would be one to be written in letters of gold. The *Lancet*, the great organ of the profession, which Dr. Wakley edited and partly owned, has done very much to keep up a high standard among the members of the medical profession. Of course, it has not been infallible; there have been times when it has opposed what it should have championed, but its influence during the five-and-twenty years in which Dr. Wakley controlled and guided it has done much to raise the condition of the poor, the ignorant, and the neglected. Dr. Wakley himself, though a man of science, was a loyal and devoted Christian. He did much to make "Hospital Sunday" an institution in London, and during two successive years his own gift to its funds was £1,000. In his last years he had to suffer greatly from a cruel disease, but personal suffering deepened his faith and intensified his sympathy.

"O happy band of pilgrims."

Page 839.

THE GEMS SHE WORE.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "A Band of Three," "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER LXX.—"WITH HONOUR."

ALL his life this young man had been weak. Weakness and indecision had been perhaps his worst sins. He had never done anything *very* bad in the twenty-three years of his being—he had simply done nothing.

Brownlow's had been sins of omission. At school he had refused to learn; in play hours he had not cared to play. All the advantages of wealth were his for the asking, but he cared for none of them. He seemed to be a being without strong affections—almost destitute of emotion. He was honest enough, and humble enough, but he was utterly useless; no one was the better for his existence.

From his earliest days he was the drone in a busy hive. There is a power, however, which comes in many guises to most men and women. The glance from a girl's eye, the look on a girl's face had lit this flame in Brownlow's heart. In one moment it made a different man of him; in one moment it gave him a motive, a desire, even an ambition. He was very little aware of the change which his love for Ellen had wrought in his soul; that love had raised him from the common to the uncommon. Unrequited as it was, unspoken about, incomplete—a worship and a devction all on one side, yet it was the touch of the Divine Hand raising this weak creature—it was to be the smile of the Divine Face, satisfying for ever a feeble human heart.

There had come a period when Brownlow, tortured and harassed and miserable, had yielded to a swift and sudden temptation. He had never hoped to win Ellen, but to see another man obtain the love which was so sacred and precious to him was almost more than he could stand. He found that he hated Arundel, and he had a sense of relief when Arundel was suddenly removed out of his way. At first the idea never occurred to him to keep what he had seen a secret, but Ellen's unexpected appearance in the cave had brought so swift a temptation with it that he had yielded to it—he told a weak and mean lie—he concealed his knowledge; in short, he fell before the temptation.

On that one night, and on that one night alone, he could have spoken with honour—he could have raised himself in Ellen's estimation.

The night passed, the opportunity was gone; to speak now was to speak to his shame; to speak now was to shut himself away from Ellen for ever. He could not bring himself to do this. He went home more wretched than words can say. He dared not return to the cave; he dared not hear the name of Arundel whispered; in short, his life became a misery to him.

One day, as he was standing in Shela's stable, there came a noise at the window outside. Instantly he hid behind a wooden beam, and he heard Ellen's voice. The words distinctly fell on his ears—

"I am glad, Shela, that you did not die for the wrong man."

Poor Brownlow never went through lower depths of misery than he did at that moment. This black state of despair went on until Miss Biddy's arrival at Inchfawn. Unconsciously, most unconsciously, she tore the veil from his eyes. In one moment she made the selfish man unselfish, and the weak man strong.

Ellen dying! No, no, no—that should not be. In an instant Brownlow forgot himself; in an instant the love which had hitherto only brought him torture became his salvation. *He* became nothing; Ellen was all. No matter what she thought of him, no matter how low he appeared in her eyes, Arundel should be brought to her side: Arundel, who now could tell such a story of Brownlow's perfidy—of Brownlow's cowardice and disgrace.

The young man, the moment he left Nora, took a car to the small town of Fahn, and from thence was speedily ferried across to the opposite side of the Lough. The day was nearly over, in fact the evening had set in, when Brownlow arrived at the little town of Rathmullet. He had made up his mind, however, to go to Dunfanaghy that night, and after some difficulty he induced a carman to take him across to this village.

Now he must wait, and waiting in his present state of mind seemed almost past endurance. He retired to his room at the little inn, but no sleep came to him; he was haunted by a great dread that Ellen would die before deliverance could be sent to her. At last, as soon as ever the first dawn of day broke, he set off to walk to Horn Head. It was a three-mile walk, and Brownlow, spent with many emotions and weary with long suffering, felt

exhausted when he got to the end. The walk at the end was very rough, but at last he found himself on the edge of this great headland, and surveyed with eyes that only half saw the glorious mountains and scenery that surrounded him. The intense solitude, however, oppressed him, and the vast height of the great headland from the sea beneath made him feel sick and giddy. He lay down full-length on the grass, and, shielding his eyes with his hands, tried to discover that speck in the ocean where Arundel was imprisoned.

Mountains of striking shapes stood out boldly against the horizon, the snow-white peak of Errigal, the highest eminence of this range, being most visible. But in vain Brownlow sought the tiny island, whose name even he did not know. At this moment a fisherman came up to him.

"Sure, thin, your honour, that's Errigal, and does your honour want to come up and see Macsweeny's gun. Och! a storm will be soon brewing which will send the report through the gun as far away as Derry itself."

The fisherman alluded to a great cavern in the cliff above, where the rush of the ocean makes a terrible sound, but Brownlow's white and uninterested face soon showed the astute Irishman that here was no common sight-seer.

"See," said the young man, rising slowly to his feet, "there's an island somewhere out there—isn't there?"

"Is it an island your honour manes? Yes, sure, there's the Witch's Howlding, but it's a nasty place, and you can only see it on a fair day."

"I want to go there," said Brownlow. "What will you take me there for?"

The old fisherman started back a few steps.

"Och! thin, and is the boy mad? I'm sure I beg your pardon, your honour, for spaking so free, but you took my breath away, and no mistake. Is it me who'd take you out to the Witch's Howlding? No, no, sir, not if you were to give me pounds. Why, on the smoothest day I wouldn't see myself near them rocks; and, though it's fair enough now, there'll be a storm coming up in an hour or two."

"Then I must seek some one else," said Brownlow. "There are some houses up there, and I see boats lying yonder. Good morning."

The fisherman hobbled after him.

"But, indeed, your honour, you won't get a boy in the place to do the job. 'Tisn't only that it's the roughest landing anywhere round the coast, and that there's a storm coming up as sure as my name is Jim Hannigan, but that the place is haunted. It hasn't its name, the Witch's Howlding, for nothing; and they do say that thim who ventures to land on that island lies down in the graveyard before the next spring comes round. No, sir, not one in the place, nor near it, will take you to the Witch's Howlding. 'Tis an evil place and a bad, and nothing to be seen when you does get there. Now Macsweeny's gun and——"

"Bother Macsweeny's gun!" exclaimed Brownlow; "do you suppose I've come to *see* things. Good morning, old man. Don't keep me; I've no time to lose, and I only hope your prophecies will prove false."

But, alas! for Brownlow, the old fisherman of Horn Head knew the aborigines of the place but too well. No man of them could be persuaded by any amount of gold to venture near the fatal Witch's Holding.

In vain Brownlow pleaded, and at last, in his despair, told them the object of his mission. There was a man imprisoned in the holding. The Red Glen men had been cowards and treacherous and wicked, and would they not help him to deliver an innocent man from cruel imprisonment?

But the fame of the Red Glen men had spread far and near, and less than ever now would the people of Horn Head interfere with any little revenge they might set on foot.

At last there was nothing for it, but for Brownlow to determine to go alone. He was a fair oarsman, and if they would lend him their best and lightest and most seaworthy boat, he would see what his own unaided strength could accomplish.

Would they help him without a moment's delay, before the storm which they apprehended came up? Here the good-natured, weak, and superstitious people became instantly active and obliging.

"Sure thin, his honour should have Pat Malone's boat, which rode the water like a cork. And, oh! wouldn't his honour think of his own poor mother whom he would never see again, and maybe his lady love? And, oh! why should he go to certain destruction in the dreadful Witch's Howlding?"

"I think of my mother and of my lady love—with honour," said Brownlow, coming forward with a light and buoyant step. "Lend me the boat, good folks, and let me be off."

CHAPTER LXXI.—RED GLEN MEN.

Miss Ellerslee had tried in vain to extract from Nora the information which she had given to Brownlow; each allusion to the

subject brought on the part of the poor peasant girl such a fit of trembling, such an agony of terror, that the doctor, whom Margaret had consulted on her account, at last interfered, and said that to torture the unwilling girl any longer, on this painful subject, would endanger either her life or her reason.

Margaret Ellerslee, however, was not one to let the grass grow under her feet. Without consulting any one, except her own reasonable and clear judgment, she put the whole case into the hands of the astute officers of Scotland Yard, and she believed that one or two of their cleverest detectives were now at work amongst the Inchfawn folks, and that soon information would reach her which would lead to her cousin's recovery. Other influences, however, all unknown to Margaret, were at work, and Love not Science would yet undo the prison bars, and set the captive free.

On the very night that Brownlow had crossed over to Rathmullet, the Red Glen folks met as usual. On every face was a softened look, in all the wild and fierce and troubled eyes a new expression.

Something greater than revenge had stepped in and taken possession of every heart. Only the love of one young and gentle girl, only the memory of some simply-spoken words of kindness, some easily bestowed glances of sympathy: only these things, which had come as easily as the breath of life, from one young fervent and gracious spirit! How potent was their influence!

The Red Glen folks met and talked together in hurried whispers. No, there was not a moment to lose. Would Dan get out the long boat without delay? How many men would volunteer to go? Ay, ten—ten of their strongest and best. Could they reach Rathmullet that night? Yes, certainly. Could they get another boat at the Head? Oh! yes, of course they could. But how looked the moon? Clear enough now, but with a watery and ominous ring, which promised badly for the morrow. No matter, no matter; no storm should keep them. Miss Eileen was dying, and they must not let her die. No storm that ever blew across that Atlantic should keep back these repentant Red Glen men now. Ten men could take any boat into a safe haven. No, they would not fail, and then they alone perhaps knew the secret of the safe creek in the dangerous little island. The storm should not frighten them. Hurrah! hurrah! for their own Miss Eileen; she should not die!

CHAPTER LXXII.—TALK NOT OF WASTED AFFECTION.

The storm which had been gathering, and the masses of heavy cloud which had been coming up from the north, gradually chased away the sunbeams, cast black and awful shadows on the mountains, and crested the waves with angry white foam.

Brownlow's little boat stemmed the storm gallantly, and came nearer and nearer to the small island of the Witch's Holding. This small piece of land in mid-ocean was little more than a great rock, it was about half a mile long and a quarter broad, and presented terrible and rugged cliffs in all directions to the water's edge.

Only very few, as the Red Glen men said, were acquainted with its one tiny harbour. The timid people of Horn Head knew of it and tried to give Brownlow some lucid directions; they had seemed clear enough to him on shore, but now, riding the gale, half-blinded by the spray, and beaten back by each advancing wave, no wonder he felt a sense of confusion.

He was near the island; he could see its frowning promontories, but he knew unless he found the harbour that it would be impossible even to attempt to land. His difficulty, indeed, now was to keep away from those fearful rocks, which would suck him in to instant destruction. The storm increased, the wind grew louder, and the man who was now, all unknown to himself, both brave and great, buffeted the elements alone. No one in all the world seemed more utterly lonely than this frail human being in mid-ocean.

On a calm day, Brownlow's task would have been arduous, difficult, and dangerous. On such a day as this it was, though he himself was unaware of the fact, impossible. In his love and repentance he had attempted the impossible.

Suddenly, a curious sense came over him, a vivid, warm, delicious feeling—his strength was going, his arms were becoming numb and powerless, but he saw that though *he* might sink, the direction of the wind was such that the boat would drift ashore.

Arundel, then, on a calm day, could make for the headland and escape. Brownlow's work would not be done in vain; the follies of a weak life would be retrieved with honour. If he could not live for the girl he loved, he could at least die for her. It seemed to Brownlow glorious to die for Ellen, there was no pain in such an ending, no sorrow in

such a closing of a worthless and weak earthly life.

He let his tired arms drop to his sides, he was indeed incapable of rowing another stroke. He saw that the boat was approaching nearer and nearer to the treacherous coast; but it was out of his power any longer to direct or guide its course.

In a few moments all must be over. He took out his pocket-book, tore off a piece of paper, and wrote, in a trembling hand, a few words, "Through you, my one and only love —to God."

Then he folded up the little piece of paper, directed it to Ellen, and pinned it inside the breast of his coat. If anybody found him, they would find the little note, and give it to Ellen. If not, what matter? he had never felt so happy in his life.

CHAPTER LXXIII.—DEATH WAITS FOR NONE.

ARUNDEL, in the course of his rather adventurous existence, had gone through hardships and dangers quite enough to terrify a weaker man; but never, perhaps, was his faith so tried and his powers of endurance so tested as during the six weeks that he remained a prisoner on the Witch's Holding. His mysterious removal there (for the drug administered had been so potent that he had never awakened from his sleep in the Cave of Good-will until he found himself alone in another cave in this small island) was enough to turn a weaker brain. Whatever Arundel was, however, he was essentially practical. After a few hours of some bewilderment—and it must be owned some very keen heart-agony—he prepared himself for the inevitable. He took a clear view of his situation, and accepted it, certainly not with resignation, but with a resolve that it should not conquer him.

An enemy had done this; he was not aware that he had any enemies. But no matter, this was an enemy's work. The coffee had been drugged; he recalled that overpowering sense of lassitude which had almost immediately followed his drinking it.

In that drugged sleep he had been brought here. Where was here? How could he tell? it might be close to Inchfawn, it might be miles away. What he saw was a desolate and sea-girt isle; before the evening he had learned he was its only inhabitant. Hunger assailed him, and he looked around for means of subsistence.

Well, his enemy, or his enemies, did not want him to starve; a great keg of meal and another keg of flour stood in a corner of the cave. He recognised by some marks on these kegs that they had been brought from the Cave of Good-will.

Some broken rafters of wood lay scattered about the little island, some spars from old wrecks, some morsels of tossed-up fragments from the sea. Arundel had some matches, he kindled a fire and cooked a small meal. Before that night closed in he had determined that this ill-wind of fortune should not daunt his spirit; he would live and not die. For this purpose he went every day round and round the island; the exercise kept him in health, and produced some slight fatigue, which enabled him to sleep better. In vain he looked for a sail, in vain he hoped for some stray boat to pass by. He saw the mainland in the dim distance; but no one ever came near this lonely island. He wondered greatly what he should do when the flour and meal were exhausted.

One little circumstance, although offering immediate relief, caused him a terrible heart-pang towards the end of six weeks. Going down to the little creek or harbour one morning he found four more barrels of provisions rolled in well above high-water mark. There was also a small box containing about two dozen books. These books had been chosen with no idea whatever of his intellectual requirements, and were half of them dictionaries and rudimentary school books. Such as they were, however, they would have been welcome, but for the terrible conviction which now forced itself on Arundel that he was to be a prisoner for life. His fortitude almost gave way, as he sat down amongst his books, and turned the leaves with strong hands that trembled. Had Ellen O'Donnell utterly forgotten him? had she who possessed the secret way to all the hearts in the countryside not yet found his prison out? He had hoped, he had worked, he had desired, and sometimes a glance of her eye and a modulation of her voice had seemed to whisper to him that he was beloved—nay, even that he was the most beloved of all! Were these symbols nothing, then? Was Ellen O'Donnell only a great and wise philanthropist, and did she not possess a true woman's heart?

Arundel was very despondent for a day or two; then he took out his books and worked hard, and endeavoured so to occupy his mind that he need not dwell upon what might possibly madden him. This was a time of trial which tested the man's religion to the utmost; his faith was indeed being tried by fire, and the gold was being cast into a refiner's furnace of great intensity.

There came an evening when the brave man felt weak; for the first time Arundel was conscious that he possessed nerves. An awful storm had passed with fury over the little island; he was obliged to take shelter in his cave, and while the wind raged and horrible sounds rose above and around him, he felt an unusual sense of bitterness. Stopped in the hey-day of his work, his career abandoned, his usefulness at an end!

"Oh, great God in heaven!" cried the lonely man, "how small and worthless are the creatures you have made after all!"

At this moment a little stray gleam of sunshine glimmered on a spray of wet leaves at the entrance of the cave, and a bird, perched on a tuft of grass near, set up a sweet spring song. The storm then was over, the clouds drifted apart, the blue sky appeared, and the desolate island lay bathed in a sunset blessing. The sunset and the bird's song acted instantly as a tonic on Arundel.

The little bird was God's messenger. In the brightness of its eyes, in the full clear sweetness of its liquid song Arundel read the lesson so delicately conveyed to him. Not for nothing had the bird found a resting-place for its tired wings in this lonely place, and not for nothing did the man who had long ago dedicated himself to his Master in faithful service, receive the message. "No matter *where* I serve, or how, if only at all times and in all places I give myself to the King," he murmured.

"I will trust and not be afraid," he said further beneath his breath; and then he came out of the cave and took his usual walk towards the tiny creek of the island.

Miracle of miracles! what was here?—a boat turned bottom upwards and stranded on the beach, and a drowned man lying a little way off. Arundel flew to the man, turned him round, put his hand on his heart, and listened intently for any sign of life or symptom of breathing. He had a brandy-flask in his pocket, which contained a few drops of the valuable cordial; he rubbed the blue lips with the brandy, then stopped. The spirit had left this body; never again would weakness and indecision trouble it, never again would the pain of an unfulfilled longing haunt the eyes and tremble on the lips. A peaceful face, with even a faint smile of victory about it, lay on the sands now at Arundel's feet. He looked at the man more narrowly, and recognised him.

"Oh, what is this!" he said half aloud, "and was *he* the one sent to deliver me? The storm overtook him, and he was drowned; but he must have been coming here on purpose. Poor Brownlow, so he is dead! I fear I never thought of him much in any way. That last night in the cave—he was with me that last night in the cave, and he spoke about Ellen; he—he loved her, too, poor fellow, and I fear I treated his remarks about her with contempt. I always thought him so weak—so—so worthless; but there is nothing weak about this dead face now."

Arundel found the note directed to Ellen lying against the dead man's breast; he removed it tenderly, and placed it unopened in his pocket-book.

Just then there came a sound, a strange, unwonted, thrilling sound, the sound that a starved and despairing man had been listening for, for many weeks in vain. The delicious melody of human voices was borne on the breeze, the glad splash of oars echoed across the bounding waves, and the next moment a large boat rowed by many strong men came sweeping round the corner; in an instant Tom Doherty and long-legged Dan leaped on shore. They came straight up to Arundel and laid a hand each on his shoulder.

"Look here, your honour: it was we who brought you here."

"That is likely enough," replied Arundel, whose heart was beating high, but who still had perfect control of his emotions.

"We thought you spied on us, your honour, and no Irishman can ever abear that; but can you forgive us now?"

"I was never a spy," said Arundel. "I should scorn such dirty work. In the presence of the dead man, who I believe lost his life to bring me succour, I declare I was no spy. You want my forgiveness—yes—take it."

Doherty and his companions were too excited and too overpowered by their own emotions to notice the prone figure at their feet, they scarcely took in Arundel's words, but commenced pushing him towards the boat.

"Come now, come at once," they said, "for death waits for no man, and our Miss Eileen will die unless you come to her at once."

CHAP. LXXIV.—INCHFAWN IN THE MARKET.

About a month after Arundel's return there came one day a most unlooked-for visitor to Rose Bank Cottage. A broken-down man walked up the little avenue and asked to see Fergus O'Donnell. A moment later the old owner of Inchfawn and its

present possessor were clasping each other's hands.

"We have much to say to each other, Mr. O'Donnell, but we have never met before," said Brownlow, senior.

"Never before, Mr. Brownlow," said the white-headed chief of the O'Donnells; "pray sit down sir—I—I am pleased to see you."

"I will detain you but a very few moments, Mr. O'Donnell. I have a thing to say which can be brought into a very small compass. I have also a question or two to ask; you can answer my questions or not, as you think well."

"Ask them, sir," said O'Donnell, looking his rival, the man he used so vehemently to hate, full in the face.

"You are doubtless aware, Mr. O'Donnell, that I for many months now have been the victim of a conspiracy, the men of Inchfawn banded together to hunt me down; you knew of this?"

O'Donnell slightly bent his white head.

"I knew of this," he said in a low tone.

"It was further whispered to me, sir, that you and your son, scions as you were of an ancient and honourable race, thought no scorn to join personally in this conspiracy."

"You are right, Mr. Brownlow, you are right." The old Squire began to pace up and down the room in agitation. "My boy and I, we did stoop to the dirty work, God forgive us—but not of late, not of late."

"Why did you hate me so? I bought your land for a fair price."

"You did, sir; I have nothing to say in my defence except that O'Donnell out of Inchfawn felt something like a spirit out of Paradise. I may have been a bit mad; perhaps that is so, and the lad, he followed in his father's footsteps."

Brownlow sighed and turned very white.

"The lad was your heir, or would have been—we do a great deal for those that are to come after us. I too—but no matter, we will come to that presently. You suspected me of introducing contraband goods to the country?"

"We did, Mr. Brownlow."

"Your watch was admirably managed, but you never caught me, however."

"We never caught you, sir, no doubt for the simple reason that you were as innocent as I am. For Heaven's sake forgive the follies of an old man, Mr. Brownlow."

"I have come to tell you something today," said Brownlow, now rising to his feet. "I am not innocent, I am guilty. I have dealt in contraband goods for years, in that way I have made my great fortune. How I smuggle them in, how I land them, and how I dispose of them over the country is my own secret, which the revenue officers can extract from me at their will and pleasure."

"You a smuggler and you confess to it!" said O'Donnell, stepping back a pace or two and looking down at the smaller Englishman with a glance of mingled contempt and compassion; "you are a smuggler and you confess to it! Good gracious! do my ears conduct the right sound to me?"

"Quite the right sound, Mr. O'Donnell. You can now let the revenue officers know, and the Red Glen men's watch can cease."

"Not I—not I, sir. Bless you, I've had enough of the dirty work to last for a lifetime. Your secret is safe enough with me, I won't repeat it, and I am much mistaken if the Red Glen boys haven't learned their lesson. Look to some one else to tell the Government about you, Mr. Brownlow. Fergus O'Donnell is the man for that work no longer."

Brownlow was silent for a few moments, then he said, in an undoubted tone of relief,

"I will let you into another of my secrets. My days of smuggling are over. I retire from the shipping trade as soon as ever I can wind up affairs. I have made enough of money."

"Made enough of money," echoed old O'Donnell; "no doubt, sir, you are right, and folks tell me that you are the richest man in the country."

"Or the poorest," said Brownlow, "according as men count riches. I have lost my son. To each father his own son is precious, and I dreamt some dreams about the lad who was drowned a month ago."

"Your son's was an heroic death," said old O'Donnell with fervour. "We were never friends, you and I, we couldn't quite help that, but from my soul I felt for you, sir, when I heard how the boy had been taken. And yet he was a hero, he died to save another; every man at Horn Head speaks of his courage and his endurance, when he faced that impossible task. Arundel will remember his devotion to him to his dying day. All I can say, sir, is, that I hope when Geoffrey dies he will meet his death as gallantly as your poor lad did."

"Thank you," said Brownlow, a slightly softened look coming into his hard eyes, "but all the same he is dead; a strong motive has therefore passed out of my life, and as I remarked just now, I have enough of money. I have other sons, it is true, but the one who

died was my first-born; he was a strange boy and lived a curious life all to himself. I have just come across his will, and I find that he has left a few thousands, three or four thousand pounds, to your daughter to use as she thinks well for the Good-will Society. I scarcely knew they were acquainted."

"They must have met a few times at the Cave," said O'Donnell, "but I never remember the girleen speaking of him."

"Well," said Brownlow, rising, "the money is hers when she claims it; it will place that society on a firm basis and promote some of that English fellow's—Arundel's schemes. I little guessed my poor boy and Arundel were such friends. Now, sir, one word more."

"What is that?" asked O'Donnell.

"I hate Inchfawn—nay," holding up his hand as the other was about to speak, "I hate the place and the people; neither place nor people suit me, and I am going away. I shall take my wife and family to England, and we shall there try to forget a very wretched episode in our lives. If you are rich enough you have now an opportunity of buying back the old place, if not it will fall into the hands of strangers. In any case Inchfawn will be in the market immediately."

CHAPTER LXXV.—A SERENADE.

On a rather balmy spring evening, a few nights after Brownlow's interview with O'Donnell, Margaret Ellerslee, tired with a very fatiguing day at the Cave, was preparing to go to rest. At this moment she was startled by a slight sound on the gravel outside her window, and in another instant this young lady was serenaded with a fervour and passion which certainly none of her London adorers had ever troubled her with.

"Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all cros't
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis dhrames and not sleep that comes into my head.

"And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
You're complater than Nature
In every feature;
The snow can't compare with your forehead so fair
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye,
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky.

"And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone, weirasthru! I am alone in this world without you."

"That can't possibly be meant for me," said Margaret, standing perfectly still, an amused smile growing on her face. "All the same it is fascinating, and I really must listen. Oh, ho, my serenader! are you going to try me again?"

The voice under the window sounded a trifle closer, and a degree more pleading.

"Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street;
Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise
To think 'twasn't you, was come to it.

"And faith, Katie Naile,
And her cow, I'd go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
Katie Naile, name the day;
And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day;
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent is o'er,
I'll marry for spite.
Och hone! weirasthru—day is night, dear, to me without you."

"This really is most remarkable!" exclaimed Miss Ellerslee, "and altogether beyond my comprehension. Whoever the poor fellow is who takes the trouble to sing with such fire and passion, and to assure me I am in such a desperate state without him, he really must be attended to. I would go and look out at the window but I dare not. The process of courting in Ireland is evidently very different from our ideas; but that song demands attention. I suppose 'Katie Naile, name the day,' will be my fate if I don't take care, and then, 'Och hone, what will I do!' Oh, Nora!"—as the door was opened at this moment, and the pretty young Irish girl came rather timidly forward—"can *you* explain the very remarkable words with which I have now been serenaded? Hark! if we listen they will doubtless begin again."

"Oh, plase, lady dear, I don't think so, I think the boy has gone!"

"The boy! *my* boy! Then he will say, 'Katie Naile, name the day.' Oh, Nora, this is a crushing blow!"

"Oh, but plase, lady, it was only poor Patrick O'Flynn!"

Miss Ellerslee sat down in a low arm-chair. "I could laugh," she said, "if I did not feel inclined to cry. Such devotion, and not mine!

'And I rather would see just one blink of your eye,
Than the prettiest star which shines out of the sky.'

Nora, come here, you little witch! So all those sweet words were meant for you!"

"'Twas only Pat," said Nora, twisting her apron-strings. "Pat has wanted me to go to chapel with him as long as I can remimber."

"And so you shall, my dear, so you shall. Your Patrick has got a fine voice, and a power of language which really nearly took my senses away. And, of course, you went down to see the poor boy under the window, Nora?"

"Indeed, only just for one minute, lady dear."

"You look excited, child; your eyes are shining like stars. Is there anything the matter?"

"Only that Patrick says——"

"Of course I must not hear what Patrick says."

"Oh, yes, lady! Indeed, indeed we thought —Patrick and me—that as you were so very very rich, you might do it."

"Do what, child?"

"Buy back Inchfawn."

"Good gracious, Nora, how you startle me! Inchfawn is not to be sold!"

"But indeed it is; 'tis the talk of the counthry, an' as thrue as gospel; and we thought—Pat and me—that if you'd buy it it would be more beautiful than any dhrame."

"Suppose I did such a thing," said Miss Ellerslee, "it would be the old story over again—I am not an O'Donnell; and you Irish folks are so frightfully prejudiced—forgive me, Nora; but you could only tolerate one of the old race back again."

Here Nora, instead of replying, blushed the rosiest and most vivid carnation all over her face.

Miss Ellerslee watched her narrowly, her lips opened as if to speak, but the words were arrested, and something like the reflection of Nora's blush faintly tinged her own cheeks. Suddenly she rose to her feet.

"Go to bed, child, go to bed," she exclaimed; "you know you are not strong yet. Yes, I will think over your news, and promise to do what I can. If this dream of yours comes to pass, Nora, you and your Patrick O'Flynn will have a good time of it. Now go to bed."

Miss Ellerslee did not retire to her own couch for an hour or two later. She paced up and down her room, her hands clasped together, and her fine brows knit in thought. Suddenly she burst into a gleeful laugh. "The serenade was for that little witch, Nora, but some lines of it keep ringing in my ears—

'*And there's no use at all in my going to bed,*
For 'tis dhrames and not sleep that comes into my head.'"

CHAPTER LXXVI.—A GREAT DAY.

THE 10th of June, 1880, was a day never to be forgotten in the annals of Inchfawn. Very, very early on the morning of that day a girl opened her eyes wide, sprang out of bed, and, hastily putting on a white summer dress, stole softly down-stairs. A dog lying on the mat at the foot of the stairs rose to his feet, wagged his great tail slowly, and looked up into her face with his liquid, loving eyes

Ellen said, "Come, Oscar," and the two went out into the fresh and delicious morning air. "Now, Oscar, we will stand and look just here—just in this spot, please, my dear dog, for we can see from here the very farthest angle of the road. Now, Oscar, which of us will first get a glimpse of him?"

Oscar sat well up on his haunches, held his fine head erect, and looked straight before him. Presently the dog gave a joyful bark, and flew with great bounds over a field and up to Arundel's side.

"I meant to have been here before you," he said, then he stopped suddenly. "Eileen, what are you thinking of?"

"Beautiful things have happened in my life," said Ellen. "I am thinking of a thanksgiving."

"My darling!" said Arundel. "You are nearly well again now, Ellen, and you have got over the shock of poor Brownlow's death."

"Oh, Philip dear, the pain of that has gone. It is something never to be forgotten; it is something to make a girl like me feel very humble all her days. But the pain is gone. You see, Philip, I believe so absolutely in the other life."

"Yes, my dear."

"And I know what it must have been to that poor fellow when Christ told him that out of his weakness he was made strong. I had so many thoughts when I was ill, Philip, and when I feared I might never see you again; but always my thought of thoughts, my comfort of comforts, was just that I should see God. I can pity no one who has gone to *that* sight."

Philip and Ellen wandered down through the fields. They had much to talk about, and many plans to discuss, for this was to be a great day at Inchfawn.

At an early hour in the morning, people might have been seen, from all directions, winding up the stately old avenue. Rich folks and poor folks alike, all seemed to be going to Inchfawn. Kate Macnaughten might don her bluest of blue ribbons, for

she would see plenty of company to-day. Miss Honora need not trouble herself about the number of chops for dinner, for there would be full and to spare where she was going to dine, and the Squire of Crorane might hope to see that little delicate winter rose, Selina Marsh, once again. There was great excitement, therefore, at Crorane, and many speculations and much laughter and jesting, and the general interest rose to such a height that the cats very nearly went without their breakfast. Perhaps, however, few started for the festive scenes on that auspicious day with more divers emotions of pride and exultation than Miss Biddy O'Donnell. The whole thing seemed to Miss Biddy very nearly as good as if the O'Donnells themselves were coming home again, and, in consequence of the anticipated joy, she had desired Geoffrey to buy her a new bonnet and a new mantilla in Dublin the week before.

"Something that'll do credit to you, my fine lad," she said, with a profound wink, which intensely annoyed the young man.

Geoffrey's taste in the matter of elderly ladies' dress had never been highly cultivated. He had a dim sort of general idea that his sister Ellen and Margaret Ellerslee always wore the right things, and that Honora Macnaughten and his Aunt Biddy generally appeared in the wrong. He therefore brought home a costume which would have looked very well on Miss Ellerslee. If bestowing a great deal of happiness, however, insures success, Geoffrey had not made a failure in his choice.

Aunt Bridget clasped her arms round his neck in ecstasy when she saw that bonnet, composed of the palest old gold shades; and the little cape, which came but a short way below her square shoulders, was the most elegant little article she had ever clapped her two eyes on.

Rich and poor were finding their way on that sunny June morning to Inchfawn, and rich and poor were greeted by the mistress of the ceremonies with that peculiar inborn grace which had always made Margaret Ellerslee a sort of queen among her kind. The Brownlows were gone, and half forgotten, and Margaret reigned in their stead.

From all the country round people came that day to congratulate the young possessor of so much wealth and so much loveliness. For Inchfawn, raised from its tumble-down and neglected condition, Inchfawn, with its great natural beauties aided by art and culture, looked on this June morning very like an earthly paradise. More poor than rich, however, were among the guests, and presently Arundel might have been seen going up to Doherty and whispering a word in his ear.

Doherty started and looked a trifle anxiously at Arundel; then his brow cleared and he made a low reply.

The result of this short conference was that, half an hour later, not a poor man, woman, or child was to be seen upon the premises. They had all slowly, one by one, drifted away, and Margaret, and the guests who were supposed to represent her own station in life, were alone; then Arundel was also missed, and Ellen could nowhere be found.

"I suppose, me boy," said Macnaughten, hooking his arm within Geoffrey's, "you'll be pretty much at home here now; a fine young woman like that will want some one to give her a word of advice pretty often, eh?"

"I am going to read for the bar at once," said Geoffrey. "I am going away to-morrow morning; I have idled far too much time as it is, and I am heartily ashamed of myself."

"I think you have, me boy—I think you have; and if I were you I wouldn't let the grass grow under my feet another hour. There's no time like the present, lad—no time like the present; and a fine girl like that isn't to be met every day in the week. You read for the bar, indeed! Get out, you young scamp!"

At this moment Margaret's voice was heard calling Geoffrey, and the young man, with his face crimson, went up to her.

"Why, how terribly hot you look, and I am so sorry to trouble you; but the ladies under those trees want some more ices."

Geoffrey looked at Miss Ellerslee for a moment in a half-dazed and confused way; then with a hastily muttered "I beg your pardon" he dashed into the house.

Miss Ellerslee strolled on for a moment by herself—a half smile rose to her eyes, a half sigh rose to her lips.

"Katie Naile—name the day," she said very softly under her breath.

CHAPTER LXXVII.—THE GEMS SHE WORE.

JUST outside the Cave of Good-will, and just under where its white flag now floated proudly in the breeze, were congregated those poor people who, in groups of twos or threes, had left Inchfawn half an hour ago.

They were waiting expectantly and whispering to each other. Now and then a child laughed; but the laugh was hushed with an impressive "Whist, honey, whist," on the part of the mother.

Expectancy, and a slight degree of anxiety were visible on every countenance; but no starved and famine-stricken faces were anywhere visible now, for the winter of despair and gloom had given place to the springtime and early summer of hope. The scowling glances and the fierce, revengeful eyes, too, were not to be found; and this was strange, for the Red Glen men and the Goodwill men were mingling freely in this motley concourse of human beings.

Nora Mahoney, and Nora Mahoney's mother were there, and Patrick O'Flynn, with a very happy face, stood at the young girl's other side. Long-legged Dan was also present, and Tom Doherty, as of old, was the leader of the group.

For a minute or two the people stood still, then they gave a hearty and ringing cheer; Arundel had stepped out of the cave and stood before them.

"I have asked you all to come here," he said, "to tell you something of the greatest importance."

"Sure thin, his honour might say what he liked now that he was howlding their hearts in his hand," muttered one toothless old crone.

There were many murmurs of applause, also, of a slightly louder and more vehement character.

Tom Doherty held up his hand. "Will ye be quiet, all of yez, and let his honour spake out his mind?"

"I will try to be as brief as possible," said Arundel; "but I must ask you to listen attentively, for what I am going to propose to you is of the most vital importance to you all. You are happy to-day, friends, because the summer has come, and the dreadful dark days of famine and misery seem all put away."

"So they are, your honour—so they are."

Arundel came a step nearer.

"Are they?" he said with great emphasis, and raising his voice to a clear and penetrating note; "are the evil days done away with for ever? May not next winter be as bad and terrible as last winter? May not the end of the summer be wet and the harvest poor, and the turf sodden through again with the rains, and therefore useless for fuel? If these things come to pass—and they may—there is nothing to prevent next winter being as terrible as that through which we have all just passed, with how much of terror and how much of pain only each man can answer for himself."

"Ay," said a voice in the crowd, "but the cruel foreigners are gone, and a good lady who knows the hearts of the people has bought owld Inchfawn. It will never be the same again, your honour, now that the foreigners have left Inchfawn."

"I want to speak to you on that point," said Arundel; "you were right in saying that a very good young lady has bought Inchfawn. Miss Ellerslee is my cousin, and I know all about her. Now you are also rejoicing to-day in the fact that she who won your hearts during part of this last sad winter is the owner of the dear old place which you love."

"And may she soon get a good husband," shouted a voice.

"I wish," continued Arundel, "I wish, by my cousin's express desire, to explain to you her intentions with regard to her property. You must have no false hopes or expectations on the subject, for Miss Ellerslee has quite made up her mind. In the first place, she has determined not to have a single English person employed upon the estate."

"God bless her, the swate, darlin', beautiful lady," came in an irrepressible shout from many.

"But she is equally determined, friends, and here I beg of you to listen to me, to so arrange her land that each tenant can live on it, and live on it with comfort. By this firm resolve of hers, the estate of Inchfawn will hold exactly one-fourth of the people who used to live there. Those people will have comfortable houses, sufficient land to till with profit, and there is little fear that starvation need ever again touch them."

Arundel stopped speaking for a minute; a deep silence was over the people; all mouths were a little open, all eyes were fixed upon him with breathless attention. "A great question remains," he continued. "What is to become of three-fourths of the people of Inchfawn who will still be completely thrown out of employment? Are they going back into the fastnesses of the mountains and the caves of the rocks? What is to become of them next winter if this is so?"

Here a woman gave a sob. She was a thin, poor soul, and she had several little half-clothed children clinging to her skirts.

"Oh! your honour," pleaded another, "do ask the kind lady to put me back into the

little bit of a cabin; it isn't knocked down yet."

"Whisht, thin, or you'll be turned out this minute," said Doherty, shaking his hand at her.

"I have a plan to propose to you," said Arundel, his voice rising clear and full above the little murmurs, and the half sobs, and the gradually rising agitation. "None of you need starve, and none of you need despair. Ay, once you doubted me. There are some of you here present who thought base things of me and tried to put me away from among you—no matter that now: I have come back, I am your friend. Here I stand, people of Inchfawn, and I give my life to you."

There was a profound silence, eyes streaming with tears were raised, and the people seemed scarcely to breathe in their efforts not to lose a word.

"You can't live in the mountains and the caves, good folks; what you went through last winter was not life at all—it was but life's shadow. There is no food for you here, there is no land for you to till. I reckon at least eight hundred men and women who must starve if they remain at Inchfawn. I have another plan to propose. In the harbour of Derry rides a ship; she is my ship; I invite you all to come to see her; I invite eight hundred of you to make her your home for a short time, and she will bear you away, you and your children, to a land rich with food and with plenty, but which wants men and women like you. Free passages to eight hundred of you. Who will come with me in my good ship?"

Again there was silence—silence and white faces, anguished faces, almost despairing faces.

To go away! "I don't want to lave where the child is buried," sobbed a woman. This woman's sob was taken up by another, and yet another, until the people, not angry, not indignant, but simply broken-hearted, knelt down, and several of them kissed their native soil.

At this moment Ellen, in her white dress, stepped out of the cave and stood by Arundel's side.

"I am going in the good ship," she said, speaking out clear and distinct enough for almost all to hear her. "My own people, I am going too; who goes with me? Don't I love the place? But what are places compared to hearts? I go; who will come with me to found a new Inchfawn at the other side of the Atlantic?"

Ellen's appearance on the scene had an instant effect. The people still remained kneeling, and there was a choked attempt at a cheer, which did not rise.

Arundel took the young girl's hand and led her forward. "My wife and I will found this colony," he said; "we are the pioneers, who will follow?"

"They will all come, Philip," said Ellen, dashing some happy tears from her eyes; "I know them: they love me better than Inchfawn."

Her words broke the spell. Instantly she was surrounded—rough men, tattered women knelt at her feet and kissed the hem of her white dress. She lifted a chubby baby of two into her arms and kissed its little lips, and then, turning to Arundel, said, "They have answered me."

THE END.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

A Sermon on the True Glory of Humanity.

By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

"The word was made flesh."—JOHN i. 14.

ON such a festival as this how can any preacher hope to set forth in a few moments the length and breadth and depth and height of the eternal counsels of God towards our fallen race? He cannot do so; but, happily, he is speaking to Christians, and it is enough if he may do that which alone is possible; enough if he kindle their aspirations, if he brighten their beliefs, by pointing once more to the old, old truths in which alone lies any hope for the regeneration of the world.

On this morning there can be but one subject for us, the birth of Christ. Of that birth there are two aspects. It is an event in time; it is a revelation of eternity. It is a fact of history; it is a doctrine of religion. As an event it is more stupendous than any in history; as a revelation it is more blessed than any in Scripture.

It is a fact pathetic beyond description; a faith rich in illimitable blessedness.

1. What is the fact? The Lessons of to-day bring it home to us in manifold aspects. A Roman emperor had decreed that the Jews should enrol themselves. In obedience to that decree a poor carpenter of Nazareth, of the fallen line of David, made his way to Bethlehem, with Mary, his betrothed wife, then travailing with a divine birth. Through the darkness of that wintry night they toiled up the hill of Bethlehem, and since there was no room for them at the inn, she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger. All was silent in the world of nature; all was indifferent in the world of man. No eclipse or earthquake, no cataclysm or conflagration heralded the birth of Time. Herod recked not of it in his neighbouring palace, nor Augustus at Rome, nor Caiaphas in Jerusalem, nor priests nor Pharisees amid their theologies and rituals. Only the angels could not contain their joy; only to the poor shepherds the heavens burst to disclose their light, and, for one moment, through the midnight the glory flashed and the melody brimmed over the crystal firmament. I have stood in that cave of Bethlehem and seen the silver star let into the marble floor where, under an ever-burning lamp, runs the inscription, "Hic e Virgine Maria Christus natus est" (Here of the Virgin Mary Christ was born). He who stands there stands at the watershed of human history. It is from thence that the streams of all the past flow into their dark backwards; from thence the rivers of the future stream down rejoicing to meet the eternal light.

2. The NATIVITY, that is the fact. The INCARNATION, that is the doctrine and the mystery. The birth of a little babe in the stable of the humble inn, there is the event. The word became flesh;—

> "The Lord of Time and all the worlds
> Came to us once a naked new-born child;"

that little babe laid in the manger, He is the King of Kings;—there is the mystery. To you I need not stop to prove it; to you it is self-attested; you know it; you believe it; many of you, I trust, have realised it by blessed experience; you have the witness in yourselves.

3. God became man. Is not that cause enough for Christmas gladness, for a joy as of the angels, for a joy ten times more glad and living than we can ever feel? He took not on Him the nature of angels, yet the angels thrilled with tumults of joy at the thoughts of millions of sinners who would repent. What would our joy be if, with their larger other eyes, we could see all that was signified by the birth of Christ? The mystery, indeed, we cannot fathom. Of that we say, "I will seek to believe rather than to reason; to adore rather than to explain; to give thanks rather than to penetrate; to love rather than to know; to humble myself rather than to speak." But believing it—and oh, that we may strive to believe it, not with orthodox assent, but with personal realisation!—which of the thousand lessons which it involves shall we try very briefly to take to our hearts to-day?

4. Through the fact, through the mystery, through all the life and teaching of our Lord there is one lesson, which, if we could but grasp it, would be a lifelong source of strength, of purity, of ennobling peace. On that lesson I will speak my few words to-day. It is the grandeur of that human nature which God has given us; the sacredness, the majesty, the lofty privileges, the immeasurable possibilities of man.

5. It is a revelation altogether new. Look at man in the light of nature. We look upwards, and seeing the galaxies of stars, the myriads of planets and moons and suns and systems, our nothingness is burnt into us and we are tempted to think of ourselves as infinitesimal atoms, the creatures of a passing moment, the prey of blind forces in the blinding whirl of chance.

We look downwards, and seeing the earth wrinkled with her innumerable graves, dead species, dead genera, dead generations, dead infinitudes, a universe of death—the very dust of the world made of the decay of unnumbered organisms—we are tempted to believe that nothing remains for us but dust to dust, that the grave is the universal end, and the worm the universal conqueror. We look around, and seeing the vanity and vileness of mankind, seeing races wholly given up to various idolatries, seeing the dark places of the earth the habitations of cruelty, seeing man savage and man civilised alike abandoning himself to passions of dishonour, and given over to the instincts of the tiger and the ape, we are tempted to despise our being. We turn to communities nominally Christian, and we see them tainted by greed, given over to lies, besotted by drink, the bond-slaves of base and brutal appetites. We turn to biography, and it is chiefly a record of human sorrows; to history, and it tells of ages of crime and error; to the poets, and they sing—

"Know that whatever thou hast been
'Tis something better not to be."

And when we dwell on all this, and look each at the plague of our own hearts, we blush for ourselves, we blush for our race, we say that, "however we brazen it out, we men are a little breed." It is such thoughts that drive men into the devil's gospel of despair and materialism; it is from the exclusive contemplation of man in his lowest nature that many are led to say so wearily that life is not worth living; that it is—

"A life of nothings, nothing worth
From that first nothing at our birth,
To that last nothing under earth."

6. Now turn from the shadow, face the sun. Turn away your eyes from the phenomena of evil and ruin, and look at the manger-cradle of Bethlehem. Look at man in the light of the Incarnation, and see how all is changed! The Jesus, who is Christ the Lord, was the perfect man, the representative man, man in the image of God, God as a man with men; God not merely revealing Himself to man, not merely uniting Himself to man, but God *becoming* man. We do not judge of the tree from the blighted trunk, the cankered leaves, the bitter roots, but from its glory in the green plenitude of May. We do not estimate the ship from the miserable wreck which the rocks have gored, and the waves shattered, and the winds flung in scorn upon the shore, but from the gallant barque, when, with streaming flag and bellying sails, she walks the waters like a thing of life. Even so we must take our estimate of man, not from the churl and the villain, not from the liar and the scoundrel, not from the selfish miser and the blighted drunkard; not from the indolence of the slothful, and the shame of the unclean; not from the harlot and the felon, and those yet more guilty, who made them what they are, but from the pure, the good, the spiritually-minded. These alone are true men and true women; the others are but the blight of men and women, the wrecks of what once were, or what once should have been, those gracious things. In the light from Bethlehem's cradle we see man not as he too often is, but as he may be, as we trust that he yet will be. We see his darkness dispelled by a divine light; his nature transfigured with an illumination not of earth. St. Anselm wrote a famous book with the title, "Cur Deus Homo?" ("Why did God become Man?") And one answer at least to that question is to teach us that "we are greater than we know." God became man that man might become as God; that he might be a little higher than the angels, instead of a little lower than the brutes; that he might unfurl—

"The wings within him wrapped, and proudly rise,
Redeemed from earth a creature of the skies."

And in the light of this truth we escape from that snare of the devil which would lead us to think ignoble things of man. We say, "I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, in the fulness of its mercy, in the joy of its love."

7. And, ah! my friends, do not regard this as a mere vague hope, a mere abstract speculation. It is a truth which may affect every day of our lives, in the twofold blessedness of duty and of love. It affects our estimate of ourselves; affects our conduct to others. There is not one degradation of our personal being which does not spring from lack of self-reverence,—of reverence for ourselves as those whom Christ has redeemed, to whom He has given a right to be children of God. The Incarnation teaches us that our part is in Christ, our bodies His temple, our nature His image, our hearts His shrine. He that takes a mean estimate of his own being, he who regards himself as akin only to the beasts that perish, and destined to no higher end than they, will live as they do. He who looks on himself as immortal, as a child of God, as partaker of the nature which Christ wore and Christ redeemed, he will hold himself ever more and more bounden to aim at a noble and godly life. "If," says Milton, "the love of God, as a fire sent from heaven, to be ever kept alive upon the altar of our hearts, be the first principle of all godly and virtuous action in men, this pious and just honouring of ourselves is the second, and may be thought as the fountain-head whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth. Something, I confess, it is to be ashamed of evil-doing in the presence of any, and to reverence the opinion and countenance of a good man rather than a bad. Yet this is but the fear of infamy, and many such, when they find themselves alone, will come to a close treaty with their dearer vices. But he that holds himself in reverence and due esteem, both for the dignity of God's image upon him, and for the price of his redemption, which he thinks is visibly marked upon his forehead, accounts himself both a fit person to do the noblest and godliest deeds, and much better worth than to deject and defile with such a debasement and pollution as sin is, himself so highly ransomed and ennobled to a new friendship and filial relation with God. Nor can he fear so much

the offence and reproach of others as he dreads, and would blush at, the reflection of his own severe and modest eye upon himself, if it should see him doing or imagining that which is sinful, though in the deepest secrecy."

Thus, then, the Incarnation, rightly apprehended, becomes the basis of all noble conceptions of our human life.

In the light of the Son of God becoming flesh, we dare not degrade or defile ourselves. We see how base an apostasy it is to abnegate the divine prerogative of our being. The birth of Christ becomes to us the pledge of immortality, the inspiration of glad, unerring, lifelong duty to ourselves. And no less does it bring home to us the new commandment of love to our brethren. It becomes the main reason why we should love one another. If men were indeed what Satan makes them, and makes us try to believe that they solely are—hopelessly degraded, unimaginably vile; if human life be nothing at the best but the shadow of a passing and miserable dream, I know not how we could love one another. We could only turn with loathing from all the vice and blight, the mortal corruption, the manifold baseness of vile, lying, degraded lives. How is all transfigured, how is the poorest wretch earth ever bore transfigured, when we remember that for these Christ became man, for these He died! Shall we, ourselves so weak, so imperfect, so stained with evil, shall we dare to despise these whom Christ so loved that for them—yea, for these blind and impotent men, these publicans and sinners, these ragged prodigals of humanity still voluntarily lingering among their husks and swine—for these, even for these, He, so pure, so perfect, took our nature upon Him, and went, step by step, down all that infinite descent? Despise them? Ah! the revealing light of the God-man shows too much darkness in ourselves to leave any possibility for pride. We take our own seats among the lepers on the temple steps; prostrate with them we stretch blind hands of faith and prayer to God. We are all equally guilty, we are all equally redeemed. Standing beside the cradle of the Lord all humanity becomes precious, becomes immortal. It becomes to us a sacred and blessed duty to pity the afflicted, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to comfort the sick, to bring home the wanderers, to undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free. If even Christian men saw this duty they would not live as so many of them do; they would not elevate a party above the Church and the Church above Christ, and themselves above the Church. Not a few of them thus make the name of religion an excuse for dropping even into the river of life the venom of their selfishness. How can the world be better while so many live to pour not oil and wine into the bleeding wounds of humanity, but the poison of asps; while so many live only to degrade, to tempt, to embitter, to belie their fellow-men? If we have learnt the lesson of Christmas, the lesson of Bethlehem, let us live to counteract these works of the devil; let it be the one aim of our lives to love and not to hate; to help, not to hinder; to succour them that are tempted, not to add to and multiply their temptations; to make men better, not worse; to make life a little happier, not more deeply miserable; to speak kindly words, not all words that may do hurt; to console and to encourage, not to blister and envenom with slanderous lies; to live for others, not for ourselves; to look each of us not on his own things, but on the things of others; to think noble thoughts of man as well as of God; to be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God in Christ has forgiven us.

My brethren, let this central lesson suffice for us to-day. Is it not high enough? Is it not pure enough? Is it so easy to remember always the sacredness, the hopes, of a nature which at this time Christ took upon Him, when He was born of a pure Virgin? Is it so easy to respect, to reverence, to control ourselves? Is it so easy and so common to bear with, to help, to love, to forgive our fellow-men? Ah! if for the coming year we would but translate these truths into action, and live our life in the light of them, then no cynic's sneer, no base man's selfishness should ever dim for us the spiritual radiancy of Christian joy. To us, as we go about our humble daily duties, to us, as to the shepherds in the chilly darkness, there would come from the open heaven flashes of angel light, bursts of angel minstrelsy; upon the listening air there would rest the burden of that angel carol, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men," till earth itself, and these dim, guilty cities, and our poor, perplexed, distracted, dying, mortal life should be glorified with a light of God, and—

> "E'en the witless Gadarene,
> Preferring Christ to swine, should know
> That life is sweetest when 'tis clean;"

while

> "To prouder folly we should show
> Earth by divine light made divine,

Till all the saints that hear our word
Say, Lo! the clouds begin to shine
About the coming of the Lord!"

Oh, may it be God's blessing to each of us to enjoy a Christmas, to enjoy a New Year, happy with this happiness of heaven, happy with the primal truth of an ennobled nature, rich in the humble charities that heal and bless, transfigured in the light which streams from the manger-cradle, the light of redemption, the light of duty, the light of life! God grant to you and me and all of us thus to enter here into the joy of our Lord, until at last we be made partakers of His everlasting felicity in the tearless life beyond the grave.

"Haste, then, and wheel away a shattered world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons. We would see
A world which does not dread and hate Christ's laws,
Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears."

We would see a world such as Christ lived and died to make it, such as it yet shall be when the whole creation, which groaneth and travaileth in pain together even until now, shall have found the manifestation of the Son of God for which it has so long waited; and when the cradle of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary shall be the wonder and the glory of all the universe of God.

A PEEP AT BENARES.

By MRS. RIGG.

BENARES is said to have been famous twenty-five centuries ago, before Babylon, Tyre, and Athens had attained their supremacy. And now, whilst these and other ancient cities are laid low in the dust, Benares still remains, and she still receives homage from the thousands who flock to her fanes and long for purification from her waters. The city is situated on the northern bank of the Ganges, and was anciently called Vârânâsi, a word which is said to be taken from the names of two streams, the Varanâ and the Asi, which severally flow into the Ganges to the north and south of the city. The Varanâ is commonly called Barna, and it contains a considerable quantity of water in the rainy season, but the Asi is always a small stream. Others say that a certain Rajah Barna, who in former times ruled over Benares, gave it its name. Another name, however, which is much used for the city by the natives, is Kâsî, "the splendid." Dr. Sherring, in his wonderful work on the Sacred City, tells us that it is really composed of three parts: Benares, the most ancient and the most northerly part; Kâsî, the central portion where most of the temples are; and Kedar, the newer suburb, towards the south-west; and that there is a tendency in the city to shift its quarters in a south-westerly direction.

I had had a great longing to see this, the sacred city of the Hindoos, and to witness for myself the scenes on the holy river Ganges, the temples, and the ghâts; so, being on a visit to Calcutta we, a small mission party, ladies and gentlemen, resolved to press forward by rail to Benares. On the evening of March 8th we started, travelling all night, and arriving at our destination in the afternoon of the following day. During the first part of the night the mosquitoes, those Eastern torments, were very troublesome, but eventually we slept pretty comfortably on our railway couches. During the next morning we had an opportunity of seeing the country through which we were passing. It was mostly flat, with a few hills, while rice-fields, trees stripped of leaves, and poppies, which are cultivated for opium, diversified the scenery. We changed trains at one station, called Mogul-sarai, where we took tiffin.

The first view of Benares is very imposing. This wonderful city, whose measured length along the banks of the river, by survey, is said to be barely three miles, and its average depth not more than one, possesses a thousand Hindoo temples and three hundred and thirty-three Mahomedan mosques, besides shrines and idols and images innumerable. These temples are not, cannot be, crowded as they are into so small a space, nearly so extensive as those of Southern India, especially those at Tiravalur and Trichinopoly, but for grandeur and exquisite carving they far exceed them.

Imagine, then, if possible, such a city with its temples and those wonderful ghâts, or flights of steps which lead down to the river, suddenly bursting upon one's view, and the thrill of intense emotion which passes through the beholder who remembers that this is the great centre of Hinduism, as well as the spot at which the founder of Buddhism commenced his mission in Asia. We happened

to arrive, too, just at the time when preparations were being made for one of the festivals, so that the river was gay, and its banks thronged with pleasure-takers.

On our arrival at the railway station, which is built on the south side of the river, we took gharries, as the vehicles there are called, and drove in these across the Ganges over a bridge of boats, and so came to the north side, on which the principal part of Benares is erected. Our host, who was exceedingly kind during the whole of our visit in taking us to the various places of interest, proposed our descending from our gharries on our way to his house to visit the Buddhistical remains which are visible from the Râj Ghât road, on which we were travelling, and which are to be found chiefly on the summit of the banks of a tank known as Bakarûyá Kund. The principal parts of these remains are built on terraces held up on walls of heavy stone, which run by the sides of the Kund. The building itself, originally a Buddhist temple, is now in the possession of Musalmans, so that the dome is of Mahomedan construction, and on the top of a courtyard is a Mahomedan dargáh, or place of prayer. The ground is strewn all around with stones, many of which are carved with curious and elegant devices, and must be of vast antiquity.

I spoke of the festival for which the people were preparing at the time of our entrance into Benares; it was to be held at night on the Ganges, and was but one of the forty Hindu and Mahomedan Melás held every year in Benares. This, we were told, was the Búrwa-Mangal Melú, held on the river on the Tuesday after what is called the Holí Festival. We thought we should like to witness this sight, so proceeded, at about nine P.M., from our host's house in the cantonment to the city. We were greatly impressed with everything we saw; the river's bank seemed to be crowded with human beings, dusky themselves in hue, but dressed in garments of many colours; and we proceeded down one of the many ghâts through this mass of humanity to the river's brink, and stepped into a gaily-caparisoned boat, where we were received by a Hindoo baboo, who had invited several of the English residents to see the tamasha, and who had provided lemonade, champagne, cakes, and ices for his guests. This gentleman, short in stature, was dressed in a long blue velvet coat and white trousers, and wore a blue cap with a triangular tail suspended from the back, while on his eyes he had dark-coloured spectacles. I must confess I was not charmed with his appearance. The boat itself looked very gay with its yellow and red cloths and flags, &c., and music enlivened us as we entered. Very soon we were surrounded by other boats, some of which were more gaudily attired than ours, that of the Rajah of Benares having a marble top, and another boat an immense peacock with spread tail at its bow. Several of the boats had lower stories surmounted by higher ones, which were covered with richly-coloured canopies, and on which sat or squatted natives in every variety of dress or undress. Our boat was propelled by a paddle which was worked by men, as on a treadmill, some changing with others as these were weary, and for some hours we were taken up and down the river, getting, of course, a magnificent view of the city by night, with its various temples and ghâts, and its crowds of people. At the burning ghât dead bodies were being consumed, so that their ashes might mingle with the waters of the holy river.

After midnight two nautch girls came on board, each accompanied by four men, who made most amusing gestures as they followed up the dancing girl with rude music and singing; one man, clad entirely in yellow, and beating a tom-tom, was particularly entertaining. He would hum and then give a grunt, as his whole body seemed to perform what he was playing with his hands. The girls were beautifully dressed, and sometimes sang as they danced, going up to one and another of the party assembled.

It was impossible to look on them without pity, brought up to a life of debauchery, and dedicated to the service of these temples, which really means of the priests of these temples. These for many years were the only girls who were allowed to learn to read and write, and thus arose the feeling which still largely exists, that it is a disgrace for a girl to be able to "press a style upon a palm-leaf." Christianity and Eastern civilisation are altering these things now, and the day is passing away when the nautch girl alone of her sex in India may be educated. It seemed a long time before our boat was paddled up to shore, and we were able to get off, and it was two A.M. of Wednesday before we reached our house, very tired and weary.

The festival itself continued until the evening of Wednesday. It was originally called the Buddhuwá Mangal (Budh, Wednesday), which has now been corrupted to Búrwa Mangal. The people had just before this been celebrating the Holí Melá, which is

Benares from the Ganges.

said to be noted for its obscenity. Many of them wear coloured cloths, and discharge red water on people passing in the streets. We particularly noticed the cloths of those on whom this red water had been discharged on the day after the Búrwa-Mangal festival, when we again went out sight-seeing.

It was eight o'clock in the morning before we felt sufficiently rested to return to the city, and by that time the sun was insufferably hot. The first object of interest which we then visited was the old observatory, erected by Rajah Jay Sinh, which is situated on the summit of the Mān-Mandil Ghât. The Rajah Jay Sinh was a man who was particularly fond of the mathematical sciences, and he erected five observatories, one at each of these towns, Delhi, Benares, Mathura, Oujein, and Jeypore, and his instruments, all of stone and lime, are some of them of immense size, and so strong as to last for ages, and yet of such delicate adjustment as to be of the same use now as when they were erected. We saw these wonderful instruments, but the scorching sun soon drove us down the steps by which we had mounted to them. Underneath the observatory was a large room, where, as we were told, the Rajah of Jeypore is wont to entertain his friends. One end of the room is screened off by a purdah, behind which were the poor women of the zenana. Outside the building was a narrow passage, between it and the houses opposite, and on the window-ledges of these houses monkeys—no doubt greatly revered—were enjoying themselves.

On the top of the ghât we noticed a very old sannyasi, or devotee, looking filthy and wizened in the extreme. The smells around were most disgusting. Oh, how terribly hot the sun was as we descended to the water's edge and walked along its banks! While our host went off to fetch us a boat we stood under a shed, glad of even this little shelter, and watched the bathers performing their morning ablutions in the holy Ganges. One old woman scrubbed herself, head and all, with sand and then dipped in the water, while others scoured themselves with mud in the muddy stream. Taking our boat, we again went down the river, so as to get a daylight view of the city. How thronged it was! dirt and gorgeousness were wonderfully blended. But the one great impression on one's mind was this: What a power Hinduism is yet in the land, and what multitudes of those for whom Christ died are held yet in its deadly grip!

While the gentlemen went to look at the Nepalese Temple, the sculpture of which was too obscene for us ladies to look at, but which is a picturesque object and different from all the other shrines in the city, we ladies remained in the boat and received sundry salaams and greetings from the Rajah of Benares, who was floating down the river in a boat similar to our own.

Presently we thought we would go on shore and visit the wonderful well of salvation, "Manikarniká," famous in Hindu mythology. I cannot refrain from introducing here the story of the origin of this well as translated by Dr. Sherring from the Kasi-Khanda.

"The God, Vishnu," so goes the tale, "dug this well with his discus, and, in lieu of water, filled it with the perspiration from his own body, and gave it the name of Chakra-Pushkarini. He then proceeded to its north side and began to practise asceticism. In the meantime, the god Mahádeva arrived, and, looking into the well, beheld in it the beauty of a hundred millions of suns, with which he was so enraptured that he at once broke out into loud praises of Vishnu, and, in his joy, declared that whatever gift he would ask of him he would grant. Gratified at the offer, Vishnu replied that his request was that Mahádeva should always reside with him. Mahádeva, hearing this, felt greatly flattered by it, and his body shook with delight. From the violence of the motion an earring, called Manikarnika, fell from his ear into the well. From this circumstance, Mahádeva gave the well the name of Manikarniká. Among the epithets applied to it are those of Muktikshetra, 'seat of liberation,' and Purnasubhakaran, 'complete source of felicity.' Mahádeva further decreed that it should be the chief and the most efficacious among places of pilgrimage."

And such it is believed to be; to it all pilgrims resort, for here, they believe, they can wash away all their sins, so that many bathe in its filthy water, which is very shallow and foul. No matter, while we were there, even well-dressed women descended the steps, which lead on four sides down to the water, and immersed their heads and bodies in it, polluted though it was.

There is another version of the story of the origin of this well, given by Mr. Sherring and current among the people. It is this:—"Mahádeva and his wife, Párvati, were one day seated by the well when, accidentally, a jewel fell from the ear of Párvati into the water, on account of which circumstance Mahádeva named the well Manikarnika."

How sad that these deluded idolators know not of the fountain opened in the House of David for sin and uncleanness, and so must hew out for themselves cisterns of filth and abomination which they would fain believe will cleanse their souls!

We next went to see a few of the numerous temples which we had been viewing from our boat. Up, and up, and up we went, ascending a great number of steps and going right into the heart of the city, where the streets are very narrow and the houses many stories high, the higher ones abutting over those at the bottom. We felt here a sense of delightful coolness, as we were shielded from the direct rays of the sun which had been pouring pitilessly upon us before we entered these streets, indeed there was a clamminess in the atmosphere, which, though not unpleasant, must be unhealthy. We heard sounds of music and singing proceeding from some of the houses, while in others the sacred bull walked about at pleasure, and from the windows of still others monkeys peered.

Ganges Boat.

We passed through the streets in which men were working on brass, on which they were chiselling various devices—gods, birds, animals, &c., a trade which is very extensively carried on. The ornaments, principally various kinds of vases and plates, some of which are very large, are exquisite in their workmanship, and display great skill on the part of the workers.

The first temple we entered was that of Bisheswar or Siva, the idol King of Benares. It is familiarly called the Golden Temple, as its dome and tower look in the sun like masses of burnished gold; they are in reality covered with gold-leaf spread over plates of copper. The image of Siva in this temple is the linga, a plain conical stone set on end. For some time we stood watching the priests as they adorned this stone with flowers and poured over it oil and ghee. We were surprised to find that we were allowed to go so near the worshippers, for we were only excluded from a small marbled space on which the shrine stood. Many smaller idols, of the same shape as the principal one, were to be seen crowned with flowers, and not far from the chief shrine were three fakirs, with their long, matted hair and bedaubed bodies, fulfilling their vows as they sat in various cramped positions, which they had probably kept for many years. Close by the temple of Bisheswar is the mosque of Aurungzeb, and between these two is the famous well known as Gyan Bapi or Gyan Kup, the well of knowledge, in which the god Siva is said to reside.

Tradition tells us that at one time, when no rain had fallen in Benares for twelve months, a Rishi, a being neither exactly divine nor human, dug up the earth at this spot, and water immediately issued forth, and that Siva then promised to take up his abode in that well for ever.

The natives cast into this well water, flowers, fruit, money, &c., and we noticed a cloth drawn over the top of the water, evidently that the money might not be lost. Near the well sat a Mahomedan, whose

one cry was for "bucksheesh." The stench emitted from the water, which some of the people will even drink, was most disgusting. The well is surrounded by a low-roofed colonnade, supported by forty stone pillars.

Another temple which we saw was that dedicated to Annpurua, the goddess of grain. This goddess, "the supplier of food," is supposed to feed all the inhabitants of Benares, and in honour of her, all who can afford it put aside a quantity of pulse, moistened overnight, and give it away in the morning to the poor. So in front of her temple are seated, almost all through the day, beggars, some of them holding cups, into which people going in and out to worship throw quantities of grain or rice.

In coming home we purchased some of the nose-rings worn by the women of the place, one of which measures about six inches in diameter; the wealthier ladies wear suspended from these rings real jewels, while the poorer women have to be content with sham ones. Sometimes, when the largest of these rings are found to be awkward, they are hung from the nose over the ear.

In passing through the streets, one thing strikes the visitor most forcibly, that is, the very bad smell arising from the hookah, the pipe in which is smoked everywhere a decoction of tobacco, treacle, and opium; the whole air is poisoned with it, and with the smells from the filth of the city. We were much amused with the *ecka*, a one-horsed vehicle; the horse is much higher than the conveyance, and is decked with a gaily-coloured pole which rises from the head. The vehicle is low and light, and the whole concern moves very rapidly.

It would have been simply impossible for us to visit all the objects of interest in the city during the short time of our stay there; so the next day, some of our party went to Sarnath, where they were much pleased with the wonderful Buddhistical remains which are so interesting on account of their great antiquity, and their connection with the foundation of the Buddhist religion; while the rest of us went to see the temple of Durga, one of the wives of Mahádeva, or Siva, the goddess who is supposed to delight in blood, therefore to her bloody sacrifices are continually offered up. This is the temple which is commonly called the monkey temple, on account of the large number of monkeys, all living gods or goddesses, which were formerly there in great numbers. Some time before our visit, a great many of these monkeys had been sent away into the jungle, because they were really becoming dangerous in the neighbourhood, swarming upon the private houses around, thieving, and in some cases injuring the little children. As we entered the sacred enclosure, we were asked to take from plates some grain to feed the monkeys which were still there, and this feeding of the monkeys is considered by the people to be a most meritorious act. Before entering the inner enclosure of the temple, there is a building to be seen, called the Naubat-khana, in which a large kettledrum is beaten three times a day. There are two small temples beyond this, and between these two stone pillars, one of which is used as an altar for sacrifices. Here we saw a goat offered up. It was first taken to the priest and covered with oil and then brought out, all unconscious as to its fate. Its head was bound to a wooden post, and while one man held it by its hind legs, another with one stroke of an axe severed the head from the body. The head was then laid on the altar, while the body was taken to the priests.

In the interior of the temple is a small shrine where sits, in all her hideousness, the goddess. She is covered with tinselled cloth, and it is said that the priest keeps several masks on hand, which he puts at will on the head of the image; some are of brass, some of silver, &c. It is decorated with garlands and chains of gold, a small lamp is kept burning on the shrine, and a silver bath sunk into the ground.

While we were watching the priest, as he offered his flowers and tinkled his little bell, an old pilgrim from Lucknow came up and asked alms of him. The merciless man answered him that it was rather his business to give alms to the temple than to ask it there, and advised him to be contented now that he had reached Benares, for the best thing for him now was to die in the sacred city. The poor fellow seemed very hungry, and I offered him a little biscuit I had with me, but I soon found that I had made a mistake, for the priest frowned on me, took the biscuit from the old man, and brought water, which he poured over his hands to wash away the pollution which had reached them from contact with my biscuit!

We saw this poor fellow squatting down near the temple wall, as we came out; and as we were leaving the enclosure we also noticed some women entering with a little boy very handsomely dressed. We found that this child was about to be married, and the women were taking him there to invoke the blessing of Durga upon the event about to

be celebrated. Our hearts were sadly touched by these sights: the poor animal offered up to propitiate the deity, the old man turned away to die, and the little one led to the feet of the goddess by those who did not know of the One who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

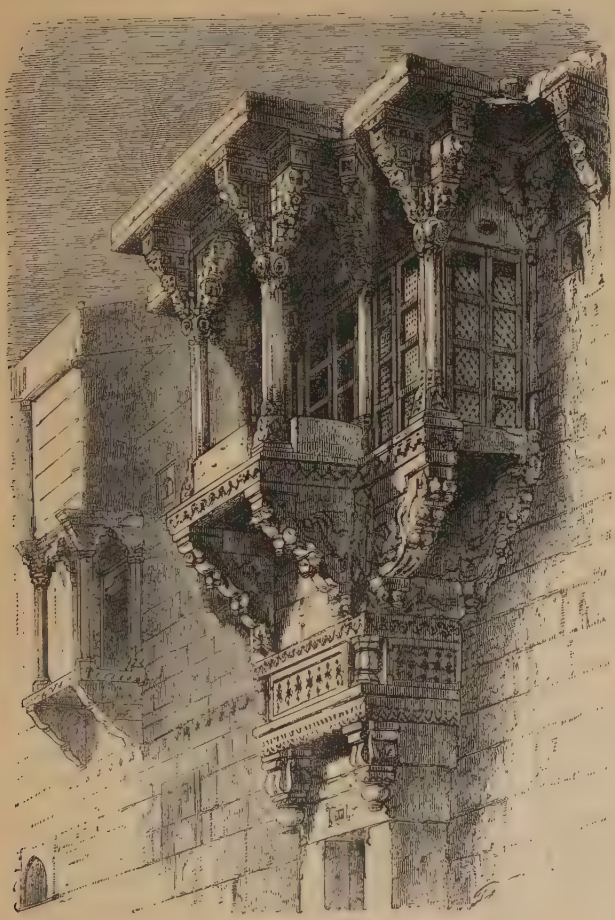
Outside the quadrangle in which the temple is built is a fine tank, called the Durga Kund, the waters of which are used much by the people around for domestic purposes.

At 1.30 P.M. of the day on which we visited the Durga temple, the gentlemen of our party started for Agra, anxious to see the far-famed Taj-Mahal, the splendid marble mausoleum erected by the Mahomedan prince Akbar, in memory of his favourite wife, Moomtaj-i-Mahal. A small representation of this Taj, the most exquisite tomb in existence, was to be seen in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

In the evening of that day the rest of our party went to see the Government College, a most imposing building of Gothic structure, completed in 1853. There are two departments in this college, namely English and Sanskrit, and hundreds of youths receive instruction there. In the grounds around the College are many Buddhistical remains, brought chiefly from Sarnath and Ghazeepore.

The pillar of Asouki, bearing date B.C. 250, is a large and prominent object of interest in the garden.

On the 13th we resolved to visit some of the zenanas to which the missionary ladies had promised to conduct us. A great deal has been done of late years, by the various missionary societies, to open up the way for the missionary ladies to enter the abodes of those of our Eastern sisters who are shut up in weary seclusion from one year's end to another, to drag out a dreary existence apart from the world in which they live; and a great deal more will have to be done for the thousands who are, by the decree of a base and cruel religion, doomed to such an intolerable life as this.



Window in Benares.

Imagine a high double-storied house, entered by a heavy door approached by much-worn stone steps, the only windows, which look out on the narrow street below, being guarded with iron bars, the rooms of this house surrounding and opening on to a small interior courtyard, and you have a picture of the homes of these women. Here they live; they can go from the lower rooms to the upper for a change, and they can take a little walk in their courtyard, or on a kind of balcony at the top of the house, which overlooks other roofs, but beyond this they must never go, unless something very special necessitates it, and then they must be covered with a purdah or veil, and conveyed in a closed palanquin from one spot to another.

They have nothing to do but to rear their children, cook their food, admire their jewels, and talk. The missionary lady, who gains access to these women, may be met with suspicion and distrust at first, but eventually her visit and that of her native helpers is looked for most eagerly as the great event of the week, and she teaches one, two, or more of these poor creatures to read, write, sew, and sing, and then tells them about a Saviour who does not, like Durga, desire blood at their hands, or, like Mahádeva, require their children to be thrown into the Ganges, but who loves them and their little ones, and wants their love in return. Is it any wonder if many of these, as well as the children in our mission schools, listen eagerly to this story—the old, old story, which to them is quite new, and receive its truth into their hearts by faith? At one of the houses which we visited one woman was being taught, and her husband was friendly enough to have prepared for us some tea, a wretched decoction which we had to drink from small earthen chatties, as we should have defiled their drinking vessels. We brought the chatties away with us, as we knew that they would only have been destroyed had we left them behind; some fruit and sugar-candy were also given us. We noticed at this house several young boys, who were listening and looking on as the lesson was given, and we thought of the indirect influence which might thus be brought to bear upon them.

In another zenana two girls were learning to read and sing while their mother and aunt were listening. These showed us some of their jewels, which were not very handsome, but which they seemed to think much of.

There is one difficulty in connection with these zenana missions which the missionaries are feeling—what is to be done with the women who profess a belief in Christ? They cannot be taken from their homes either for baptism or for divine service, and no man may go into their houses to converse with them. A great work certainly is here, entirely for the present in the hands of women; and when we remember the influence which the mothers of India must of necessity exercise over their little ones, we cannot overrate the importance to the future of India of the Christian education of these women.

After visiting these zenanas we went to see a large girls' school, non-Christian, which is supported by the Rajah of Vizanagaram. It is a pet scheme of his, and he pays the girls to come; some are paid four annas, about sixpence, per mensem, and some as much as three rupees, about six shillings. It is a wonderful thing for a heathen gentleman to establish a girls' school, and the girls seemed to be really well taught therein arithmetic, geography, &c. The chief feature of the school is the Berlin wool-work—large rugs, screens, slippers, &c., are worked here by the girls, and are used by the Rajah for himself, or given by him to his friends.

The day following we went again into the city to see some of the shops. On our way we came upon a procession; wedding gifts were being conveyed to a wealthy bride. Three large elephants with their riders headed the company, and were followed by several horses gaily caparisoned, which were dancing to a band of musicians and singing women, and were followed by sheep also grandly dressed, and men bearing fowls, &c., in baskets covered with gay cloths. We could not ascertain whether these were for a Hindoo or a Mahomedan bride, but the procession was a very grand one.

We had been very anxious to see the gold embroidered cloths called Kincob-work, of which we had heard so much, so we went on expecting to be introduced to a fine shop for the sale of such articles; but we were greatly amused to find that we had to enter a house and proceed up a dark, dirty staircase until we came to a flat, on the floor of which sat three or four men reading manuscript books; these rose as we entered, and one of them brought out, from a sort of inner room or cupboard, a box, which he unlocked, and then he displayed to our gaze the embroidery worked with real gold and silver, not mere tinsel. We inquired the prices of the articles; they were very high, a small mat costing three pounds. We next ascended another staircase and came out on a balcony overlooking the street, and there we were shown some cashmere shawls, &c., which were very elegant.

Descending into the street again, we ascended a staircase outside a house, and inspected in the balcony some of the Benares brass-work, and the Maradabad inlaid work; the latter is expensive and elegant, and is made into vases, cups, saucers, and plates. Specimens of these various industries were displayed in the Exhibition; the Benares brass-work there was very beautiful, being massed together very effectively.

We should have liked to have seen more, but our time was gone, and the next day we had to leave again for Calcutta. We had had a most enjoyable time, and to us a most memorable one.

"Vishnu."

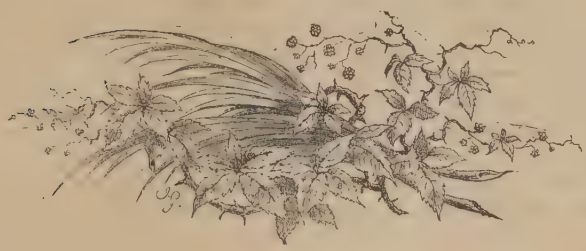
We were greatly impressed by the thought that in this, the stronghold of Hinduism, Christian missionaries are working. The members of the Church of England, London, Baptist, and Wesleyan societies meet together at stated intervals, and all these are working in this city for the downfall of heathenism and the rearing of the standard of the cross, and they can tell us that surely, though slowly, the truths of Christianity are undermining the errors of Hinduism and Buddhism, and that the kingdom which "cometh not with observation" will eventually triumph over the kingdoms of darkness and error. Yes, these must decrease, while Christ must increase and sway His sceptre everywhere. He shall reign, and shall have the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His dominion.

THE LINGERING LOOK OF LOVE.

(On seeing Leonardo da Vinci's great painting, *The Face of the Christ*, in Antwerp Cathedral).

HADST thou a vision, like the favoured one
Of the Apocalypse, to see that Face
Enshrined in human, sympathetic grace,
And yet so awe-inspiring, as if shone
God's perfect splendour in its every line?
Mercy her warm home must have ever kept
In those sweet eyes that for the world have wept
Tears that were hallow'd through a Love Divine.
Like Heaven's own light upon a darkened sea,
There falls upon us, in that gaze serene,
New life from the despised, meek Nazarene,
Dear as His words of rest, "Abide in Me."
Thou hast been led through all the heavenly plains,
And thy great hand has limn'd for us thy gains!

ALEXANDER LAMONT.



MISS SHARMAN'S ORPHAN HOMES.

By BENJAMIN CLARKE.

IT is a matter of common remark, and still more common experience, that those who, in any spirit of helpfulness, however humble, desire to render a service to others, receive in their own bosoms a richer reward than any they may be the means of affording. It was from a simple desire to render some little service to Miss Sharman, that we accepted an invitation to give an address at the annual meeting of her Orphans' Home in June last; but what we saw and heard at that meeting makes us feel that we are the debtors, and that we have received tenfold more than we have given. That meeting introduced us to three means of making us acquainted with Homes over which Miss Sharman so devotedly presides—the Report, the children themselves, and a special visit paid to the institution—and we want to share some of the good things gathered with the readers of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though we are fully conscious how inadequately any written account can describe the work done for this large family of orphan girls. The Report—Miss Sharman's Blue Book, as she calls it—in a very modest, but in a no less interesting way, puts before us the history of the work, as well as records its principal features during the past year. This institution differs from others of a similar character in several respects. Miss Sharman makes no appeals, does not advertise, nor write begging letters, and on the circulation of the yearly report depends, under God, the awakening and the sustaining of that sympathy and interest which are the mainstay of the work.

Unlike some other orphan asylums that owe their origin and maintenance to a number of good people, this one is the work of a single woman; and it is all the more remarkable as illustrating how much, not only the faith and zeal, but the sanctified common-sense and prudence, of one woman may be made to accomplish when consecrated to the Lord.

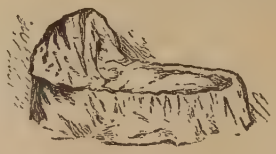
The Home is essentially a growth; it has grown with the founder's faith and hope; its present dimensions far exceed her most sanguine anticipations.

In May, 1867, she received into a small hired house in West Square, Southwark, ten orphan girls; in May of this year there were two hundred and eighty orphans, with a numerous staff of matrons and teachers to watch over them, comfortably housed in a building which has cost over £21,000. There are two country Homes at Gravesend and Tunbridge Wells, and a smaller Home at Bexhill, where a few girls needing sea air can be sent at any time.

Miss Sharman from the outset laid down for herself three cardinal rules, from which she has never departed—*no voting, no begging, no debt.*

These rules have limited at times the development of the institution, but in the main they have not hindered, but rather helped its success. The growth has been, therefore, gradual, and at times fitful. As it has been extended only as means were provided, and as these have been furnished at unanticipated times and in unforeseen ways, the progress has been irregular.

This determination not to incur debt has often sorely tried the faith of the founder, but, as she herself admits, this trial of faith has been blessed to her and the institution. In the spring of 1878, when the new building was being erected, the fund raised for the purpose was exhausted, when Miss Sharman at once wrote to the builder to stop operations. Both he and the architect tried to dissuade her from her resolve, urging the increased expense, and that money would be sure to come in. But she was firm, and sent the order to stop the works; but on the very day the builder received it, Miss Sharman heard from a friend, who forwarded to her



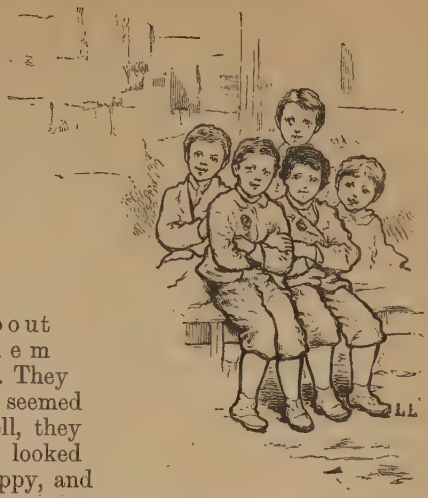
a note for £1,000 for the building fund, from an anonymous donor, who had on three former occasions sent a similar generous gift.

Often since have the immediate wants of the orphans caused some anxiety and tested Miss Sharman's faith. One such season is thus referred to in the last report: "I was one day talking over the details of house-keeping with my true and trusty friend the matron, and suggested to her that perhaps, being in greater straits than we had ever been before, we ought to be willing to do what had never previously been needful, viz., take something off the children's diet. For several months we had been in the habit of cooking a sheep each Monday (my lambs can eat a sheep among them at one meal), but it was decided to omit the order on that particular Saturday, and find a cheaper dinner for Monday, without mentioning our reason. However, before night there came a splendid sheep, which proved to be a present from a certain very kind friend, who had occasionally sent us one before, and who now sends us one regularly the first week in each month. Sheep are said to have a habit of following each other—a very good habit when one has found its way into the larder of an Orphans' Home—and for several successive weeks we were supplied with this good gift of God through the bounty of our generous friends."

But it is seldom that the institution has been reduced to very serious straits; its growth has been gradual all round, and there have not been extensive buildings to keep up, nor heavy charges for rent or interest to meet, which cripple some other institutions while yet in their infancy.

But it is time to visit the Homes, which are open for inspection almost any Thursday.

As we mentioned before, we were privileged to address the annual meeting of the subscribers at Westminster Chapel, where we were confronted by as bonnie a group of little maidens as were ever presented by one institution. They were not all dressed alike, though there was a family likeness about them all. They all seemed well, they all looked happy, and they were all decorated with posies of bright flowers. That which struck us in the appearance of the children was amply confirmed by our visit to the institution—the happy blending of freedom and good government.



The Homes throughout bear the imprint of Miss Sharman's heart and mind. She is sole head and chief. The Committee assist her in the financial arrangements, but the internal rule and management are hers absolutely. There is consequently a home-like sentiment pervading the entire building.

The whole of the

work of the house is done by the girls themselves, so that, besides economy of management, this insures that all the girls are practically trained in all kinds of house work. In the scullery and kitchens we saw the little maids and cooks busy in their several departments, where everything was clean and tidy.

The lofty and well-ventilated dining and schoolrooms were bright and clean, and the bedrooms looked refreshingly cool and airy. Their appearance would be improved by the substitution of white for coloured counterpanes, and there are sanitary reasons too that would make the change desirable. Miss Sharman would gladly make the substitution if some kind friend would only send some six hundred white quilts.

Within each dormitory there is a teacher's bedroom, so that the little ones have a friend at hand.

The nursery is a large room, fitted with all manner of appliances for play; and some of the children are admitted at so early an age—as soon as they can walk—that it is some time before they are introduced to the more serious duties of the schoolroom.

The education seems good, as far as it goes: five hours and a half per day is the ordinary time devoted to school. After twelve years of age the girls begin to be initiated in house work, and at fifteen they leave school and enter more completely on the work of the Home, so as to become well trained when opportunities occur of placing them out in life.

Saturday is a whole holiday, and is devoted to recreation and to mending clothes.

The Assembly Hall is used as a chapel on Sundays, where, in the morning, a short bright service is held. In the afternoon the children are taken to various places of worship in the neighbourhood, where their bright young faces and their sweet voices are welcomed by the congregations, and are, doubtless, an inspiration to their ministers. In the winter there are occasional lectures, concerts and entertainments; a point that should never be overlooked in an institution of this kind, where the children are shut out from the amusements of the ordinary home and are so seldom taken to places of public entertainment.

In the summer the children are not without change, for Miss Sharman manages to give them a holiday at the sea-side. For the last nine years it has been her custom to take a house at the sea-side in order that the orphans might have sea air and bathing, but the expense has always been met by special contributions for the purpose. Some years it has not been possible to take all, and so the most delicate have been selected.

Mr. Thomas Blackman, of Dover, who owns a house which he devotes to the uses of a "Sea-side Rest for London Orphan Homes," has this year placed it at the disposal of Miss Sharman, so that she has been enabled to send down all her large family in parties for a fortnight at a time.

Such a change is most desirable for children so situated, in many ways. It is a complete break in upon their ordinary life, which cannot fail to be one of more routine and method than is either congenial or natural for childhood, and as many of them are of feeble constitution and heirs of weakly frames, as is proved by the early death of their parents, the sea-side residence is calculated to do much to help to establish their health.

We hope Miss Sharman will always be able to carry out this important and pleasure-giving purpose without anxieties being excited as to the forthcoming of the necessary expense of some fifteen shillings per head.

And since Miss Sharman does not plead for her Home by the ordinary methods of advertisement and appeal, but trusts that the report of her work will raise up friends for its support, we are anxious that this all too brief and imperfect sketch may have the effect of extending the number of sympathisers and helpers. Enough has been said, it is hoped, to show that Miss Sharman is worthy to be entrusted with the money of others, though it would be impossible without a visit to the Homes to realise how well they are conducted, and in what a spirit of wise and motherly rule they are directed.

The objects of the institution, the Christian care and nurture of young girls deprived of their natural protectors, as well as of the tender love of father and mother, at so early an age, must appeal to all of us who remember what we owe to our parents, or who have children well sheltered in our own homes.

AN OLD EVANGELICAL CHURCHMAN.

By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D.

IN a recent short residence in a Suffolk country-house, which has associations with the long past, as one of the abbeys once in connection with and subject to the Abbey of St. John at Colchester, I found in the room allotted to me a couple of MS. books, which attracted me by the evident value which had once been attached to them. On the expression of my interest in them, a search was made through the house, and two more were found. They not only contained in spaces left blank many pencil marks and notes, but also entries of spiritual experiences and affecting records of bereavement—a kind of marginal annotation and accompaniment to the strain of the text. A little scrutiny soon discovered that these were notes of sermons that had been delivered by the Rev. T. B. Paget, at Long Acre Chapel, London, and earlier at a Suffolk church. A further perusal showed that Mr. Paget belonged to the strict evangelical school, dealing much with the will and purpose of God from all eternity, inscrutable altogether to man, save in the face of Jesus Christ, with election, predestination, the foreknowledge of God, and the utter depravity of man in himself. But some of the topics were treated with great freshness and fervour; there was the unmistakable note of individual experience; and this was borne out by the discovery of some letters at the close of one of the volumes which had been written by him from Evington, Leicestershire, to friends in Suffolk, after a period of ill-health and seclusion from duty. The sermons date from 1837 to 1844. So original and fresh are they, so pregnant of thought and experience, that our readers we hope will share our feelings in the perusal of some extracts. The first shall be on God's glory.

"Glory is not some great outward shining light, as some people think it, but that by which the excellency and transcendency of any person or thing is manifested. Hence the glory of God is His manifestation of Himself as that which He is; and when Moses besought Him to show him His glory, what was the answer given him by God? 'And He said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee.' Jehovah's glory is the way in which He makes Himself manifest as that Good One, that Beneficent One, which He is in His own essential essence. It is that by which anything is distinguished, and it is also put for authority and power. 'And I will proclaim the name of Jehovah before thee, and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and I will show mercy on whom I will show mercy.'"

The conviction of sin was a great point, often dealt with, and seriously presented from many points of view. The following may give an idea of the style in which the preacher viewed the Christian's enfranchisement from the chain and sting of it:—

"When I speak of having no more conscience of sins, I do not mean that a believer does not feel his sin, groan under it, and cast himself down before God as sinful dust and ashes. But I say that, though this is his wretched, defiled state in and of himself, he sees himself in Christ cleansed, perfect from all sin, and the more a believer is acquainted with God in Christ, the more tender, delicate, and susceptible of sin will he be. He hath conscience of sin in this way, but he is cleansed from the guilt, the condemnation, the love and power of sin, so that he delights in God; and I am sure if any of you are brought to rest in the immutable efficacy of the blood of Christ, this is your state. If not, then it is not your state, and you dare not look at your sins and use any means to drive them out of your remembrance; but the believer dares to look at his sin fairly in the face, and, if one may say so, boldly to stare it out of countenance, for his conscience has been cleansed by the blood of Christ, and thus he is enabled to present his body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is his reasonable service."

The sense of fellowship with God realised by the Christian was a favourite topic, a mystery made plain in the humblest believer's experience.

"'Look' unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' What, then, does this include? Oh, conceive of it, ye that are brought into this state in any measure! Consider that God Himself is yours—that He hath put you into joint-partnership with Himself in all His possessions, and hath made your interest His interest. There is nothing can transpire with regard to you or affecting you, but it affects Him; there is not a pain of body that you feel, not a desire that you have, or an anxiety that weighs on your mind, but He is interested in it; and He is interested in it in this way: He hath taken hold of you to manifest Himself by you. He hath chosen you to be channels of His light and love to men, and all the cares and pains and anxieties He lays upon you are but opportunities for your service and manifestation of Him. What a glorious state is this! How securely may you leave everything that concerns you in the hands of the Father, who hath thus sealed fellowship with you! Some people, and professing Christian people too, say that we cannot tell whether we belong to this partnership or not. They push it away from them, and say that it is beyond them—they cannot understand it. . . . But the true Christian man does not feel that these are deep and unattainable things, and the reason is this: that he does not apprehend them by the reason or the intellect. They are otherwise apprehended. They are with him matters of every-day experience. He knows in whom he has believed. He knows that in the midst of distresses and pains under which he must have otherwise sunk helpless, he is supported,

sustained, and comforted; that he can joy in sorrow, exult in loss, and thus overcome the world even in the eyes of worldlings, and to their wonder. Oh, what a fellowship it is, incomprehensible and yet most plain, mystical and yet most practical, death in life and strength in weakness and even corruption! Only those who are the subjects of it can understand it. 'It is a fellowship of shame with glory,' as Bishop Hooper says, 'a fellowship of death with life, a fellowship of a worm with the self-existent Jehovah.' These are the things which can keep men strong against the world. It is for them to behold Christ set forth, and to fly up unto Him, that real City of Refuge, to abide there from the Avenger of blood, till the death of the high-priest. But our High-Priest can never die. He is a priest for ever after the power of an endless life."

Nothing is more persistently urged by Mr. Paget than the idea that happiness is a state, and is independent of place and time; and thus he applies the idea to the Christian experience:—

"Keep firmly in your minds that God in that state is the blessedness of that state, and that it is not the state that is to make us blessed, but that it is God in that state which will be our everlasting happiness. And as it will be there, so it may be here. God realised as a present portion is the one way to true peace, possession, and happiness, which is fulness of life and being, and free, unimpeded activity."

The wonder of salvation and its process are as present with him as its results.

"Remark the wonderful way in which Christ is manifested to the world. Look at the wonderful preparation for it—the prophecies, the prophetical persons, the types—all to teach us what Christ was to be and to do—what He was to suffer for the glory of the Father. And all this marked out humiliation, suffering, death. Look at the Lord Jesus becoming incarnate. Behold Him the exact counterpart of all this; see Him the fulfiller of all the types; see Him, in His humiliated state, brought into suffering by devils and by men, till He was 'bruised in the heel.' The heel is that by which a person stands firm upon the earth, and His humanity was that by which He had His standing firm upon the earth. This, therefore, was His heel. See how by Him, in His humiliation and pain, is manifested the else undecipherable wisdom and goodness of God."

The following occurs in the last of a course of sermons on the text, Ephesians ii. 18, "For through Him, we both have access by one spirit, unto the Father:"—

"O my friends, I know what it is to have been tempted away from this one way, and I can assure you I found no solid rest or peace till the Lord in mercy brought me back again. Therefore I testify to you that the alone way unto the Father is Jesus Christ, the Advocate, who ever appears in His presence, the propitiation for our sins, therefore we have access with confidence, through Him, by the new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, His flesh. Now, beloved, let me ask you, 'Is this practical? Is this the way you are brought to be living? You see it is the doctrine of Scripture. Have you been brought to experience this doctrine by the blessed Spirit of God? Has he brought you to the use-making of it, so that vile as you find yourself, though your heart feel as adamant, you cast yourself before Him, confess your state, and go up into His heart, through Jesus Christ?' . . . .

"But perhaps you are in a state of despondency—things go cross in your business, or family, or with regard to your expectations in the world. O then, how sweet is such a word as this, 'Through' [by means of] 'Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father,' and He tells us to go up to our Father's heart, and rest assured that however bitter it may be for us, He has put all things into the hands of Christ, to discipline us. . . . . Then in our prayers, praises, self-examination, &c., it is for us not to be looking at the manner in which we perform them, but to be found in them, seeing the Father's heart towards us in all discipline, in and through our Saviour. It is for us through such a word as this to enter into the fulness of what the psalmist says, 'Pour out your heart before Him, ye people; God is a refuge for us.' But there is a greater word even than this—'In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.' Beloved, this is the way I come to practise. . . . .

"O what a state to be kept in, in the face of all things, knowing and believing the love God hath to you—to be able to say under the darkest dispensation, 'I understand not this, but I know that He is Love, and this is the way in which He is making me to know the unchanging faithfulness and the immutability of His love.' O if the Lord the Spirit lead you unto these things, so that you are enabled to live and to enjoy this state, then you are taken up into the mind of God, and that mind is Love, so that you see He hath set forth in the whole world this His way of coming to Him, that Christ is the exhibitor of it to all creation, the manifestation of the way unto God at every moment of time."

In the case of a man who had produced such deep and lasting impressions as are evidenced by these note-books, and the loving and reverent manner in which they had been so long cherished as fitting memorials, some curiosity as to his outward life could not but be felt. We read and re-read the sermons, noting our favourites, and returning to them, and became more curious with each return. Merely ordinary sermons would hardly stand such a test as this. Finding in the Clergy List another T. B. Paget, now Vicar of Welton and Canon of York, a letter to him brought the information that he had the "privilege of being the eldest and only surviving son of Mr. T. B. Paget," and he has been so good as to supply us with the following particulars.

Mr. Paget was the head of what is known, in the Herald's books, as the Chipping Norton branch of the Paget family; he was the eldest son of Thomas B. Paget of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, and Tamworth, Staffordshire. He entered at Wadham College, Oxford, and became a Fellow of that Society,

and was, for those days, highly distinguished in Hebrew. Ordained on his fellowship, he took for his first curacy Enville, in Staffordshire. He next became curate of Grendon, in Warwickshire, where he married the younger daughter of the Rev. R. Watkins, of Clifton Campville Park, near Tamworth, and Rector of Rock, Worcestershire.

On her premature death, he left Grendon, and took successively the curacies of Ashby Magna, Leicestershire; of All Saints, Leicester, under the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, father of the present Dean of Llandaff; and of Stonham Parva, Suffolk. This last he left to become minister of Long Acre Chapel, London, where he remained for a few years, till, on the failure of his health, he was appointed by the Bishop of Peterborough to the small and quiet vicarage of Evington, near Leicester, which he held till his death in 1846, at the age of sixty-four. It is remarkable that all his curacies were sole charges, with the exception of his Leicester curacy.

In his early ministry, being gifted with rare personal endowments and accomplishments, especially in music (he was acknowledged to be one of the best flute-players of his time), he was a general favourite in society, and had every prospect of speedy advancement in the Church.

But shortly after his marriage there occurred that decided change in his religious views and character which dominated his whole after-life. Thenceforward he devoted himself to religious study and ministerial duties. This seriously offended his former friends and companions, and became an effectual bar to his promotion. It is almost impossible now to realise the ostracism which was consequent then on all who professed that more serious and earnest religion which was branded as Methodism. Such persons underwent the trials of persecution and martyrdom for Christ. He was, however, content to suffer the loss of preferment; and, having independent means, and thinking it wrong to purchase preferment, he remained a curate for the greater part of his life. He married a second time, when he was at Leicester, a daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Francis Evans, a banker at Nottingham and Loughborough, who survived him. He was buried at Evington. It may interest some to know that Mr. Robert Baxter, the eminent London solicitor and philanthropist, married his youngest sister.

Mr. Paget was what would be termed now an evangelical high churchman. Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" was, next to the Bible, one of his most favourite studies. He always preached extempore, which was then a rare accomplishment in the Church of England, and though he was not what would now be called a popular preacher, he gathered around him in all his curacies an admiring and devoted band of constant hearers. It is surprising to find, even at this distance of time, how many there are who still retain an affectionate and grateful remembrance of his ministry, or have handed it down to their children; the religious preservation of the volumes from which these notes are taken affords an instance of this.

The motto of his preaching was, "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," as the manifestation of God, "the way, the truth, and the life" for us.

In one of the published letters of the Rev. Edward Irving, who stayed with him once for a week at Hastings, he says that he never met with any one who had so accurate and profound a knowledge in all its bearings of Holy Scripture.

Perhaps one of the secrets of his ministerial influence, and of the affection with which he was universally regarded by his friends and parishioners, lay in this, that the varied trials of his life, and the consolations he himself had experienced through faith, enabled him to *say*, and his congregations and friends to *feel*, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen;" and it was the happy result that so many of them "did receive his testimony."

Canon Paget's reference to his father's relations to Edward Irving caused us to turn to Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving," where, at pp. 242-243, we find this additional record in a letter from Irving to his brother, under date 4th August, 1828, from "Mornington Terrace, Hampstead Road."

"OUR dear friend, Mr. Paget, of Leicester, was in church all yesterday, and kindly came down to converse during part of the interval. I wish you knew him. He is truly a divine—more of a divine than all of my acquaintances. . . . He also, like Campbell and Erskine, sees Christ's death to be on account of the whole world, so as that He might be the Lord both of the election and the reprobation, and that it is the will of God to give eternal life by the Holy Ghost to whom it pleaseth Him. I first came to the conviction of that truth on that Saturday

when, at Harrow, after breakfasting with a bishop and a vicar, I sat down to prepare a meal for my people. He thinks the Calvinistic scheme confines [confuses ?] this matter by setting forth Christ as dying instead of, whereas there is no stead in the matter, but on account of, for the sake of, to bring about reconciliation. He also thinks that the righteousness of Christ which is imputed to us, is not the righteousness of the ten commandments, which He kept, and which is only a fleshly righteousness, but the righteousness into which He hath entered by the resurrection, that super-celestial glory whereof we now partake, being one with Him, and living a resurrection life. This I believe, and I take it to be a most important distinction indeed."

It may be permitted also to remark here, by way of further rider to Canon Paget's memoir, that Evington had, at the date of his father's entrance on the living, a population of two hundred and sixty, according to the Clergy List of that date, and the value is there given as only the very modest sum of £41. During the next few years, however, the population slightly increased to two hundred and eighty-five, and in 1845 its value is given as £80.

The curiosity which is felt about such a man in reading records of his work and preaching so strangely preserved, is only partially answered by biographical facts, however trustworthy. In such a case the outward life is of less account than the inward, the spiritual one. How did this man come so firmly to grasp the truths he did, and to apply them to his own life so effectually—to rise to such large and liberal views of his Master's life and work as were then almost unknown among his brethren? To what special influences was he subject, and into what relationship of a stimulating and enlightening kind was he brought? "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself;" and in a measure beyond what even the best men fully realise, they are debtors to others in grace. Sometimes the first awakenings are due to unexpected occurrences—to a chance meeting or to a few words dropped unconsciously at the right moment, which, like seeds, lie silent and only bear fruit after many days; and others again, under God, owe all to one single sudden illuminating impression.

Mr. Paget's way was prepared for him; and, in one respect, the marked change, of which Canon Paget speaks, was the result of his early education and family associations. From 1810 to 1817, we learn from some notes Miss Paget has been so kind as to supply, the Paget family underwent severe trials; among them the loss of worldly goods. They were providentially brought at this time into relation with the circle which had influenced, and had been influenced by, the godly Dr. Carey of Serampore—the Rev. Dr. John Rylands, and Mr. Samuel Pearce more especially; and the writings of Dr. Hawker of Plymouth were studied and cherished. With the result that Mr. Paget's parents, and all their sons and daughters, were brought by degrees under very decided Scriptural teaching—a tone of mind which was maintained among them, without exception, to the close. The work of God in family life, we learn, was seldom more strikingly illustrated.

From early days, through such influences as these, there was an under-current of serious thought and purpose in Mr. Paget, though for a time his social accomplishments appeared in some measure to conflict with it. He also owed not a little to his first wife, who died young, and who was truly and unostentatiously religious. The last three or four years of her life were devoted to quiet domestic "walking with God," which is simply detailed in the few writings she left, and which are still preserved. Mr. Paget's bereavement could not but have had its own effect on his mind and heart, deepening his earnestness and quickening his sense of the fleetingness of all earthly things.

Thus, though Mr. Paget in ecclesiastical leanings was, as Canon Paget has said, a "churchman of the school of Hooker," he had early learned to look for and to welcome spiritual light and help from outside the pale of his own communion, and to seek the society of earnest and believing men and women irrespective of sect. He loved all who, in his opinion, loved the Lord. His friendship with Edward Irving is a proof of this. In this case, therefore, we see the meeting of many lines of Christian influence, each tending to suggest charity and forbearance. Through such men the walls of partition between the churches are, if not broken down, in great measure lowered, so that from the high vantage points the workers may lovingly look across to each other, and send to each other brotherly messages of encouragement and hope. And when we think that one who had been a poor cobbler had indirectly a share in the work that Mr. Paget did wherever he went, our sense of the expansive power of Christian influence and example is indefinitely widened, while at the

same time an exhilarating feeling of possible unity and co-operation is realised. Mr. Paget's remarkable grasp of truth, and his fresh and unconventional manner of expressing himself, were in no slight degree due to his readiness to communicate, and his willingness, nay, his delight, to receive aid from whatever source it might come—a grand lesson in charity to us all, and happily an incentive likewise.

In the light of these biographical facts, the following letter, written to an old friend and hearer at Stonham Parva, Suffolk, will be better understood. It expresses, with rare force and all the effect of unconscious revelation, the inmost character of the man:—

"Evington, Nov. 28, 1844.

"My dear Mr. Simon,

"I have to thank you for yours received a month back. I have by one circumstance or another been kept from answering it, though you were so kind as to ask me to write immediately to inform you how I am. I am thankful to have to inform you that our gracious Lord and Disposer hath seen good to restore me to a fair measure of health, so that I am enabled to undertake the duty He has appointed me to in this small place, in which He has shown His kind preventing love in placing me beforehand in a situation which does not call for more strength than He is pleased to furnish me with; taking the opportunities of occasional ceasing from my duty; and so I am held on and maintained in testifying of Jesus, yea, of God in Christ as poor sinners' all for salvation and eternal life.

"I find no reason to change the strain and foundation of my preaching. What glorifies and satisfies God ought to satisfy us; and if He is God's delight, surely He may well be ours, and we may continually bless our Father, who fully knows the beauty and glorious excellency of His dear Son. If He proves us, He keeps His watchful eye upon us, and when and as we need it visits us to recall us back into His way of peace and joy and strength. Wonder not that those of whom we may have hoped better things turn back, and take up with the poor, valueless things of time and sense; let us wonder, rather, that we ourselves are still kept—we, who find and feel ourselves such that if we were not kept every moment and watered, we should fall away and wither—exhibiting what man is in himself. Every one of us may say and sing, 'Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto Thyself be the praise for Thy loving mercy and Thy truth's sake.' Is there any wiser and stronger than our God, who made heaven and earth, and whom all things serve, and who hath hid all His beloved ones in Christ, in Himself? How safe then they are. Who can molest them and not molest Him, who is their hiding-place, where they may fly and be safe? . . . So we may run unto Him in full assurance, and may see Him encompassing us with His favourable kindness as with a shield. My dear friend, I feel I must stop; my head will not allow me to fill up the measure of my heart toward you. I think I hear you say, 'And you may as well, for we have heard all this over and over again.' But I say, with St. Paul, 'To write the same things to you, to me is not grievous, and to you it is safe;' or with Peter, 'I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance.'

"I was glad to hear of our old friends, and thank you for the particulars you send me. Give my kindest and true love to them all.

"I was advised to cease from doing anything for some time. I think it has been serviceable, but I am still afraid of trying my head too much at a time. So you must put up with a short letter. When or whether I am to see Suffolk again, He in whose hands are our times and ways knoweth; and if we should particularly need each other for His glory, it will be. Whether or no, may He keep us in the way, the truth, and the life, as it is in Christ, and then we shall come together in Him at our journey's end. In Him, standing firm, may you, your dear wife, and all yours, be enjoying all blessings for time and eternity, receiving all at your heavenly Father's hands, full of love.

"Yours faithfully and affectionately,

"T. B. Paget."

Mr. Paget was a great sufferer: the effect is felt in his teaching. He draws comfort from all his trials, and he was enabled to attract others by the wonderful magnet of Christ-like zeal, devotion, and self-denial. However sceptics may jeer and scoff, this kind of testimony endures and touches as hardly aught else will. That there are such men in any Church insures life and influence to it.

DEPARTED GLORY.

GREY is the morn, the air is chill,
The breeze is blowing from the west,
No heather bloom is on the hill
Where lie the mountain sheep at rest;
The birds have flown, the flowers have died
Since summer smiled herself away,
And cheerless o'er the country side
Rises the gusty autumn day.

Above the hill that stretches brown
Against the neutral-tinted sky,
Pale gleams of yellow light are thrown
Beneath the rain-clouds sailing high;
Like ghosts of summer, come to steal
A last look at dear nature's face,
Whose beauty was a joy to feel
When first they sprang to her embrace.

Those pallid gleams of yellow light
Have struggled with the wind and rain,
They have been journeying all the night
To catch one glimpse of earth again.
And now they see the sloping hill
Rise brown and dusky into view,
And there the sheep lie soft and still
Upon the herbage, wet with dew.

The shepherd turns, to face the light,
The strong west breeze still blows behind,
"There must be rainfall ere to-night,
With such a sky and such a wind."
And yet the sheep doze calmly on,
Or gently bleat their waking dreams,
Unmindful of the summer gone,
Contented with the autumn gleams.

* * * *

Go, with the shepherd take thy stand
Upon the brown and breezy slope,
See in the sky a golden band
Of shimmering light, and call it hope;
Or turn to where a-down the hill
The vigorous wind blows in thy face,
Or rest thee where the flocks lie still,
Or gently browse in measured pace.

'Tis Nature all; and Nature's mind
  Is constant as her Maker's heart,
The music of the autumn wind
  Still keeps in tune with summer's part;
The dulness of the dying year
  Is tinged with glow of earlier days,
And though the earth be dry and sere,
  She yet can sing her pastoral lays.

What though no leaves be on the bough?
  The unseen bud is ripening,
The fallow-fields beneath the plough
  Are making ready for the spring;
The promise of the future smiles
  In every token of decay,
And with calm hopefulness beguiles
  The sadness of the autumn day.

GENEVIÈVE IRONS.

THE LIVING OF LANGLEYS.

A Story of Country Life.

By MARY B. WHITING.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONFESSION.

TWO years have passed away, and Richard and Hester are still at Langleys. The time, to them, had flown on wings, for trouble and misfortune seemed far away, and the weeks and months glided by in a round of ever-increasing happiness. They had one boy, and as Richard watched his wife and child his heart overflowed with joy. Hester, too, was fully satisfied; her love for Welldon had passed away like a morning cloud. She lived for Richard and for her baby, and not another thought disturbed the current of her life. Richard was her ideal, her husband, her all.

No news of Welldon had reached them since that eventful night two years ago. Janet had never revisited Langleys, its memories were too painful; and she and her brother seemed to have passed out of the life of the village as though they had never been. Welldon's imprisonment had been a nine days' wonder, but the talk it had created soon died away, for want of fresh food, and his name was scarcely ever mentioned. The subject was never alluded to at the Rectory—Richard felt that it was better that the past should be left alone, and Hester was too happy in her present life to care to renew bygone troubles; so that, but for a few faithful hearts, Welldon might have been dead and buried for all the interest that was taken in his misfortunes.

Janet had gone back to her work in the hospital as soon as she was strong enough. She felt that the only way, in which she could endure her present misery, was in stifling it, as far as possible, by labour for others. Sometimes she almost broke down, but she always nerved herself to go on again, waiting and looking for the time when she should have her brother with her once more, though with shattered health and ruined prospects. More than a year of Welldon's sentence had run out, when Janet one day received a letter from Mr. Willoughby containing an offer of marriage. He told her how his heart had been touched by the sight of her sorrow, and how day by day the thought of her came back to him and would not be driven away. He implored her to give up the work, which he felt was far too much for her strength, after all that she had passed through, and let him comfort and care for her to her life's end.

Janet was strangely touched by his appeal. She had looked upon him as her nearest friend, ever since the time of the trial, and for the moment she felt that she could not refuse the sympathy and the love for which she yearned so sorely. But after longer reflection she wrote to tell him that she must not accede to his request, for she could not bring disgrace upon him. She must wait patiently until Welldon was released, and then in a foreign land she would devote her whole life and energies to him. Nearly a year had gone by since then, and she often felt as though her sorrow was more than she could bear; but still her resolution kept firm, and she gave up her whole mind to her work. She had heard nothing of her uncle and his family for a long while. They had taken no notice of her at the time of her trouble, and she felt that she could not seek them out. Some months after she returned to the hospital, she received a letter from Georgie saying that she had at last persuaded her parents to allow her to be trained as a nurse, but that they were so afraid that she should meet her cousin that they had made it a stipulation that she should go to a provincial hospital. She sent her address, begging Janet to write to her, but not many letters passed between them, as Janet did not wish to keep up a correspondence with her against her parents' injunctions.

Life was very dreary to Janet in these days. She seemed cut off from all whom she loved, and it was hard work not to lose her faith and patience; but she struggled on, and at last her reward came. She was busy one morning in the accident ward, helping the surgeons with several bad cases which had just been brought in. Janet had grown accustomed now to terrible sights and sounds, but she shrank back for a moment as the doctor beckoned her to the bed of one of the patients. He was a tall, fine-looking man, but his frame was crushed and mangled so that it seemed impossible that he could still be alive.

"If no vital parts have been injured," said the doctor, when he had concluded his examination, "he may yet recover, for he has youth on his side, but it is the merest shadow of a chance."

Janet bent over him anxiously, when the doctor had passed on; and time after time, as

she went round the ward, she came back to his bedside, believing that the feeble breath had ceased. But, contrary to her expectation, his pulse increased in strength, and when the house-surgeon came in during the evening he expressed his belief that he might be pulled through yet.

"Was there no name on any of his clothes?" he asked Janet.

"No; and not even a scrap of writing which could give any clue to his address. I wish we could send for his friends, but I am afraid it is impossible."

When Janet came back to her post next morning, the night nurse reported that he had slept quietly during the first few hours, but that towards morning he had become delirious. She went to his bedside and found him tossing restlessly, and groaning with the agony that every movement gave him. Janet laid her cool hand on his forehead, and the touch seemed to soothe him.

"Is that you, mother?" he asked in a quieter tone.

"Lie still," she answered gently; "you must rest now."

He closed his eyes for a moment, but opened them again with a wild look.

"Rest!" he said in a voice that made her shudder; "there is no rest for me in life or death!"

She succeeded in getting him off to sleep after a time, but when the surgeon came round the wards he shook his head gravely.

"Fever is setting in," he said, "and if so there is not a chance of recovery."

He wandered very much all day, and Janet spent most of her time in putting ice on his head, and in trying to gather if possible from his rambling talk some information about his friends. Something seemed to be weighing on his mind, for he cried out over and over again—

"I won't tell; I promised not to tell."

She could not make out many connected sentences, but these words came so often that she could not mistake them. Presently he altered them a little—

"I can't tell you, Georgie; I promised I would not."

"Who is Georgie?" asked Janet, taking advantage of a more lucid moment, but he went on with the same old cry—

"I can't tell you, Georgie; don't ask me to tell you."

He moaned himself off to sleep at last, but Janet could not make up her mind to leave him, fearing that the delirium might return. He woke up when it was getting dusk, and for the first time there was a look of consciousness in his eyes.

"Can you forgive me?" he said in a feeble tone.

"What have I to forgive you for?"

"Who is it?" he asked. "I thought my mother was here."

"Shall I send for her?"

"No, no, she would never see me."

"Yes, she would; tell me where to send."

But it was too late, the delirium had seized him again, and he cried in agonised tones—

"Leave me alone, Eastlake. It was all your doing!"

Janet started as though a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet, and listened breathlessly for what would come next.

"I will not forge it; I tell you I will not! Welldon! Welldon!"

His voice rose in a heart-rending cry, but the fever fit soon passed away, and he slept heavily as before. As soon as Janet could leave him, she hastened to the matron's room and told her what had happened. She had been a firm friend of hers, ever since the time of Welldon's trial, and was deeply interested in all her affairs.

"Do you think that the patient is your cousin?" she asked.

"I am almost sure of it, but we had better telegraph to my uncle to come and see him."

"That is the first thing to be done, certainly, but what other steps will you take? There is no time to be lost."

"If I telegraph at once to my uncle, he will be here this evening, and we must see then what we can do."

"If you take my advice, you will consult the doctor first, for if the patient is in such a critical condition as you describe, the mere sight of his father may make it impossible for him to sign any confession, and you ought to secure it beforehand."

Janet felt that the matron was right, and went at once to the house surgeon, who gave it as his opinion that the patient could not possibly live through the night. Steps must therefore be taken at once. Janet had with her the private address of the lawyer who had defended Welldon, at the time of the trial, and, calling a cab, she set off to his house. Happily he was at home, and in a few hurried words she put him in possession of the facts of the case.

"Can you come with me now?" she asked; "in another hour it may be too late."

The lawyer complied at once, and, putting on the hat and coat he had just taken off, returned to the hospital with Janet. She

meanwhile scarcely knew how to restrain her anxiety. The chance of clearing Welldon was at last in her hands; but it hung upon such a slender thread that she could not but feel it was next to impossible that she should be successful.

She asked the lawyer to wait outside the ward a moment, while she tried to prepare the way; and, laying aside her outdoor dress, she went back to Walter's bed. At the first glance, her heart rose with thankfulness, for he looked at her quietly, without a trace of his former excitement.

"Are you better now?" she asked.

"I shall never be better," he answered, while a tear stole down his cheek.

Janet knelt by the bedside and put her hand on his; "You have something on your mind," she said; "would you not be happier if you could get rid of the burden?"

He gave a sigh of relief, but added hastily, "It is too late."

"It is never too late to tell the truth; tell me now what it is that troubles you?"

"I am dying now, and it is better so; I have never done any good with my life, but I wish I could do one good deed now."

"What is that?"

"I should like to clear someone that I have wronged."

Janet trembled from head to foot; but she restrained her emotion with a great effort. "Perhaps I can help you," she said; "would you like me to write down your words?"

"Yes, yes; that is what I want."

Janet left the ward for a moment and came back with her friend, who was provided with pen and paper.

"Here is a gentleman who will do all you want," she said as she brought him to the bed.

With many pauses for breath, Walter managed to tell the story of his long-hidden crime, and then with his trembling fingers signed his name at the foot of the paper, which was witnessed by the lawyer and the house surgeon. Janet did not dare to reveal her name, for she feared that the agitation it must cause might end fatally. The exertion Walter had just gone through seemed to have exhausted his little remaining strength, and he sank back on his pillow with a death-like look. Just at this moment, the matron whispered to Janet that her uncle had arrived, and she hurried out of the ward to avoid meeting him.

Mr. Stamford went up to the bed and called his son by his name, but there was no answer; Walter was dead!

The matron took Mr. Stamford to her own room after it was all over, and sent the lawyer to him; she knew that the whole story must come out at once, and that Janet could not possibly break it to him.

"Will you see your niece?" asked the lawyer when his sad tale was concluded; but Mr. Stamford only shook his head. How he reached home he never knew; and from that day he never held up his head again.

The matron went up to Janet, as soon as he was gone; "Your uncle could not see you," she said; "he was too much stunned by the blow."

Janet threw herself into her friend's arms; "It is all so sad," she said; "and yet my heart is overflowing with joy. I am so happy that I can hardly speak."

Janet could scarcely live through the days that followed before the necessary formalities could be got through. The lawyer did all in his power, and as soon as all was ready accompanied Janet to the prison where her brother was confined. They were shown into a private room, and in a few minutes, which seemed an eternity to Janet, Welldon stood before them! At the first glance she scarcely recognised him, he looked worn and furrowed, and stooped like an old man; but as he caught sight of her his old radiant smile overspread his face, and she threw her arms round his neck. But, even in those first moments of rapture, Janet was seized with an inexpressible longing to get away; the air of the place seemed to stifle her, and she was thankful when they were safely on their way. She had taken lodgings at Torquay, hoping that the balmy air might bring back Welldon's strength. He seemed too weak for any exertion; and Janet's heart sank, when she realised what a wreck he had become. She had heard nothing of Mr. Willoughby for many months; and her surprise was great when, a few days after their arrival, his card was brought in to her. It seemed that he had been appointed to the living of the parish in which they were staying, and, seeing the name of Stamford in the visitors' list, had come to call at once, with the faint hope that he might find his old friends.

The days that followed were very happy to all three. Welldon did not seem to gain much strength, but he was very calm and peaceful. He was never tired of sitting on the shore, with Janet by his side, talking over all that had happened during their dreary separation. Hester's name was never mentioned between them; he had heard of

her marriage with Mr. Poole, and after one inquiry as to her health the subject was dropped for ever. He did not even take much interest in the search which was being made for Henry Eastlake; he had been on the continent at the time of Walter's death, and before the police could trace him had disappeared. Janet looked eagerly in the papers for news of the fugitive, but none came, and at last the search was discontinued.

Mr. Willoughby scarcely let a day pass without looking in to see how the invalid was getting on; he brought him flowers and fruit, and lent him books and magazines, with unfailing thoughtfulness. It was not to be wondered at that Janet's gratitude for his past and present kindness should ripen into a warmer feeling; and Welldon saw with quick perception that another love besides that which she felt for him was growing up in her heart. The thought gave him no jealousy, but rather filled him with thankfulness, for he knew that there was fresh trouble in store for her, and he longed intensely that some brightness should gladden her life at last. Every day she looked younger and better, and grew more and more hopeful about her brother, who, however, only answered her with a quiet smile, as he lay on his couch in the sunlit window.

CHAPTER XVII.—MR. POOLE'S DILEMMA.

THE news of Welldon's innocence came like a thunder-bolt upon Richard Poole. He heard it first in a railway train as he was making a short journey. Two of his fellow passengers were talking it over, and the well-known names of Stamford and Eastlake caught his ear. He asked to be allowed to look at the paper, more for the sake of hiding his face from view than from any wish to read the detailed account. The bare fact was enough—Welldon was an innocent man, and if so, what was he himself? True, he had had no hand in his accusation or in his arrest; but, none the less, he had joined in the general condemnation, and had been only too ready to grasp at a mere suspicion with which to blacken his name and character. It was but the day before that he had looked around him, with self-complacency, and thought how marvellously his schemes had succeeded. He had told himself, with a proud heart, that verily the virtuous had been rewarded and the sinner brought to justice; he had congratulated himself on his unerring perception, which had discovered the evil so deeply hidden in the heart of another, and on his tenacity of purpose, which had enabled him to hold steadily on his way until his design was carried out. And now to-day the veil was torn away from his heart and he saw himself as he really was, a Pharisee, rejoicing in his own uprightness, and seizing every opportunity to secure his own advantage.

The feeling that a man, who has always respected himself, experiences when he first sees himself in his true light is perhaps the bitterest that falls to the lot of human nature. Richard endured this agony of shame and remorse, while he sat apparently calm and passive throughout the rest of his journey.

He reached home at last, but for some time he did not dare to tell his wife what had happened. However, the newspapers were full of the story, and he knew that it would be worse than useless to try and conceal it from her, so as they sat together that evening he told her what he had heard. The thought had crossed his mind that perhaps, now his innocence was established, her love might revert to the man who had been so cruelly wronged.

He need not have feared. Hester had long ago lost her interest in Welldon, and she was only excited now by the romance of the story. It was a strange fact, but true, nevertheless, that though Richard's fears were thus removed, his heart sank proportionally. He did not wish Hester to reproach him for what could never be undone, but he longed for some sympathy with his present wretchedness, some appreciation of the anguish that filled his soul.

But this side of the question did not seem to strike Hester. She plied her husband with questions and wearied him with her comments until he could bear it no longer.

"Really, Hester," he said at last, "you treat this affair as though it were some interesting story. You do not seem to remember the part that we play in this affair."

"I don't understand you. We have nothing to accuse ourselves with. I am very sorry the mistake occurred, but it could not be avoided."

Her unfeeling words struck Richard to the heart. He left the room without another word, and, going to the study, locked himself in that he might spend the night alone in penitence and prayer. Left to herself, Hester burst into a flood of petulant tears; she felt that it was very hard that her husband should be angry with her, because she would not admit that he had done wrong. She utterly misunderstood the whole question

at issue; and Richard acknowledged that night, what he had only suspected before, that there was a want in his wife's character that nothing could ever supply.

He tried to bear himself as usual next day, and went out in the parish with a calm exterior; but an inward voice within seemed to tell him that every one he met regarded him with scorn, as a man who preached Christian principles but lived for his own selfish interests. He wished he could see Welldon, that he might ask his forgiveness for the wrong that he had done him, but he did not know where he was, or whom to ask. But another thought began to haunt him, with even greater persistency. Had he any moral right to continue in the living? Was this the way in which he was to humble his pride? Must he confess how he had led the Squire step by step until his designs were accomplished? Who would believe him if he said that his motives had been good? He would be branded for the rest of his life. These and other similar thoughts filled his mind, and on his return he broached the matter to Hester; but she treated the idea with such contempt that he resolved not to mention it again, until he had fully made up his mind what to do. Meanwhile, he comforted himself with the reflection that, as the Squire had evidently destroyed the agreement, from a legal point of view he was perfectly justified in remaining.

But even this last ground was to be torn away from under his feet. He was at breakfast, some ten days after the news had first been made public, when the letters were brought in. A large, official-looking envelope attracted his attention, and he recognised the hand-writing of the old Squire's lawyer. He put the letter aside to be opened in private, for he felt that it contained something important; and, as soon as he could escape from the breakfast-table, he went to his study and broke the seal. There were several papers in the envelope, and the first thing that met his eye was the copy of his own agreement with the Squire, which had been drawn up when he accepted the charge of the parish. He started as he saw it; he had always firmly believed that Mr. Talbot had destroyed it, and had often quieted his conscience with this assurance, and now, when he least expected to see it, it was once more put into his hands. He almost feared to look further, but nerving himself to go on he took out the next sheet. He had never seen this before, but a mere glance was sufficient to tell him that it was the paper signed by the Squire conveying his wishes about Welldon. He read it through, with intense interest, and dropped it with a sigh; but what avail was his sorrow, for no reparation lay in his power? He had almost forgotten that there was anything else in the envelope, but rousing himself at last he drew out the lawyer's letter. It was brief and curt in its tone, for the old family lawyer had always looked with very unfriendly eyes upon Richard Poole, regarding him as an interloper, who interfered and meddled where he had no business even to touch.

"I enclose these two papers," he wrote, "for the following reason. Some time before the late Squire's death, he requested me to take charge of them, and, in the event of Mr. Welldon Stamford's innocence being proved at any future time, to produce them. Of course they have no legal value, but in obedience to my late client's instructions, I have forwarded them at once."

Richard pondered long and wearily over the letter and its enclosures. He wished he could consult his wife, but he hardly liked to do so, for it seemed almost wrong to him to show her these plans of her father's regarding her future. But while he was debating the question, Hester came in, and he had not time to put away the papers before she had seen them.

"What have you got there?" she asked, coming to his side.

He did not reply for the moment and she took up the paper nearest to her; he put out his hand to take it back, but it was too late.

"What is this, Richard?"

"I did not wish you to have seen it," he answered gravely.

"There should be no secrets between husband and wife."

"This secret is neither yours nor mine; it belongs to one long dead."

"But that one was my father, and surely I have a right to see it."

"I only wished to save you pain."

"Why should it give me pain to know that I have been the subject of a little romance?"

Richard saw that it was hopeless to discuss the matter any further, and, making his wife sit down, he explained to her the whole question at issue.

"I cannot see where your difficulty lies," she said when he had finished. "Mr. Douglas tells you himself that these papers have no legal value, and therefore no question can be raised as to your right to remain here."

"No question as to my legal right. The

point that is troubling me now is whether I have any *moral* right to hold a position that was never intended for me."

Hester had taken up her father's paper again, and was scanning it with curious eyes. "This would make quite a pretty story," she said.

Richard took it from her with a decisive hand. "This is not a matter to be spoken of in that way. I wish you had never heard of it; but, as it is, you must promise me that you will never mention it again, either to me or to any one else."

"Why not?"

"Is it possible that you do not see the force of what I say? Your own sense of what is fitting should tell you without words from me."

She was silent, but more from fear than from conviction.

He went on sternly, "I have no more to say to you about it. I am going now to see the Squire, and I shall tell you when I have decided what to do."

She made no reply, and he left the room, after carefully gathering up the papers and replacing them in the envelope. His heart was very sore as he wended his way to the Hall. His wife had failed him in the hour of his need. When her help should have been greatest, she had not even understood his position, and he knit his brows gloomily as he thought of the words she had uttered. True, it was no fault of hers. She had not failed him because she would not see his difficulty, but because she could not. Yet, none the less, a deep sorrow filled his heart, and he began to ask himself if this were not another part of his punishment. He remembered how proudly he had resolved that Hester should never fall under Welldon's evil influence. He had succeeded in his aim, but what was the result? He could not but acknowledge to himself, when he looked back into the past, that his young wife's character had deteriorated rather than developed. To no mortal ear would he have allowed it for a moment, but he could not conceal the fact from himself, and he groaned in spirit as the knowledge was borne in upon him with resistless force.

It was in no happy mood that Richard entered Mr. Talbot's study. The sight of the familiar room brought a vivid remembrance to his mind of the hours that he had spent there with the old Squire, moulding him to his will.

The present Mr. Talbot was a perfect contrast to his uncle; short and slight, with an upright carriage and brisk, decided air, he was the personification of a man of business. In his youth he had been articled in a London lawyer's office. There seemed no chance then of his succeeding to the estate, and though, after the death of the Squire's son, he had been sent to learn farming in the country, he had never lost the habits and manner he had acquired during his London life. He met Mr. Poole with the air of a busy man who dislikes to be interrupted.

"Ah, Poole, how are you? I am much engaged this morning, but I have just time to see you before the bailiff comes in."

Richard was somewhat at a loss how to begin, but he knew that if he made a long story a deaf ear would be turned to him, so he plunged into the thick of his communication at once.

"I suppose you have heard about young Stamford?"

"Of course I have. Extraordinary affair. Good luck for him, though, poor fellow."

"No doubt you know what your uncle's wishes were with regard to the living."

"Never heard them in my life; I did not know he had any."

Richard had debated with himself whether he should show the paper to Mr. Talbot himself. He could not bear the thought of his wife's name being discussed in connection with Welldon's; but he knew that, as soon as his tale was told, the Squire would ride over to see Mr. Douglas, who, of course, would reveal the whole story. He produced it, therefore, and handed it to Mr. Talbot, who glanced it through, then flung it down upon the table, saying carelessly—

"An old man's fancy, worth nothing to anybody."

Richard made no answer, but handed him the copy of his own agreement.

"Why do you show me this?" he inquired with a searching look.

"Because I believed that it was destroyed until this morning."

"Where has it been all this time?"

Richard handed over the lawyer's letter, and sat watching Mr. Talbot's face as he read it.

"Well," he said at length, "what Douglas says is perfectly correct, these papers have no legal value at all, so there is an end of it. Thank you for letting me see them."

He rose from his chair, as though to end the interview, but to his surprise Richard looked him steadily in the face, saying in a low tone—

"Mr. Talbot, I have more to tell you.

Much of what has befallen Welldon Stamford is due to me."

"Due to you! My dear sir, you must be dreaming!"

"I do not mean to say that I had anything to do with the accusation of forgery, but still I am speaking the truth when I say that many of his troubles are due to me."

"You must explain yourself more clearly."

"What I mean to say is this, I poisoned your uncle's mind against him, and it was by my instigation that he was turned from this door."

"What was your motive?"

It was a home question, but—though Richard winced—he did not hesitate to reply, "I firmly believed that he was an unworthy young fellow, and I determined to prevent the Squire's wishes regarding him from being carried into effect."

"You seem to have 'firmly believed' a good many things."

The insinuation was hard to bear, but Richard nerved himself to endure it, for he knew that it was only what he deserved. "I am speaking the truth," he said quietly, "though it is gall and wormwood to me to do so. I see now that I accepted a mere breath of suspicion as certainty; but, at the time, I could have sworn that I was upholding what was right."

"H'm!" said Mr. Talbot; "it is a nice position for a clergyman to have to confess to!"

Richard groaned involuntarily, and the other looked at him more kindly.

"What do you want me to do?"

"To accept my resignation."

Mr. Talbot looked a little surprised; he had not expected this. "Do you wish me to offer the living to Stamford?"

"If you only would!"

There was no doubt of the man's sincerity, and Mr. Talbot felt strongly inclined to grant his request.

"But he is not ordained," he said at last.

"He soon could be, I have no doubt, and I could hold it for him till then."

"Well, I shall do nothing in a hurry. I will let you know what I decide."

Richard took this as a sign that he was dismissed, and left the room with a feeling of relief at his heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE END.

As soon as Richard reached home, he told his wife what he had done, but declined to enter into discussion about it until he had heard Mr. Talbot's decision. He had not long to wait; the Squire was prompt and business-like in all his actions, and lost no time in going over to Mr. Douglas to consult as to what should be done.

The old lawyer was prepared for his visit, and had an opinion ready.

"There is no doubt at all about the matter," he said; "you ought to offer the living to Stamford. He has been shamefully treated by the family, if you will excuse my saying so. I never could endure that fellow Poole, and I feel sure that it was by his instigation that your uncle changed towards Stamford in the extraordinary way he did."

"I have rather liked Poole myself; he does his work well, which is the great point in my eyes, and I have always found him easy to get on with; but certainly I never liked him so well as I did yesterday when he came to offer his resignation."

"Well, there may be more in him than I fancy, the conduct that you describe is very creditable, but I think that you cannot do better than accept his proposal."

Mr. Douglas was not to be shaken in his opinion, and the Squire then and there wrote a line to Mr. Poole, asking for Welldon's address.

Richard was at the hall next morning at an early hour.

"I do not know the address," he said, "but I can easily find it out. And now I want to make one more request of you: may I be the bearer of this news? I long to make reparation for my fault."

It was a strange petition, but, strict man of business though he was, Mr. Talbot could not find it in his heart to refuse.

"You shall do as you like in the matter," he said, and Richard's whole soul overflowed with gratitude. Now he would do penance for his sin, by humbling himself before the man that he had once despised; now he would make atonement, and clear his conscience from the heavy load it bore. He hurried home, eagerly to prepare for his journey, and told his wife what he had resolved to do. He had not expected her to sympathise with him and he was not disappointed therefore by the manner in which she treated his announcement. Hester knew by experience that it was useless to try and dissuade her husband from any scheme on which he had set his heart, and, though she strongly disapproved of the action he was taking, she dared not venture on opposition.

Richard had no trouble in obtaining Welldon's address, for he knew where his lawyer

lived, and, having written it down, he took the train to Torquay.

It was a bright and beautiful day, and Mr. Willoughby had come to see Welldon, urging him to go out and enjoy the sunshine. It was some time since Welldon had been able to walk; he had managed to get as far as the beach at first, but now he was obliged to use a bath-chair. Janet could no longer shut her eyes to the fact that he was growing weaker every day, but she had never acknowledged it in words. Welldon was perfectly aware of his own state, but he was calm and happy, and seemed to have no anxious thoughts about the future. He had agreed to Mr. Willoughby's suggestion that he should go out, on condition his friend walked by his side, and as soon as they were well away from the house he called to the man to draw up and leave them for a little while.

"I have something very important to say to you," he began. "I know quite well that I am going to die; do not interrupt me, there is no doubt about it. Now I have one thing on my mind which I want to speak to you about at once. I am going to ask you a plain question: Willoughby, do you love my sister?"

Mr. Willoughby was a shy man, and he blushed as vividly as a schoolgirl at Welldon's words, but his reply came without any hesitation.

"You have guessed my secret, Stamford; it is the dearest wish of my heart that she should become my wife, but I do not think that there is any hope for me."

"I think differently, and I wanted to tell you how earnestly I long to see it happily arranged before I die. Dear old Janet has been everything to me, and it would make me quite happy, if I thought she had some one to take care of her after I am gone."

He spoke quite cheerfully, but Mr. Willoughby could hardly keep the tears from coming into his eyes as he looked at him. Welldon did not seem to expect any reply, he leant back on his cushions, saying wearily,

"Please take me home now, I am so tired."

He said no more until they reached the house, but, as Mr. Willoughby placed him on his sofa, he whispered,

"Go and tell Janet what I say."

Mr. Willoughby's only reason for delaying his suit had been that he did not think Janet could listen to him at such a time; but now, that he saw it would be a real relief to Welldon, he hastened to find her and pour out his tale. She had gone down to the shore to look for them, and as he came up to her she was shading her eyes with her hand, while she scanned the various groups. She did not notice his approach and started when he came up.

"Your brother sent me to you," he said, "can you guess what for?"

Janet knew what he meant in a moment, and a troubled look came over her face; but Mr. Willoughby went on eagerly, now that he had once broken through his shyness,

"He found out my secret somehow, and urged me to come to you, for he says that it would make him happier than he can tell, if this were to come to pass. Am I asking too much?" he added, as she was still silent.

She looked up in his face with a smile and answered,

"No," and the word sent a thrill of gladness through his heart. "But I ought to let nothing come before Welldon just now."

"But if I assure you that he is longing for it, almost as much as I am, you cannot refuse me. Dearest Janet, do not keep me waiting, I am not like a young man with all my life before me, and I grudge every moment that passes without you."

Janet could hold back no longer, she looked up at him with eyes overflowing with tenderness, and laid her hand in his without another word.

The next hour flew by on wings, but at last the setting sun startled Janet, and brought her back to the every-day world. They hurried back to the house, and as soon as they entered Janet tried to escape upstairs, but Mr. Willoughby took her hand and led her into Welldon's room.

"I have taken your advice," he said, as he led Janet to her brother's couch.

Welldon gave one of his radiant smiles, as he took Janet's other hand in his.

"I suppose I need not tell you that I am glad," he said.

Janet stooped down and kissed him fondly, and Mr. Willoughby soon took his leave and left the brother and sister alone. He had hardly gone when a loud ring was heard at the door.

"Who can that be?" said Welldon. "I did not expect the doctor again to-night."

As he spoke the servant came in and handed him a card. He changed colour as he read it, and passed it to Janet. "What can he want?"

"You cannot see him; you are too tired,"

began Janet; but, before the words were out of her mouth, Richard Poole stood before them.

He did not see Welldon at first, and bowed awkwardly to Janet, who returned his greeting very coldly. Her animosity had rather increased than died out, as the years went by, and now she felt that she almost hated him. He looked round the room nervously, and caught sight of Welldon. His face changed as he did so, and Janet saw that he turned very pale.

"Is your brother ill?" he asked.

"Almost too ill to see any visitors," said Janet sternly; "have you any particular business with him?"

Richard seemed unable to speak for the moment, and Welldon noticed his emotion.

"Sit down," he said kindly; "I am quite well enough to see you this evening."

"I scarcely know how to begin what I have to say," said Richard, in his old, abrupt manner; "but first let me ask your forgiveness and that of your sister, although I know that I do not deserve it. I dare say you have guessed who it was that set Mr. Talbot against you. I was prejudiced, and would not stay to inquire the truth. I see now how fearfully wrong I have been, but nothing can ever wipe out the past."

He poured out his words, without waiting for a reply, and Janet and Welldon listened in astonishment.

"I have confessed all to the present Squire," he went on, "and he commissions me to offer you the living of Langleys in his name."

Welldon, at first, hardly took in the meaning of this strange announcement. He looked at Janet, whose eyes were fixed on Richard in evident bewilderment. Neither of them spoke, until at last Janet said slowly,

"This atonement comes too late."

"Why too late?" asked Richard.

"Is it possible that you do not see I am dying?" said Welldon, in a low tone.

Richard looked at him, with a startled gesture, and for the first time took in the meaning of his pale hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. He covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears!

Janet's heart softened a little, at sight of his grief, but she could not understand it.

Welldon gave her a meaning look, whispering at the same time, "Leave us for a few minutes."

She obeyed, though she felt almost afraid to leave him, and went up to her own room to try and find out what this strange interview meant. The time slipped quickly by, and she was beginning to think that she must go down, when she heard steps in the hall, and in another moment the door closed heavily. She hurried to Welldon's room, fearing to find him utterly exhausted, but though he seemed weary he was able to tell her all that had passed.

"We have misjudged that man, Janet," he said. "I never saw more deep humility than he shows; he is filled with remorse for what he did; and, after all, it was only what he believed to be right. His grief was something terrible, when he found he could not make the atonement on which he had set his heart; for he realised, as he had never done before, that the effects of wrong-doing cannot be altogether wiped away."

He was too tired to say more, and after he was laid in bed Janet continued watching by his side, for she feared that he might have a return of faintness. There was much still that she longed to ask him. She wondered how Hester viewed this matter, and if her name had been mentioned between them; but she was afraid of agitating her brother by making any inquiries. Towards morning he seemed better, and smiled cheerfully, as she re-arranged his pillows and gave him beef-tea.

"Do you remember that I told you once I had a wish to die?" he asked, when she had resumed her seat by his side.

Janet was silent for a moment, not that she did not remember the words, but to choke back the tears that the recollection called up. How vividly she saw it all now—the clear December sky, the frosty grass, the quiet churchyard, the grave at their feet, and by her side the tall, strong figure of her brother!

"Yes, dear," she said at last, "I remember."

"Now that I am going to die," went on Welldon, "I long to live."

Janet laid her hand on his, and he clasped it affectionately.

"Don't think I am repining," he said. "I am quite ready to submit; but I do so long to do some work in the world."

"I think you have done a great work already."

"I know what you mean, but when I left that prison at last, I can never tell you what I felt; I thought that my life was going to begin, and that now I should work with all my strength. And then to know that it was all a dream, and that I must die!"

Janet could not answer him, her tears were flowing too fast.

He lay still for a few minutes, and then

spoke again, but in a different tone :—"Perhaps, after all, my work is only beginning. Sometimes I feel that I have a future before me, not only for eternal rest, but for eternal *work.*"

His eyes closed as the last words fell from his lips, and Janet soon saw that he was asleep. She loosed her hand gently from his, and went to the sofa to rest. Wearied with long watching she soon fell asleep likewise, and the sun was shining in at the window before she awoke. She started hastily to her feet, and bent over her brother's bed. His lips were parted with a smile, and his face was as calm as a sleeping infant's, but the fluttering breath had ceased. Welldon had reached the quiet land, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

* * * *

Janet and Richard met once again, over Welldon's grave in the peaceful Langleys churchyard. Richard kept to his resolution, and resigned the living which had been the source of so much sorrow. A stranger ministers in the little church, and Richard toils by night and day in a crowded East-end parish.

Janet is happy even while she sorrows, for she knows that her brother shall rise again to a new life of joyful activity; and in the meantime she is happy in her home and in the work she has to do.

Hester is happy, for she has her husband and children, and beyond these not an earthly wish or thought ever enters her heart; but in Richard's heart is a wound which can never heal, for remorse lives long after grief has lost its sting, and though sin may be wiped away, it leaves that behind it which is not undone.

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE."

CLASP hands, my children, sing the old song again,
Cross hands, my children, bend to the old refrain;
Linked in a circle of love, bidden by word of mine,
Ye gather in gladness around me, for "Auld lang syne."

I yearned to see you together—it may be the last, last time—
For day is running to twilight, and life to its curfew chime.
Gathered under the roof-tree, from east, from west ye have come,
Bless you, my children, bless you, to-night in the dear old home!

I cannot fasten a name on your troop of little ones;
But let the children's voices carol in merry tones.
Dreams of the past sweep o'er me, and your children seem to be
Only yourselves as ye were—the past is present to me.

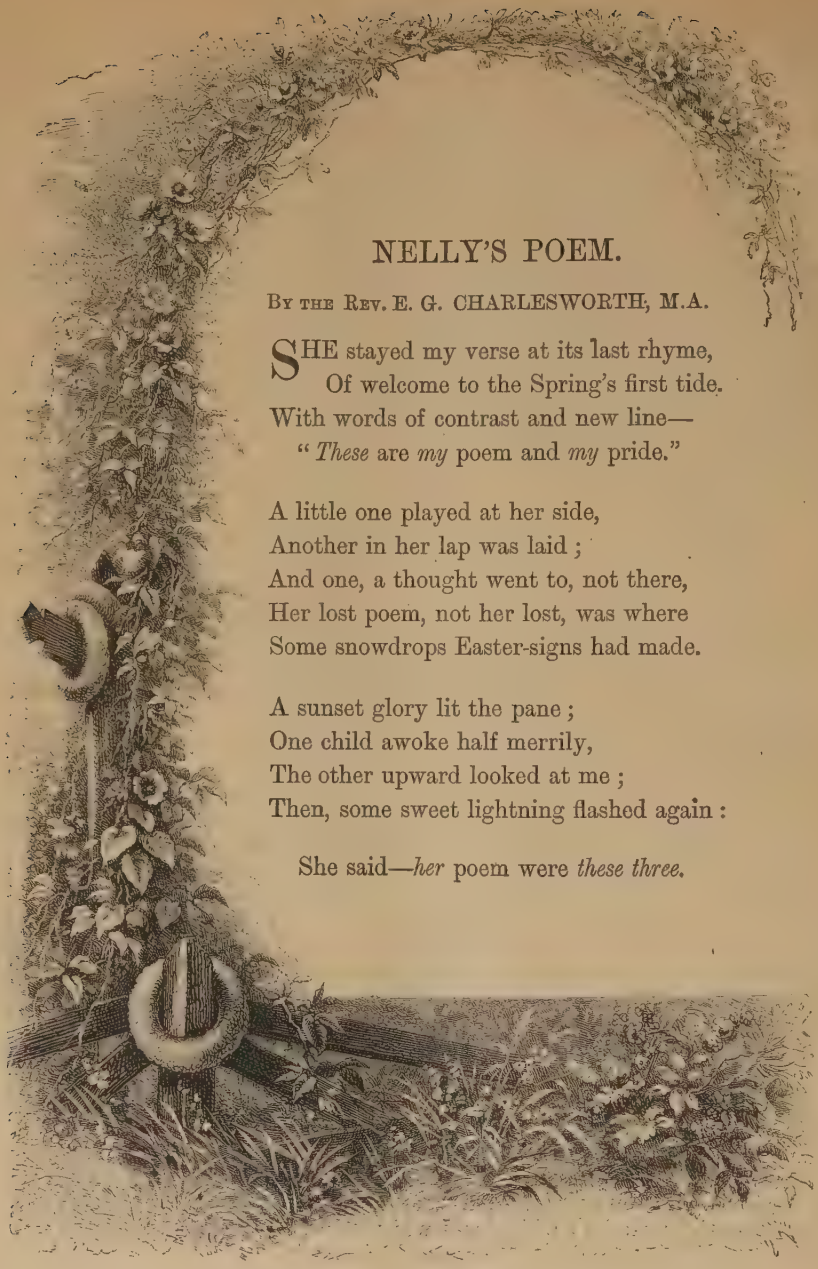
If I should count you over, I should number some who stand
As close to my side as ye are—friends from the spirit land;
I should number the phantom forms which flit through the room to-night,
Comrades of youth and manhood, encircled in tenderest light.

In the solemn tramp of years I am nearing the friends of yore;
Lost for a while on earth, I shall meet them for evermore.
Clasping their hands, I whisper—I whisper, "for auld lang syne."
Ring out the sweet refrain, O happy children mine!

The chime of the hour is lost in the sad sea's sullen roar,
I hear the tramp of the surf on the desolate windy shore.
The wind, the wave, and the chime have but one voice for me,
Singing of "auld lang syne" with a wild monotony.

Plant on the lawn to-morrow a sapling oak, my boys,
Ever to be memorial of our friendship and its joys.
Long may the oak of brotherhood with sheltering branches spread
Above each happy hearth and home, o'er each beloved head!

CLARA THWAITES.



NELLY'S POEM.

By the Rev. E. G. CHARLESWORTH, M.A.

SHE stayed my verse at its last rhyme,
Of welcome to the Spring's first tide.
With words of contrast and new line—
"*These* are *my* poem and *my* pride."

A little one played at her side,
Another in her lap was laid;
And one, a thought went to, not there,
Her lost poem, not her lost, was where
Some snowdrops Easter-signs had made.

A sunset glory lit the pane;
One child awoke half merrily,
The other upward looked at me;
Then, some sweet lightning flashed again:

She said—*her* poem were *these three.*

A NEW SONG OF THE SHIRT.

"Stitch, stitch, stitch."

THE poor we have always with us, but poverty is not always a hardship. When a lone woman, sitting between her bare walls, with scant bed and clothes, and scanter fare—whose earthly heaven is to get enough daily bread to keep life in herself and her children—is black-mailed, robbed, ruined, and mocked; then poverty, is indeed a hardship—a hardship alike to the poor victim-woman and to every man, who studies to be a Christian, to whom the tidings of it comes; for no man is a Christian save as he carries the griefs and

sorrows which he sees and of which he hears, especially those of the widow and the fatherless.

It is no fiction to say that the greatest hardship of a London shirt-maker is not that she earns little and eats little, it is that she has to earn, besides her own living and before her own living, the living of two comparatively well-to-do men and their families. It is grim matter of fact that a class known as "sweaters" and a class of money-advancers still, as in Hood's day, live on the wasting flesh of this helpless toiler, and doom her to sew—

> "At once, with a double thread,
> A shroud as well as a shirt."

Could she but get her fair share of the money which the manufacturer pays for making the shirts she stitches, the seamstress could live, and her children too, and each have a herring besides on Sundays. And, happily, a capital plan has recently been adopted to bring about this fairer, more English state of things. To understand this plan it will be necessary to allude briefly to the present horrible conditions—commercial conditions—under which these human creatures toil. In the first place, there is the system by which the work is given out by the large wholesale shirt houses. They never see the poor seamstress. She is employed by a man who in the trade is known as "the middle-man." To him the work is given—large parcels of cut-out shirts are put into his hands to get made. Fifty women, maybe, receive each a part of his parcel, and after making up the shirts they return them to him, and he delivers them back finished to the warehouse, is paid for them, and reserves for himself of the sum paid—and little enough is it all for the benumbed limbs and dim, hunger-stricken eyes that made them—no less than from one-third to one-quarter, sometimes even more. If, when the fifty women have finished the lot, the sum paid to him is, say, £7 10s., and he takes for himself at the highest rate—and in wearily long bad times he is quite able to do this, there is such a clamour for his favours at *any price*—he will reserve for himself £2 10s., and give each of the toiling women 2s. If he takes at the lower rate (when bare existence is not so difficult, and weary hands are not so hard put to it for candle and coal as well as for food), he will reserve for his own pocket something under £2 and give the women 2s. 3d. each. So cheap is human flesh and blood! No wonder that Hood should put the song into such helpless women's mouths—

> "It's Oh! to be a slave,
> Along with the barbarous Turk,
> Where woman has never a soul to save,
> If this be Christian work!"

But this new plan some sensible Christian business men have started is to put a new song into their mouths. Legal as are such ways in the sight of man, in harmony as they are with the one maxim of the commercial god, "Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest," these men count it a crime against humanity and God, and they are resolved to change all this, and divide the whole of the £7 10s. as far as possible among the skin-and-bone women whose hard toil has earned it. They do this not by dispensing with the middle-man; he cannot be dispensed with.

The manufacturer (as he is improperly called, for the woman is the manufacturer) cannot do with the crowd of fifty women coming to his warehouse. What means, too, has he of knowing the ability and trustworthiness of any of them, or their misfortunes and their faults? His warehouse, as now conducted, is not the place for dividing labour, inquiring into integrity, and receiving the returns. As things are, at least in all the largest low trades, a middle-man there must be—one middle-man as a convenience alike to the warehouse and to the stitcher; but, alas! he turns his convenience into a curse to the stitcher. He lengthens her twelve hours' toil into fifteen and sixteen hours. By laying the burden of keeping him upon her, he it is who makes her work "till the stars shine through the roof." Her own name for the middle-man is "sweater." He wrings her night sweats from her weary limbs, for, as well as hers, his living has to be made by her hands. But, this unmanly, inhuman weighting, and robbing, and black-mailing of the helpless creature is happily doomed, and is being now abolished.

But the "sweater" is not the only man who reduces the ill-clad stitcher's scanty pay. A far more infamous thief is the man who lays himself out blandly to provide her with the loan or hire of a sewing machine. Handwork it is impossible that she should give; it would not do the work as it needs to be done; nor by hand could she do enough to live; she must have a sewing machine. And a fine thing is made out of her moneyless, friendless necessity, especially if she be of a delicate turn. A class of men, laying themselves out as her friends, provide her with a machine "on easy terms." It may be summer when she contracts to buy it, when she and her children need but little clothing and

food, so she thinks she can meet the conditions of the contract. In the first place she pawns her underclothing, sells a few of the "bits of things" which furnish the single room that serves her as bedroom, sitting-room, kitchen, and workroom, and borrows a shilling or two from a kindly woman, who is willing to "pinch herself a bit," till her struggling seamstress "gets agoing" with work and wages. It is the kind neighbour's rent, maybe, laid aside for when sickness is on her, which it often is in fog-times; but it will come back again by then. It would have been a good thing for her, she remembers, if somebody had lent her a trifle when she started; she might not have had quite so hard a struggle nor have carried with her as its fruit that life-long winter cough of hers. She will gladly risk it. All this is done to raise the ten shillings the stitcher has to pay as a deposit on getting the machine. Then, week after week, follow the weekly payments until the whole of the agreed price is paid. But, alas! a time comes when work and wages grow daily less and fire and food grow daily more needful. The swallows have gone and the snows are here. This week the middle-man was drunk, and in his round forgot to call upon her. The next week she has to stand outside his door in the drenching rain, and going home to a fireless grate, she "gets a bit of rheumatism in her leg," and cannot turn the treadle, or has a touch of bronchitis, and has to take to bed. Such illness takes away the last bit of her little, though always willing, strength. Her payments for her machine are made now at the pawnbroker's price for her blankets, and lack of coal and food; they must be paid weekly or the machine is forfeited. She may have saved and paid off five of the seven pounds she owed for it at first; but all her pinchings and strugglings will have been in vain if she does not go on now. Cold, consumption, famine may be bringing her grave in sight, and the orphanage of her hungry little ones; but this is only her "maybe"—the loss of her machine is certain if the payments are not kept up. She must risk a little more—borrow "a bit" of her kind neighbour again; do without fire, and burn no light. She must save that machine, else, when well, it will have to be bought over again. She cannot give up her struggle for that till energy and hope have all gone. And then, when the easings of death are on her weary heart, with dimming, now listless eyes, she sees those men she got the machine from entering her room and taking it away. This is in substance the last act of many a haggard struggler's life. A spell of bad times or sickness and the helpless creature is ruined, because she is in the clutch of the money-lender, whose hand was the only hand she saw in her need held out towards her in the manner of a friend. The Samaritan built her a synagogue, it was Shylock who lent her a sewing machine.

> "Walk into my parlour,
> Said the spider to the fly."

And when this widow-helper had got his silken cords around his victim's feet he fattened himself upon her worn frame till he had dealt death to her.

Who ought to be the helper of such needy ones? It is the wicked whose tender mercies have ever of old been heartless and cruel, and heartless and cruel will remain to the end. They are heedless of the providence of God. They close their eyes to the cold, hungry, beseeching face, their ears to the sad sound of the graveyard cough and tear-washed importunities, and doggedly say, "I have nothing to do with these things." Their god is an Act of Parliament about contracts, and they have "the bond," though it means pounds of flesh, from already almost fleshless bones of a widow or of a widow's babe.

A money-lender, taking no part in it, is generally at the back of such wickedness. He cannot bear to see it; it is too affecting. He employs his man at the depôt.

"Do you think I've nothing else to do than keep a lot of idle, spendthrift, drinking things like you? Why don't you work and pay your debts like an honest woman?" exclaims the mock-angry hypocrite, playing the part of moralist to the pale woman in rags, now that the game is his. He delights in "lapses" like hers with so large a payment already made. Had there been only one pound paid up, he would have been less arbitrary and insulting; but there has been five pounds paid, and the woman is clearly "done." All this is so completely a habit with him that he is quite unconscious of such diabolical reasoning. But it takes place. It is by such lapses as hers his best living is made. His commission on them is a fine haul for himself and family, and will earn his master's "well done" at the year's end.

Many a shabby shop in London East keeps at least the carriage and pair of a Dives in London West. To begin with, the machines are charged exorbitant prices, and a hundred well-managed lapses to boot make a machine shop a good little "investment."

To such as are mere men of commerce such transactions as these, being legal, are therefore right. "Contracts are contracts. The fly should have more sense than to go into the parlour. Men don't open business to keep the poor. Everywhere people are 'for themselves,'" and like worldly maxims are the stock defence of the gentleman who keeps his carriage by a hidden business like this. But ability to form a true judgment upon it, and all its like, great and small, depends on disposition. All verdicts are false which are not of a mind like Christ's; and, to a mind in the very least bit like His, the whole thing is murderous. The machine-provider is possibly a kind man in his family, a generous man at his church, a law-abiding citizen—for in all his wickedest works, he is law-abiding—but that is all nothing. He lives upon the misfortunes of the lone, cold, and hungry widow: her poverty makes him profit, her ruin, richer.

But now, thank God, there have come new characters on the scene to play the part of middle-man and machine-seller; opening the door of a new office for the widow, and of a better day to the fatherless; and looking upon their adversity with other than greedy money-lovers' eyes.

They do not fling a charity to the miserable, they aim at the heart and brain of the evil which makes much of their misery. They take the place of the middle-man. "The middle-man is a necessity, therefore *we* will be that," they say. "We will guarantee the manufacturer, take his large orders, divide them up into the little home-workers' bundles. We will do it as a personal duty to the unfortunate, not to add courses to our dinners, ornaments to our dress, or lands to our possessions, but to add Christ-like dignity and blessedness to our manhood; we will be brothers born for our sisters' adversity."

They are already conducting an energetic and successful business upon these lines; and also in business-like ways, satisfying at once the demands of the warehouse and the great human needs of the busy stitchers of "gusset and band and seam." They have established an institution as commercial as it is charitable and divine. They remove the leeches from the widow's heart, dealing with the warehouse precisely as the widow's leeches deal, and trying to beat him out of the market by promptitude and satisfactoriness. They do not dole out gifts of money, they only give the money which she herself earns. They make it their business, too, to take the place of machine-providers and money-lenders on terms which make the ruin of the stitcher through colds and slack times impossible. Machines are provided at reasonable prices, and on conditions which do not require a start in the pawning of petticoat, shawl, and wedding-ring, nor afterwards, when misfortune comes, necessitate starving in lightless, fireless rooms on winter days and nights to fulfil the bond. The stitcher pays. But she pays reasonably. Her adversity enriches nobody. Nobody makes wealth out of her, save of unsearchable riches, as Christ counts riches—the blessings of those who were ready to perish! Illness is no more ruin, no matter how prolonged or how often repeated.

It would do people's hearts good to see women step out of *this* office into a new life; it seems as though they were really in a new heaven and a new earth "wherein dwelleth righteousness," and in a new sense, liker to the sense of the Patmos dreamer's dream than to that of which kind Hood sang, they sew their buttons, and "sew them on in a dream." How little it takes to make an honest toiler's heaven!

This office is at 241, Roman Road, London, E. The name of the society is "The Labour Aid Society," and its superintendent is the Rev. J. Munro. For those who have no "home" to work in, it also provides an airy, wholesome room. A penny in the shilling is deducted for cost of collecting and delivering the work, and every farthing which remains after that cost is paid goes towards a Sick Fund. The arrangement is full of bread and of hope. The worker gets her full earnings now, and certainty that whatever kind of providence befalls her, she can never be called to risk the grave to save her machine. She has found men who will have patience with her, and, however long she may be recovering from illness, will give her full credit for the payments she has made, and save her machine alike from money-lenders, rent-brokers, and rust. More hopeful now is the lot of the toiling woman; she has found men who share her sufferings by sympathy, and who generously help her ignorance and weakness by their greater strength and wisdom.

The reader needs but to put himself in possession of the facts of seamstress life in the east of London as it was, and as it is beginning to be, to long to have some share in helping the sacrifice, the patience, and gentleness by which the change is being made, and to know the blessedness of the peacemaker to widows' minds and orphans' homes, and the honour of being "called children of God."

A BABE'S AND A WOMAN'S LOVE.

TOM was a rough bold sailor,
  Who now and then would dream,
And knew that a poet once had said,
  "Things are not what they seem."

He sat alone and pondered,
  By the stove that burnt in the hold.
Chums wondered, "What is he doing of?"
  For the weather was not cold.

And as he sat, his face shone
  As the sea when bright and calm,
And his eyes, as he gazed on the fire,
  Seemed singing a silent psalm.

Another flame was before him,
  Which burnt in a hut afar,
Flickering a floor and a ceiling,
  Beneath the northern star.

A cradle stood in a corner,
  A mother sat stitching near,
A kettle sang on the cleaned-up hob,
  A cock crowed in the rear.

The woman, he saw, was looking
  Down the walk to the garden gate,
Longing to run to open it now.
  Alas! she had months to wait.

His ship was due in the winter,
  The corn was just breaking the ground,
The summer must go and the roses
  'Ere her lost good man is found.

It was not far to that gate,
  Yet it seemed far off to-day, for
The man, that made it her gate of heaven,
  Was sailing long leagues away.

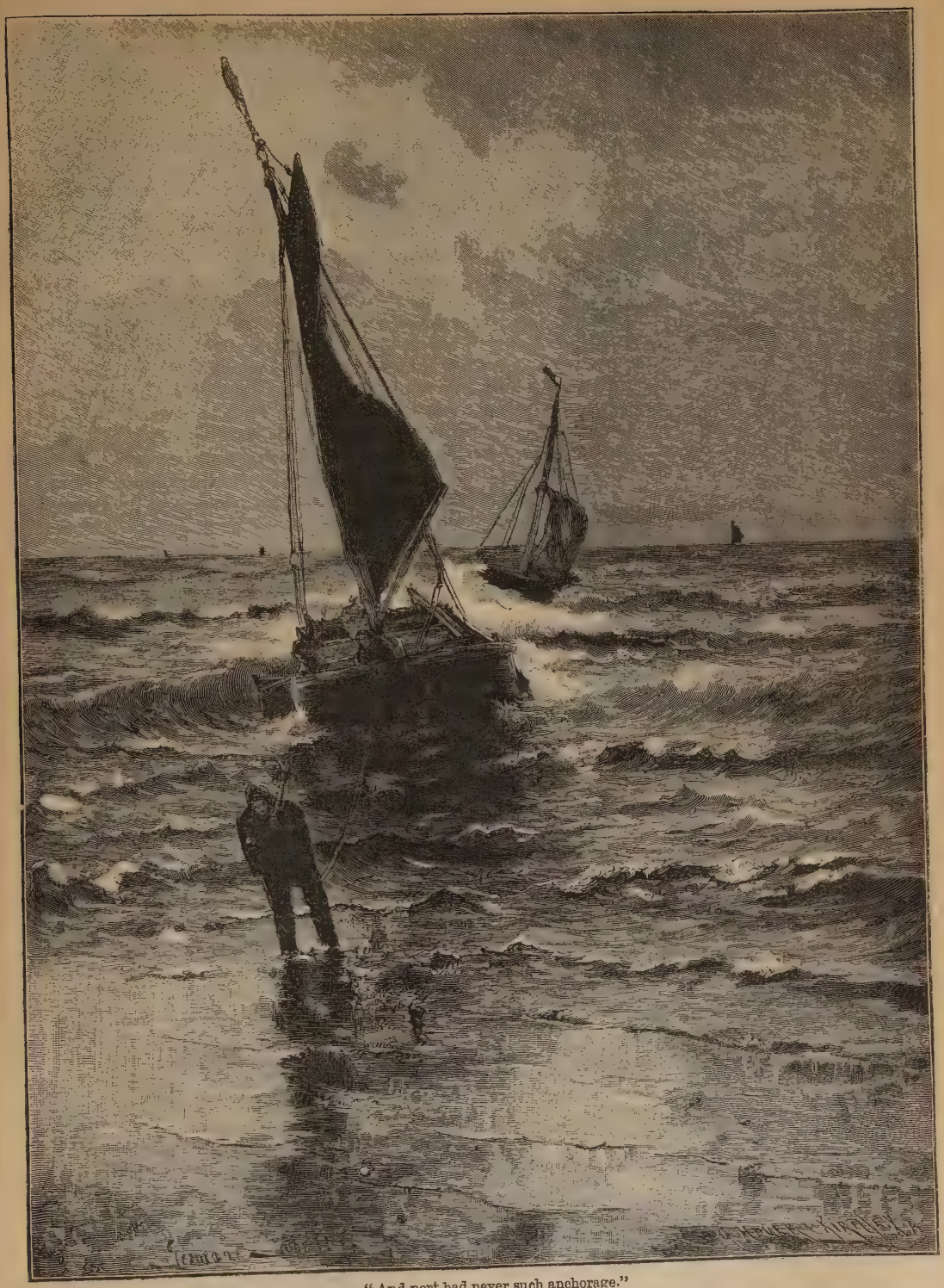
He saw the woe of her heart;
  He almost heard her speak;
He stooped and stroked her brow, with his hand,
  And pressed a kiss on her cheek.

He seemed to ride at anchor,
  A soul like a ship at sea,
And port had never such anchorage
  As that cottage floor could be.

Not all the storms and strainings,
  Of the tackle and gear of life,
Could drag his grappling anchor away
  From his baby and his wife.

His mates could not understand,
  As they rollicked on deck above,
For they had not entered the magical world—
  A babe's and a woman's love.

B. W.



"And port had never such anchorage."

LIFE'S SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

A Farmer's Daughter's Story.

By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a cruel blow to my father, this undercreeping trick of his brother's. But we heard a few days after, that Mallord was leaving in good truth, and, with a sort of forlorn hope, father went down to crave a hearing from the squire about taking on the mill.

"Well, yes," said the squire when he told him his errand, "Mallord is leaving, he and your brother somehow managed between them, but it seems Mallord won't rent under me, so, as his lease is run out, he may go. Still, as to your stepping in, Dearing, it seems like receiving money in one hand and giving it away with the other, to accept you as a tenant again. Yet I'd see no man go to the wall; take the concern as a yearly tenant, but I'll do nothing more foolish than that."

So my father bent his proud head, and made the move from East Farm to the mill. As for our uncle, he was flourishing; people said he made money abroad during those ten years of banishment from his family, for there was no stint of the comforts and luxuries of life with him. The dear old Home Farm-house was like a mansion, so to speak; they kept their carriage, and went bowling about the country therein; Henrietta and Julia rode on horseback in hat and habit; the lads scoured the neighbourhood on their ponies; and there was gaiety and high life above stairs and below; while we were drudging, and contriving, and toiling on at the mill. A smart bailiff, half gentleman, half bully, with his family, took up his abode at East Farm-house. I missed the sweet dewy sun-risings and sun-settings, the milking and the driving home the kine. My father reserved two of the cows from going at the sale—yes, it came to a sale—yet we were very little the richer, in a money point of view, after it than before. My father was rich in his good, honest name; he paid every man his due, and oh! there were so many little claims and creditors that the outcome of the sale dwindled away, and my father had to give his word and bonds to Mallord to take on the stock. Ah! that beginning on trust cripples a man; it is like paying two rents. So we entered on our new home cumbered and careful, but with fond hopes for the future. The months glided by into years, and I fancy I had attained the mature age of sixteen.

"Thou'rt fair, my lassie, thou'rt fair," said my father on my birthday morning, stroking the rings of hair from my forehead; "just thy mother over again," his eyes filling with tears. This was one of his ailing seasons, and anxiety was heavy upon him. We had managed to pay the rent, and the interest money to Mallord for the four years, but naught beside, and now he was pressing hard for the principal. My sixteenth birthday was a sorrowful one, and yet a sweet undertone of gladness was stealing into my life; my woman's lot was upon me. David Grey, a farmer's son in the neighbourhood, was crowning my life with a gleam of sunshine, although I in my glad, careless girlhood scarce comprehended it.

"Mallord is set on having his own, my girls, and what to do I know not. I'll e'en go to my brother." So spoke my father, as we sat in the bowery parlour, flowers within and greenery without, over our birthday tea. John was busy in the mill and sipping his tea there, and Philip, who was our one man, came to the window for a cup, and a bit of cake. It would have been such a happy gathering but for this money matter. I believe the resolve to apply to his brother came to my father as he saw the Home Farm folk drive by in full array, the girls, uncle and aunt, all so smiling and happy, while we were at our meal. We said not nay to our father's proposal, but my cheeks burnt with a sense of inward shame at the humbling it entailed upon him. So, in the gloaming, our dear parent went out to make good his resolution. The moon was shining over the river, and the mill was still, when he returned. His brother had refused him the help he craved, and well-nigh bade him be gone. "I'd rid the neighbourhood of the beggarly set," said he to a neighbour, who retailed it all to my poor father.

Ah! well, he was not far wrong. We were fain to beg Mallord to have patience for the money, and he had patience, but raised the interest. And, all this time, we had told not a word of our straits and sorrows to James in the land of his exile. The lad was doing well, hoarding and saving, so as to come home and surprise us with his wealth, so he told us. Now that Mallord was hard with us

—but, perchance, I am very like to it with him, using that word hard, seeing he did but look out for Number One, to use a slangy phrase of the world—well, now in our strait our father wrote to him, and he tided us over the difficulty, by sending enough of his hoard to set us free from Mallord. Oh! what music there was in the clip-clap of the mill on the day the debt was cancelled and done with.

After this, things began to look up a little. A year hence we were more than paying our way, when our uncle's vulture eye was upon us again for evil. He coveted the roof over our heads, and gained it too. The squire gave us notice to quit, without appeal. And our uncle took it. Ere we were well away, he sent an underling of his to take possession. Squire Golding wronged us sorely, but he and my uncle were friends. The two families were as one, the Dearings at the Holm, as the old Home Farm was called, were people of importance.

Well, we retired from the mill to the school cottage, and Phebe and I took to teaching the school, and doing needlework. John went to David Grey's father's as day labourer, till he should get some situation as bailiff on an estate, and poor father tended the garden, the pigs, and the poultry we had reserved from the wreck of our belongings. We had scarce settled down, however, into calmness and content, when, one evening, our pretty Phebe came rushing into our nest of a parlour, flushed and out of breath. She was a small, dark, winsome creature, with dainty hands and feet, ever in motion. I knew to whom she had given her heart, long before she told me—to David Grey's brother Will, a clerk in London. Imagine my indignation—ah! mine was a hot, fiery temper—when she told me, all heated and panting, that Ralph Dearing was ever pestering and following her, whenever he met her alone, and, on this evening, he had persisted in walking with her all the by-way from Witchley.

"I dared him to pursue me there," said the poor girl, "and I said I'd tell John, and so I will."

But, like two poor, timid, fluttered sisters, we communed together and thought better of it for John's sake; so we told him no word of the matter. Again and again he dared to molest her, then a rumour was abroad that she favoured his suit, if suit it may be called, and Madam Dearing and Madam Golding came to expostulate with the dear, innocent, indignant child. The school was in full work when the interruption came. Ah! they were very hard and cruel, those two women with daughters of their own, if so be they believed all that had been told them; a week hence, we had notice to leave the school cottage—my sister her school-keeping as a girl of ill-repute.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," quoted my father, on the evening we received our notification to leave, and all that night, as I listened to the hooting of an owl in the old hollow tree, the corncrake's hoarse call, and the breeze as it swept by, the words rang in my ears, and I was comforted. Well, we settled in a little tenement let us by a neighbour, who owned a cottage or two as a little patrimony, and the poor supplied us with needlework; my father took to hedging and ditching work for the farmers around; John, ah! poor John, I've wandered away from him. For the ill-fame which fell upon Phebe's young name, he thrashed Ralph Dearing, horsewhipped him, and suffered for it; the full rigour of the law fell upon him, and he was shut up for a term of imprisonment in the county jail.

When the poor fellow's term of imprisonment was over, William Grey came from London and took Phebe away as his wife; on the very day of John's return home was the wedding. I never shed such floods of tears before, I think, and yet I was the happiest girl alive, save for our poverty and this cloud enveloping John, as it were; for David Grey told me in so many words he loved me, and my heart sang within me, if my voice was mute, as I ran about the house ordering the wedding feast. I thought much of our mother, during the day, and of how much she would have liked to see our pretty, dainty bride, attired in white, with her neat nosegay of lilies of the valley and a few early monthly roses, which grew over our cottage door. Well, when the child was away, going a weary night's journey by coach to great whirling London, where lay her home, I walked under the sun-setting in our mite of a garden with David, the blooms from our one apple-tree drifting down on our heads, like silent blessings. John and my father were together, communing gravely, under the great elm-tree, overshadowing a rude seat in one corner of the garden. Ebenezer and Beth were setting all right within the house and preparing supper.

It well-nigh took away my breath, when my two elders came to me with the tidings, that John had resolved to go out to James. William Grey had lent him his passage

money. Ah, me! it was the best thing in the world for him, and yet I thought it savoured of selfishness to leave us so. My father took it not in that light, but gave him his blessing, and the like for James when he reached him; and so he went out from us, not a fortnight after Phebe.

It was hard work keeping the wolf from the door, during the next year, but we did, I and little Beth, with our needles, and Ebenezer as errand lad at Witchley, going to and fro morning and evening. Our little tenement was hard by the river's bank, and when Beth was glorying in marsh marigolds, kingcups, and other riverside flowers, and weaving them into nosegays for the house, our father fell ill of ague. By summer he had recovered but was only a wreck of his former self. I wept often, looking at his pale, refined face—nothing of the bluff, robust farmer about him from tip to toe. And things were taking a turn for the worse up at the Holm; the rumour went that the outgo was more than the income, that the dear old homestead was but a wreck of its former fruitfulness through mismanagement; that he who was at East Farm was enriching himself and the lands with my uncle's money, he at the mill doing the same, and my uncle himself falling away to ease and drink. His children, too, were running counter to his wishes—the two girls proud, heady, and light-minded. As for the lads, they were betting and squandering, as if there could never be stint or limit to their father's wealth. The ladies took their airing as usual in their carriage, but "Folk say a crisis must soon come," quoth Ebenezer, telling the tales he heard one supper-time.

"Ah, my poor brother! you've looked after and grasped for much, and it has come to nothing, because the Lord did blow upon it," replied father in quaint old Bible phrases. "But I hope me the half is not true."

"People say the truth is not known, because 'tis much worse," averred Ebenezer.

"I pray God the old Home Farm may not be lost to him and his," sighed father.

"I'd like to see it lost to them," spoke Ebenezer; "he took it from you, father, right greedily."

"My lad, he took but his own." My father's face shone as he spoke.

"Well, he's sided against you cruelly enough," persisted the lad. "I shall never forgive him for what he has done."

"'Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven,'" answered my father, a sweet light in his eyes. Ebenezer's head bowed a little at the holy, unworldly words.

"And could you live up to that, father, and forgive my Uncle Mark?" asked he.

"Ay, Ebenezer, or why should I take as it were the name of Christ, and be called a Christian?"

"But he's ruined you."

"No, not quite that, 'cast down but not destroyed.'"

"Well, father, I don't think I could take the seven times, much less the seventy times seven."

"Poor lad, may thy heart be fairer than thy words," quoth father; then we had our simple family worship and retired to bed, without more of wrongs or grievances.

CHAPTER V.

The time was not long ere there was a great to-do at the Holm: a cutting down of expenses and dismissing of servants; the young ladies' horses were sold, the carriage was sent away; he at East Farm was taking the farm on his own account, the miller doing the same. It was said a great mortgage had been taken upon the Home Farm, which cost my father the worst pang of all.

"My poor brother, my poor brother! how will he bear this terrible down-come?" he moaned.

He was in bed when he heard it; he was often there. He needed better nourishment than we could obtain for him; and so he languished — now in bed, now bestirring himself with our little garden. It was Ebenezer who told him, boy-like. I would have kept it from him; but it was blurted out.

"But, remember, father, he never thought of our down-come," I could not help saying.

"Ay, Dorrie, but say not in thine heart, I will do to him as he 'hath done to me.' And, remember, child, we know what it is; he is but just smarting and learning."

"Oh, father, how good and forgiving you are!" cried I.

"What, my little Dorrie turned flatterer!" He was getting to call me Dorrie; I was Dorrie to all the house now. "And what will you say if I get up and go to the Holm?"

"That you are not a prudent man, or else a——" I faltered over the word, though speaking in playfulness.

"A deceiver! Out with it, my girl; mayhap the name is more than half right for me. At any rate, I must fain go and see my poor brother."

He drew me down and kissed me. I believe he loved me for my likeness to my mother, as well as for my own sake; and when I saw him go tottering out at the gate with his stick a while after, I scarce think David Grey could have stirred my heart with such deep devotion as he did. I believe I was nearing my eighteenth year now; Ebenezer was sixteen; Beth fourteen. We were thinking of placing her out shortly; Ebenezer was to be taken on at his place as an apprentice, and David Grey had well-nigh won me over to be married.

"Your father shall be as my father to me," he had promised; but I lingered and tarried in my sweet, shy girlhood of joy and industry. I was never idle, and I never envied my cousins their fine airs and dresses.

Well, poor father toiled back again; he had been, so to speak, on a bootless errand; he had not gained sight of his brother. A dirty, slip-shod maid brought the message, "Master thanked his brother for calling, but could not see him," and my father, in his weakness and weariness, bowed his head on the table and wept.

"He took it not amiss," he said when he grew calmer and more rested; "mayhap 'tis the kindling of the coals." Then the next moment he added, "What am I saying? He was never accounted an enemy by me—no, not in my inmost heart." But he shut himself into his room for hours after that, and I could see him through the open window from the garden low on his knees, with the summer breezes wandering in upon him, sweet with the scent of the flowers.

Soon after this we were not surprised that the Holm was posted up for sale in all the thoroughfares. That was a season of weary despondency. Our father, broken and feeble, took ill and kept his bed, and I and Beth had little work to do, and less time to do it. Father's illness was a low fever. One evening, who should come pacing up the garden-path but Uncle Mark, slouching and carelessly clad.

"Well, my girl, can I have a word with my brother?" he asked abruptly, but not uncivilly, as I met him at the door. I told him of his state, and of the quiet he needed—my hesitation and my poor wan face in a manner testifying likewise to our poverty, and I added, "Tell me your message, and I'll repeat it as father is able to bear it."

"Well, Dorcas," said he, dropping into a chair I now bethought me to set him, "how are those brothers of yours prospering in the Far West?"

"Very fairly," I returned, as lightly as I could, for I cared not to apprise him that we had written—I and Beth—asking for the aid we had never craved before, saving that one sum for the mill affair.

"Well, they could triumph over me now, if they had the wherewithal. And I'd e'en rather see my brother's son lording it there than a stranger," was the reply. I knew that by "there" he meant the Holm.

"Is it of this that you'd have speech of my father, uncle?" I asked, and he replied, "Ay," rising to his feet and making for the door.

He bade me "Good morrow" in a husky voice. After that the days flowed on apace, and what uncle had hinted at became to me a beautiful reality. If the boys could but buy back the old home, with the daisy-covered meadows; if they could! So I mused and craved, and held my peace, even to Beth. As for father, he languished and sank, while the day for the sale drew very near indeed, and no word or sign had come to us from over the water. These were not the days of swiftly flying steamers, we must e'en wait our appointed time for tidings. And then what could I expect? No word had been told them of the wreck which had come to our uncle, we simply spoke of our straits and poverty. Now what happened seems like a tale that is told, not true, living reality. Our boys came upon us in the dusk of the evening, just the day before the sale. Beth was in the village, I in the porch, plying my needle in the scant twilight.

"Dorrie!" said a strange voice at the gate, strange yet so dearly familiar; and, looking up, I saw they were come—come, as it were, with the blessing of heaven upon them. I fell to crying, as I had not wept for months, my heart was so full. And they were wealthy, wealthy in so far that they had means sufficient to buy back the Holm on the morrow.

"The *blessing of the Lord* maketh rich, and addeth *no sorrow* thereto," said my father on the following morning, when we told him guardedly of our two exiles' return, and that they came not empty.

Well, the money was paid, and the farm ours—at least James and John's, and surely what was theirs was ours. My two dark-browed, robust brothers had grown so true and strong it was good to have them by us. In the evening after the sale, in the sheltering twilight again, Uncle Mark came to our humble home.

"Do your worst, my lads, 'tis your turn

now," said he doggedly, as the two bade him enter and essayed to shake hands.

"Nay, Mark, the home is yours, as in bygone days," said my father, who would be dressed and sit in his chair below stairs.

My brothers started, as well they might. No one looked for such self-surrender as this from our father; surrender, as it were, of that which was not his own to give up. The lads and he had had no time to talk of what was to be done after the sale was complete. It seemed as yet but a beautiful dream, that the old home was again ours.

"Yes, my sons, there must be no turning out of your uncle and aunt. Let your father's will be your law; 'tis but the Bible rule, 'Seventy times seven.'"

Very faint and weak was our father, so we forbore to agree to or gainsay this new aspect of affairs. My uncle also went sullenly away. It was humbling to the very dust, any way, for him. But, after we had seen our father safe in his room for the night, we looked the one on the other, and scarce said this or that in our bewilderment. On the morrow, however, and for many to-morrows, James and John were very averse to the arrangement of letting my uncle and aunt stay on at the farm; but father urged it.

"'Tis yours, my children, beyond recall, yours in the days to come, when I shall have passed into the great Beyond, where there is no buying or selling or leasing of farms, and no forgiving love to be poured out nor meeted. Your wish is to see me in the old place; but I would fain spare my brother the wrench of leaving, knowing what it cost me. Play your parts nobly, my sons, 'twill be as a twice-fulfilled duty."

So he reasoned, and, ere we had realised it all, our uncle was reinstated in his lost heritage, and we away from our fever-haunted cottage, in a nest of a homestead, with a cow, a few pigs, sheep, and some poultry, with part of the rent of the Holm Farm to shield us from want.

"Our father is right," quoth James, as he wrung my hand and kissed me good-bye at parting, when he and John returned across the ocean, "that seventy times seven has broken our uncle's proud heart."

"And ours," I whispered through my tears.

"Ay, Dorrie, and ours. God grant the breaking and refining may be our lifelong blessing. But father's was broken long ago, when he turned out and took on the East Farm. He tells me 'twere a mighty breaking."

After this happy break, time went flying on, I scarce knew how, in my full content; nay, not full content, David Grey pestered me to make him happy, as Phœbe had made his brother Will happy. I truly stayed and tarried, all grudgingly, ere giving myself to him, and yet I did it not from lack of love, or trust, or worship. I am old now; it shames me not to say how I worshipped him.

Their farm was well able to bear two families, now that the young ones were fast taking wing and flying from the old nest, so his father spoke his word on the matter, and, two years after James and John went back, my wedding-day was fixed; but it was never to be. Mayhap I was not worthy; my heart fails me even now, as I remember my proud, happy joy as the days went round, drawing nearer and nearer to the great event.

CHAPTER VI.

I AM now come to the last chapter of my life, telling of that which, in God's good providence, was to be all of life's crowning ever mine. As I have said, the pressure of want was lifted from us, and with that weight removed, my father revived, and grew comparatively strong again. It was good to see him going and coming about our little farm, tall, thin, and with that chastened, refined look upon his countenance, but still somewhat of his former self, a shadowing forth, as I and Beth said, of our dear grandfather, only smaller, and more delicate in form and feature.

It was a pleasant time we spent, that first summer in our new home. I busy, as of yore, in field and dairy, though a woman grown now, then a half-formed maiden. And the Holm folk were, so far as words and outward appearance go, once more settled in peace and plenty. There was a sadly worn, jaded look on my aunt's face. It grieved me, in spite of myself, to see how grim and aged she had grown. Her boys were drinking and sotting themselves into ill repute; nay, Ralph was said to have had several attacks of that which is called, in these days of hard words and phrases, *delirium tremens.* Meanwhile, the leaven of uncharitableness was setting and rising among us; but a mighty rooting out and purging befell us, to them at the Holm, to us at the Vale, as our place was called. My heart fails me in the telling thereof, and yet my story would not be complete without; for God, in His foresight of mighty love, saw that my life needed the refining and the purifying of this last

chapter, which stole my girlhood from me, and gave me that at last which nothing can mar or take away—the peace of a heart at rest for ever. The time comes back to me, as if it were but yesterday. I feel in thought the evening breezes busy among my hair; I know how well-nigh gleesome I was looking, my blue eyes unquenched with the tears I had hitherto shed, by reason of the wealth of love and youth which was about me.

I was down in the meadow, it was late in July, earth's richest and deepest tints lay around me, the heavens of the deepest blue; the crops ripening, and no sign of fading or decay to sadden the heart. I mind me, the wood-pigeons were cooing right musically in the plantation as I sauntered along, my pail in my hand, for I was bent on milking, when who should come straying across the stretch of meadow but David Grey. The sunlight lay full upon him, his dear homely face, so true and noble in its honest love, was aglow with it, and mine was all kindling with coy happiness as he neared me. He had gathered a few late speedwells from a sunny bank adown the meadows; I never saw any before or since at that season—sweet, fair things to which my father likened my eyes in my far-off childhood.

"See," said my lover, as he held them to me, "what would you have prettier than that, Dorrie?"

"Yes," returned I lightly and archly, as I took them from him, "they are winsome to the eyes; but see what will happen at the first puff of wind passing over them," and I held them out, fair and clear, to the evening breeze. As the blue petals went drifting away I laughed. "They are called Man's Faith, in an old book I was reading the other day," I said.

"'Tis naught so truthsome, though you may have read it," returned he; "eh, Dorrie? Say you don't believe in the name," and he turned up my face to his.

"Ay, but I do," averred I in coy jest, and veiling my eyes with my lashes; "they are but changeful creatures, are men; here to-day and gone to-morrow, and their love with them."

"All, Dorrie?" the dear lad's voice was sadly earnest. I know not what influenced me, but I thank God even now for what I made reply.

"No, David, I believe there is one true and constant as——" I glanced up at the blue heavens; what so constant and true as were they, always brooding over us in sunshine and shade?—"as the sky above us," I said, all softly; and now, ah me! what followed happened in less time than it takes in the telling.

My cousin Ralph came crashing through the copse near us, wild and staring, a gun in his hand. I believe it was the catching of the murderous thing in a twig; still, it was proved afterwards that a fit of that high-sounding *delirium tremens* was upon him; ere we had well seen him there was a report. I heard myself scream as if 'twere some other anguished maiden; I was bending over the bleeding corpse of that other maiden's lover, not mine—no, not mine! They found us both an hour later, when the poor, miserable slayer had rambled home, I in a deadly swoon, he, David, my lover, my husband that was to have been, cold, stiff, lifeless, bedabbled in his blood; shot through the heart! A terrible fever laid me low, but, may be, it saved my life and reason, fierce as was the struggle between a good constitution and death. I was distraught for days and days; they said I cried out bitterly against my cousin; that I called him wretch, murderer, and all that an innocent-minded maiden could well set her tongue to. Oh, how I raved! Many were the times my poor heart-broken father came to my bedside and read that royal, heavenly lesson, that tale of seventy times seven of forgiveness, and, somehow, even in my unconsciousness, the holy words calmed me as nothing else would. And up at the Holm was one even more frenzied than I; for Ralph was, in the depths of his drink-fever and remorse, holden down with strong bonds and restraints. It was a terrible time up there; I was soothed once and again by the holy Bible precepts and my father's loving touch and voice; but he raved on and on, as they feared, to death. My aunt came to watch by me for awhile, but I prayed so piteously that she might be sent away, that she went; and my uncle's face excited me so, even in my delirium, that he was fain to keep clear of my room. 'Twas for father and Beth I pined and moaned, but never for David Grey; no, never for David Grey, my poor, fevered brain held that which had happened all too surely for that—I never asked for him.

At last I was my poor, weak, bereaved self. It was a calm harvest afternoon when I awoke from a refreshing sleep. They were carting and carrying home the grain, the loads were winding down the sloping fields and past my windows as my weary eyes looked therefrom. Then followed long days in which I lay and grew stronger; I asked

no questions; what need was there for the asking? I knew all. My father had aged fast during the month I had been laid aside; Beth came and went, a calm-faced, earnest-eyed maiden, not the pretty winsome child I had last seen her. During all this time I had shed no tears over my poor, dead love; 'twas dear old Rover, our house-dog, which unlocked the fountain of my woe as it were, when he came trotting into my bed-chamber one evening as I sat listlessly by the window doing nothing. Something in the creature's eyes set my tears flowing, as he climbed up to me and put his shaggy face to mine. He was with us in the meadow and saw all. Did he know, did he remember, I wonder, when he licked my tear-dripped face and fondled me in his simple brute way?

After this I took heart and went down and out of doors; all the dumb things I had petted and cared for seemed to welcome me back among them and, somehow, cheered me. The autumn leaves were drifting down, and nature seemed aweary and sad, ere I went, I and Beth, to see his, David Grey's, grave. She left me awhile alone there, poor child; a wondrous craving took voice and form, so to speak, within me as I knelt there, for one dear word of assurance and hope that all was well with him.

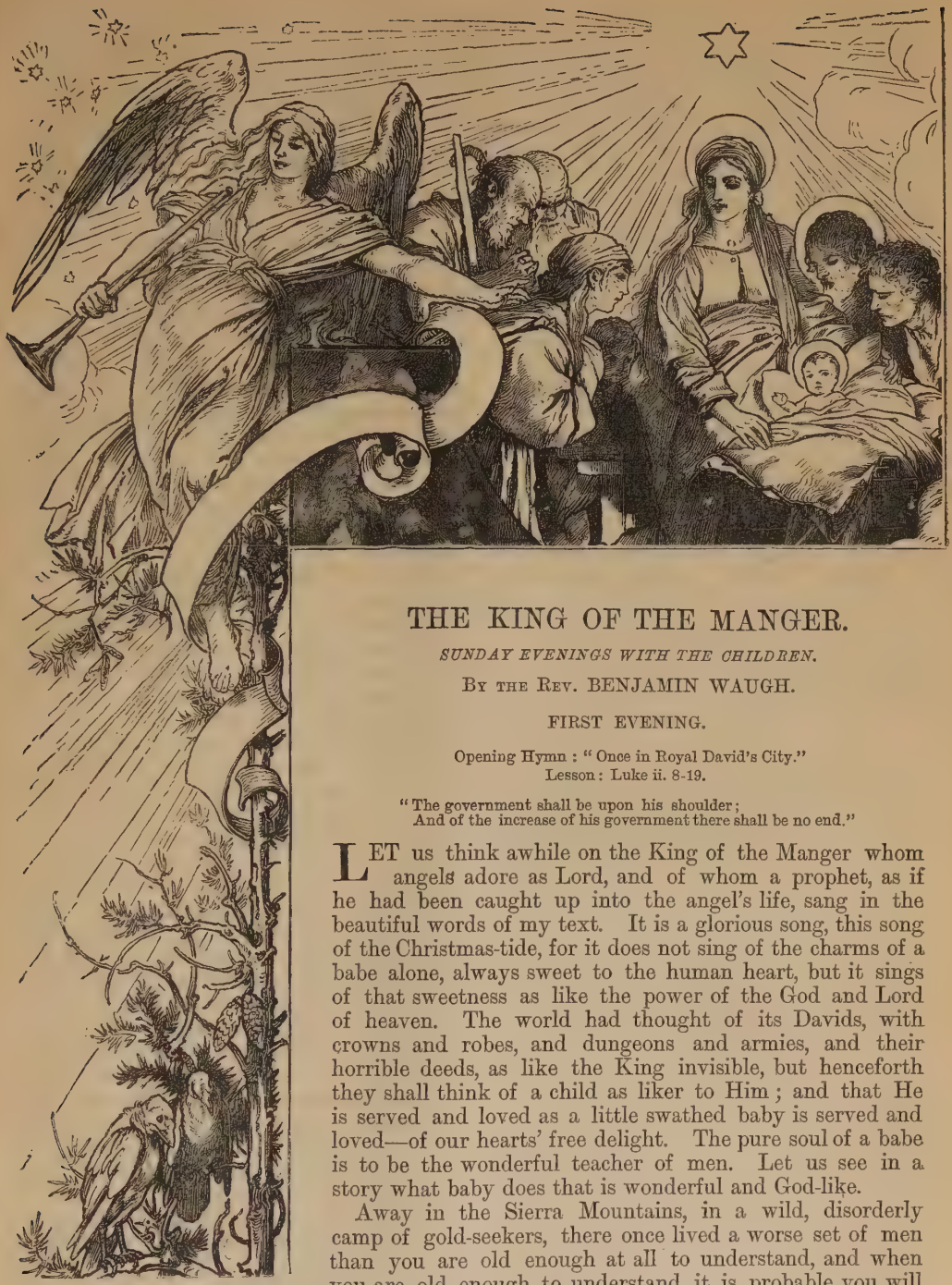
"Oh, David, David, David!" I cried, "would that we had talked of heavenly things that evening, instead of the innocent banter of our happy young hearts!" But it was not to be; yet I gathered to me the comforting thought, which, mayhap, God sent me in answer to my yearning, that we had worshipped together Sunday after Sunday during those long, sweet years of waiting—that together we had broken the bread and taken the wine with trustful confidence in the merits of Christ, our Saviour. There, by his dear grave, I took up the threads of my broken life, and began to weave them on anew, and, somehow, day by day, year by year, I trust, I have woven in that golden thread of charity, which undoubtedly was wanting in my life before, although I was blind and knew it not. When Beth came to fetch me she told me Ralph was dead. So he and David were taken, I left. Deep, solemn thoughts, too deep for words to express, came to me as I walked home through the red sun-setting that evening.

These two deaths brought our two families together at last—ours and Uncle Mark's. Years rolled on; my uncle and aunt were desolate and alone; the girls married and went to homes, such as they were, of their own; the lads were sad rovers; only poor Ralph tarried near them in his narrow bed, hard by David Grey. It came about, as time wore on, that we exchanged homes; we went to the Holm, my uncle and aunt to our wee nest, Ebenezer and I ruling and managing, father resting, Beth gladdening another's home.

Of course, father has long since passed away, so also have uncle and aunt. Lovely and sweetly tranquil were the last closing days of my father's life, and uncle and aunt were more closely knit to him than in other days could have been judged possible.

"Ah! that seventy times seven is a mighty healer of wounds, and soothes and sets right family jars, my girl; if only the world would know it, and take it to heart, how much more of knitting and drawing together there would be among men, instead of sore hearts and divisions. Your father has taught me this, and has heaped me with good for my evil." These were my uncle's words when near his end, and I hard upon fifty years old.

Ay, they called me girl, those two fond old men, who looked to me for so much in their closing lives, and valued me and my services so far beyond my deservings; and, truly, there was much of the girl left in me. My fluffy yellow hair was but sparsely sprinkled with grey; my face fair and winsome, as one and another told me; my eyes as blue and sunny as a child's; my step light; my form not devoid of grace. True, my merry laugh never rang through the house after my severe illness and David Grey's death; no, a something never came back to me after that trial-time. People said I bore up well, and was one of those who was not deep of feeling, but I believe it was the depth and strength of my love which kept my heart from breaking. Ebenezer never married, so he and I live on here in the dear home, an old maiden and bachelor full of whims and fancies, with the sunset of life about us, changeful with all sweet lights and colourings, the pain and the rapture gone by for us for ever. And in that light, which surely must be a foreshadowing, so to speak, of the morning—or wherefore its all but satisfaction of peace?—I watch for my life-crowning, which here had but its counterpart of pain and chastening. Yes, walking by faith and not by sight, I feel David Grey is waiting for me there, among the mists shutting out the eternal morning, as he often surprised me among the real mists of earth in the early morning of the dear long-ago.



THE KING OF THE MANGER.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn : "Once in Royal David's City."
Lesson : Luke ii. 8-19.

"The government shall be upon his shoulder;
And of the increase of his government there shall be no end."

LET us think awhile on the King of the Manger whom angels adore as Lord, and of whom a prophet, as if he had been caught up into the angel's life, sang in the beautiful words of my text. It is a glorious song, this song of the Christmas-tide, for it does not sing of the charms of a babe alone, always sweet to the human heart, but it sings of that sweetness as like the power of the God and Lord of heaven. The world had thought of its Davids, with crowns and robes, and dungeons and armies, and their horrible deeds, as like the King invisible, but henceforth they shall think of a child as liker to Him; and that He is served and loved as a little swathed baby is served and loved—of our hearts' free delight. The pure soul of a babe is to be the wonderful teacher of men. Let us see in a story what baby does that is wonderful and God-like.

Away in the Sierra Mountains, in a wild, disorderly camp of gold-seekers, there once lived a worse set of men than you are old enough at all to understand, and when you are old enough to understand, it is probable you will never have the chance to do so. You will be very unlikely to see their like. There were thieves there, forgers were there, and murderers. They were noisy as hyenas, quarrelsome as monkeys, fierce as tigers; knew deadly hates and settled their quarrels with pistols. Such was their repute among neighbouring camps for high words and brawls that they went by the name of the Roaring Camp. They gambled,

drank, swore, and did all manner of brutalized, merciless, blasphemous, reckless things for indulgence and delight. Had they been where the law of the land could reach them, none would have been outside a prison, few would have been unhanged. They seemed (seemed, I say; but only seemed, for nobody has done that) to have surrendered every human virtue for ways diabolically bad. This was partly accounted for by their having lived long there without one woman amongst them. Many beauties of character among men whose lives are very full of villainies are created by a woman, if she only cuts them their slice of bread and makes them their cup of coffee. But no woman's eyes fell on them at the close of the labours of their day. One creature was there who had been born to be a woman, but who, alas! had sunk lower than a beast. Hands that should have kindly spread some supper-cloth for a weary man, washed his shirt, and made his bed, clenched to fight, grasped drink-cups, and made herself mad. The pitiable creature died, and left a tiny baby behind when it was not one hour old. A strange feeling came over these reckless, lawless men when they found themselves possessed of a little baby. One by one they went up to the hut to see it. It lay, covered in a blanket, on a table near where (no more to swear and drink) its dead mother lay beneath another. They took off their hats as they passed her, for death as well as a baby is a great king, and in his presence men are bowed down; their heads uncover. A small crowd bent over the helpless little sleeper on the table, and they were awed and still with musing pity, and secretly turned over in their minds what could be done with it. None knew what the other was thinking of, and each was rather amazed, half ashamed of what came to him. At length the silence was broken. One asked doubtfully, "Should it be sent to a woman?" But it had clutched with its tiny hand one man's finger and stirred something in his heart. There was another pause. Though the proposal suited nobody, nobody was quite bold enough to say so, each feared being laughed at by the rest. "Could not we get a woman here?" as doubtfully inquired the man whose finger had been touched. "No woman that would come would be good to the little thing," at length another irritatedly remarked. Then one was encouraged to say what had been timidly on his mind from his first seeing that awe-striking puckered-up face, and the way they received his remark was wonderful to him—"I've heard of babies being reared on donkey's milk. There's Jenny there, couldn't we take her foal off her?" They all saw the idea. The speaker looked round, up under his eyebrows, to see if anybody laughed. As everybody looked rather pleased, he volunteered to give a bit of his time to look after it. The idea took. *He* had had a turn at a wife and family, from which he had run away. "What about clothes?" said one; "it can't stop in a rag like this," as he lifted up a corner of the blanket it was wrapped in; and, taking off his hat, he put something in it and laid it on the table. "Let's start him," he said, and they all very gladly began to feel in their pockets, and very soon not a man on the digging had as much money as had that little sleeping, helpless child. The man who had had a turn at a family was sent off to a town many miles away for a baby's "rig up." It must have a cradle. Somebody said it should be of rosewood. All agreed. As for frocks, "Have 'em good" was the general advice. "Never mind the price," they said, reverently; and they felt themselves rich for having something to do with their money, and money became in new ways precious. It was all baby's doings. Scamps, men called them; but scamp is only a surface thing after all. The God who "knows all things" about scamps "hopes all things" too. And we shall see at last that He has made no mistake. His own touch is like a baby's—that is what Christmas comes to tell us—and all men shall feel that it is, some day.

As they turned out of the hut into the air again they found that quite insensibly they had come to respect one another; and better thoughts were followed by better lives. They never, in baby's presence, swore; they were not so often drunk. Though they often quarrelled, they did so not so often, and their quarrels never any more ended in shooting. Now and then of evenings they looked in at the hut set apart for the little stranger, and thought it too dirty-looking for his pretty things, and whitewashed it; then the furniture looked shabby, and they got new. As they smoked their pipes, they would take turns at holding him. "Here, give it me," one would say when it cried, proud for once that he could sing a bit in ways that soothed it. Insensibly, baby mastered them all, and humanised them. He was a little missionary to them, as no preaching man could have been. He taught them, gently, as the Holy Spirit teaches, and just *what* the Holy Spirit teaches—self-denial, self-control,

patience, long-suffering and mercy. Day unto day he uttered speech, night unto night he showed forth knowledge, not to their ears, but to the deep core of their hearts, filling them with pure and undefiled religion. He made them visit, and be tender and noble to, a fatherless child. Nobody, not even themselves, had ever dreamed of the mighty work he would work. But it had been wrought; and all unconsciously, the spirit of baby had done it.

And they all liked it, too: its work was as pleasing as it was powerful. They found a new, a strange delight in their big arms as they carried him into the sun-warm air, or gently rocked his cradle till he fell asleep. The man who could sing among them was happier, as he sang comfort to "the little un," and by singing wiped its tiny tears away, than he had ever been singing riotous songs at drinking bouts. They had never seen the sweets of cleanliness till they whitewashed the walls of baby's home. The fair azaleas and scented honeysuckles on the hills had grown in vain till the baby's "place" wanted making look "a bit bright;" nor had having a bit of money ever seemed so good a thing as when they came back from a visit to some distant town with a rattle or gum-ring in exchange for it. Rest was sweeter because, when they lounged up to his hut, he was there to be picked up for a bit, and tickled into the use of his sweet little voice. His laugh was wonderful. It roused so many beautiful things that slept in them. What the law could not do for these ruffian men, this little messenger of heavenly influence did. What even pulpits could not do, he did. And in all this, with many other things, but better than all of them, the babe is to explain to us "the mighty God, the everlasting Father." The wonderful cradle prince, with his witcheries and gentle and mighty victories, is to stand for the image of "the Prince of Peace."

There is nothing "wonderful" about the victories of a David, any bad boy who is bigger than another knows how such victories are won. They are won by knowing how to hit. But all the philosophers of the world cannot explain to you how a baby wins its little empire, bends big rough men at its feet, makes them earn its bread and defend it with their lives, and by joy of its pure unconscious goodness gives them their rewards. There is only one name for it all—it is "Wonderful;" and there is only one explanation of it—the mighty God made it so: it is one of God's wonderful works.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "There came a little child to earth."
Lesson: Isaiah ix. 2, 6 & 7.

I have shown you what a wonderful teacher a baby is. To no school do men pay so much to go, though they are, alas! very slow of heart to learn all that baby says, and having learned so much, have it choked by the world's coarse, earthly ways. Jesus said that all these little creatures were of God's kingdom, and that they were greater than the greatest of the prophets. Well has it been for the world that it has had such a multitude of them.

You shall see what ennobling, transfiguring power a baby has in another story.

A gentle knock sounded at a cabin door. The door opened and a woman quietly entered. She did so unbidden, for the folks within were in their first heavy sleep. The clock had just gone midnight. She proceeded across the moon-lit floor to where two people were in bed. Not for the world would she have been heard by the sleepers in the huts around.

Gently she touched the woman.

"Eliza, Eliza," she said under her breath.

The woman turned over, sat up, rubbed her eyes, and said,

"Is that you, Chloe?"

A soft "Hush, hush!" was Chloe's reply. "Wake up, and be off. They've sold that boy of yours; the man's coming for him to-morrow. I've packed you up a thing or two," she continued, putting down a little bundle of cake and apples. "And the Lord help you."

Not a word did the aroused woman say. She was stunned—her boy sold! Her husband awoke and divined what was up. They had both had a feeling that something was going to happen to their child. They were negroes. It was in the abominable days of slavery, when men whose hearts had died out of them bought negro children without any regard to their parents, from their cruel owners, just as they bought little pigs and little dogs, for which neither the dogs nor the pigs cared; but negro mothers were human mothers, and many a mother went all her days with heavy heart because they had taken away her child and she saw it no more: it had been torn from her, and had gone to be reared to toil, she knew not where nor by whom; and never any more a word did she hear from it or of it.

The pair in this cabin were slaves; their fine, healthy little boy was a slave, and had been sold by their owner, and when the

rapidly-coming morning broke, nothing could prevent his being taken away, they knew not where, and they would see him no more.

The news was brought her by a slave-friend under the cover of the darkness of night. At first it struck her dumb and breathless; her heart seemed as if it must burst. Then she flung pain and dread away, dashed into her clothes, woke up and dressed her child, saying, "I am off to Canada." She had never seemed so daring in all her life. To Canada! Who knew the number of miles away!

Catching what was the meaning of this disturbance in the night, and knowing already what had happened to other boys in the estate, the little fellow pleaded with imploring earnestness, "Oh, mammy, don't let them have me!"

Canada was a land where if a slave set foot he was free; but it was far away and separated from the slave-land by a wide river. Husband and friend looked at the daring woman with amaze. But the miserable thought of her child sold! to go to-morrow! would have made double the distance and the passage of a river of fire seem no daring at all.

She had only a woman's strength; her child could but just walk, of course he must be carried almost all the way; and the time was short; the morning would show that she was gone. She would be followed on horseback. It would be a heavily weighted race for life. But she had not been accustomed to choose her loads, nor the hours of her toil. The news of Chloe seemed to have awakened, in body and soul, superhuman strength to carry and to fly.

The clock in the cabin ticked out its slow beats, making every second of preparation seem like an hour. How long everything took to put on! At length mother and child were ready, and wife and husband had to part.

"God bless you, my darling! God help you!" he said. He would have gone himself, but the way was through a slave-holding country, where the sight of a man with a child would excite more suspicion than a woman with one.

Outside was the clear, cold, invigorating air of a frosty night; and her child, soon falling asleep, twined his little arms about his mother's neck in just such ways as gave to her limbs great floods of strength. With such a feel about her, she could go till there was not a bit of breath in her—she could go till she died. His little curly head lay softly and confidingly against her cheek; he scarcely breathed; nothing was heard save the loud crunch of the frozen ground as she strode her wild and rapid way through the night, like a triumphant lion carrying a lamb. She knew little of the road, save that that bright northern star was beyond the river; and she took that which led most directly under where it was shining in the great dark heaven to which it seemed to teach her to pray. "O God, help me: save my child!" was her incessant, silent cry. Occasionally it escaped her lips in a loud, eager whisper.

Her head just turned at times at the snap of a dry twig made by some animal's movements in the gloom of a wood through which her road lay. The fall of a dry leaf thrilled her to the bone. Was it somebody? Her heart beat like a hammer lest some vague shadow she saw before her was a man. Oh, the bitterness and the horror of such moments! "A guilty conscience!" the clergy sleeping in those manses she passed, white and still in the moonlight, would have said. "Criminal!" would the magistrates have said, with their fair-skinned children in bed. But it was not either; nor was it fear. She could have faced torture and death, with less horror than any in the land, sooner than she could have given up that child in her arms. The start, the cold thrills, were of the instinctive goodness of a mother's heart—a name lightly spoken, yet the grandest gift of man's creator. That gift had often made "criminals," as her land counted criminals—a land which had paid the price of the high honours of a genuine manhood—God's heart-law, for those mockeries it called Acts of Senate, according to which, this flying woman ought to be flogged and die. The misfortune of having a living soul, fresh as it came from God, has often brought people to the gallows. Fearlessly, counting it all joy, she risked their worst if she might but save her child. For him she was willing to be martyred. She had not the vaguest fear of her strength failing. Such a shameful thing could not be while her child was in danger. Those little arms she felt clinging were everlasting strength. She walked on almost mechanically, like a woman in a dream, feeling nothing, thinking of nothing but the child sleeping so tranquilly in her clasp, as if assured that he was in the very best of keeping.

When morning broke on the flying mother, and she no longer dared simply to fly, she put her child down to walk, till she reached roads that were deserted. When in the shelter of a wood, she sat down awhile to

give the child its breakfast of water from a kindly brook and cake from her bundle: she herself could not eat. Then, on she fled again through the long day till the sun was low down in the west. Long had her limbs run to the end of their natural strength, but the strength of her spirit was keen and fresh as at the first step of her march. It was the last hour of the departing day when she reached the river which separated the land of slavery from the land of freedom, and which must somehow be crossed before her child was safe. She sought for a ferry-boat. There was no ferry-boat yet; it would go in a little while; but before the little while had gone, she was startled by the sight of the man she had seen the day before on her owner's estate. It was the man who had bought her child! He had ridden after her! was here! was on her! Instantly, she seized up her boy, and with the strength that lies mightiest in the gentle limbs of woman, waking swiftest to the touch of a child, she made for the river. Quick as lightning the horseman flung himself out of his saddle and made after her, but a few strides behind, reaching out his hand to get hold of her shoulder, pouring out curses on her. She did not breathe, she did not think; she scarcely saw. His demon limbs were fresh; her angel ones had walked eighteen hours. The savagery of a bloodhound was in him; tender daring for a child was in her, as they both leaped and bounded like wild things.

Before them stretched the river, a broad flood of ink-black waters, swollen with a spring thaw, sweeping onwards between white, frozen margins, carrying with them on their bosom huge masses of floating ice. No bridge was there; no boat was there! She made straight for the broad, black flood. The fact thrilled her pursuer with expectation. Little did he know what bridge and boat a woman with her child to save can build! Fleet as a deer, light and reckless as the wind, the mother reached the icy margin of the waters, beyond which the free, dark, flowing stream drew itself across her passage. He followed, sure that she must double. He found it hard to run on the glassy ice; she scarcely knew that it was not road as it rang beneath her flying steps.

The sun was kindling his rosy evening fires low in the western heavens, as if to hold his lamp to the level of her feet. The wooded hills that reared themselves beyond the dark waters glowed with a glory, as if already celebrating her victory, and saying, "You will reach us and live." And so she would, or sink and drown in that dark rolling stream. Reaching the frozen edge of the stream, through the clear rosy air, she saw floating in the ink-black waves a great white patch of ice going by. Clutching tightly her child (the loud clamour of her pursuers—for now there were three men in the chase—though so close, breaking faintly on her ear, gave her the needful spur), and with a sob, "O God, my God!" gathering up together all the remaining life and power in limb and soul, without a pause, she sprang into the air, a strip of deep turbid water fast flowing beneath her. Half a second and her foot was on the edge of the floating ice; she crossed it, and again she leaped, and reached another fragment which yielded to her weight and swirled with her. Again and again, for flashes of time, she was in the air, lighting on floating stepping-stones, picking her way on and on. For one brief moment her pursuer seemed deaf; the roar of the river died; even of his loss, he was not thinking; he knew nothing but amazement as he beheld her take her leaping strides, one after another, till she had actually reached the river's opposite bank. Then he set his teeth, clenched his fist, struck down at the air, ground his heel in the ice, and cursed her, as he saw her drop down upon a rock to look round and take breath. The mother was over! her child was free! How! she never knew, nor could the exasperated slave-owner quite withhold a sense of awe at the marvellous daring of his rival and conqueror.

For her own sake alone, the whole thing would have been impossible; it was by the magic of the child she loved with so great a love that every step of the road had been taken, and that now she made the passage of the river. It was the burden she carried which made her so light, the heart's weariness she had which made her so strong. More than toil, than danger, than death, was the convulsive cling of those tiny arms. "To them that have no might" a baby "increases strength," and so it is one of the best images we can behold of the inspiring government of God, and what a new earth this earth will be when His government is established in all its hearts!

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I love to hear the story."
Lesson: Psalm viii.

David was the warrior king of which Israel was proud, yet did he find that himself and his warrior men could be mastered by a child.

It was no new thing in the earth for those men of the Roaring Camp, of whom I told you a fortnight ago, to pay tribute of the riches of the heart to a babe and suckling. Centuries ago, David had eyes to see what power, true and beautiful power, this little magic arouser of man swayed. Its throne was greater and more wonderful than David's own. It was older too; it was older than Pharaoh's throne. David's and Pharaoh's have passed away, but baby's throne, with all its humble courtiers and gentle conquests, remains. It was because of its power over men possessed with the evil one, "the avenger," as he called him, that David seems to have been most struck. It was powerful everywhere, but its power was most surprising and wonderful there.

You remember the story of the Roaring Camp. Well, David was at one time a chief of what, in many respects, was little better than a Roaring Camp. To his Cave of Adullam came outlaws and outcasts, runaway servants, and men in debt. They settled quarrels with blood, made pastimes of the wickedest of sports of which we anywhere read, actually setting young men with swords to try their skill on each other, till, amid the admiration of the spectators, the rivals fell dead to each other's home-thrusts, and called that playing together! The Bible shows what ruffians they were. Yet to their camp came little babies; and when the helmets were off and the sword was laid down, men who spilt blood like water were humanised, sat and smiled, and talked softly in broken loving nursery words. There was that giant Adino, the Eznite, the fiercest, deadliest of his captains, who mowed men down with the terrible sweep of his sword as mowers mow grass into swathes, who counted eight hundred dead to his own hand. There was Eleazer, the Ahohite, whose hand was said to have grown to the handle of his sword, from whom the Philistines fled as women before the fury of a wild beast. There was Shammah, the lion-hearted, who, abandoned by his soldiers, stood his ground alone, surviving the onslaught of scores, and making a ring of dead around him. There were the three mighty men who, reckless of the Philistines' arrows, brake through their line to fetch a draught of the water of his childhood's well for their captain's thirst, the daringest, loyalest men of the army. There was Benaiah, of Kabzeel, who entered single-handed into fight with two lion-like men of Moab, and thrust them both through with his single sword, and who did the same thing for a lion in the close quarters of a pit, with the gnawing of winter-hunger upon it; and who, with only a stick in his hand, encountered an Egyptian spear-man, wrested his spear from him, and slew him with it—men whose highest repute was that they killed men as readily as others killed flies; who were swift of foot, took odds of ten to one against them, and came off terribly victorious; who had but one answer to an enemy—death. Yet he saw them strangely loyal to the innocence of a child. Smiles spread over their savage faces to baby's prattle, and at the sight of its little face pale and still in death, their cheeks were all blurred and scalded with tears. Poor fellows! no enemy's sword slew them like this. He knew at once what was the matter with him when he saw a strong warrior pale and still. He would not weep for his commander king as he wept for the little child that would crow in his arms no more. There was probably a genuineness of sorrow among such men for which, in their more proper brothers, he would have to look in vain.

And David himself was a tough old campaigner, a champion of single-handed fights with giants and wild beasts. Yet had he found an infinite sorrow in a baby's death. More than battalions of men breaking into his city had he felt the pale, silent little face of a dying child break into his soul, carrying unutterable defeat and desolation. Never, before the sight of man, had he felt so small and smitten. He forgot his kingdom, he forgot his hunger, he forgot all in a sorrow which could only lie on its face on the earth and pray. When his friend Jonathan died he could speak in a wailing poem; when baby was dying he could only lie on the earth and be still. He could not be comforted. His courtiers came to raise him, but he would not. All things delicate, and noble, and strong in the deepest depths of his heart had been moved by a child, and under like influence he had seen rough, iron-muscled fellows become insensibly ashamed of mere brute strength, and temper it, as God tempers the wind to a shorn lamb; the coarse became refined and beautiful. God seemed to have pitted the babies against the devil; for the savagery of lions, gentleness, God's own gentleness, the gentleness that had made David great, seemed to flow back into roughest human veins.

And long before David had understanding eyes to see it, the same ennobling work had been done to men by their cradles. From the beginning until now, babies have made

the chief part of the world's purities, the humblest of its martyrdoms, and all that has made it a wholesome and in the least bit heaven-like place.

I will tell you what Jesus adds to all these facts the next time we meet.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Blest Saviour, let me be a child."
Lesson: Luke ii. 40-52.

This is our Christmas Sunday, and all the month we have been making our way to the idea of that kind of spiritual kingship which is a babe's, and now we are to speak of that King of babes, whose baby graces will be carried up into His manhood, beautifying strength and wisdom; giving Him a power to rule, not of arguments, much less of swords, but the power of that slender and wonderful sceptre, which touches us most of all in all earthly things in the loveliness of a child.

The empire of Jesus, which began with Joseph and His mother on the world's first Christmas night, will exactly and always remain of the same kind. The bare idea of such simple powers founding a kingdom will, of course, be despised and rejected of men, and the beautiful child will grow to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Priests will thoroughly detest it, kings will disdain it.

All His soul will have the sweet cleanliness of a child's. All His words will sound with the beautiful purity of a child. All His deeds will have the child's easy grace. In the fullest sense He will be a child, grown in stature as others grow; increased far more than others increase in wisdom, becoming endowed with superhuman powers, yet will He be "this *same* Jesus" which wins at His first-opened eyes the kindly smile from the stableman as He lies among the yellow straw of the cattle trough

This innocent beauty of babyhood, alas! does not keep alive in *us*, the world calls it weakness and foolishness, kills it. That first self has to be reborn in us ere we can see God. But baby truth and graces were always in Him.

Some of these remain in our early years. I never really see into the joyous freedoms of childhood without the feeling of the hymn—

> "O happy band of pilgrims,
> If onward ye will tread,
> With Jesus as your fellow,
> To Jesus as your head."

His childhood ever went onward to be enriched with manhood's experiences and heavenly powers, and lent its pure graces to them all.

It was these that made mother, brother, sister, so life-long true to Him, though, of course, they could not understand nor approve those self-devoted ways, which they knew would lead to His being put to death; they seemed like the self-forgetfulness of a child. It was this which made sinners so awed and sad in His presence. It was this which made the careless multitude so fond of Him, and little children; and made the priests so angry with Him.

Never will you understand the *man* Jesus until you remember that in Him "*the child grew;*" it never died, it changed not. Once a child, He was always a child. He had a child's soul and a child's ways. The wildest children of nature were made gentler and better by His manhood's presence, as were the men of the Roaring Camp, of whom I told you, by the presence of the baby in the hut they went up to in the evenings, when work was done. It was *Jesus Himself* that did them good. They could not quarrel in His presence; they could not lie nor swear; and lust seemed, oh, so wrong! Wrong-doing did not make Him flash angry eyes upon them and strike out, as with the talons of a lion, as the would-be saints around them did. He seemed rather wounded for their transgressions, and they felt it as they would feel the hurt or tears of an innocent baby. Then He seemed to depend upon them, and to need them so much, and claimed them like as helplessness seen only in a child. Far as they all were from pleasing Him, they all liked Him for His rare grace; it humanised them. Only professional men could do Him harm—kings, and soldiers, and priests; men who could order, and consent to, and execute the slaughter of all the babies in Bethlehem, these could throw stones at Him, whip Him, and spit on Him, and so far as was in their power make His life one long weary woe. The rabble at Nazareth could be His body-guard, and hired ruffians whom the priests sent to take Him where at night He went to pray, could be reluctant and ashamed to do their employers' work; the sentence His judge was obliged to yield to the priests' demand, when he *felt the man*, faltered on his lips; and the captain of the soldiers who mocked Him, when he had seen Him go through the tortures of the cross, gave way to strange religious feelings, and—Pagan as he was—spake a brave and simple creed about Him much nearer the creed of angels than he

thought. The arm that ruled for Him through it all was likest to that little round arm that peeped out of the straw of His baby bed and ruled for Him among the folks that looked on Him when resting with oxen and asses around. Almost nowhere but in a child can we see the deep, simple self-forgetful ways of His pure goodness. It is in a child there is most of His wonderful hope about everybody; and His tears, when His heart was hurt, were the genuine tears of a child. Satan has nothing in the soul of the pure child nor in Jesus. His great wisdom is as simple and innocent as is the tiny babe's ignorance; His power is used as beautifully as those tiny helpless limbs are used, which have in them no malice, and, lie as they will, are always full of grace and truth. Neither in the infant nor the Christ is it flesh which profits, but spirit, a spirit which shines and penetrates like a light, and by honest hearts is called "Wonderful."

Look into that humble stable where Jesus lies. Not all the temples, nor all the palaces of the world have done for the world what that has done. What food for the hungry, what delight for the children, what restful beds for the sick, what mercy for prisoners, what freedom for slaves, what blessing for weary brutes, the like of those which peer round at him from the gloomy corners of the place where He lies! Daggers and goads and fetters, all will take less with men now that baby-throne is set up to teach them what is the true and, after all, the terrible glory and power of God.

Brutes, made enemies of man by wicked works, shall be won to him and changed by the sight of this mild, sweet splendour of his new glory into magnificent workers and friends, just as willing to serve Him as are mothers and fathers willing to toil for babes, and it will all be done to ease a fulness of joy.

That little child there asleep to-night in His manger under that same low stone roof, with these dumb animals sprawling their lumpy, weary limbs out on the litter that makes their bed, will attain a singular pre-eminence in arts like these, and will even come to base on them some claim to weary human trust. In a small town where there is very little culture of poor animals' hearts, His brother will watch His gentle and wonderful skill till he will write for men to read that "all animals can be tamed," and another of his comrades will say, "We see all things put under Him." His ways will open within beasts a door old as paradise, and show beyond it much that has been shut up there since man fell and selfishness and sin invented goads and scourges, to force from brutes what was so freely offered to the childlike innocence of unfallen Adam and Eve.

Under that same stable roof, and over the same strawed floor as makes the cattle's bed, we see a few simple people kneeling to that little child, a child who cannot yet say a word; and over it, amidst the stars of the sky, angels are singing, just as if all the difference in the world between what is worshipable and what is not worshipable was in that baby there; as though God is not worshipped for David-like warrior-might, and king-dominion, but for the lovely lovableness which he has in common with a child, and which we, as it were, breathe around the place where it lies, and only there, alas!

The mother, too, smiles on it with her pale birth-face with the same loyalty to the wonders of its tiny majesty as all mothers have felt through the whole history of the world, but which has in it besides a dash of awe and reverence. And since then we have seen countless millions with the same simple joyful adoration, as shepherd, and magi, and mother, drop there upon their knees, and acknowledge that God the Lord may show the spirit of His ways in a child, and its slender sceptre may tell the might and power of His glory; and over all such, the angels have been for ever singing, "Glory to God in the highest."

On the surface it seems as if the world did not contain a more insignificant life than a baby's life, swathed in its swaddling bands, yet not to kings, or prophets, does it owe so much of its saving health. Baby goes right down into the core of hearts in ways altogether unknown to any other creature of God. And because the world is indebted to it for its most generous nobilities, most loyal, self-sacrificing friendships; because it teaches men to bow to tenderness, makes the mean and the frail, devoted, strong, and heroic, and does it all by its good spirit, therefore its little dominion is the likest thing we have on earth to the dominion of the "mighty God, the everlasting Father," whose kingdom is to conquer all kingdoms, and to have "no end."

This, my child, is the meaning of our Christmas Christ.

ANNUAL SURVEY.

THERE is a strange difference between the years of childhood and those of later life. Once all distances were great, time boundless, space infinite. It was a day's journey to the end of the garden; a daring expedition along a perilous path, only to be essayed by the adventurous. Now we stride over the same ground in a few steps: all is puny, dwarfed, insignificant; the trees that seemed then to touch the sky hardly rise above our heads now: the magic is gone, the mystery fled, with the ideals and the dreams of long ago. And our thoughts of time have changed too. How differently the years pass by us! They crawled then; they rush now. We began our journey through life in the carrier's cart; we are whirled to its close in the express-train. One event follows another so swiftly, and so obliterates the first impression, that we have to mark and record the significance of each, if we care to keep our life-history clear and distinct. As individual men and women we must each do the work for ourselves. The experience of one is not the experience of another. Each has his own temptations, his own difficulties, his own joys and sorrows. This is a chequered life of ours. The same storm may burst upon us all, but while some, with torn canvas and shattered spars, it may be, will keep afloat, others will sink and make utter shipwreck. Clouds of despair will enfold some, while the light of heaven falls upon those nearest and dearest to them; the same roof may cover hopelessness and perfect peace. "All life is a struggle in the dark," said one, who was both poet and philosopher, centuries ago; and so far as we mortals are concerned his words are true. Each of us is unconscious how the struggle goes with his neighbour; through the darkness which shrouds soul from soul no human eye may pierce. But we have a double life—one, as individuals; another, as members of society; and to ignore our union with our kind, and to isolate ourselves in a selfish individualism, is at once disastrous to the community and fatal to ourselves. Let us see then what the year has brought to our nation and to our race.

I.

The year is a great landmark in our history. It is the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign, and when it comes to a close she will have been upon the throne as long as the Third Edward, and longer than any of our other kings, except Henry the Third and George the Third. Within that half century we have seen enormous changes in the extent and power of the empire, and in the condition of the people. The great dependency of India has been transferred from a Company to the Crown: it has extended its borders north, and east, and west; and the advance is still going on. Across the ocean, the Australasian colonies have developed their size and strength with a gigantic rapidity of growth. Through all parts of the world our countrymen have streamed forth, to find new homes for themselves and their children. We have had our share of suffering, have passed through the horrors of war and of revolt. But at the present moment our perils come rather from within than from without. It is not an armed enemy that threatens our peace; crime, sin, discontent, pauperism are the foes with which we have to contend.

II.

The question of Ireland, and the task of determining what shall be the future relations of that country and ours, may not be in reality the most vital and momentous of the problems now pressing upon the attention of the nation, but there can be no doubt that it is for the time being the most prominent. The issue is far too critical to be discussed with party recrimination and abuse. We stand at a turning-point of national policy: the roads divide here, and when we have once set our faces in the direction we may choose, there will be little possibility of return. At this time last year, very few even among experienced politicians suspected that the hour to deliberate and determine was so close at hand. But the echoes of the autumn election had hardly died away, when we were plunged again in a new conflict more bitter and fierce than that from which we had just emerged. The verdict was definite and distinct, so far as it went. The nation declined to accept a definite plan for giving Ireland a separate Parliament and larger powers of self-government. But he would be a bold or a blind man, who would assert that the principle was condemned as well as the plan. It is clear that much will depend upon the attitude of the Irish people during the coming winter. If rents are illegally withheld, if the law of the land is set aside and suppressed by violence, outrage, and terrorism; the result will be to strengthen and deepen the distrust of many who fear that Ireland, if left to herself, may not deal fairly and justly by all parts of the community. On the other hand, if the reign of terror should seem to have passed away, and the people to have returned to their sober senses, the change might powerfully affect the minds of some who sadly and reluctantly resisted the demands of the Irish Nationalists at the last election; and a new scheme might be accepted by those who rejected the first. Order is the supreme concern, and every outbreak of violence, whether in Kerry or in Belfast, is sure to be equally fatal to the welfare of the entire country. No one will trust men to make and enforce law who by their words and their deeds show that they do not respect law.

III.

In all great and permanent work, as one of our poets has suggested, we are like men working in the dark. We labour on, but cannot at the time see the result of our toil—

> "Not till the hours of day return,
> All we have built can we discern."

This is specially true of constitutional changes like

those through which we have passed during the last twenty years. Not only has power been transferred to the people, but the people are using their power. The nation rules. Old party ties are breaking, and the old watchwords are abandoned. A new force is hurrying along even those who have hitherto been the slowest to move. A fresh spirit is entering into the political life of the land; and in it lies our one hope for the future. A supreme conflict cannot be far off. We have heard the great wave of Socialism go echoing round the world: during the past twelve months we have seen violence and bloodshed in Belgium, France, and America, and London itself at the mercy of a lawless mob fired with a passion for plunder. The genuine Socialist leaders do not desire anarchy; they do not wish to shatter our civilisation; but experience has made it clear that they cannot control the forces to which they appeal, and that beneath a surface apparently calm and peaceful lie the elements of ruin and destruction. The peril must be faced; and smooth words and vague sympathy will not avail to save us.

IV.

Education, if it be sound and thorough, may do much to help us in our difficulties. Unfortunately, at present it is incomplete while it lasts, and lasts only for a short time. The new system of evening schools, in which instruction is combined with recreation, if successful, will render invaluable service. To bring children into our schools for a few years, and then to turn them entirely loose, makes education a mockery: all they have learned is soon forgotten, and runs through mind and memory like water through a sieve. When schooldays are over and work has begun, their intellectual needs are greater than ever. They must have something to do, and something to think of, if their physical and intellectual faculties are to be kept in a sound and vigorous condition. We may also have to make important changes in our schools. It is by no means certain that our methods of teaching are satisfactory, or that we are teaching the right subjects. We are still in bondage to a Code—and to a Code originally framed by a pedant and doctrinaire. Taken at the best, it is an imperfect ideal. The training of physical faculties will assume a more important place. Boys and girls must be taught how to use their hands and their eyes, and work of this kind would relieve the pressure upon intellectual powers which now have to bear the entire strain. Without actually teaching trades and handicrafts, it would be possible to train and prepare children for the practical instruction they will have to pass through in the workshop; and it would save an immense waste of time, and greatly increase the efficiency of their work. The alarmists, who recently raised so loud an outcry about over-pressure in education, have during the year devoted more of their attention to high schools and colleges than to elementary schools. They cannot be said to have made good their case; and the whole question, when looked at carefully, becomes very simple. Granting that some evil does exist under present conditions, we have to determine whether we shall give a systematic training for work that is in most cases inevitable, or whether we will allow men and women to go out into the great struggle of life unarmed and unprepared. And as to the evils, most of them may be cured: they mainly arise from the fact that our system of training is imperfect; that we crowd too much into a short space of time, instead of spreading it over a longer period; and that those who should be making education their first concern spend in amusement the time and the strength on which knowledge has the first claim.

V.

Turning to the religious life of the country, the past year has been exceptionally peaceful. The panic about Disestablishment has for the time subsided. Within the Established Church itself there has been comparatively little strife. The friends and the foes of Ritualism seem to have accepted a truce. Among a certain section of Churchmen and Nonconformists, the appointment of a Roman Catholic to the office of Home Secretary provoked some resentment, which was not allayed by the curt and contemptuous rejoinder which their protest drew forth. Still more irrational was the recent outcry at the amount—the apparent amount, be it understood—of episcopal incomes. By a novel method of induction, combined with some ingenious statistical fallacies, an attempt was made to prove that because one set of the clergy were paid too little, another set was paid too much. The same method might be applied with the same results to the cases of doctors or schoolmasters; but no person in his sober senses would assume that merely because a country practitioner or a teacher of French gets poor pay for hard work, the incomes of Sir Andrew Clark or the head master of Harrow ought therefore to suffer a substantial reduction. In the Church, as elsewhere, if men of ability are wanted to undertake irksome labour and harassing responsibility, and to exercise authority over others, it is essential that they should be well paid for their work, and invested with distinct and visible prestige.

Wales has been the one centre of ecclesiastical strife in recent months, but the conflict there, to an onlooker, seems to be as much agrarian as religious. In parts of the country, there has been a general combination of farmers against the payment of tithes. The real point at issue has, however, been strangely obscured. At one time a principle has been asserted, and the farmers have declared that they will not pay for the support of an alien and intolerant Church, and that those who frequent its services must sustain its ministers. At another time, a plea has been urged for a generous reduction in rent-charges in consideration of the depression in agriculture. The struggle is obviously complicated: there is a sense both of religious and economic injustice, whether with sufficient foundation or without. But whatever view we may take of the justice of the case, it is im-

possible not to feel the sincerest compassion for hard-working clergymen who are the victims of a system which they had no hand in making. It is obviously most inexpedient that they should have the responsibility of collecting the tithes in their own parish. Such a method is sure to generate ill-feeling, especially where their church is the church of the minority. One of the best historians of the French Revolution tells us that the fanatical hatred of the Church prevailing in France in the later part of the last century was due to the fact not that the clergy arrogated too much power over the concerns of another world, but that they were too prominent and powerful in this; the peasant hated the clerical landlord and the clerical tithe-owner, not the priest. What expedient will be found for allaying the discontent in Wales, it is at present impossible to predict. It is at the least essential that the clergy should be relieved of the burden and the odium inevitable under their present position.

VI.

With a colonial empire like ours, extending over the whole world, we can never hope for absolute and untroubled peace; we must be content if the year passes without any serious peril or any overwhelming disaster, and if the civilisation which we bring makes its way and establishes its power, however slowly. Often, do what we will, we are bound to fail through the errors of the past, or through the vacillation due to ignorance. This has been the case in South Africa. Districts which we thought we had reduced to order are again in utter confusion; the lines which we drew are obliterated; and the inroads of the Boers upon the natives still continue. The very protection which seemed to have been secured for the tribes, now so sadly reduced, has in too many instances proved futile and imaginary. Burmah, too, is still the scene of a serious struggle. We dethroned a tyrant and annexed his kingdom; but the welcome which we received at the outset has not lasted, and the people seem to regret the cruel and merciless tyranny from which we undertook to deliver them. We have, it is true, been specially unfortunate in carrying out our task. We have not sent out enough men, and we have, as our experience has proved, sent the wrong men. There have been charges, and well-founded charges, of injustice and inhumanity against some of our leading officials; and, punish and reprimand as we may, the mischief is done, and no action of ours can repair it. The force which we sent was inadequate to organize and administer the country with efficiency. We were anxious to carry through the affair cheaply; and the overwork due to an unwise economy, combined with an unhealthy climate, has carried off an unusual proportion both of civil and military officials. The commander-in-chief himself has fallen a victim, as well as some of his colleagues, whose experience and knowledge render their loss irreparable. It is these little wars—for war it practically is in Burmah even now—that sap the strength of the country. They silently and steadily exhaust our treasury; they leave a gap here and there in one home after another; and because the loss of life is never great on any one occasion, the world, caring for nothing but what is sensational, passes by the brief lines in which the facts are recorded, if they are recorded at all, without notice or remark; and this indifference, prolonged through year after year, ends by costing us as much as the fiercest and bloodiest of famous campaigns.

In India there is but little to note. For one moment we stood upon the very verge of danger, but warning came in time, and by prompt and energetic action the peril was averted. As is usually the case, the cause in itself was trivial. Butterine in England may disturb the peace of a household or bore a House of Commons: in India, it is enough to convulse the security of an empire. It was imported into India from America as freely as it is imported into England, when it was discovered by millions of the natives that it contained the animal fat which their religion holds it a crime to eat. It was enough to have excited an outbreak of wild fanaticism; it might have led to another revolt, as desperate and determined as that with which the last generation had to struggle. Happily, in this instance the Government was able to act in time. The importation of the dangerous commodity was stringently prohibited, and the panic suppressed. Under circumstances such as these, a wise Governor-General would naturally be reluctant to attempt any innovations and experiments, and one cannot be surprised that Lord Dufferin and his advisers should have determined to take no step which might embitter the prejudices and weaken the loyalty of those over whom he rules. Strong efforts were made not long ago to induce the Government to take action with regard to the marriages of children and the treatment of widows; but bad as the existing state of things is, it would have been imprudent to have trusted to the power of law to improve it. Suttee the law could prohibit, with some chance of enforcing the prohibition: in this case, its operation would have been uncertain and effect dangerous.

VII.

On the continent of Europe the two great centres of interest have been in the south-west and the south-east. It has been a momentous year for Spain. The young king, who gave promise of ruling with authority and wisdom, died when he was most needed; and now the widowed queen holds the sceptre till the little king, born since his father's death, shall grow up to manhood. There are still elements of danger and disorder in the army and in the church. The Bishop of Madrid was murdered by a priest whom he had degraded for scandalous conduct, and it is but too clear that a considerable portion of the Spanish clergy resented his attempt to purify and ennoble the Church of which he was the leader. A mutiny in the army, headed by men of position and education, who seem to have been influenced, partly by personal ambition, partly by political intrigue, proved abortive, though it cost the lives of two gallant gene-

rals. By a most unwise exercise of clemency, in response to the prayers of an emotional people, the ringleaders of the conspiracy have been suffered to escape capital punishment. Leniency in a case like this is fatal to a Government and cruel to a nation; it can only encourage further conspiracy and lead to further bloodshed.

Bulgaria has been the scene of a political drama, happily without parallel in modern times. We have seen a sovereign who had won great personal popularity among the greater portion of his subjects by the bravery which he had shown on the field, and by the military skill which had given him a decisive victory over his country's jealous antagonists, seized by conspirators in his own capital, kidnapped, and carried away, and then, after returning amid the enthusiastic welcome of his subjects, resigning his throne under the brutal tyranny of a Russian despot. Bulgaria's struggle for freedom is still going on, the issue is still uncertain; but if the young nation is allowed to become the prey of Russian greed and ambition, it will be an infamy to the European powers that united in congress to secure her independence.

France has signalised 1886 by the expulsion of the princes of the Royal House; an act both wanton and imprudent, since it has invested men who asserted no claim to the throne, with a character not of their own assuming, and has enlisted warm and universal sympathy for those whom the Republic has by its own act turned into Pretenders. The year has also seen the development and, we might possibly add, the collapse of General Boulanger's bubble reputation. The General was equally clever, ambitious, and unscrupulous; he was notoriously dishonest; but that would not have been fatal to his prospects of success. Unfortunately for his future career, he became ridiculous; and in France nothing ruins like ridicule.

VIII.

Missionary interest for several months past has been mainly directed to Africa. We have watched the Baptists bravely holding their ground on the Congo, in spite of a long succession of losses, one man after another falling at his post, while more recently their workers have been crippled for a time by a destructive fire at their most important station, at Stanley Pool. But Uganda has been the point to which, month after month, all eyes have been turned. The tragedy enacted there was terrible in itself, and the long intervals necessarily elapsing between the arrival of news intensified the interest. The Mission there, only a few months ago, seemed to have passed through the critical period. Converts were being gained; the young king and his advisers were not actively hostile; and those working there had gained a large amount of influence among the people. But Mwanga, partly through an unreasoning fear of European aggression, partly, perhaps, through finding that his subjects obeyed a law of life and conduct higher than his own, was seized with a fit of passionate frenzy. Bishop Hannington he seized and put to death while endeavouring to make his way to Uganda. The native Christians have had to suffer torture and massacre for the sake of their faith. The main body of missionaries have been compelled to leave the country, leaving one of their number a hostage in the king's hands, and at the tyrant's mercy. It is uncertain even whether he is still alive. Infinitely sad and terrible as these disasters are, they will give a new impulse to missionary effort. Christian men and women will be stirred to new enthusiasm when they realise how much has yet to be done to carry the Gospel through the earth, and how nobly those who have received it can stand by their faith in the agony of a pitiless death.

IX.

We have but scanty space left for our roll-call, and can but give a brief and summary list of those who have ended their work among us and passed away during the year. To Bishop Hannington's death reference has already been made. Dean Howson and Archbishop Trench will be missed by Christians of all Churches. Daniel Wilson, Dr. W. H. Thomson, and William Barnes, widely differing in character and ability, were almost equally eminent for the service they respectively rendered in a great London parish, an ancient university, and a quiet country parish. The Baptists are the poorer by the loss of Hugh Stowell Brown, Charles Stanford, and J. P. Chown. The Wesleyans and the Methodists have to regret H. W. Holland and John Guttridge. Scotland has lost W. B. Robertson, of Irvine, the famous preacher, William Pulsford, Dr. John Ker, and Principal Tulloch; and Ireland, W. Fleming Stevenson. W. E. Forster, Samuel Morley, and Hugh Mason, were men honoured alike by political friends and foes, and the places they have left vacant will not easily be filled. Captain Maude, who linked us with another century, the oldest of the friends and supporters of the Church Missionary Society, and lately elected to be its president, has held that post of honour and responsibility for an unusually short period, and he has now passed away to join his own generation, of which he was almost the sole survivor.

X.

Our task is done. We turn our thoughts for a moment to the future, dim and mysterious at present, and ask what it will bring for us. It is a time of great opportunities, of great responsibilities. The world grows grander as it grows older.

> "Life greatens in these later years;
> The century's aloe flowers to-day,"

sings Whittier, the most hopeful, as he is the most peaceful of modern poets. Each of us to his work—to do it with all his might, as a sacred duty and a solemn privilege—that should be our resolve for the new year on which we are about to enter.

PRINTED BY J. S. VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

358

DEC 1965